



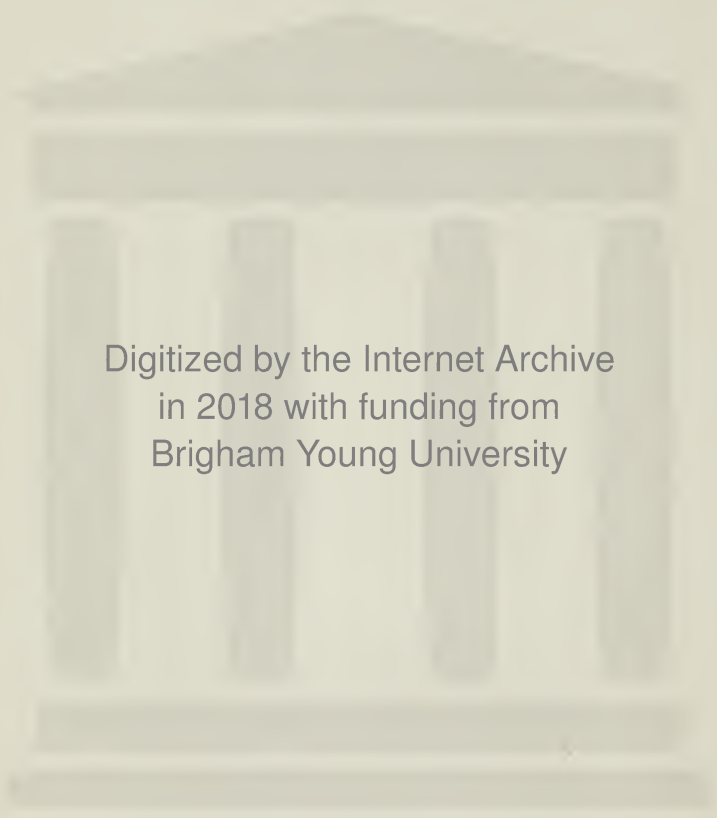
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# THE Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

VOLUME VI.



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# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

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IN ITALY WITH HORACE.

I SUPPOSE we have all known somewhat of that grim humor of Fate whereby our most stately expectations have been caricatured by the actual event. From boyhood I had had a vague notion that some day I would visit Italy. When or how, were never considered. I had simply put it down as a something that would find its place in my life; and so sure was I of the fact that all arrangement of plans or contrivance of means seemed unnecessary. So I took it all as a matter of course, when I found myself, at the close of certain academic studies, provided with a passport, a map of Europe, and a letter of credit.

It was in winter; but I waited for no tardy spring-time. No long delays were permitted to interpose themselves between my visit at the bankers and the long-wished-for hour when I should see the shores of Italy for the first time. I had never doubted that they would suddenly rise before me from out the blue sea, while I, from the *celsa puppe* of some noble ship, would shout: "Italia, Italia!" But Fate, that had appeared

to be my servant, proved my clown. The heroic introit of Virgil was not to be mine. My first hour in Italy was spent in the wretched little shivery station of Susa, in alternately rubbing my eyes, pulling at an execrable cigar, and hunting in the legs of my pantaloons for fleas.

February had just begun, and a winter-night's ride over Mount Cenis is not to be forgotten. The only comfort to the morning was that it ended the night. The remembrance of those hours is even yet something to be shuddered at. The intense cold had forced us to keep the windows of the diligence tightly closed. But what we had shut out was scarcely worse than what we had shut in. I can think of no bitterer satire of my dreams. The lodestone that had brought me to Italy was the little volume of Horace that I carried in my pocket. Yet had I not in my heart upbraided that poet and friend for his occasional lack of dignity? What was garlic that a man of genius should thunder an epode against it? Ought not the favored of the muses to



be superior to its tortures? So, here, the first reminder of my classics was in the person of a village boor, who, shut up in the diligence with us all night, belched forth hot gusts of garlic from the seat just opposite where I sat. It was my first experience of the soul-sickening drug. I, who had thought to exultingly approach the shore, borne on the breezy prow of some sea-spurning ship, was dragged into the land of my dreams tightly fastened in a box scarcely bigger than a coffin, and the little air that was to be shared among six was thick as with the odors of a thousand barrels of onions. I had come seeking illustrations for my Horace, and I was forced to begin with the line which Bulwer translates:

"O the strong stomachs of these country clowns!"

I wanted to interpret his lyrics by actual knowledge of the land; but I had not expected to commence with the verse:

"Jocose Maecenas 'tis no laughing matter:  
If e'er thou try it, may thy sweetheart's hand  
Ward off thy kiss; and sacred be her refuge  
In the remotest borders of the bed."

The cars are taken at Susa. An hour's ride and an hour's sleep, with a breakfast afterward, brought us into a summer clime and a more cheerful mood. We looked out upon fields budding with the promises of an early summer. It was over these that he whom Horace always calls "dire Hannibal," swept—

"As fire through forest pines,  
Or Eurys over the Sicilian waves."

How truly like an immortality such fame seems. There is not one of these peasants plodding behind his oxen, so real a personage to us as the great African who has been dead over two thousand years.

Looking back from the Piedmontese plains to the line of Alps that swung in one grand wall along the whole horizon of the north, one could but wonder at an

age so fruitful in letters, yet so content to exhaust itself upon a narrow range of subjects. Here is a mountain chain, to see which thousands will cross oceans and continents each year, lying within a few hundred miles of Rome, yet absolutely unknown to the Roman who did not chance to be a soldier. In all his writings Horace has not so much as spoken their name a half-dozen times. Even then, it is only to celebrate the praise of some military leader. They were to him simply "the wintry Alps," or "the Alps piled high with fortresses." Perhaps the poets were not so much to blame when the historians of the day were so little careful to examine historic places, that it is still a mooted question by which of three passes Hannibal crossed these mountains. Yet that Horace was not unable to appreciate the grandeur of mountains, is seen in the elegant introduction to the ninth ode of the first book, where in a few lines he strongly marks the winter scenery of Soracte. And in one of his satires he sharply cuts a provincial brother poet who, though living within sight of the Alps from boyhood, can find no more dignified metaphor for his verse than that in the line: "Jove *spits* upon the wintry Alps the glistening snow."

It was at the close of this first day in Italy that a scene was spread out before us such as might have suggested to Virgil two of his finest lines. We had crossed the Apennines, and were descending to the Valley of the Arno by a series of curves very like those which the "Central Pacific" makes on the west slopes of the Sierras. At a great distance above the valley, we were able to overlook its whole breadth. Beyond the valley, far to the west, the sun set in a purple haze behind a not inconsiderable range of lesser mountains. It was in the very hush of the twilight, amid the solitudes of the unwooded Apennines. In the sky, scattered flaxlets of cloud were isl-

ands of flame in an ocean of deepening blue. As the sun sank lower, the purple in the west became darker and richer moment by moment. In the broad valley beyond Pistoia, the shadows swept rapidly toward us, while from out the gloomy gorges of the mountains among which our road wound, thin blue columns of smoke rose above the rude huts of the mountain-shepherds. Not an item was lacking to complete the picture drawn in those matchless, never-to-be translated lines:

"Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,  
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ."

It is significant that a ride through the rural districts of Italy reminds one only now and then of his Horatian volume. You see readily what the country was to this Venusian. He loved rural homes as did Dr. Johnson—where the trees were well-trimmed, the hedges nicely clipped, and the tavern within an easy walk. It can not be denied that our bucolic bachelor, who talks so romantically of his reed, his goats, his vines, and his brooks, and who, according to Thackeray's paraphrase, "hated Frenchified dishes" (*Persicos apparatus*), sang little except under the inspiration of social habits. He loved the frugal fare of a peasant when the berries were fresher, and the salads crisper, than the same articles in city markets. He loved solitude, when he had at least one good soul to enjoy it with him. He loved the sea, but he wanted to see it at Baïæ or Brindisi, as men admire it to-day at Long Branch or Newport.

Our first pause was at Florence. This city, opulent in all that Italy now knows of riches, was but a colony in his day—a handful of farmers and artisans planted here by imperial edict—a something that, like many previous experiments in the same line, might come to nothing. Very possibly it was then inferior in importance to the military station Ad Arnum, a few miles down the river, where

the old Roman road forked to the west and north. From the high hill upon the east, the city of Fæsulæ overlooked this valley. The Fiesole of to-day is but a convent and a hamlet.

But though of old-time he knew not Florence, we met Horace there. It was in the city's beautiful park that he first extended a hand of welcome. We had taken an after-breakfast stroll along the river-bank as far as the Cascine. The day was perfect. It was the beginning of the year, according to the old calendar—beginning not as ours in the dreariest month of the year, but with the re-appearance of blade, and leaf, and flower. Above, not a cloud—a clear sun shining without apparent heat—a bracing air—the faint perfume of the spring-time in every breeze. Enjoying every breath and every object of sight, I walked into the depth of the forest-like park and there sat down. With what delight I turned from page to page of my dear Horace! Here, beneath these stately trees, surrounded by such scenes as he best loved, I was at last at home with my friend. Was it not of this very month that he wrote:

"The winter has fled, and the spring  
Is warm with the breath of the south wind.  
To the water return the dry keels;  
The meadows are free from the hoar frost;  
Glad, the herds are deserting their stalls;  
And the fire on his hearthstone, the plowman."

How often had I read these lines in blustering days of April—as April is known in New England—more than half-angry with the less prolific soil where the flowers were late and few. But here, at last, the myrtle grew wild on every hand; each miniature meadow was studded with crimson-tipped daisies; and the delicious perfume of violets filled all the grove. From out some low shrub there darted a little lizard. Running half-way across the pebbles of the path, he stopped and threw his head over his shoulder, as if challeng-

ing my criticism. I knew what he was thinking of. Had I not presumed to question his right to immortality in Horatian lyrics? When, in the verses of my poet-friend, he stood as the symbol of what is least hurtful or repulsive, had I not murmured thereat? So it needed no word to tell me what this little fellow meant; and his best defense was the simple showing of himself. In his coat of brightest metallic green, he was as beautiful as a humming-bird, as harmless as a butterfly. At the slightest motion of my hand, he disappeared in the thicket opposite, with just the faintest rattle of a dead leaf over which he had passed. Here was a picture that I would gladly have photographed and set opposite that chiding of Chloe's fawn-like timidity:

"Sighs the coming of spring through the leaflets?  
Slips the green lizard, stirring a bramble?  
Her knees knock together in fear,  
And her heart beats aloud in its tremor."

I count it one of Fortune's best favors that my first day of rest in Italy brought these dear friends of field and wood to bid me welcome. I forgave the garlic and the fleas of yesterday. Taken in connection with this kindly day, they were but practical jokes, which, by the very liberties taken, proved the heartiness of the greeting. Was not my first approach to England in the face of a storm that, threatening harm and loss, ended by blowing to our decks the sweetest of feathered songsters, an English sky-lark? Yes, it was so perfect a day that it might have atoned for a much more trying pilgrimage. I could forgive yesterday. I could forget all the Italy of to-day. I walked hand-in-hand with the very prince of hosts, through the Italy of the past. The city behind me was no more than a dream. It was built but a day ago, and it will crumble to-morrow. Its bridges, its palaces, its walls—there is not a flower at my feet but that is more of Italy's self, and will

outlive them. Races and empires die, but poets and nature are immortal. He who comes here when the site of this city is lost, will come with a volume of Horace in his hand, and will gather with the same eager delight the flowers that, blossoming here to-day, blossomed here in grove and meadow a thousand years before a stone was laid in those battle-mented towers.

It is just because Horace wrote of these little things that his verses are so fresh to-day. Virgil has the immortality of the Apollo Belvidere—the immortality of a perfect ideal, elaborately finished, polished to the last toe-nail; always to be wondered at, never to be imitated. But Horace, devoting his genius not to the celebration of a heroic epoch, but to the portrayal of every-day scenes, emotions, and passions, has the immortality of the world's ever-renewed life. Had he only written his laureate odes to Augustus, his name would, perchance, have gone out before, or with, the extinguishment of the empire; but what Augustus could not secure him, the Fons Bandusiae did. It was the very *imbellis lyra* which he, at times, deprecates, that has given him a more enviable position than that achieved by any of his contemporaries. And if one goes to-day into the remoter villages of Italy he may find yet observed nearly every one of the customs of life of which his songs make mention. I had made a pilgrimage one day to a little chapel, perched like a bird's-nest, high up a mountain-wall, and found that how, at least, the vowed pictures of his day were perpetuated. On every wall hung reminders of that ode to Pyrrha, wherein he expresses a mock-devout gratitude for his escape from so changeful a mistress. As one barely saved from a dire shipwreck, he says (following the well-known and matchless translation of Milton):

\* \* \* "Me, in my vowed  
Picture, the sacred wall declares t'have hung



My dank and dropping weeds  
To the stern god of sea."

In a much later poem, he represents himself as hanging up in the temple of Venus the lantern and the lute which had played conspicuous parts in youthful serenades. So now upon the walls of village shrines the offerings will almost hide that which they would honor. It is not more than a century since this practice was as common in the cities; but now only the choicest offerings are displayed there. When the worship of Isis was first introduced at Rome, it speedily became so fashionable that Juvenal declares all the artists of the city lived upon the work called for by her votaries. Just think what a strife in picture-making there must have been when the Virgin, Isis, and Venus were competitors for the public favor. What a day that must have been for painters. How the chapels must have been plastered outside and in with daubs of miracles. And as Addison found the beau of a remote village dressed in a new suit, cut after the fashion that was in vogue in London a hundred years before, so in Italy the forms of worship and reverence in the obscure villages are essentially the same as in the days of Horace.

The cypress, too, which in his age was what the willow afterward became to our ancestors—the tree sacred to the dead—is, to the present, used for the same purposes as then, and is found in every Campo Santo. How straight they stand, like black, stiff plumes. They line many of the avenues—silent and dark, on either hand, as the opened ranks of some mournful guard of honor. It is a pretty fancy of the Venusian which makes this tree man's most faithful friend:

"One tree alone of all thy woodlands—  
Loathed cypress, faithful found,  
Shall follow to the last the brief-lived lord."

Among the prettiest of Italian sights, that called for a note on the margin of

my Horace, is the one brought to mind by the words, "Lugano, May 25th," penciled opposite one of his descriptions of dancing upon the green turf. In Horace, however, they are the nymphs and the graces, the fauns and the satyrs, whose alternate tread he professes to be watching. It is true that he does once speak of

"Youths  
That joined with tender maidens  
Beat the green sod with feet that twinkle white;"

but usually the picture is the conventional one of an artificial fancy. Yet, I am sure that Horace never imagined a prettier scene than the one that I saw upon that May evening. We were sitting in our boat, an hour before sunset, the water lying unrippled by a breath. We had smoked half our cigars in silence, when the delicious measures of a waltz came softly out upon the lake; and there, in a well-embowered niche, a score of young peasants were dancing as noiselessly as the gliding of the figures in a dream. The level rays of the sun, the pretty little meadow, the overhanging trees, the lake asleep, the low, sweet music, the graceful movement of the dancers—all seemed, not as a reality, but as some poetic fancy of an Arcadian life, wrought out, without words, in form and color.

We went down by

"The Adria  
Hoarse with stormy breakers,"

not without smiling at this summery sea, which Horace always speaks of shudderingly. His one shipwreck, off

\* \* \* "the Rock of Palinurus  
Stormed by Sicilian waves,"

had given him a wholesome dislike of salt-water. We turned over his leaves, and found the Adriatic mentioned six times; and in each case it was coupled with expressions of distrust. Then we, travelers from beyond a broader sea than the Classic Age had dared to thinl

of, read, with quiet smiles, his solemn warnings :

“ Vainly by wastes of dissociable ocean  
Providence severed the lands from the lands,  
If the plains, not to be touched by our foot-falls,  
Be, yet, profanely o'erleapt by our rafts.”

But if the sea is not to-day just what it was nineteen hundred years ago, the shores of Campania have not changed. They are still the resort of ease and wealth, as they were long before the Augustan era. For thirty centuries this Bay of Naples has been overlooked by cities. Cumæ, Baiæ, Misenum, Puteoli, Naples, Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Surrentum have now divided, and now in turn monopolized the pleasure-seeking crowds. Horace has mentioned nearly all of them. It is the life of men that interests him there. A city with Virgil was a romance ; with Horace, a fact and, perchance, a moral. It is not the tragic past of Baiæ that he studies ; but its busy, avaricious, sensuous, voluptuous life of the present. I looked down from the road-side upon the marble foundations glistening white under the water, and remembered his rebuke of the men for whose lofty houses the solid and capacious earth would not suffice :

“ Thou on the brink of death dost make  
Vain contracts for new marble ;  
Building proud homes, and of thy last —  
The sepulchre — forgetful ;  
As if the earth itself too small  
Thou robb'st new earth from ocean,  
And urging on a length of shore  
Upon the deep's foundation,  
Thou thrustest back the angry wave  
That wars in vain on Baiæ.”

We were pleased to believe that it was at this very spot he stood, watching the foundations being prepared for this very building —

“ As many a builder's burly gang  
Heaved the huge rubble down.”

Misenum was to him known best for its good living. But its banquet-rooms are long since gone. There is nought left now but the vast under-ground prisons, that must have been in sad contrast to the gay life of this easy naval station.

Of Cumæ, he tells us that the proprietors of its natural warm-baths were moved to wrath when the court-physician ordered him to the cool hills overlooking Salerno. Their clamorous descendants who keep the baths now have therefore come honestly by their noisy greed.

Day after day passed — would that time had been less swift. But the hour had come. The last delightful afternoon was spent in climbing Vesuvius ; and then, as the sun went down beyond the bay, we, looking from left to right along the wide-sweeping shore, said a sad and regretful farewell to the scenes that had been so familiar to our poet-friend, so dear to our own hearts. Then the night-shadows folded over “ lovely Surrentum,” “ idle Naples,” and “ limpid Baiæ.”

When the sun rose the next morning, with my volume of Horace in a convenient pocket, I was on my way to Rome.

H. D. JENKINS.

## SOME JAPANESE INTERIORS.

THE Daimiate, or Principality of Sanouki, is situated in Sikoku, one of the large islands of the Japanese Empire. Its chief port is the town of Sido, located on the western coast of the province by the shores of the famous Inland Sea.

It is situated in a portion of the country seldom visited by foreigners, as it presents few, if any, inducements to commerce. But little silk or tea is raised by its inhabitants, the cultivation of rice and grain being the chief industrial occupation of the people of the interior, while famous fisheries engage the attention of the hardy population dwelling along the coast. The manufactures are of local importance only, the skill and cunning of their craftsmen producing less than is needed for domestic consumption. It is, therefore, scarcely probable that Sikoku will at any time be the site of a foreign settlement; but there the natives may forever remain secure in their island fastness, unmolested by intruders, and in this section of the Empire, at least, preserve their primitive heathenish simplicity.

It was very early in the morning of a midsummer day that the good steamer *Costa Rica* dropped her anchor in the Bay of Sido. She had left Yeddo about three days before, but from the time of her passing out into the broad ocean she had been buffeted about by adverse winds and waves. Lowering skies, with frequent rain-storms, accompanied heavy chop-seas, making the journey along the coast more than usually disagreeable. But now that the engines had stopped, and her wheels were at rest, all this was forgotten. The sea was perfectly calm. From the fog which closed in upon us,

neither motion nor sound of life came out, and we enjoyed a respite which greatly contrasted with the trials we had of late experienced.

Our vessel had been chartered by the Daimio of Sanouki, commonly called Takamatzu (a Prince of some importance in the Empire), to transport to his domain, from the late imperial city of the Tycoon, a number of vassals who had been left in my lord's *yashiki*, or castle, when he journeyed from Yeddo down to Osaka to attend the court of the now deposed Emperor.

'Stotsbashi, the ex-Tycoon, had gone into retirement at Mito. A great body of soldiers, formerly his retainers, and men at arms, released from vassalage, no longer attached to the cause of any feudal lord, joined fortunes with the Ronius, a class of lawless desperadoes, by whom the imperial capital was held in terrified subjection.

Various Princes had departed from the metropolis some months before, leaving in their palaces great numbers of their people, many women and children, but chiefly the aged of both sexes. The freebooters made themselves masters of these communities, holding their prisoners for ransom. Takamatzu, among others, was compelled to purchase his subjects from the thirsting swords of the usurpers, and then, to remove them from the scene of danger, chartered a steamer to transport 850 of the rescued ones from their Yeddo residences to the more genial clime of their southern homes.

It was my good fortune to be able to embrace so favorable an opportunity of making an interesting journey, and by accompanying these people upon their pilgrimage, I had the satisfaction of vis-

iting a locality where probably no White men had been before.

We had been riding at anchor several hours before the day broke. With the dawn came a shower of rain, dissipating the fog which had caused us to stop. Although we had anchored at a venture, by reason of the thick weather, from our lookout in the morning we discovered Sido on the shore, about a mile distant, and that we were in the haven where we would be. When this information was communicated to the passengers, the news, like wild-fire, spread through the ship. The confusion of tongues then heard was the spontaneous ebullition of joy on the part of that large company, who were glad to know that home was so near at hand. Now all their trials were at an end. Lawless tyrants could not afflict them, and there was no more sea-sickness to make them afraid. When the first exclamations had subsided, and the doubtful and curious beheld the town and adjacent coast, preparations for exodus began. Household gods and personal apparel were stowed away in hampers, boxes, and other parcels convenient for transportation. Not a few persons attempted elaborate toilets, bedecking themselves with much fine clothing, trusting that fair weather was at hand to grace their return to their native island. The stir and bustle began early, but it was not until boats came alongside from shore that affairs grew very exciting. Though inclined to be stoical, and surrounded with an oppressive air of dignity, this occasion was too much of a trial for our passengers, and they must have felt themselves warranted in enjoying more than usual freedom, as but few of the multitude appeared to be laboring under the least restraint. The rain poured in torrents, but this did not deter my ardor for sight-seeing—wherefore, having determined to be among the first who reached the town, I took passage in a large *sampan*, whose welcome

shelter—a thatch of straw mats impervious to water—protected from the shower more than three-score people seated upon the deck. Twelve *sendos* vigorously plied their oars, keeping time with their stroke to very dolorous vocal music. The travelers regaled themselves with cheerful conversation. My knowledge of the language being limited, it was not possible for me to understand a great deal of what was said by my companions, but judging from their glances and gestures that my presence was the theme of discourse, I endeavored to make a favorable impression upon them. As the men had exhibited a liking for cigars, I distributed among them, to decided advantage, several bunches of Manilas, the only baggage, beside an umbrella, with which I had fortified myself. One or two of the company smoked their cheroots, but the others stored away their treasures for more important occasions, perhaps to be retained to enlighten other less traveled of their countrymen. These people, male and female, are inveterate smokers, but they have advanced no further in the art than the habitual use of short pipes, whose metal bowls are scarce half as large as a lady's thimble. Their tobacco is prepared for use by being cut into shreds about the thickness of common sewing thread, and usually two inches in length. The fact that half a dozen whiffs exhaust a pipe, requiring it to be emptied and reloaded prior to another smoke, seems to be no drawback to the almost constant use of the same. While I puffed away great clouds of smoke, to the diversion of my companions, I entered into an examination of their costumes. Blue was the prevailing color of their garments, the men generally holding to sober hues; but the women, in sundry articles of dress, showing a pardonable fondness for more brilliant tints. Several of these folks had adopted some articles of clothing common to our customs: one had on a pair



of shoes two sizes too large for his feet; another wore an extensive pair of pantaloons, and a third disported himself in a black cloth coat, chiefly remarkable for its very short waist and very long tails. Not a few covered themselves with cloaks improvised from blankets. These were not cast-off articles which foreigners had worn out; they were comparatively new, and looked rather sloppy, but the birds doubtless thought them fine feathers, the purchase of them marking, perhaps, an era in the lives of the gentle heathen who had seen fit to adopt so much of foreign fashion. As the majority of the natives are poor, it will probably be many years before the more comfortable garments worn by the White race will be generally adopted. Their own clothing is usually made of cotton; with the wealthier classes silk predominates as the fabric for dress, and, save from imported goods, they know nothing of woollens or their manufacture. It is said that neither sheep nor goats will thrive in this archipelago; whether this is due to unfavorable atmospheric causes, or on account of the vegetation, has not yet been decided. From the fact that the natives are not carnivorous in their diet—the flesh of all animals, excepting the wild boar and deer, being tabooed as sustenance—mutton would not be raised for food; but in a humid climate, productive of much rheumatism and kindred diseases, with a people so wide awake to all the comforts of life, it is strange that sheep were not long since imported and domesticated for the sake of their wool.

But to return from the digression. One elderly man, who appeared to be possessed of authority and influence, bearing two swords, badges of rank and power, covered with a green blanket, sat near me; we soon struck up as much of an intimacy as time and an imperfect knowledge of each other's language would permit. He was informed that

my purpose in going ashore was merely to see the people in their homes, and acquaint myself with their manners and customs. This announcement, accompanied with a bunch of cheroots, secured my object more completely than my fondest anticipations had urged me to hope. It is true that in the disorganized state of affairs prevailing throughout the Empire, foreigners were allowed a trifle more license than heretofore, yet the system of espionage which had been in existence aforesaid was not abolished, and as this landing on Sikoku by any White man was an intrusion into forbidden territory, it might have been looked upon with disfavor, if not followed by more evil consequences to the intruder, as well as to those who permitted such visitation.

Our scantily-clad oarsmen—some of them dressed in sandals, with a girdle of straw about their loins, and again, others without such adjuncts to modesty and offerings to conventional ideas—plunged into the water as we neared the beach, and stranded our vessel alongside a stone jetty, where we effected a landing. My friend of the green blanket escorted me from the pier into the town. The rain was falling in torrents, and flooded the sandy streets. Fortunately, we soon reached the place of our destination, which proved to be a large house, used apparently for gatherings of the people—a town-hall, or something of that sort—situated in the centre of a spacious court-yard adjacent to the principal temple of the place. On the veranda, we were snugly ensconced from the wet; there we took off our boots, leaving them outside, and at once entered the chief room of the establishment. Here we beheld, seated in solemn silence, and with great dignity, an elderly man, whose only care seemed to be his pipe, which he repeatedly filled, and busied himself in smoking. Ever and anon he cast his eyes gardenward, contemplating with evident pride a minia-

ture park wherein was laid out, with that skillfulness for which the Japanese are famous, a marvelously beautiful artificial landscape. In it were delineated a hill covered with dwarfed firs and cedars, a forest of trees scarcely two feet in height, gnarled and ancient in their stunted growth. Roads and by-ways serpentine through this grove. A pond of clear water, in whose glassy face the fringe of mosses and ferns, luxuriating on its banks, were reflected, lay there, while gliding through its sparkling depths were to be seen gold and silver fishes. On the undulating ground at the base of the hill, and throughout the scene, were dwarfed trees of various kinds, among them the fir, pine, azalia, laurel, cedar, japonica, wild plum, and orange. Many of the evergreens were trimmed in fantastic shapes, so as to resemble birds and animals. Placed here and there were columns of hewn stone wonderfully wrought into grotesque patterns, with receptacles in their capitals where paper-lanterns might be placed whenever occasion occurred requiring illumination. This entire garden, occupying an inconsiderable area of land, was partitioned off from other parts of the premises by a hedge of Osage orange, or kindred shrub, about twelve feet in height—trimmed so wonderfully close that it did not exceed two inches in thickness—and was covered with luxuriant foliage of the richest green. It formed a beautiful curtain-background to the fairy-like scene.

The Hollanders are credited with introducing into Europe the art of landscape gardening, and some have held to the opinion that from them these Eastern people obtained their ideas of this style of ornamentation; but many well-informed persons incline to the belief that the Dutch received their first impressions in Asiatic regions. Be this as it may, no horticulturists—the Chinese alone excepted—have attained such skill

in dwarfing trees and shrubs as these patient and painstaking barbarians.

The lack-lustre eyes of our venerable host were gazing upon this gem of scenery—this wonderful combination of nature and art—when my conductor broke in upon his reverie, and prostrated himself upon the mats of the floor. Whereupon the ancient monarch of all he surveyed did likewise, and then they muttered together, in the dulcet dialect of Nippon, the compliments laid down for such occasions in one of the three thousand volumes of etiquette said to be extant for the culture and refinement of this people. Perceiving that their conversation took a turn wherein reference was had to me, I was put to the trouble of falling down upon my knees, as if in the act of worship. My host bowed until his forehead touched the floor. I imitated his example, determined that he should not exceed me in politeness. Our salutations being ended, like comfort-loving souls as we were, we took our seats around the *shebatchi*, or brazier, wherein were lighted coals for the benefit of smokers. Our aged friend clapped his hands together thrice, and in response to this call, a very pretty young maid-servant appeared, and, in obedience to her master's orders, brought us, upon a tray, a tea-pot filled with a generous infusion of the national beverage, and some modest little cups from which we all drank. We had not been seated long before my fellow-passengers of the steamer began to arrive. They came, as blessings are said sometimes to come, in disguise, for the drenching shower caused many to put on suits of oiled-paper, which, however clumsy they might seem, appeared to answer well the purpose for which they were donned. A number of men wore broad-brimmed hats of plaited bamboo, and long cloaks of grass hanging down to their knees; these caused them to appear more like moving hay-cocks than

any thing else one can think of. Their homely garments not only possessed a barbaric picturesqueness which was pleasing to behold, but had the greater merit that they shed water to perfection, and kept dry the ordinary clothing worn beneath. There was also a fantastical show of umbrellas—large rain-shields, made of paper, yellow and oiled, stretched over wide-spread ribs of bamboo, not unlike gigantic sun-flowers.

The hall in which we were seated was being fast filled up. Entering upon the scene were ladies, who, in protecting their flowing drapery from contact with the earth, displayed neatly-turned ankles and rounded limbs, suggesting the innocence of native thought, and a total lack of that prurient prudery which comes with civilization. There were heads curiously hampered in cotton cloaks fearfully and wonderfully wrought. There were children, with staring eyes, rejoicing in fantastically-shaved heads. From their alarmed expression of countenance, we judged that careful mothers had been accustomed to frighten their broods with intimations that the foreigners (*tojans*) were a race of ogres. However, with these drawbacks to perfect happiness, the multitude generally appeared to rejoice—the nearness of home, doubtless, causing them to forget the miseries of their late experiences.

Our honored host, surrounded by at least a dozen gentlemen, now ordered a repast, which was ere long forthcoming. It consisted of tea, *saki*, eggs, rice, boiled fish, several sorts of vegetables—among which were young onions; soya, various pickles, and boiled sea-weed. The eggs being raw, I declined eating them, and took the liberty of showing these folks that by boiling them for two minutes and thirty seconds, by the watch, then breaking them over the rice, quite a palatable dish could be made without much trouble. They watched me with a respectful curiosity, pleasant to wit-

ness, and when they beheld my use of the chop-sticks, a gentle "*yudio*"—"O my"—gurgled out of their lips. During the feast, I was much pleased with their very polite and considerate attention, and they appeared greatly diverted by imitations on my part of their peculiar customs. After luncheon, the old gentleman and myself lighted cigars, and, for want of any thing better to do, he carefully examined my clothing, and was apparently struck with the idea that it more effectually served the purpose of protecting the body from inclement weather than the style of garments in which he was clad. It was about this time that I was joined by several friends from the ship, who, notwithstanding the storm, had been abroad to see the sights. They were immediately invited to make themselves at home, and ample provision was spread before them. The sages of Nippon looked on with wonderment at the keen relish with which their viands were enjoyed, but their curiosity did not interrupt their considerate attention, nor did the ferocious appetites which they had to supply dull the edge of their hospitality. The brave, little people brought in relay after relay of food, so that when the feast ended much beside fragments remained. Having received an invitation from the chief officer of the village to call upon him, we parted from our generous friends, and put ourselves under the direction of the guide who had been sent to escort us. The rain had stopped falling. Along the streets through which our party passed, people peered at us from their doors and through the cage-like inclosures which formed the fronts of their houses. Occasionally, a boy or girl, wandering lazily along, would become aware of our presence, and there was no end of amusement in beholding them scamper out of our, and, as they doubtless supposed, harm's way. We at length reached the house of his Honor, the Mayor; it was



somewhat more elaborate than the buildings we had seen. Here we were introduced into a court-yard, in which was discovered a garden inclosing three sides of a one-story house. The shingled roof was not very greatly peaked; the eaves, projecting, formed a wide veranda outside the building, both in the front and rear. The board fence round the garden was painted black, but the wood-work of the house was, as the carpenter's plane had left it, darkened, perhaps, with age—the skill manifested in the use of tools permitting no defects which required the painter's brush to cover them.

When one sees the apparently inferior implements with which their mechanics work, the careful joining about these houses—as skillfully done as cabinet wares are with us—their handicraft appears simply marvelous.

The entire mansion had been thrown open in honor of our coming. We were met upon the veranda by the master of the establishment, and by him shown into the best room under his roof-tree. Before we crossed the threshold, we removed our boots, so as not to stain the clean, white mats which formed at once the floor, the table, and the bed, of the people of this home. These mats are invariably of one size, being six feet in length, and about three feet in breadth. They are made upon a light frame of wood, covered with fine matting, stuffed with rice-straw, sewed together at the sides and ends, being finished or bound with black lasting. This flooring is firm and solid enough for all practical purposes. Houses and apartments in the same are constructed with reference to the floor, which is laid in sections of the dimensions above given. To do us peculiar honor, piles of quilted silk mats were brought forth and laid so as to form divans, whereon we might rest. We were placed at our ease, by being requested to make ourselves perfectly at home. Determining to remain ashore

until the next morning, we dispatched couriers to the ship to bring off supplies of wine, bread, and cigars, which was about all we required besides what the natives were able to supply. The domestic arrangements of the household we investigated with a pardonable curiosity, finding every thing neat and tidy; in fact, elegant without pretension. The afternoon began to hang heavy upon my hands, so I sallied out for a walk, in quest of adventure. Taking a stroll through several streets, I observed that they were similar in character to those of other towns through which I had passed. These were well kept and clean, each person being compelled to sweep and repair that part lying before his own house.

In front of almost every dwelling were planted one or two very tall bamboo trees, denuded of limbs and leaves save their feathery tops. From these, strips of white cotton cloth were streaming, bearing inscriptions painted in large black characters. From other poles, artificial representations of huge fish were suspended. These were holiday decorations—offerings to the gods who had blessed these households with an increase of the male line during the past year.

The unusual sight of a foreigner promenading their thoroughfares was soon noised abroad, and the people of Lilliput swarmed out to behold Gulliver in his travels. As I moved on, a crowd of infants, from five up to seventy-five years of age, followed at my heels, gathering in numbers as I proceeded. They were in no wise rude in their demonstrations, but seemed desirous merely of gratifying their curiosity. Such conduct I refreshingly contrasted with sights witnessed among the barbarians at home, who did not so kindly respect the rights and feelings of strangers of other nationalities as they went abroad. Being invited, I entered several houses, where I was re-



galed with the inevitable cup of tea, sometimes accompanied with offerings of confections. As a memorial of the occasion, fans were brought me, and I was requested to write thereon. This opportunity I embraced to lay before them sundry scraps of wisdom, culled from the ancients, and known as proverbs.

The evening shades were falling when I moved back to our head-quarters. The preparation that had been making during the afternoon culminated in a feast, which began with the night. Lighted wax-tapers, placed upon tall candlesticks, were brought into the room we had been occupying, and were scattered around in profusion. Our host, no longer occupied with official cares, joined us, introducing several of his friends and townsmen. Tea was brought and served. Pipes were lighted and smoked. There was an orchestra, consisting of two females, who played upon four-stringed lutes, called *samesi*, or *samisengs*, and sang ballads to their own accompaniments. These girls would have been pretty, but for the abominable custom which their class follows, in imitation of married women, destroying their beauty by shaving off their eyebrows and blacking their teeth with lacquer. Two dancing-girls, with pleasant faces and handsome little figures, entered at the same time. The music was well-nigh incessant during the banquet; and in the intervals between the courses, the dancing-girls gyrated and postured after the Oriental style, which, however graceful, is not severely emotional. Liquor, distilled from rice, known as *saki*—the national tippie—was brought, small bottles of it standing in vessels of boiling water. Under the mellowing influence of this liquid, our tongues were loosened, and an amicable exchange of sentiment took place. We drank from small China cups as thin as egg-shells, tossed them from one to the other, as is customary at such

revelries, and passed the bottle briskly. Our interpreters were kept busy translating our conversations. When we opened our store of wines, we presented our friends with champagne, and it was very amusing to behold the expression upon the face of those who, for the first time, drank this subtle beverage. There were, at least, a dozen courses, very nicely served. The guests, seated or reclining upon the floor, had placed in front of them lacquered trays. On these were chop-sticks and certain condiments in small saucers. The bill of fare would not be interesting, because there were so many made-dishes and viands for which there are no names in our tongue. Some of these compounds were pleasant; some insipid, and others of a flavor to which our palates had not been educated. Of the first, we partook; of the second, tasted; these last, we cut. Our Japanese friends did justice to the repast, by partaking of every course. We suffered for want of nothing.

The festivities began with the flowing bowl; and through all the courses ran a rivulet of liquor; but when the rice was handed around in great China bowls, heaped full of snow-white food, the spirit rations ceased, for the *finale* of the banquet was attained.

While the dinner was progressing, a number of neighbors came in to look on. As the company increased, the room was enlarged by the removal of the sliding screens—partitions composed of wood and paper—and the entire floor was thrown into one large apartment.

Our feasting ended, we distributed cigars among our audience, for which they were profuse in thanks. We sang songs for them, and in our rousing choruses made the festal-hall ring to the echo. Then, our entertainers sang for us, long and loudly. The hour for games arriving, we were delighted to witness the playing at forfeits, and the characteristic

acting required by the pathetic words of a ballad which the singing men and singing women gushed out vociferously. We amused ourselves with making shadows, on the wall, of rabbits and other animals; but, in this, a heathen youth of ten summers eclipsed us, for, by the manipulation of his hands, he conjured up rare pictures, but none more marvelous than the wonderfully correct representation of the *moosima*, or Japanese lady. Midnight came, and with it an end of revelry. The crowd had thinned out, so that now our visitors soon told their *saionaras*, and were off for home. After the remnants of the feast were cleared away, from a convenient, closet-like receptacle in the corner, quilts were brought out and beds spread for us on the floor. Mosquito-bars—the stuff coarse in texture and green in color—were suspended from near the walls, so that they took in almost the entire rooms, giving us large, airy chambers in which to sleep. In this pleasant place, and with this welcome protection, tired nature's sweet restorer quickly came and gave us rest.

Next morning, we were up early. After saluting our host, and bidding him good-by, we wended our way to the beach, whence we had quick dispatch to the steamer. The day came on with clouds and dullness; but the genial sun at length broke through the vapors. The blue waters of the bay were scarcely disturbed by a ripple. The quietness was almost oppressive. Sido, which skirted the crescent-like shores of the bay, sent up from its chimneys faint columns of smoke. In its peaceful borders three thousand souls had their happy homes. The darkened and gray thatched roofs of its houses gave an air of antiquity to the place, not unpleasing, and harmonizing well with the green fringe of tall firs hedging it round about, filling up the plain between it and the bosky hills which formed the background of the picture. To the south, the rolling

land of a peninsula, dotted with farm-houses and hamlets, terraced fields with abundant crops, spread out its wealth of pleasant scenery, till where the Elephant-head Mountains, with rocky sides and craggy peaks, loomed up, blue-tinted, in the distance. The recent rains had washed the air of its impurities, and we could behold, with naked eye, across the Harrima Sea, the brown hills of Bizen hugging the strand. A score of islands, clad in semi-tropical verdure, formed a picture rare to look upon and pleasantly to be remembered.

Here and there, fishermen's boats dotted the waters with their square, white sails. Having nothing better to do, myself and friend procured a *sampan*, with two oarsmen, and with them we took up our journey for the picturesque island of Takasima, about three miles distant. Along the coast, we saw fishermen engaged in hauling their seines, while others, on the beach, were mending their nets. Patient toilers: they gazed upon us as we passed, and gave us cheerful greeting; for which civility, the middle and lower classes of this people are celebrated. After great exertion, the island was reached and a landing effected. A solitary, deserted habitation graced it; and the wild ducks were almost alone in possession of a beautiful lake, whose shores were skirted with tiger-lilies richly painted. Wild roses and wild pinks struggled for life in the rank grasses growing along the hill-sides. The view from the highest point of the island was a beautiful panorama. The sky was of the deepest blue, and athwart the face of day an occasional fleecy cloud would sail, to cast a momentary shadow on the bright scene below. The crystalline waters washed the shores of this island where the fabled mermaids of Japan might have disported themselves and reveled in delight. Many fathoms below the surface, we could discern fantastical groups of huge

rocks and boulders, a bed of sand and shells, with sea-flowers, mosses, and grasses spreading out, like delicate laces which might readily vie with the blossoms of the higher earth. Having finished our explorations, we sought our boat, and roused the lazy *sendos*, who had been lying in her bottom, fast asleep. In making our way back to the steamer, we fell in with a fleet of sails from up and down the coast, carrying great numbers of people to the *Costa Rica*, full of hope that they might be permitted to inspect her. Surrounding the steamer, there was a multitude of *sampan*s: we reached these, paid our caitiffs their *boo*, clambered over the decks of the intervening craft, and, by way of the ladder, got on shipboard once more.

During the morning—and, in fact, throughout the day—swarms of visitors came off to the steamer: male and female; old and young; married and single; some in small squads of two or three, but chiefly in droves of a score in number. It was pleasant, at first, to behold and study the appearance of the crowd; but, after a while, the show became very monotonous, and the multitude was so great that it required much exertion to keep it in order. Such a jam was never before seen on that vessel. It was a motley crew. All sorts and conditions of men were there. Such inveterate sight-seers were they, that they peered into every nook and cranny, their curiosity apparently growing by what it fed upon. The entire population of the neighboring province appeared to pour in upon us. There came elderly individuals, bent almost double with age; Sancourais widows, with clean-shaved heads and semi-bleached teeth; one-eyed folks; blear-eyed children. The totally blind came not, though good authority says that one out of every ten of the population is thus afflicted. Infants slung upon the backs of other small children; babes at the breast;

well-dressed people; others in airy costumes, consisting of a pair of straw sandals, and a girdle of white cloth round the loins—their backs, bodies, arms, and legs tattooed with India-ink and vermilion, in many patterns, the most aristocratic being the representation of a lady or gentleman in full robes; folks whose well-kept heads were an honor to them, and slatternly roughs whose unkempt locks and bristly pates showed a want of taste, or funds, or opportunity; maidens fair to look upon, and others quite homely; scrofulous infants; fond fathers and delighted mothers, leading great-eyed offspring clad in diminutive costume—imitations of the dresses of their elders, and fearful productions of the tailors' skill. Young *yakonins*, not yet in their teens, were strutting about with two swords stuck in their belts—one longer than its possessor; married women who had no family, or who had left the same at home, shuffled through the crowd with an air of eager curiosity and excitement shown upon their faces, adding nothing to the charms of countenances denuded of eyebrows and graced with mouths of coal-black teeth. In picking up loose things and attempting to solve the mystery of their use, some light-fingered gentry among that volatile blue mass made free with a few small articles of portable property; but, even in their pilferings, we could forgive them, for that which they took was not a material loss to the owners, and was not the slightest approximation to the wholesale piracy which, under similar circumstances, has been indulged in by the highly civilized and refined of our people at home. Theft is capitally punished in Japan; hence, thieves are scarce. One important official, from Takamatzu—the Treasurer of the Principality—came on board, accompanied by his harem. The barge in which he and his people arrived was elegantly sheltered with a paper roof and bamboo blinds. The old



man was very portly, and in his bearing quite dignified. His females had the most elaborate mode of hair-dressing I have ever beheld: it differed somewhat from the fashions of the northern sections of the empire; being braided in broad folds, it stood out from the sides of the head, sustained in place by gum and hair-pins. Their faces and necks were powdered *a la mode*, a slight tinge of rouge spread over the cheeks, and lips colored with violet. These aristocratic people affected great dignity, but were, ere long, compelled to relax in their attempt, and then they freely mingled with the vulgar herd. The mate produced an electric machine, and amused us all by shocking those who would try the instrument. I distributed a number of old newspapers among the crowd, and they were eagerly sought as curiosities. The breaking down of the ladder, and thereby the precipitation of a score or so of men and women into the water—who were all rescued, however—provoked much mirth among the sailors in the fleet of boats.

At dinner, we were honored with the company of three or four gentlemen of the Daimio's household. Our conversation turning upon the subject of snakes—two large fellows, one seven and the other eight feet in length, having been killed by my companion, on the island of Takasima, that morning—one of these gentlemen said that in the interior such reptiles, more than sixty feet in length, were not uncommon.

In the afternoon, with my friend the surgeon, I went ashore. The usual gaping crowd met us at the landing, and followed wherever we went. With the assistance of a guide, I discovered my way to the temple. In its precincts I

noted a waste of white sand, without a trace of vegetation, save tall and venerable pines, two of which were distorted from the perpendicular so that heavy beams were required to support their twisted trunks high in air. The ancient temple-buildings had been shorn of their glory, by the contending elements of many years, and several of them seemed sadly in want of repair. To one who had visited the more elaborate establishments at Kamakura and Fugisawa, these appeared insignificant and devoid of interest. The ever-present cash-box stood in the door-way of the largest house; and through its barred top the faithful cast their money-offerings of silver, or copper, or paper. The most noteworthy objects there were immense bronze images of the gods Keko, Iiso, and Tensing. They were artistic creations, embodying ideas which, to the religious of the Buddhists, were worthy of worship and adoration. Next to the temple-grounds, in a dense grove, was the cemetery, where many of former generations slept. The approach of evening forbade our lingering long in this place. We called at the houses of our friends, to give them our good-by and hear their *saionaras*. They loaded us with compliments and gifts of *saki*, fish, fruits, and confections, and sent porters with us to carry our loads of cates to the boat-landing.

The setting sun had painted the clouds of the western sky, and then sank to rest. The short twilight was giving place to night, and bright stars were beginning to twinkle in the vault overhead. The town of Sido was wrapped in darkness and the inhabitants in slumber, when eight-bells told midnight, and we tripped our anchor to sail away.

W. E. MCARTHUR.

## A FOOL'S ERRAND.

“AND so you really think, Mademoiselle, that, should I die as I am now, I shall certainly go to eternal perdition?”

“*Oui, Monsieur, I think so.*”

O the sweet, mellow voice which spoke these words, tenderly, and with deep conviction; the rosy lips through which they floated, like some angel's compassionate warning; the beaming eyes, large, dark, lustrous, moistened with pitying sympathy, which rested on me, as if in a last appeal!

Many, many years have passed, but well do I remember how my eyes, unable to bear the mighty influence, turned aside and fell upon an elderly lady, slightly smiling over some embroidery; thence traveled back to my fair companion, took in once more the whole of that bewitching form—bewitching by its perfect outlines, its simple traveling dress, its unassuming manners, withal so *distingué*, so refined—until, my moral feelings and physical impressions becoming somewhat chaotic, I took my hat, and, with a bow—perhaps a little abrupt—left the cabin, ascended the stairs, and went on deck.

For we were traveling on the Rhine—the picturesque Rhine—and fast approaching the golden Mayence—*das goldne Mainz*, as the enthusiastic Germans have it. I came from Basel, but enjoyed, since we stopped at Strasbourg, the pleasing company of two French ladies, on their way to Wiesbaden. It was the Countess de Grandecourt, from Nancy, with her aunt. The one, as beautiful and sweet and winning as the Gabrielle of Henry IV.; the other, amiable and *spirituelle*, as French ladies of distinction at certain age so often are.

Acquaintance was soon made. The French happily ignore the etiquette of an introduction. And, as the first day's conversation had run on general topics, avoiding the traditional points of religion, politics, and self, the second day, which was to be the last, we began to touch the first forbidden point—we talked religion! I was a young novice at the time, ardent and zealous as novices are; with the solemn Scripture texts I thought myself well nigh invincible. But I found my match! Argument upon argument was put to nought by the sweet, yet spirited, and highly educated young Countess. I felt I lost my ground. At last, in a tone of real concern, I asked the question which opens this tale; and received the answer: “*Oui, Monsieur; je le pense.*”

The reader will now appreciate the feelings with which I leaned over the banister, looking to the approaching end, not of my travel, but of my too interesting association with one so lovely, so pure, so zealous in her faith.

The end came; the steamer slackened her pace, the wharf was reached, the crowd gathered, and, amid the bustle of transporting trunks and boxes, I heard the last adieu from the fair lips who just condemned me to eternal woe.

I followed them as they stepped lightly and gracefully over the bridging-plank, and walked up to the hotel. I still gazed, and the steamer-whistle blew, when, at one of the front windows of the hotel, I saw the Countess, standing, throwing a last farewell with her little hands, joining them, and raising them on high, as if in supplication.

Years and years have passed. I see them yet, those uplifted arms! If years

of grief and trouble have left the impress on the mind of an old man, how must it have affected the bewildered brain of a young enthusiast!

However, the steamer went on; time brought counsel, and, when I landed at Cologne, the image of the fair Countess was certainly not effaced, but her arguments had lost their force, unsustained as they were by her magnetic presence, and I continued my travel to Liege and Spa, without being much distressed about my eternal welfare. Here, I took a thorough-bred pony of the Ardennes, wishing to traverse that wild, but somewhat historical and picturesque region, and to return, through Namur and other Belgian cities, to my work and labor at home.

The first day I reached Fresse; the next I came, at noon, to la Roche, passed the rapid Ourl stream, and might have come that night to St. Hubert, but for my absent-mindedness, allowing my pony to walk, when it might as well have galloped. I had some excuse in the scenery around me: forest succeeding forest, with wide spaces of open ground between; sudden turns in the road, leading through narrow passes; very few habitations; the few people I met, sombre, suspicious-looking—altogether so different from the courteous, lively inhabitants of Liege and its surroundings.

I slowly trotted on; but night came, and nothing but forest before me. How far I was I could scarcely tell. A house came in view, and I made up my mind to stop there, at any rate. Dismounting, I knocked at the door. A woman, tall and thin, but of very unprepossessing appearance, opened the door; holding it, she looked at me with haggard, black eyes.

"Can I lodge here?" I asked, somewhat peremptorily, when I perceived inside, all the *appareil* of an inn.

"*Sais pas*, M'seu," was the hesitating answer.

"But I *must*," said I, coming in at once; I can't reach St. Hubert this night."

"*Sais pas*, M'seu," she said again: "no room; M'seu le Comte has the only room."

"No matter," I said, a little disgusted with Counts and Countesses, "I'll arrange myself here;" and, putting down my hat and cloak, I added: "Send some one to take care of my horse."

She did so, and Jacques—a black and dirty-looking little rascal—went for my horse; while the hostess, having made up her mind, it seems, asked me politely: "*Souper*, M'seu?"

"*S'il vous plaît*, Madame," I answered, with impressive gravity; and, after awhile, was called to a very small room, where I enjoyed the most simple supper imaginable.

"M'seu will have to sleep here," said the black-eyed woman; "no other room."

"No matter; a mattress and blanket, please."

While I was arranging my couch—such as I have often since enjoyed in California—somewhat grumbling about the Count, and murmuring, often, *misère que ça!*—(thirty years have taught me better, good reader)—I heard a knocking at the door, and a squeaking voice:

"Ah, Madame Gilbert! *et le Comte?*"

"Le Comte! Le Comte!" I grumbled, and uttered something very impolite.

"*Ici, M'seu docteur, ici!*" answered the black-eyed hostess, ushering the doctor in, somewhere.

Suddenly the door of my retreat opened. "Pardon, M'seu," she said, with a hideous grin, intended for a conciliating excuse, "Jean has had no supper; *pauvre Jean!*"

And through she went to the kitchen, leaving behind her a tall, good-looking young fellow, whom, by his livery, I supposed to be the Count's valet.

He saw me, took off his riding-cap,

sat down, and, taking no further notice, began to eat with zest the meagre supper which the hostess brought in.

"*Et qu'a M'seu le Comte?*" she asked, standing near him, with a somewhat admiring look.

Jean's mouth was chock full. He was in no hurry. As soon as there was room, he made a gesture with his right hand to the left shoulder, articulating with some difficulty: "Shoulder out of joint." Then he masticated on, and seemed altogether bent on his supper more than on talking.

The squeaking voice of the Doctor called Jean, who immediately wiped his mouth, rose, took his cap, and left.

The hostess was busy removing the plates, when *le Docteur* came in.

"Ah, Madame Gilbert, a little warm water, some more bandages, *s'il vous plait, vite!*"

"*Oui, M'seu!*" said the hostess, going; when the little Doctor, perceiving me on my mattress, made a bow, saying: "*Excusez, Monsieur, I didn't know you were here; poor lodgings! poor Monsieur le Comte!*"

I rested on my elbow in a state of mind balancing between curiosity and bother.

"Who is Monsieur le Comte, and what is the matter with him?"

"Le Comte de Ranson, Monsieur, was thrown from his horse, and got his shoulder out of joint. A *bagatelle*, Monsieur, but painful. You know Monsieur le Comte: rich family at Sedan? Very rich; ah, very rich!"

The Doctor seemed to enjoy his fee, by anticipation.

"Don't want to be taken home!" continued the Doctor, with a slight touch of satisfaction; "wants to remain here till better, then travel on. Very nervous, Monsieur; always was so. Ah, *merci Madame*"—turning to the hostess, who entered with the required articles, then with a bow to me, "*Bonsoir, Monsieur, la bonne nuit!*"

And out he tripped. "Good-night, indeed, on this hard mattress," thought I; "glad, anyhow, it is over."

I soon fell sound asleep. Either they were *discret*, and dispatched the Doctor without noise, or Morpheus had stronger hold on me than usual—I never woke till morning, when the hostess knocked at the door, and asked:

"M'seu, *le déjeuner?*"

"*Oui, Madame!*" And up I jumped. Not much of a toilet! The breakfast was served, and I sat down to what we, in California, would call rather meagre fare.

Brown bread—which had left the oven weeks ago—butter somewhat rancid, and a few slices of a *jambon*, which came not from Westphalia. But the coffee, though black, was good, and its aromatic flavor restored my spirits to some of their usual vigor.

"Poor fare for the invalid," I thought, when lo! the valet came through with a basket on his arm. Had been to St. Hubert quite early, and got some nice things for Monsieur le Comte. When he returned from the kitchen, I asked how the Count had passed the night.

"*Pas mal, Monsieur;*" and Jean went on. Jean was not loquacious.

While I was sipping my last cup of coffee, and thinking of resuming my journey, I thought I heard a groan in the next room. My rather vivid imagination pictured at once the poor Count on his couch, with bandaged shoulder, suffering and lonely. Should I leave without taking any notice of my fellow-man? Though a plank wall separated me from him, was it not like the Pharisee and Levite passing by the poor man who fell among the robbers? No, it won't do! The Countess de Grandecourt might say what she pleased, I *was* a Christian! So when the hostess came in, I handed her my card, saying: "Give this to Monsieur le Comte; ask him if I may come and see him."



"Entrez, M'seu," she said, soon after, holding the door open; and I went in, crossing Jean, who left the room.

It was small, rather comfortable, where all that was of value in the house seemed to be treasured up. Opposite the door was a curtained window; to the left, a bedstead, on which the patient rested. A man of sharp, but rather handsome features, about thirty years old, with eyes very large and lustrous; his heavy mustache scarcely concealed the smile with which he answered my "*Comment cela va-t-il donc*, Monsieur?"

"Very amiable of you, Monsieur," he began, in a rather loud voice; "very happy to see you. Had an accident; my horse tripped; never was thrown in my life; am the best *cavalier* of Sedan! *Parole d'honneur!* They would laugh! But they will never know! I'll stay till I am well! Poor quarters!"—looking around—"but *quoi faire?* Patience! Very amiable of you, Monsieur! *En route* for *notre belle France?*"

"No," said I, sitting down; "I come from Spa, and was on my road to St. Hubert when night came. I could not leave without showing you my heart's sympathy, Monsieur!"

"Not *pressé*, Monsieur?" he asked, looking at me with his large, glistening eyes.

"Not particularly so."

"Could you not stay over a day? Fine hunting here, Monsieur. Jean, bring me my gun; a fine gun, Monsieur. You like shooting? Jean will accompany you. It will amuse you; then we can talk. I feel lonely."

Jean came in with his master's fowl-pie. The Count went on:

"There, Monsieur, that never misses. Jean, you accompany Monsieur; he is going to shoot."

All this went on at a rapid rate; so that I was in for a hunt, before knowing it. I could not help smiling; the Count

probably took it for a mark of satisfaction, and went on:

"Jean, you know the *clairière de Roland?* Bring Monsieur there. Fine shooting!"

Well, I went. Jean led me through brushwood and by-paths, till we reached the open space. There was, indeed, plenty of game, and, having satisfied my suddenly-aroused Nimrod ardor, I returned, and, walking along slowly, tried to get something out of Jean concerning my original Count.

But Jean was remarkably taciturn; *oui* and *non* were his whole vocabulary, and sometimes I could not get even that. In fact, when I re-entered the Count's room, I knew no more than when I left.

But the Count was as loquacious as Jean was taciturn.

"And so you travel at your ease, without special aim?" he asked, and continued, without waiting for my answer: "A happy thing—very happy! *Pas moi—pas moi!* Ah, this *maudit cheval* keeps me days and weeks here. Ah, Monsieur, it is terrible!"

I refrained from questions, though rather curious, and stated how I travelled for my *délassement*; had been in Switzerland, on the Rhine, and intended returning by Namur.

"*Oui*," said he, "that Rhine—*bien monotone*—castles, towers, and towers and castles—*bien monotone!*"

"Somewhat," I answered, "but, now and then, one meets pleasant company." And I mentioned to him, among others, the Countess de Grandecourt, with her aunt.

The exclamation which followed this was perfectly startling. In his excitement, he wanted to raise himself on his right elbow, and a squeaking scream of pain followed the exclamation of wonder.

"*Maudit cheval!*" cried he, when the pang was over; then again his eyes resumed their glaring brilliancy:



"La Comtesse de Grandrecourt! you saw her, Monsieur; you spoke to her?"

I was astonished at his excitement, but, airing my French politeness, did not seem to perceive it, and continued to tell him about my pleasant companionship. As he seemed very interested, and I was going to touch the last day's conversation, I said:

"I am a Protestant, Monsieur le Comte ——."

"So am I!" he cried, almost with a scream; "a Huguenot, from father to son. In fact," he added, with something of a sneer, "I am nothing—*vous savez?*"

I paid no attention to this additional phrase, and told him my discussion with the fair Countess, my discomfiture, and her final condemning sentence.

"Ha!" he would say; at short intervals, "ha!"

But when I told him of the farewell from the hotel-window, and the arms lifted in supplication, he became so agitated that I almost repented having told so much.

"*Toujours la même,*" he exclaimed, three or four times. Then he kept silent, for a few minutes only, and suddenly broke out with:

"Ah, Monsieur, what service you could render; worlds could not pay it!"

"How so?" I asked, not a little astonished.

"Monsieur," he said, extending his hand—which I had to take, for politeness' sake, anyhow—"Monsieur, the Grandrecourts and the de Ransons are nearly related to each other. But *they* are strong upholders of the Catholic faith; *we* are Huguenots since Henry IV. I know, however, that mine would gladly see a union between me and the Countess. Our principles have somewhat relaxed; mine have become—well, you might say, of no account—*je suis athée*, Monsieur——."

"Sorry to hear it," said I.

"But," continued he, "I am liberal, and with the love I bear to my cousin since childhood, I would not trouble her in her belief. Only she has always been trying to convert me—to *convert* me, Monsieur," he repeated, with an almost hideous laugh. "It is her passion, Monsieur—*c'est une manie*. A hundred times she has told me: 'Eustache, I do love you too well to see you going to perdition,' and so on. I know she loves me," he continued, with exaltation, "and who would not love her? I heard of her departure for Strasbourg. They told you they were going to the baths; it is not so, Monsieur. She is going to some convent; she has often told me she would go in a convent, if she could not save me from perdition. I know it, Monsieur, and as soon as I heard of it, I started by the shortest road to reach Cologne (for I am sure she is going there), to promise her any thing; to accept her faith; any thing, Monsieur, to save her, and to have her; for I do love her, Monsieur, and I know she loves me."

He was, a moment, silent. Atheist, as he was, he believed in woman's love, and he *did* love her.

"What can I do in this case?" I asked, somewhat timidly.

"What can you do, Monsieur?" he answered, almost indignant at my short-sightedness. "What can you do? *Ciel!* Don't you see Providence in this?"

"Providence?" I asked. A little astonished at hearing that word in the mouth of a professed atheist.

"*Mais oui*, Providence—don't you see it? What made you travel this way; what made me have this accident? Are you not the very man to see her; to explain to her; to make her acquainted with my determination? Will she not pity me; come to me? Will she not—well, Monsieur, it seems so clear to me——."

I did not see it so clearly; but he was so earnest, he appealed so to my feel-

ings, that I really began to think his notion of Providence might be right. Then the image of the Countess had something to do with it. To see her once more; to save her from, what I considered, an unfortunate step; to bring her to one who seemed to love her so much, was an act of charity which would somewhat alleviate her cruel sentence.

In short, I promised to retrace my steps the following morning, to travel to Mainz, to find the Countess out, and to bring her the glad tidings of the Count's intended conversion.

When the following morning I mounted my pony, the last words of the Count sounded yet in my ears: "*Adieu, mon ami*; you will save her; you will bring her back. *Dieu vous bénisse!*"

Strong language for a professed atheist, I thought; and with the feeling of being on a providential errand, indeed, I trotted off.

As soon as I reached Mainz, I went to the hotel. "The Countess de Grandecourt had left for Wiesbaden, accompanied by the Count de Lunes." "Counts enough!" I thought, and traveled on to Wiesbaden.

Yes, the Countess was there. Her name was on the book of the Great Hotel. "Could I see her?" The *femme de chambre*, with a somewhat meaning smile, said: "Mademoiselle la Comtesse is on a visit to the Frauenkloster." "Ah!"

And in my ardor I started for the convent, some four miles distant. Perhaps I came too late!

The convent was a handsome building, not at all forbidding. A regular ladies' convent for the *noblesse*. I rang the bell, and was admitted into an elegant parlor. The Lady Superior made her appearance. Handsome and dignified, she said: "The Countess has left a little while ago."

I wanted to ask some questions, but her steady, cool manner, and a slight

indication that further intrusion might be unacceptable, made me bow, and leave as wise as I came.

I returned to the hotel. Yes, the Countess was there. I sent my card.

"*Montez, Monsieur.*"

I did so, and *la tante* received me with that cordial, yet courtly manner which really distinguished her.

"And what good angel has inspired you, Monsieur, to come so in the nick of time! How happy my niece will be to see you!"

I don't remember what I answered. I was so preoccupied with the impending convent disaster that I probably said very little out of the common way; and while I was trying to bring the matter before them, in came the beautiful Countess, in a state of hurry and excitement.

"*Ah, mon bon Monsieur, et vous voilà?*" she exclaimed, seeing me, and extended her pretty little hand. She looked so lovely in her *négligé* dress! Who could think of convents there?

"Your heretical admirer, Mademoiselle," said I at last, rather hesitatingly producing a letter of Count de Ranson, "hopes to receive some remission of the terrible sentence you inflicted on him; this letter may give occasion to some *circonstances atténuantes*."

She took the letter with that bewitching smile, flushed suddenly, broke it open, read, and, lifting up her joined hands, just as she had done at the window:

"*Le pauvre malheureux!*" she exclaimed, handing the letter to *la tante*, and adding hurriedly:

"*Bonne tante*, explain to Monsieur, *s'il vous plaît*. *Ce pauvre Eustache!*"

With that she left the room.

*La tante* read the letter, smiled sadly while slightly shaking her head, and said:

"*Mon bon Monsieur*, at any rate it brings you here at a joyful occasion; but tell me about Monsieur de Ranson."

I told her all, even my hurried travel and visit to the convent, not omitting, of course, my dismal suspicions.

At this point the amiable old lady broke out in a hearty laugh, loud enough to bring the young Countess to the door, who, popping her pretty head in, asked wonderingly: "*Qu'est-ce donc, ma tante?*"

"O, nothing, *ma petite*; leave me a moment alone with Monsieur," replied the good lady while laughing again.

I was rather puzzled, and must have looked a little awkward, for *la tante* all at once resumed her serious tone, and said:

"Pardon, Monsieur, I forgot myself. Do you know what the Countess did at the convent?"

"No, Madame, not very well," said I, more and more confused in my ideas.

"She went to take leave of a friend of her childhood, telling her of the most important event in her young life, her marriage this very evening with Count de Lunes."

"Her marriage?" I exclaimed in utter amazement; "her marriage? And Count de Ranson? I thought —."

"Ah! there it is," said *la tante*, "you thought what *he* thought! Poor Eustache! On what an errand he sent you! *Mon bon* Monsieur, let me explain."

"If you please, Madame," I replied, while moving somewhat nervously on my chair.

"Eustache de Ranson is an excellent young man, and his marriage with my niece was one of the family plans. But he is so exalted, so utterly uncontrollable, and withal so given up to the modern ideas of freedom in every thing and all things, that it borders on folly. My niece has always been brought up in strict conformity to our faith, and her natural disposition is as enthusiastic in that direction as Eustache's in the contrary one. She believes what she says, Monsieur, and often has implored Eus-

tache to change his views; and with her *abandon* and heartfelt desire to save him, I can well understand that his exalted imagination has seen love where there was really no more than devoted pity. My niece has often manifested a wish to enter a convent, and it is for that very reason that our family have hastened her engagement with the Count de Lunes, whom she is to marry this evening. So you come just in time, Monsieur —."

"And poor de Ranson?" I interrupted, not *very* politely, "what is to become of him?"

"It is on his account," answered *ma tante*, "that we have come to Wiesbaden. Knowing the violent exaltation of his character, and the unreasonable hopes he entertained, we concluded to have the marriage out of France, to travel abroad, and to give time to his violent disposition to subside —."

She was interrupted by the Countess gliding into the room in her bridal dress. It was like a vision! With an arch smile she enjoyed a moment my admiring gaze, then said in her sweet, melodious voice:

"*Eh bien, ma tante, suis-je bien?*"

*La tante* took her two hands, held her at a distance with approving look, and saying a word of approbation—*parfaite!* she drew her a little aside, and, with an "*Excusez, M'seu,*" whispered some words to her.

The Countess paled, blushed, paled again, then came to me, and actually took my hand!

I can not remember the words. She spoke softly, beseechingly, ending with: "*Je vous en supplie, Monsieur, rendez nous ce service.*"

Yes! I was to travel back to St. Herbert, and make Eustache acquainted with the *decisive* step of the Countess in taking a vow which made all further attempts useless!

"Is not marriage a vow?" asked *ma*

*tante*, "and will it not be an act of charity to leave him the impression of the convent vow?"

Two ladies—and French Countesses at that—are more than a match for a very young, warm-hearted enthusiast. That evening I saw the Countess become la Comtesse de Lunes, and the following morning I was on my new errand of charity.

I believe I sometimes laughed at myself (as no doubt the gentle reader does); but, then, the poor Count's image on his bed of suffering arose, and I concluded, generally, that I performed a *Christian's* duty.

It was evening when I reached the inn. During my absence of six days, the Count had improved physically, but mentally he was in a state really bordering on insanity.

He sat in an easy chair, the left arm in a sling; his eyes were lustrous with feverish anxiety; his right hand trembled when he pressed mine. I sat down; he looked staring at me, and exclaimed:

"*Trop tard?*"

"Too late," I echoed, with heartfelt pity; "the vow is taken."

He remained silent during several minutes. Then he took my hand, and said, in a hurried but determined manner.

"*Merci toujours*—good-night—à demain."

I slept somewhat soundly after my hard traveling, and in the morning was awakened by a general stir in the house. Jean was already finishing his breakfast, and rising, said, rather politely: "*Bonjour, Monsieur; nous partons.*"

I was up in a moment, and saw, indeed, the Count ready for traveling. He faintly smiled at my astonished look, and said: "I am off for Wiesbaden—not too late yet! A *first* vow is not

binding. *Espérons toujours.* Adieu, Monsieur."

"Sir Count," said I, with all the firmness I could muster, "one moment, if you please."

"*Ah, mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the atheist, following me to his room, "time is precious, *mon ami*; don't keep me long."

I then told him the real state of affairs. When I named the Count de Lunes, he broke out in a wild, screaming laugh:

"Ha! ha! *la bonne farce!* Charming, charming! De Lunes! *le bigot!* Ha! ha!"

And so he went on for some time, heedless of any thing around him. At last he stood erect, gave me his hand, and said:

"*Eh bien, bonjour;* home, then! home!"

With the help of Jean he mounted, and galloped off.

That was the last I saw of Count de Ranson.

Three months had passed, and I sat in my study, opening the letters which the mail had brought. There was one from Florence—a lady's handwriting, neat and delicate. It contained the details of a pleasant tour through Germany and Switzerland. *Ma tante* sent her most kind regards. The letter had the sweet perfume of the honeymoon, and under the signature was the following postscript—a usual appendage of ladies' letters: "*P. S.*—You probably know the death of *le pauvre* Eustache. How could he do such a thing? *Quelle fin!*"

"Yes, *quelle fin!*" I repeated, folding the letter, and leaning back in my chair; "was I then on an errand of mercy, or—or on a fool's errand!"

J. L. VER MEHR.



## JUST FOR A DAY.

Just for a day to put my sorrow by!  
Forget that summer dies, that roses die;  
And the swift swallow, circling round the eaves,  
Leaves us with falling leaves.

Forget the sky shall lose its gold; the sea  
Grow white in tempests, and the long nights be  
Forlorn of stars, and dreary with the rains  
Beating against the panes.

Forget that change is, and that sorrow is;  
That souls grow tired, and sweetest memories  
In time turn bitter, and the one sure friend  
Is death, that makes an end.

Just a day to put aside the years,  
Washed clean of wrongs, of sins, of heavy tears;  
And dream that life is fair, and love a truth,  
And youth is always youth.

That if the swallow goes, 'tis for a day,  
To come again at dawn, with merrier lay,  
Learned in the old fair lands, and the rose brings  
New splendors with new springs.

That God is near, and Heaven near, and Death  
So far the young heart scarcely reckoneth  
The time by years and years; as now by days—  
And the whole earth is praise.

And Faith is as a spotless dove, with wings  
Unclogged with doubt, with many questionings  
Unanswered; and the heart not yet doth tire  
Of its own vain desire.

Just for a day to put all sad things by,  
Forget that dreams are dead, that dreams must die—  
Joy is a breath, and hope a star that sets;  
Forget, as love forgets!

INA D. COOLBRITH.

## A NATURALIST'S RAMBLES IN NORTHERN MEXICO.

## NO. II.

IT was near noon before we descended to the *arroyo* of El Favor, on the opposite side of the *cuesta*. Here we leave an old companion, the Rio Mazatlan, altogether, and proceed up the stream of El Favor, which is flanked by a very narrow valley thickly wooded, with mountains rising on either side to a great height.

El Favor divides the States of Sinaloa and Durango, and has its source in the Sierra Madre. It is a beautiful mountain stream, with clear water rippling over rocks and pebbles, or plunging over declivities, forming small cascades and rapids.

Such a brook naturally recalls thought of the delicious mountain trout; but we may look in vain in its translucent waters, and the angler may cast his fly beneath the overhanging trees, or by the dark shadows of the rocks, for this habitat of pure mountain waters, without getting a bite. It does not exist in any of the streams of this region. A species of perch is found in most of the rivers and creeks, but they are difficult to catch with hook and line.

A few miles' travel up this stream brought us to the small village of El Favor, embowered among the beautiful guamachil-trees and lofty mountains that surround it. Opposite the village is a small sugar ranch, in which the cane seems to thrive, as well as oranges, plantains, and other fruits. It is irrigated from a ditch by the creek above.

We continue to follow the stream for a few miles farther, the mountains crowding in upon the narrow valley all the time, until it finally disappears in a

mountain gorge. Where the valley ceases, the road abruptly turns to the left, and we commence the ascent of the stupendous mountain of Piedra Gorda, one of the cordons of the Sierra Madre. The scene here is wild and picturesque in the highest degree. A huge, isolated rock of sandstone, of a reddish tinge, in the form of some vast monument, here presents itself, towering high above all surrounding objects. Crowned as it is with a few scrub-oaks and grasses, with its perpendicular sides, like some ancient column made by giant hands, it stands alone, giving to the picture a truly wild and magnificent aspect.

In the background rise the dark and jagged mountains of the Sierra Madre, piled up one above the other, until they are lost in the distance, or disappear in the clouds. At our feet we catch glimpses of the silvery, thread-like stream of El Favor, winding its tortuous way through shady nooks and rocky dells, till it mingles its waters with those of the Rio Mazatlan.

Piedra Gorda, as this great natural pillar is called, and which gives name to the adjoining mountain, is one of the land-marks showing the line between Sinaloa and Durango. It is situated on a point of a hill running down to El Favor Creek. Its altitude is about 800 feet, and is about 120 feet in diameter at its base. Its present isolation is doubtless caused by the crumbling and washing away of the mountain, of which it may have formed a part in bygone ages.

After taking a sketch of this wild scene, we again resumed the ascent of the mountain of Piedra Gorda by a very

narrow and crooked trail. In about an hour and a half we reached a small open plain, nearly half-way up the mountain, in which there were a few native huts and a patch of corn. This is the resting-place for travelers and packers.

I here met with some Californians who had been "prospecting" for mines. They were returning from the district of Vintanas, where they had "denounced" some old mines which had been formerly worked by the Spaniards. After resting at this place for an hour, and giving our mules some fodder, we again continue the ascent up the mountain, over loose, moving rocks, near precipitous cliffs and deep gorges, until at length, with our mules blowing and sweating, we stand upon the summit. Here the view is grand and extensive, and the head grows dizzy as we gaze down the bottomless abyss on either hand. The town of Piedra Gorda looks like a mere stump. The mountains here are covered with pine and oak. Although we seem to have ascended the highest mountain in the Sierra Madre, we still behold others ahead of us over-topping this, and over which our route passes.

The road, after winding along the summit, gradually descends, its opposite side having been partly cut away and worn deep by years of travel. It is a mere trail, and there are places, which were pointed out to me by my *mozo*, Dolores, where packed mules have lost their footing, and tumbled down the deep abyss to an unknown depth; indeed, it tries one's nerves in passing these ticklish places, where safety depends entirely upon the cautious and patient mule.

In the evening we came to a small hamlet, built on the side of the mountain, in a very rough locality. Here we rested for the night. My host was a noble-looking old fellow, of Spanish blood. He was very communicative, and had seen a great deal of adventure in his profession, which he did not disguise

to me as *gente de camino real*, assuring me that I was secure from harm in his care. It gave me no uneasiness whatever to know that he was a robber, for they are too common in Mexico for this admission to cause alarm. He treated me with all the hospitality his humble home could afford, and entertained me with a recital of his many guerrilla raids. One of his hands was badly disabled, which, he told me, was done in one of his combats in Chihuahua, some years ago. He was from the interior, and was one of that class of Mexicans continually roving from place to place in search of game. I have no doubt but what he had been a brave old bandit in his time. I, however, spent a pleasant night under his roof, and greatly enjoyed the repose after the fatiguing day's travel.

I noticed here corn-fields upon the steep sides of the spurs of mountains too steep for the traveler to stand upon without holding on to something. After the trees are cut down and burnt, the corn is planted promiscuously with a pointed stick, and this is all the cultivation it receives; but the rich alluvial deposits of the mountain-sides produce the best corn raised in the country.

Taking leave of our friend "of the road," we continued our toilsome journey over a mountainous trail. The morning air was cool and delightfully refreshing, but the road was exceedingly rough. After passing over several spurs of mountains, at about ten o'clock A.M. we descended to the village of Duraznitos (peach orchard), but I saw only two peach-trees growing. The village is situated immediately at the foot of the principal mountain chain of the Sierra Madre, and is called by the natives El Cumbre. This frowning old mountain, with its steep, forest-covered sides, stands out in bold view in front of the village, and looks like an eternal barrier to all farther travel in that direction; yet, by examining its sides, we catch

glimpses of the winding trail, which is lost among the cliffs and gorges above. We gave our mules some fodder and an hour's rest before undertaking the ascent of this last but most stupendous mountain. Dolores managed to get a pot of milk, and with *pinole* mixed with it, made a very refreshing beverage before "belting" ourselves for the storming of this grand *sierra*. At length we commenced the ascent, but I found the route, however, not so bad or dangerous as I was led to expect from general appearances. By skillful windings and zigzag turns, the trail approaches the summit with apparent ease. In many places the trail is worn deep in the rock and earth by long use, and our mules completely filled up the space. There is some difficulty when two pack trains meet in those places. Such accidents but rarely happen, however, as the *arrieros* take great precaution in preventing such a catastrophe, and in descending or ascending the mountains, keep up a great noise by yelling at their mules, both to give warning of each other's approach, and to encourage the mules "onward and upward." It is astonishing what immense loads the hardy and patient mules of the country carry over such places. Huge dry goods boxes, bales, barrels, kegs, quicksilver in iron flasks, and every variety of bundles of merchandise are bound to the backs of these tough mountain travelers with the simple rawhide ropes, and the dexterous skill by which the practiced *arrieros* secure the pack, to prevent it from turning, excites in one unaccustomed to such things the greatest wonder and admiration. The average load, called a *carga*, is three hundred pounds, independent of the *aparejo*, which weighs from thirty to fifty pounds. These animals often carry from four to five hundred pounds, when the package is such as to prevent its being made less. A pack train usually consists of from fifty

to two hundred mules. Millions of dollars' worth of merchandise, as well as silver, is transported over this road to and from Mazatlan annually, yet seldom any losses occur. The *arrieros* are, as a separate class, honest and steady men, and their business is not one of ease, nor by any means devoid of danger.

At length, after about three hours of alternate climbing and resting, without dismounting from my mule, we reached the final summit, or the "Cumbre," of the Sierra Madre.

From this point, how grand was the view! Looking down upon the vast regions of the *tierra caliente* toward the west, the innumerable mountains and hills, clothed with perpetual verdure, seem as the dark billows of a convulsed ocean. We are now at a great altitude. The rarified air reminds us of this fact; we no longer suffer from the noonday heat of the *tierra caliente*. The whistling of the wind through the pine-trees, produces a wintry sensation. We feel as if suddenly transported to regions of a northern climate. We are now on the *tierra templado*, or the great central plains of Mexico, and our road is on level ground, or comparatively so, with here and there an open glade of grassy land. With spirits invigorated by the freshness of the air, we rode briskly on, through the pine-forests, to the next ranch, which is known as "Suerte," or Pat's Ranch, about twelve miles from the summit.

Here we arrived before sunset, and halted for the night. The old Indian *mayordomo* gave me the "castle" for my quarters. This building is separate from the rest, and is constructed of hewn pine-logs and stone, in the form of a hexagon, with holes to shoot from, in case of an attack from robbers or Apache Indians. It contained a fire-place—the first I had seen in Mexico—and we made good use of it, by building a rousing fire of pine-knots. I retired early



to sleep, but spent an unpleasant night, and awoke early in the morning with a severe cold. The whole prairie was covered with a white frost, and a thin coating of ice was on the brook. This ranch was established by Julio Pat, as a stock-ranch. It is a very pretty place, situated in the edge of a small prairie, which is inclosed by a pine-forest. The country seems to be well adapted to the raising of stock of all kinds. Mr. Pat was a Frenchman by birth, and a merchant in Mazatlan. Since his death, the ranch has been going to decay and waste. There is frost every month in the year; consequently, nothing affected by frost can be grown here.

From this ranch the next one, called "Los Coyotes," is distant thirty-eight miles. We had an early start. Our mules were shivering with cold, when brought up from the grass, in which they had been staked for the night. We rode on in fine spirits, the road becoming more beautiful as it penetrated the tall pine-woods, occasionally crossing spring branches and grassy glades.

The topography of the country is now changed. We are no longer surrounded by tangled forests of the voluptuous tropics of the *tierra caliente*, from which we have just emerged; we here meet with familiar plants of the northern latitudes. The fauna, too, is different; the splendidly-plumaged birds of the warmer regions have given place to the more sombre colors of the wintry north. We here find the wild turkey, which does not exist on the Pacific slope, or on the *tierra caliente*. I noticed several birds common to California. The manzanita grows here, which is also a California shrub; and a species of oak, having an abundance of small, sweet acorns. As we continue to advance, the road becomes more interesting. At times, we cross small, clear, running brooks, rippling over the mossy rocks, shaded by the sombre pines—solemn stillness pre-

vailing, interrupted only by the cooing of the California band-tailed pigeon, or the solitary woodpecker, hammering on some dry branch.

Masses of fallen timber indicate heavy storms in these regions at times—perhaps during the rainy season. In many places, the country had been recently swept over by fires, consuming the dried grass and decayed timber.

A little before sunset we arrived at "Los Coyotes," the only habitation we had seen in coming the distance of forty miles. This building is constructed like a fort, with walls of *adobe* and stone to the height of twelve feet, inclosing the dwellings. This is necessary as a protection against the wandering Apaches, who sometimes visit these localities, committing many depredations. The houses are good and substantial, and one of the rooms has a fire-place, a luxury seldom met with in Mexico. After supper, we found it quite comfortable in sitting before a blazing fire of pine-knots, while we enjoyed our pipes.

I found here two Durangans, waiting for company to proceed through the wilderness—a long stretch of ninety miles, lying between this and the city of Durango, without a habitation, and at times infested by Apaches, and native robbers.

In company with these gentlemen, we continued our journey next morning, the country presenting the same monotonous pine-woods and hills as the day previous. About noon we were overtaken by the mail-carrier from Mazatlan, on foot, carrying his bag of letters strapped to his back. This is the common method of transporting the mail from Mazatlan to Durango, and is said to be the surest and quickest. He was quite a youthful-looking Indian, and, although he left Mazatlan two days after we did, would beat us to Durango by at least a day and a half. The hardy and tough Indians of the *sierras* seem never to tire

when traveling; as carriers over such a route, they are superior to horse or mule. A little *pinole* and water, sometimes a bit of dried beef, suffices to allay their hunger, while on the tramp.

Before dark, we came up with a pack-train, with which we encamped for the night. After turning out the mules to graze, we gathered pine-knots and built our fires, the blazing lights of the resinous pine illuminating the sheltering canopy of trees, beneath which we spread our blankets, and thus spent our first night in the "Wilderness of Death." It is so called from the fact that many murders and massacres have been committed upon the road passing through this uninhabited region. There are places on the roadside presenting accumulations of small pyramids of stones, surmounted by crosses, skulls, and bones, marking the spots where the unfortunate traveler had lost his life by the ruthless hand of the wild Apaches, or the native robbers of the country. As we pass by these scenes of violence and murder, amid the solitudes of the dark woods, we naturally feel some apprehension and anxiety for our own scalps, and advance with caution, scanning each tree and boulder as we proceed, expecting to see some savage head poking up from behind. But the Apaches have not made their appearance on the road for some years, and traveling upon it has become comparatively safe.

After passing through the "Wilderness of Death," without losing our scalps, we arrived at the Rio Chico—twenty-five miles from Durango; here the country assumes a more barren aspect. The pine-forests disappear, and we only meet with scattering trees of stunted growth. Various species of cacti again show their thorny stems, interspersed with the maguey-plant—evidences of a rocky and sterile soil.

As we near the city, we look in vain for the handsome country-seats, or rural

cottages, so natural in civilized countries, in the vicinity of large cities; but nothing of the kind presents itself: here all is solitude, and we see no indications of our near approach to a populous town.

About four o'clock P.M., Durango at length opened to our view, like a mirage in the desert. From an eminence five miles distant, we beheld the numerous spires of churches, the white walls of houses, and, above all, the isolated iron mountain, or "Cerro de Mercado," rising in grotesque and commanding peaks, over six hundred feet above the level of the city of Durango.

It was dark before we entered the city, and as I was fortunate in finding quarters at the only hotel, I retired early, being much fatigued from the long and tedious day's ride.

Durango has a population of about fifteen thousand. It is said to possess a healthy climate. I found it quite cold and windy, when I was there, but this was in the month of February. A clear stream runs near the city, from which water is conducted through the principal streets. The use of this water colors the teeth of all the inhabitants, caused, it is supposed, by the minerals which it contains in solution, and the Durangan may be known anywhere by this dental discoloration. There is a beautiful plaza—with smooth pavements and a large fountain—in its centre; and a handsome park of trees and flowers, which is used as a promenade. Altogether, Durango is a fine-looking and cleanly city. There are several handsome churches, one of which nearly equals the famed cathedral of the City of Mexico. I noticed two flour-mills, an iron-foundry, and some other establishments for manufacturing hats, blankets, etc. The mint is also here, and the coinage of silver is very large.

But the main feature of Durango is the Iron Mountain of Mercado—almost a solid mountain of iron—which yields

seventy per cent. of pure metal. I made an excursion to this wonderful mountain, and went all over it. To conceive the enormous mass of iron this mountain contains, we have but to contemplate its dimensions. From east to west, it measures about 1,750 *varas*, or 5,110 feet; its width is 400 *varas*, or 1,168 feet, and its height above the level of the San Antonio Square, in the city, is 234 *varas*—giving, for the contents of that mountain, *sixty millions* of cubic *varas*. From its volume, and specific gravity, we ascertain, secondly, that the quantity of metal it contains reaches 5,000,000,000 cwts., which would produce, when cast—allowing but fifty per cent.—2,500,000,000 cwts. of metallic iron. This, sold at \$10 per cwt., represents a total value of \$25,000,000,000. This alone would justify the building of a railroad to Mazatlan, in order to export the ore from this mountain.

The above calculations include nothing but the ore seen on the surface; but it is reasonable to believe that the mass under it is much greater. The foundry which works this ore, on a small scale, only uses the rocks naturally detached from the mountain; but as it is far from places of great demand, there is no encouragement to work it on a larger scale.

According to the "Abridged History of the Conquest of the Independent States of the Mexican Empire," by Fray Francisco Frejes, Book IV, it appears that the Cerro de Mercado derives its name from Don Gines Vazquez del Mercado, who, in 1552, by order of the Government of Nueva Galicia (Jalisco), with a division of troops, came to conquer the Valley of Guadiana (Durango). This avaricious gentleman—having learned,

from some adventurers from Florida, that a marvelous mountain, strewn with silver and gold, existed in the Guadiana Valley, and this statement being affirmed by some Indians of the Valparaiso Sierra—undertook the expedition; and, examining the mountain, found that it was iron, and hastened to Guadalajara to report the failure of the expedition. But he did not reach the capital; for, displeased with himself, fatigued from so rough a journey, and wounded in a skirmish with a party of Indians on the road, he died in the town called Juchipila, leaving his name immortalized on that mountain in whose search he had sacrificed his life. This, however, did not dishearten the conquerors; for, in 1558, Martin Perez, first Alcalde of Zacatecas, after discovering Fresnillo and Sombrerete, directed his expedition as far as "El Nombre de Dios," fifteen miles east of Durango; and, in the same year, Francisco de Ibarra, with a more respectable division, completed the conquest, which he soon extended to Chihuahua. Thus, the origin of civilization in Durango is due to the Cerro de Mercado.

After remaining a few days in Durango, and arranging a business matter which had been the main object of my visit, I again set out for Mazatlan by the same route I had come. My trip had been too hurried to allow me to make any collections in the Ornithology of the Sierra Madre, which I so much desired; but it gave me sufficient evidence, hurried as it was, that the avifauna of these mountains is very different from that of the *tierra caliente*, the change being very abrupt and decided.

ANDREW J. GRAYSON.

## A TULE SKETCH.

A CALM and tranquil night. So clear and quiet, indeed, that the myriad stars in the steel-blue sky seemed to shed down more than their ordinary measure of brightness; and softly tinting the earth with a pleasant glow, as though of twilight far advanced into evening, left little cause to cavil at the absence of the inconstant moon. The sluggish San Joaquin slowly and with gentle murmur crept along between its low banks toward the bay below, with surface so composed and unruffled by any breath of breeze that the stars stood mirrored in it as perfectly as in the cloudless vault above, and every reed that bent over could count, as in a mirror, each reflected leaf and joint. Far as the eye could reach in all directions lay the broad tule marsh; every twig and point of grass standing in that calm air as fixed and motionless as steel spears planted in the ground—a vast and seemingly boundless waste—apparently altogether lifeless and solitary, except where, in one corner near the water's edge, a party of six or seven men sat, or lazily reclined, beside their smoldering camp-fire.

Their boat—an ordinary whale-boat, so loaded down with rolled-up tents and packages of rough clothing that when the men were aboard it must have been weighted nearly to the water's edge—sat motionless upon the river's surface, its bows drawn closely in among the reeds, and there securely fastened with chain around an oar thrust upright into the oozy bank; the curving sides and stern reflected clearly in the quiet flow, except where the sharp edge of the swinging rudder cut the water asunder, and for a foot or two, with faint ripple, dis-

turbed the stillness and let the momentarily decreasing drift of tide be seen. In this little boat, for two days past, the men had been rowing their way down from Stockton; and now they had come on shore, for a few hours' rest and relief from their cramped positions. It was known to one of them that this was a proper place at which to stop and kindle their fire, for here and there, in the curve of the shore, the tides had swept together some random bits of driftwood; and inasmuch as the already slackening current would soon turn and flow inward once more, they had resolved to pass the night here, in pleasant inactivity, and await the more favorable ebb-tide of the early morning. Therefore, with something of the jovial animation of school-boys at a picnic—though camping out was, indeed, an old story to all of them—they had kindled their fire and placed upon it the old, battered coffee-pot, and made their evening meal of slapjack and coffee; and now, lighting their pipes, had stretched themselves out in lazy content, absorbed in dreamy reverie, or, where more socially inclined, exchanging the ordinary confidences about their good or bad past fortune, and their better hopes for the future.

They were strong, athletic, heavily-bearded men, whose limbs, even through those coarse, rough, misshapen clothes, seemed to speak of iron bone and muscle—all except one, indeed, who lay at a little distance from the others, and whose pinched face and wasted limbs spoke too eloquently of disease. Judged by the tenor of their conversation, in which the merest allusions were taken up and comprehended at once by all the others, they were well acquainted



and boon companions—all except that one. He was, in truth, a stranger to them. They, having worked in the same company at the mines, together also had chartered that little boat for their voyage down the river; and having casually met him at Stockton, poor in health and forlorn for want of companionship, had charitably taken him into their party, and turn by turn among themselves had performed his duty at the oar.

Quiet and composed he now lay, some six or eight feet off; a stout blanket under him, another one folded beneath his head for a pillow, his wasted face looking straight up at the stars. Not at all inclined, at the moment, for conversation—in which, indeed, by reason of want of acquaintanceship, he could hardly be expected to engage with relish—and therefore he would have preferred to sleep; but at that moment he felt unusually wakeful. No matter about that, however—for, if awake, at least he was free from the accustomed pain. Somehow, those shooting pangs which had so long made sport of his limbs and chest, passing without seeming reason or regularity from one to the other for many months, and making each whisper of wind or fall of dew an instrument of torture, had left him at last, and but for the unusual chill, he seemed as well as ever. Perhaps, after all, he might recover—for stranger things than that had often happened; and it might be, indeed, that the doctor at Mokelumne Hill had advised him wrongly, and that rest and change of air would prove all that were necessary. Any how, he would not cloud that unexpected season of present ease with such idle expectations, if he could help it; but, enjoying his wakefulness, would give himself unresistingly to the calm contentment of the hour, and think—of what, indeed, after all?

So many there are, who, in their waking moments can pleasantly think about home and the things belonging to it:

but to him, alas! there was no home. So many there are who can crowd their waking dreams with the bright faces of well-loved and loving friends; but for him there now seemed none such left. To almost all in the world, indeed, at mere beck or whisper of the heart, will gather such clusterings of soft associations and genial memories; but how few of such could his whole life now bring to him! To every one, in fact, it seems as though somewhere there must be some record of good in life, to be indulged in as a pleasant memento, even though all else may be dark and dreary and profitless; but where for him was even that one bright spot? Only a lifetime and its advantages and abilities wasted away as thoroughly as his poor body was wasted—that was all. Would it not, indeed, be better to fall asleep at once, rather than thus lie with face turned up to the studded sky and muse so reproachfully about the past? And yet, with all that sad record against him, he now somehow felt an inward peace, such as for weeks had not come over him. Might it not be that at last his troubles were in some way about to end?

“A little more coffee, partner?” said one of the men, pitying him in that enforced seclusion and loneliness, as well as evident debility, and therefore advancing to him, battered pot and cup in hand.

“Thanks!” And the sick man, half-raising himself, took a deep draught of the muddy liquid.

“That’s right. And a pipe?” continued the man.

“I will try,” was the answer, with some doubt and hesitation. And he put the well-filled pipe to his lips, but after a moment the smoke seemed to strangle him, and he was obliged to desist.

“Perhaps I can smoke again when I am better,” he somewhat mournfully said. “I was fond of my pipe, once—and of my drink, too, though that last

was not as it should have been. Now, somehow, the relish for the pipe is gone, but the craving for the other is still here. I will try—I will try hard, indeed, to conquer it when I get well—indeed I will, for her sake,” he murmured, half to himself. “Tell me, do you think that I shall ever get well?”

“Why, as to that, partner, you know you are a pretty sick man,” responded the other, naturally blunt and truthful in his manner, and yet not wishing to say any thing unpleasant. “Of course, you must feel that, yourself. But for all that, many a sicker man has got well at the last; and I take it you ought to be able to do what other men have done, if you will only give your mind to it.”

“If I could only get well,” murmured the sick man. “If I could only believe I was going to do so—even that might help a little! If that cannot be, at least I would so like to live to get home again! Not that I have much that could be called a home, if any. The house is in strange hands, now—and those who were nearest akin to me have long been dead. But there are the hills, and the brooks, that I yet sometimes see in my dreams, and it seems as though even they would know me again, if I came among them. And there are, perhaps, a few old friends left, who, for the sake of other times, might take care of me to the end. And there is—there is she, who——”

“Ah—a girl in the case?” said the other. “Somehow, there always is, do you know.”

Speaking thus, the man turned his head somewhat longingly toward the camp-fire; for, at that moment, there came the shout of sudden, loud laughter, and he knew that he was losing something pleasant in the way of repartee or story. He was a kind-hearted man, indeed—or else he would not have thought to pay those attentions to the sick man; but still, having now tendered

coffee and tobacco, he had done all that seemed possible, and it was hardly to be expected that he should remain there and lose the good things that were going, in order to listen to reminiscences in which he could take no possible interest. So, seeing that the invalid for the moment closed his eyes and said no more, he softly stole back to his companions; and when again the other looked up at the quiet stars, he saw that he was once more alone.

He did not find that an irksome matter, however—rather preferring the solitude, indeed. In his momentary longing for sympathy, had he not been upon the point of making confession of his past life, and even of mentioning the name of her whose name should never be spoken where it might be treated lightly? To a stranger, too—who, however sympathetic for the instant, would care nothing at heart about hearing the story, and who, going his way again, would surely either heedlessly forget all about it, or else make a jest of it before his companions. Better to remain quiet, therefore, and nurse his hopes and anticipations, his memories and regrets, in silent reflection, still looking up at the stars, as though their serenity might impart some peace to his own soul.

Now that he was on his homeward route, how near again seemed all things at that yet far-off East! It had not always been so. Many a time during that long absence of four years, home and all its associations had seemed as distant, and as faintly impressed upon his memory, as though he had been transported into another planet. Not at first, indeed, when, newly arriving in the gorgeous Ganges District, he had given himself up to the earnest labor of the day, resolving to do a man’s whole duty in life and carve out a way to fortune, so that at last he might return home with satisfied conscience and enjoy the blessings that had been reserved for



him. Not then—but afterward, when he had fallen into evil company and with them had gone adrift down the swift tide of destruction, and when the letters he sent home gradually grew fewer and then altogether ceased with the merited loss of his lucrative position—and when the shame and disgrace became less and less felt by him, and the restless disposition to wander grew upon him, until from India to China seemed only a step, and so naturally led onward, he crossed the ocean and followed the strong tide of immigration that began to flow through the Golden Gate. Then, gradually, his home had faded almost altogether from his thoughts, seeming, when remembered, rather like a scene from some long-ago perused novel than an actual reality—something which he might once have heard of in tradition—some story of centuries ago, which, as he might probably never review it, it was hardly worth while to recall. But now, with his footstep set upon the homeward path, the old scenes seemed to come near again and brighten up with renewed and pleasant familiarity of aspect. It was once more as though he had only to go around some intervening corner to bring them all into view—as if everything was yet unchanged. Four years, indeed! What if it were so? How often did men go away for a longer time than that, and return to find all things in their native villages the same—the people not grown older by a day, apparently; the very blades of grass in the little court-yards seemingly unchanged! Why might it not happen so with him? Why might not—

He closed his eyes in yet deeper thought, shutting out from his brain that steady light of cheerless stars: at first lying still in the old train of reflection, but after that he must have slept a little. For, being aroused by a loud creaking, as of loose cordage, he saw that a small, sloop-rigged boat was just lower-

ing its useless sail close in to the shore, and yet he had not noticed her approach. At the bank stood the little crowd of his companions, looking on, and prepared to assist; yet he had not heard them spring up and pass across his feet. Then came some muttered conversation between those in the boat and on shore, and then a rope was thrown, by which the latter pulled the little sloop close in, until its bows struck the oozy bank alongside of and almost touching the whale-boat. All this he now saw and heard, the whole coming so suddenly upon his half-awakened perceptions that it seemed rather like a vision than a reality—even as to the wondering Caribs must have appeared the three vessels of Columbus, in the gray dawn of that one eventful morning. And then, assisted in part by the miners on the shore, those in the sloop began to disembark.

There were two or three Kanaka sailors, employed for the rough work of the voyage, and who now leaped lightly ashore, and, taking a position a few yards from the other party, began to pile up the foundation for a fire of loose wood and reeds. Then came the evident proprietor of the vessel—a young, middle-sized man, becomingly and rather daintily-dressed in stout, well-cut broadcloth; a belt at his waist, of course, with one pistol in it; a slouch-hat, shading a well-featured face, with an agreeable expression of combined determination, hardihood, refinement, and intelligence: the face of a gentleman, indeed, who, in any pressure of circumstances or poverty, would never exhibit himself as otherwise. And hanging upon his right arm—a pleasant vision of floating tresses and waving robes—there came tripping along with him—

What, indeed, could all this be? Was it a part of the same troubled dream: this young girl daintily resting upon that strong arm, and with a musical ripple of laughter, lightly springing from gunwale

of boat to carpet of dry weeds, as though to her the world was all a genial enchantment, and hardship or exile a mere fancy of the imagination? How, whence, and why had she come thither? It was a question which any of those bearded men might well have asked themselves, though they, more wide-awake to the reality of the scenes around them, must have comprehended at once all that there was of actual prose in the situation. Even they, however, in their inner minds, may have been startled at that sudden, unlooked-for interruption of youth and beauty, in a place where, as yet, only cumbrous, ungraceful coarseness had been seen. How much more startling, therefore, to the sick, unquiet, feverish-minded man, lying there half-dazed with his sharp awakening?

How much more startling to him, indeed, than the utmost power of thought could have conceived, when, after a moment, she turned and releasing herself from her husband's arm, let the outline of her face and figure fall clearly and unbroken against the bright-studded sky? Where and when had he—and then, with difficulty, stifling the wild sob that rose to his lips, he fell back again upon his rough pillow. Alas! there could be no mistake. What, though so many years had passed, he could not fail now to recognize those features, and the graceful slope of that slightly-bended neck, and the wavy movement of the body. Forgotten for awhile, it might once have been—cast from his memory by the intrusion of other and reckless scenes—but none the less coming back upon his heart with all the inspiration of his early love, at that first suddenly-renewed glance upon her. And now he began to feel how true it was that all the while he may have been keeping her image somewhere concealed in his heart; that, let him disguise it as he might, it was not merely the love of old association of brooks and mountains drawing

him homeward, but the thought of the one pleasant, dearly-loved face; that it was not alone the comfort and kindness of old friends he craved, but the affection which he had once so recklessly thrown away; that all the while there must have been in his heart a certain wild, unacknowledged hope of finding her once again, as of old, willing to forgive him as only a woman can, and to let him make amends for the bitter past. All that was over now. The ebbing life might pass from him and welcome. There was no longer a hope to which he could cling; nothing left, indeed, except to lie still and listen.

The new-comer had stepped across the space between the two little camps, to light his pipe at the fire of one of the other men; and, while the Kanakas heaped on the dry chips, he tarried a moment to talk.

"A pleasant thing to see a woman once again," one of the miners remarked. It was kindly meant, though perhaps uncourtly spoken, and the other took no offense.

"Yes, I suppose it must be so," he responded; "perhaps more pleasant for others than it is for her, to come into this wilderness. But yet, what can a man do? I was not rich enough to stay at home, nor would she have remained behind, even were I inclined to leave her there; and so we have come out together, trusting in God for a happy success at the end."

"In mining?"

"Nay, I do not care to risk that lottery. I am a doctor, and shall stop at Stockton. We had hoped to reach there to-morrow, but the falling of the breeze has set us back. And, therefore, seeing your fire, we have come ashore to await the wind again, in company of others."

So, with the usual manner of random inquiry, explanation, and volunteered information that prevails among strangers when meeting, the men conversed,

and, after a moment, separated. The miner strolled down toward the river to look at the boats, and the doctor returned to his own fire, which by that time had been fully kindled. The ruddy blaze was every moment leaping higher and higher, throwing its gleam far around, and brightening into perfect distinctness the faces of all who sat or stood about it: the Kanakas, the Doctor, and—yes, there could be no chance of mistake about it—Mary herself, seeming not a day older than she had been years ago, without one line of anxiety or shade of apprehension upon her face, as, strong in her native courage and fortitude, she calmly contemplated the novel scene about her, as though she were in her Eastern home; in every expression and line, the picture of herself, as, in the evening of that olden parting, she had stood at the garden-gate and held out her blushing cheek to him. Was this thing a reality, after all, or was it a vision sent by some mocking fiend to lead him, as it were, through despair to destruction?

Long he lay pillowed upon his blanket, and, with his face turned toward the fire, gazed upon her as at first she stood still for a moment, and then, nestling down into the pile of shawls arranged behind and about her, sought reverie and repose. He was not afraid that, however the light might strike upon him, it would be possible for her to recognize the traits of her former lover in such a thin, wasted, ragged-bearded, and grimy face. Therefore, in safety, he could let his eyes rest upon her and drink in those olden expressions and the remembrances which, one by one, they called up, and wonder what stern fate had presided over his destiny to have made him throw away that prize. Gone now were the content and peace which he had so lately felt, and in their place was a whirl of passion, despondency, and regret. At times, with the sudden storm of hatred

that shook his heart, he felt as though he could have drawn his pistol and sent a bullet into the heart of him whom she now called her husband. Yet these feelings were only momentary paroxysms. For the most part, his heart, though torn and miserable, cherished no malice, being sorrowful rather than angry. For, after all, he had no cause of offense against her. He first had forgotten her, treating her with such silence and neglect that she must long ago have believed him dead; and, surely, it was not to be expected that she would forever remain single for the sake of one who had proved so unworthy of her.

Well, he would not go home again, now. What was the use of it? The hills and brooks would coldly greet him, it seemed; nor would he care for their greeting at all, since she, the only well-loved memory of the scene, would be absent. He would rather remain away forever, than look again upon such frigid vacancy of reminiscence—would live out his life to the very end as he had lately passed it, now that all motive for reform and every possible encouragement to do better were at an end. There could be nothing left to live for now; and so he would let the great wave of excitement and dissipation which had of late carried him so relentlessly onward, still bear him along, and dash him, at last, lifeless and torn, upon that same beach of destruction which was already laden with the moral wreck of so many thousands of better men. In his pocket were yet a few hundred dollars with which, in San Francisco, he could keep up the old game. No doubt that he could find friends to help him spend it there; and, however rapidly he might let the ounces fly, there would prove enough to last his time. A few weeks more of that wasted life were probably all that could be left to him; possibly only a few days; but what mattered it? It was now too late to change; nor would he care to do so,



with that memory of a last disappointment rankling in his torn breast.

And now, amid all that sense of recklessness, there came upon him one controlling desire: to be still known and thought of by her a little. Not that he could bear to have her recognize him. It would be too much shame to have her see in the poor, emaciated, squalid, and diseased miner, the brave, elastic youth, who, all aglow with enthusiasm and confidence in the world, and his own success, had last parted from her. Rather than have her eyes rest upon him with even the slightest chance of detection, he would crouch into the very ground. But if, when she was far away again, with no more opportunity of seeing him, she could be led to realize that among that group of men there had been one whom she had once loved, and that to the very end he was thinking about her, and trying to pray for her happiness, and in his heart longing for her forgiveness—why, that would be something, and might even, in some moments of greater tenderness, cheer him a little.

The night was now becoming well spent. The men of his own party had all lain down with their feet toward the dying embers, and their heads wrapped in their blankets, not even leaving one of themselves awake to watch. In the other party it was the same: the Kanakas all soundly laid away in a line at one side; the Doctor and his wife dozing or sleeping closer to the fire. No one seemed awake or on the watch; for those were the early times, when riot and disturbance had not yet gained sway, and men lay down to rest anywhere beneath the open sky, without fear of robbery, injury, or intrusion. Only the sick man remained now awake; and he, softly drawing forth from under his red shirt a little, blackened note-book with pencil, half-raised himself, and by the dim light of the stars, with trembling hand, wrote a few lines—to Mary, of course, telling

her that, though he had fallen away so as to deserve all her condemnation, he now returned to ask her forgiveness, for that he still thought of her and loved her as ever; that he was now resting only a few feet from her; and that, though he dared not reveal himself to her, he would try to rejoice in her happiness, and, during the few days that remained to him, would pray for her welfare. Only those few lines, faintly traced in the well-known hand and signed with the familiar initial as of old. And now to place them where, at some not very distant time, she might find them.

Turning upon his blanket and laying himself as close as possible to the ground, he gradually crept along toward the edge of the shore—so slowly that at some moments he seemed scarcely to move at all, for it seemed that he felt weaker than ever before—so cautiously that one might have taken him for an Indian, stealing craftily upon his game. At last, however, he gained the brink, and with some difficulty slid down into his own boat. It lay close to the little sloop-rigged yawl, the gunwales of the two almost grating together; and it required only a feeble touch to bring them so near that he could crawl from one to the other. This done, he at last sat undetected in the strange boat.

It was a somewhat larger boat than his—longer, rather—and deeper in the waist. The lowered sail was loosely stowed away across, so that its folds protected him against observation from the shore and left him free to make his explorations. Around the bottom and sides were small boxes and bundles, clothes and provisions, and such other articles as naturally would accompany one traveling with his wife. With these things the sick man did not care to meddle. His only object was to find something which might seem to belong to her, and into which he could drop his little note, with assurance that, after awhile,

she would be sure to find it. And soon he was successful. Turning over a cushion, his hand fell upon a small basket—a finely woven work-basket. His heart gave a bound, for he recognized it as one which he had given to her, years before. Most likely she only now kept it because it had proved convenient and durable, and was pretty in its design; but, somehow, he could not help considering the discovery of it an omen of good. At least, the sight of it might sometimes recall his image to her. Passing his hand inside, he felt a maze of spools, and balls of cord, and ends of wax, and all that familiar apparatus of domestic labor with which work-baskets commonly abound. Among other things was a little leather needle-book, and this he opened; and pinning his note upon the inner piece of flannel, rolled all tightly up again. The work was now done. She could not fail soon to find what he had written, and he could return to shore, relieved, so far, in mind. And with a visible memento of her, had he needed one; for, as he drew his hand from the basket, a piece of blue ribbon adhered to his fingers. It seemed even redolent of her presence, he thought; and pressing it to his lips in a sort of involuntary transport, he retained it for his own, and so slowly passed from the strange boat to his own, and thence ashore again.

He had just gained the shore, creeping along with difficulty, when he heard the crackling of a footstep upon the dry reeds, and saw the form of the stranger looming up before him against the dark sky. The man had been restless in his sleep; and hearing some one moving so stealthily about the boats, had risen up to see what was the matter. Not altogether unduly suspicious, perhaps; for, though like the men of that time he was not indisposed to confidence, it was not out of the way to see what was going on. Seeing the invalid, however, his suspicions at once relaxed. It was hard-

ly the thing, of course, to imagine any wrong intent from such a feeble source; and the sick man felt a pang of jealous fretfulness, as he noticed the instant change of bearing in the stranger, and with ready instinct attributed it to its proper source—his own apparent inability for mischief.

"I am ill, and was thirsty," he said, hardly knowing why he should explain himself, but still doing so. "I had crept down to the boat for a drink of water."

"Ah? Yes, you are a very feeble man, I can see," remarked the other. "And it must have wearied you to get up so late to go even that short distance. Come, lean on my arm, and I will help you back to your blanket. Have you been long ill?"

"Four months."

"Yes? And a bad cough, I notice. You must take care of yourself. It is singular, by the way, but you remind me of a person I knew six years ago, in a little town in New Hampshire. That is, I only knew him by sight, for I myself lived in the next town; but I often came across him. He must be dead, now, for it is years since they have heard any thing of him. A larger man than you, though, it seems to me. Stouter, also, and fuller in the face. And yet, there is something so like in your expression that you might easily pass for his brother. Well, here we are. Lie down, now, and let me tuck your blanket around you. There, now; are you comfortable?"

"Very comfortable, thank you."

"And yet, it seems as though there might be something more that could be done for you, to make you easy," said the other, standing near, irresolute. "I wonder if my wife could think of any thing more. She is a good nurse; and women, you know, have such an instinct about such matters. Can I wake her and let her try?"

"No, no; do not awaken her," re-

sponded the invalid, almost impetuously in his strong denial. "But thank her, for me, all the same."

"Why, as to that, it were hardly worth while to thank her," said the other, with a slight laugh, "for a thing which, as yet, I have only suggested, however willing she might be, if she knew it. Well, I will not awaken her, since you say so. Good-night, and a better morning to you."

"Good-night. Thank you for your care. And thank her, all the same," the sick man reiterated, persisting in the idea. And then he closed his eyes and sought for sleep.

He would not sleep long, he thought—only a little doze. For, though he did not want her to recognize him, he would like to see her once more, from that short distance, before they parted forever. Therefore, he would soon wake up again; and, lying there in his blanket, would watch her departure in the morning. It could not be far off, now. Already there was a faint streak in the east, and the stars seemed paling. An hour, perhaps—or half an hour. Hardly worth while, indeed, to sleep at all, for such a short time. But he was so weak, and tired, and cold; and it might be that even those few minutes of rest would do him good.

Therefore he closed his eyes, and so dozed a little—then opened them languidly, with but faint perception of what ever transpired about him—then again

lost consciousness. Nor did he awaken again when, after a few moments, the sky lightened a little, and the morning breeze coming up in fitful puffs, the Kanakas aroused and prepared the little sloop-rigged vessel, and the stranger and his wife embarked, and with a rattle of sail and cordage the party pushed off, and taking the constantly strengthening wind, sped joyfully up the river. Nor later yet, when the miners also aroused, and kindled anew the camp-fire, and placed the coffee-pot upon the blaze, and poured from the bag a panful of broken biscuit, and so gathered around their rough breakfast. All of them alert and active, and full of vigorous appetite, and prone to jest and laughter; until one of them wondered why the sick man slept so long and soundly, and whether he did not want any thing to eat. Then a second one arose and went to the slumbering form, to arouse it.

But the invalid lay still and unheeding, nor moved for word or gentle touch. Then the man, drawing away the clenched fingers which held close to the lips a piece of blue ribbon, put his ear down toward the face, and called loudly to the others.

"What is it, Ben?"

"Look for yourselves, boys," the man answered, as they came crowding round. "See! his face is hardly cold, yet. It must have happened only a few minutes ago!"

LEONARD KIP.



## A ZIGZAG PATHWAY.

IT was the last Saturday in the month of October, and a day of especial note in my calendar; for one Saturday in every month was sure to be a *red-letter* day. Sometimes I think that we teachers—I was English teacher at Madame Vernet's, for which I received a salary which Madame considered munificent, and which did, in fact, place a person of my simple habits so far above stern necessity, as to justify the occasional purchase of a fresh ribbon. That, however, is neither here nor there. But, as I was about to say, I sometimes think that we teachers are more fortunate in one respect than people who are much higher in the social scale than ourselves—the people who drive past our school-rooms in their 'beautiful little basket phaetons, or go cantering by in the saddle, while we are vexing our minds with problems in algebra, or fighting the battles of blood-thirsty kings over and over again; but, after all, we have the real Saturdays.

It happened quite fortunately, too, that this holiday was my twenty-first birthday. I was thinking of that, and hugging myself in a sentimental little ecstasy because of my isolated position here, and because outside the school confines *some one* was pursuing pretty much the same train of thought. My reflection in the looking-glass smiled back at me, from all the lines of a rather quiet face, that it was a very happy thing, and quite approved of the new brown straw hat and fresh ribbons, which did honor to the occasion. I was to go to Cousin Fannie's in the afternoon, and Herman Schuyler was, if possible, to meet me there at tea time. But there are comparatively few Indian

Summer days in a lifetime, and so I had decided to devote some of the intervening hours to a long walk in the country. The restraint of being in a house, and a school-house at that, on such a morning, seemed a sort of an imprisonment, and I hurried down the stairs, putting on my gloves by the way, for Madame was particular in regard to gloves; and I had seen the whole procession of twenty-five young ladies halt at the front door while some delinquent fastened a refractory button. As soon as I stepped out of the door, Estie Weir, with her hands full of brilliantly-colored maple leaves, came running down one of the garden-paths to meet me.

"Oh, Miss Armstrong, how nice you look; won't you take me with you?" she cried, all in a breath.

I only half-liked this girl, who, I thought, always took a malicious pleasure in persecuting me with her attentions whenever I tried to avoid her. I knew that she was laughing at me now, and felt quite ashamed of my own happy vanity of the moment before.

"Now come, confess," she continued, throwing one arm around me; "you expect to see some one who likes you, and likes you best in brown." Perhaps I looked startled at hearing the truth from so unexpected a source, for she laughed, and said: "Don't be frightened; my grandmother was a witch, it is said, and I know a good many things."

"And you can guess at a great many more," I replied. We had reached the gate by this time, and I bade her "good-by;" but she detained me for a moment, and said, with mock solemnity: "It was very mean of you not to tell us that to-day was your birthday," and

then she ran away laughing at my expression of blank amazement. I was, in fact, a good deal annoyed to think that this girl seemed so perfectly conversant with things which I had supposed were only known to myself. I was perplexed, too, and vaguely uneasy, for there was always something unpleasant to me in the loss of one's voluntary individuality; and I have always avoided spiritual mediums, clairvoyants, and all uncanny folk, because I preferred, in as far as might be, to control my own destiny. While thinking of these things, I passed through the quiet suburbs without very much heeding which way I went. At length I came to a modern villa-like house, which was quite new and glaring. It was of wood, and pea-green in color, with darker trimmings around the windows and doors. The entrance was through a tower of quite massive proportions; indeed, the house itself seemed a superfluous appendage, and the little turret, which flanked the other end, the finishing flourish—like the ornamental capitals which the writing-master taught the girls to make where the significance of the letter was quite subservient to the decorations. There were immense conch-shells on either side of the door-way; shells so large, that one gained from them quite grand ideas of the bottom of the sea. Other sea-shells were scattered with reckless prodigality among the flower-beds; sea-shells had been pounded to a powdery consistency, and all of the paths were covered with them. But there was a wood beyond the house, a chestnut wood, with sloping banks, that led down to a little river, across which there was a bridge, and long, wood roads through the forest on the other side.

In midsummer I had walked through these woods with Herman Schuyler, and I thought it a happy fate which led me to them to-day. I went through the grounds, for I knew there was now no

one about the place but the housekeeper, who would consider my intrusion a blessing, for she had taken quite a fancy to me, and used to send me little specimens of especially successful culinary efforts by Estie Weir. The place belonged to Captain Smith, Estie's grandfather, and she was left at Madame Vernet's during the time that he was absent on his voyages. All the cavernous windows and doors were yawning in an especially dreary manner, as the house was being "aired." Mrs. Burns, the housekeeper, swung herself and her long feather duster out of one of the upper windows, and stopped me to have a chat with her. She told me that Captain Smith was to return soon "for good;" and then she told me what every one would do, under what seemed to me every possible combination of circumstances. She had every thing her own way that morning in the golden sunshine, as if she were an embodiment of destiny from which no one could escape. Even now, it seems at times strange that that future so definitely planned was only a vagary of the housekeeper's mind.

At the time, however, I thought but little about it, for I was soon in the woods dreaming of my own future, a dream of which I had never grown tired, although Herman Schuyler and I had been engaged to be married since we were children, and the future had always been *our* future. At present, Herman was only a clerk in a large dry-goods store in an adjoining town; but I, at least, was quite satisfied with his position. For, was it not the boast and glory of two-thirds of the people who lived in palatial residences, that *they* had commenced life in this way? So we confidently looked forward to a middle life spent in such splendid affluence. And that the realization would come to us earlier in life than to most, I felt equally sure. For had not Herman told

me, over and over again, how inestimable his services were to his employers? He had already detected an embryo scheme for burglary; he had given such valuable advice that a financial crisis had been averted; he was, also, farsighted to a marvelous degree, and if he had only been at the head of affairs, the mistakes which his employers sometimes made would not have occurred. All of these things made me very proud of my hero, and they were, in fact, quite remarkable things in a young man only twenty-two years old. The wood road which I had taken had a vista of blue sky at the end, and overhead the golden sunshine sifted down through the inextricable confusion of over-arching branches, and the shadows lay dim and motionless on the path beneath. Life, I thought, would be like that—sunshine and shadow by the way, and the shining heavens at last.

I had only thought to go into the woods for an hour; but it was late in the afternoon when I again came in sight of the bridge, for the wood roads were a perfect labyrinth, from which I had for a long time been unable to extricate myself. Just before reaching the bridge, I saw Estie Weir, accompanied by a gentleman, approaching it from the other side. From an instinct of avoiding this girl, I turned and walked rapidly down a zigzag path, which led through a thick copse down to the water's edge. I concealed myself hastily in the shadow of the bridge until they should pass.

Estie was talking earnestly, and there was a sort of a coaxing accent in her voice; it was soft, too, and pleasanter than I had ever heard it.

"You won't go yet; I have so many things to tell you," she was saying. There was no answer to this appeal; but the footsteps paused, and in the water I saw the two shadows leaning over the railing. My position of prisoner was any thing but a pleasant one, and

I only hoped Miss Estie's flirtation would be brief. But at the first words I bent forward with eager interest. I had listened to that voice too often to be mistaken in it. It could only be Herman's—I knew the frank, cheerful accents so well. I did not know what he was saying, for the hot blood rushed to my face, and then a sickening sensation came over me, and I heard them talking, on and on, without being at all conscious of any meaning. The mention of my own name brought me to myself at last. To some remark of Estie's, Herman replied:

"Oh, you wicked little thing! You shouldn't laugh at her; she is a good girl. Her only fault, so far as I know, is, that she cares too much for my worthless self."

"But you don't care for her; you never did, really, did you?" inquired Estie.

"Upon my word, it was only a boyish liking. We were brought up together, you know. I couldn't help seeing how fond the poor little thing was of me, and when she took some careless words of mine as a positive declaration of love, I couldn't help myself, you see."

How long I sat there listening to this conversation, I do not know; it might have been for a half an hour, or it might have been longer; and when their echoing footsteps died away upon the bridge, I still sat there crushed and helpless. They had gone on down the long path, flecked with sunshine, and with the blue heavens shining at the end of it. But the path which I climbed was a weary, zigzag one, and I stumbled over the rough places and slipped into pit-falls at every step.

During the next two months I saw but little of Estie, for her grandfather had returned, and she was living at home now, only coming to school when she liked, which was not often.

Herman I had not seen at all. I had



sent back the little ring which I had worn so long, and all of the letters, in that beautiful handwriting in which I was wont to rejoice. The artistic way in which he managed the up and down strokes, was really wonderful; and I was always ashamed of my own little stubby handwriting in contrast. After that I did nothing. I was only a woman, a very dependent one, and my future had been blotted out before me. Formerly, my task had been a light and happy one; but it was only drudgery now, for I looked forward to a future as dull and aimless.

It was late in the afternoon of the first day of our Christmas vacation. I had remained at the school, for I was anxious to finish a work which had occupied most of the hours not occupied in school duties for the last few months. It was an elementary work on botany, which I was preparing for the use of schools. The dismal hopelessness of my life had sometimes taken the back-ground in the interest which I felt in my work. Today, I was quite satisfied with my labors, and had just pushed my books and papers back, when some one knocked at my door, and Estie Weir put her bright face inside, and asked if she might come in.

I think this girl had the spirit of an inquisitor, and delighted to torment me, for no rebuff, however bitter, could disturb her gushing affection for me. She was quite indifferent to my constrained manner now, and fluttered around the room arranging some hot-house flowers which she had brought with her, quite to her own satisfaction. "Grandpa sent you these," she said. "I am quite jealous of you: he is always inquiring about the pale teacher; and it is quite funny that the old gentleman should be so romantic as to think of sending you flowers." I had seen the Captain a good many times. He had on one or two occasions had lengthy conversations

with me in regard to Estie's education; but I had only noticed that he seemed a rather quick-tempered old gentleman, and was solicitous about his granddaughter's welfare.

Estie drew her chair near me as she spoke, and declared that my fire was more bright and cheerful than any that they could make at home. She was beautiful that afternoon; there was a gleaming light in her long gray eyes which glowed like the light of an intense fire, into which one gazes spell-bound. There was the purest color in her cheeks, not much, just a flicker, which came and went, and left you quite uncertain whether you had seen it or not. She took off her pretty black velvet hat, and stroked the long, black plume affectionately, before she laid it upon the table. Ah, well, she was the conqueror, and destiny could afford to lavish such spoils upon her!

"You are not glad to see me, this afternoon, Miss Armstrong; and I want you to be my friend. I—I want you to do something for me," she said, eagerly looking up into my face.

"I fear I can not help you," I replied, coldly.

"Oh, yes, you can. Tell grandpa—"

"Well, Miss Weir?" said I, impatiently, as she paused with such an affectionation of a conscious look, that I was amused as well as indignant. But I was sorry for her a moment afterward, when she laid her pretty little head on my shoulder with a sob.

"I know you know all about it," she whispered. "But, at first, I didn't know that you loved Herman; and he was so very young when he cared for you—a mere boy—and then, we love each other. It was very wrong; but we couldn't help it," she continued, pitifully.

I replied, sadly, that I had not accused her of any thing, and asked why she had come to me.

"I could not bear that you should

think badly of me; and if you will talk to grandpa about Herman."

"No," I answered. "He will do better to plead his own cause. But it is getting dark already, Estie."

"Well, good-by, then, Nellie. I may call you Nellie, for we are friends now?"

I winced when I heard the familiar name, which so few had called me by during my uneventful life, and I could not help knowing where she had heard it.

After she had left me, and walked the length of the hall, she came running back, and said, as she put her head inside of the door:

"You are sure you won't let me stay any longer?"

"No," I replied, angrily, for I had thrown myself on the floor, and was sobbing out my own sorrow.

"Oh! I beg your pardon," she said, closing the door; and somehow I couldn't help fancying it was rather an exultation than an apology.

The second day after this, a servant brought me Captain Smith's card, and a message that he would like to see me in the parlor.

Ah, it had come so soon, then. But Estie had for once over-rated her power, and I should tell the Captain every thing, every thing.

When I entered the room he was walking up and down in great excitement.

"Miss Armstrong," said he, pausing abruptly, and speaking in a very loud voice, "my granddaughter has already told me that you were her friend, her confidant, and that she always took your advice. Is that the truth?"

I was frightened and confused by his manner, and could only reply that Estie had appeared fond of me.

"Will you tell me if you know any thing about this?" he continued, handing me a letter. It was from Estie, and was dated at New York, the very night after she had talked with me. It im-

plored his forgiveness for her marriage with Herman Schuyler, and referred him to me, as I had known of and sanctioned her affection for this young man.

The Captain waited until I had read the letter twice through, and then he brought his angry face on a level with my own. "Does she tell the truth?" he whispered, hoarsely. I could only shake my head. "I might have known it; I might have known she would have lied to me," he said, bitterly.

The old man's anger frightened me; and when I could find my voice, I ventured to entreat him not to be too harsh with her, she was so young.

After awhile he grew calmer, and told me much of Estie's history. His own daughter had run away at about Estie's age, and for years he had been unable to learn any thing about her, and then it was only to hear that she was dead, and that his granddaughter was surrounded by the worst of influences. He had never quite trusted her. "But of late she has been so good and affectionate," continued the old man brokenly. "I know that the young fellow is worthless; but if she could not be happy else, after awhile I would not have opposed her much."

Presently, he asked me if I had seen Estie two days before. He had been obliged to leave home suddenly, and she had told him she would spend the time with me. His face had grown quite patient and gentle while he was talking, and after I had told him of our last interview, I came gradually to speak of myself until I had told him my own story, too. After I had finished, he said, earnestly: "Can't I do something for you, my dear young lady?" and then laughed a little as he added: "If you were a boy, I should send you to sea."

How often in the ensuing months the Captain's words returned to me: "If you were a boy." Sometimes I wondered what inherent virtue there was in



the masculine nature that enabled them to seize external aids in every emergency, and if there was any other necessity than a traditional one that a woman should not draw upon some of these sources. These thoughts did not come to me all at once, or very clearly, but somehow I innately rebelled from binding my life within the velvet covers of my gilt-edged prayer-book. And yet the zigzags over which I was traveling were so short; there was nothing beyond but the far-beyond of another life.

The winter had passed, and when spring came, it found me, I thought, a half a life-time older than it had left me the previous year. I took no long walks now, for I could not endure the fresh beauty of the budding leaves; indeed, I was chary of letting the spring sights and sounds come in through my open window. But at last there came a Saturday afternoon when they would no longer be kept out. The south wind caught the half-open shutter, and swung it wide. Outside, the elm-tree nodded and beckoned with all its leafy branches. A robin, bearing a trophy of tangled thread, lighted upon the topmost bough, and contemplated with great apparent satisfaction a wide world, which seemed to be fashioned for the one purpose of nest-building.

With a sudden impulse I had tied on my bonnet, and was out of doors among the pleasant sights and sounds before the robin had decided what spot in all the sunny world would be fittest to settle in. Was it because it was all so beautiful that it was difficult to choose? At any rate, it only betrayed a fluttering activity when a dark cloud floated across the sun.

I was returning from a long walk, on a lonely country road, and was hastening along as rapidly as possible, to avoid a coming shower, when I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs directly behind me. Hastily stepping aside, I involuntarily

looked up, and was brought face to face with Herman Schuyler and his wife. Estie smiled as she leaned out over the low carriage to admire a brilliant bunch of azalias which I carried.

"I see that you still love flowers better than any thing else in the world, as you always did, Miss Armstrong," she said.

I was too much surprised at this unexpected meeting to reply, even if I had had the time or inclination to do so. But Herman had only bowed to me with an air of conscious condescension as he drove on. This was the first time that I had seen either of them since their marriage. Captain Smith had refused to receive his granddaughter, and the young couple were said to be living quite sumptuously on Herman's brilliant expectations.

Just as they passed me, I saw Captain Smith himself coming toward us. He carried an umbrella and my over-shoes, which he shook threateningly toward me. I had of late become quite used to the kind and somewhat fussy solicitude which he manifested, and was only amused to see this protection advancing. At this moment, however, he recognized his granddaughter, and angrily raised the umbrella to shut out the unwelcome sight. They were by this time nearly opposite him. The horse became frightened by this sudden movement, and in a moment was plunging madly, seeming almost beyond control.

The Captain had the umbrella lowered over his face, and was coming doggedly on. I called to him to put it down; but at first he was unconscious of the harm he had done, and then completely lost his presence of mind, and stood in helpless consternation. He even flourished the umbrella fiercely in their direction, while he shouted to Herman "for God's sake not to kill the poor child."

"The umbrella," I cried, "the um-

brella," snatching it from his hands as I breathlessly reached him. But it was too late. At that moment the carriage was overturned, and its occupants thrown out. Estie lay motionless upon a grassy bank—so motionless that I dreaded to go near her. The pale face was placid, and there was a faint smile about the lips—a smile which seemed to belong to another world, and could only be translated there.

Captain Smith tottered up beside me; he bent down, and lifted one cold hand, and then pointed to a slight gash on her forehead, and turned away with a low moan.

Herman had been dragged farther on. He had only received a few slight scratches, and as he approached us, he looked anxiously in our faces, and then threw himself on his knees beside Estie. He gathered her in his arms, and she seemed so entirely his own that involuntarily I dropped the hand which I had been chafing. For an instant, bitter thoughts swept across my mind. What was it that Herman should see his idol shattered at his feet? Had not my dream been as rudely broken? But it was only for an instant that such thoughts came to me. The clouds had parted in the western sky, and the broad radiance of the setting sun fell upon Estie's beautiful face.

Suddenly Herman uttered a low exclamation:

"Estie, my darling Estie." The words were in a whisper, but it seemed as if he was calling her from some far off country. The long lashes quivered for an instant, and then were still. But the heart was fluttering slightly now, and life was slowly coming back to the inanimate body. Presently, she opened her eyes, and half turned her head toward Herman with a slight smile. "She looked up in my face a moment afterward, and said, with something like her old laugh:

"Nellie looks as if she had never finished the cry I interrupted last Christmas. You know, I told you about it, Herman."

The hot blood rushed to my face. Had this girl no feeling then that she should so delight to torture another?

As I turned indignantly away, I caught the anxious face of the Captain bending over her.

"Are you much hurt, my child?" he asked, in a tremulous voice.

"Not much," she replied, putting up her hand to stroke his face, and calling him her "old darling." "Only I think Herman will have to carry me home," she continued, after a pause.

There was no question of reconciliation now, and she put her arms around Herman's neck and tried to raise herself. But she sank back with a moan of pain, and, in spite of our most careful efforts, it was only as an insensible burden that we at length carried her to her old home.

She had received severe internal injuries, and only lingered between life and death for a few days. She was only conscious at intervals, but there were flashes when she was so like the old Estie, that we unreasoningly felt rather than believed that she *must* get well. Sometimes one hardly knew whether to think her an angel or a demon. In one of her tender moods she begged me to stay with her. "Just a little longer," she pleaded; "and Nellie," she whispered, "if I never get well, I want you to believe that I never *meant* to be so wicked." After awhile, she continued: "You don't know how I used to resolve to be good; and *then* I always said the cruelest things, and—but, perhaps, it wasn't my fault." She looked at me appealingly, like a perplexed child. Poor Estie! I could half-believe it was not. I never knew whether it was my imagination or whether there was a gleam of malice lighting up her dark eyes, as she

saw what an effect her words had made upon me.

It was no virtue to forgive her at such a time, and had I had much greater cause to hate her, I know I should have forgiven her all the same. I could not wonder that the sunshine went out of the hearts of those who had loved her when she was laid in her grave.

After that there seemed to be a terror about the place for the poor old Captain, and he used to watch for my afternoon visits as eagerly as a child. For, after my school duties were finished for the day, I used to go and sit with him for an hour or two.

He grew more and more dejected and feeble daily, but nothing would induce him to leave the place. At length, one morning, a message was brought me that my old friend was dead. He had passed away silently and peacefully in the night. I heard the news in a kind of a stupor, for I had grown used to the dependent affection of the old man, and had become more cheerful in my efforts to make the world brighter for him. I said to myself that there was no use in trying to have a long look ahead, for my pathway was sure to be full of short turns, and I must learn to live mechanically from day to day.

The Captain had been so eccentric during his life-time, that not much surprise was expressed when it was found that he had left the greater part of his large property to two orphan children of a distant cousin, and had appointed his friend, Nellie Armstrong, as their guardian, and, beside a small fortune for herself, had left her in charge of the estate until the children should come of age. The wiseacres shook their heads, and wondered if I would manage the property myself, and lamented that if I did so, there would be but a remnant for the heirs when they attained their majority. Some of the prophets have already grown dejected over the failure in their

predictions, but others still have a lively hope in a final crash.

In the meantime, the children have grown up quite wonderfully. Alice came to me the other day with a story, which I interpreted mainly through the medium of her blushes. And now, when we walk in the woods on bright Saturday afternoons—I have always religiously observed the dear old holidays—the long path with the sunny sky beyond it seems like our own way through life. For I can not help identifying myself with the children, and finding the horizon extending indefinitely with their hopes. Harry is younger than Alice; and, although I have always been proud of him, there have been frequent occasions when I have had reason to believe that my old friend was mistaken in inferring that all difficulties in life would be easily managed if one only had boys to care for.

Beside these things, I have my school-girls to correct and care for. These are quite a different class of girls from those whom I used to teach at Madame Vernette's. Some of them work in factories, and only come to me one or two evenings in the week, when, quite unlike my old scholars, they seem to look upon their tasks as merely a recreation. In the morning, the children come for an hour or two, and learn some useful things not comprehended in the textbooks. We have an occasional Saturday afternoon for them, too, which is a gala day for all of us, and they enter upon the enjoyment of these with a peculiar appreciation which makes me half-envious.

It would have been the conventional destiny of an old maid to have followed the tortuous pathway in the melancholy cheerfulness of half-mourning. And there are still times when I look forward to the necessary idleness and inaction which will fit me to accept the gratuitous incense of pity which is burnt



about the sisterhood. This concession I feel is due to the sentiment of the sex. But, unromantic as the confession must appear, there are times when I mentally return thanks for the fate which overtook me. These occasions are generally after I have been shopping with Alice in the great store of Messrs. Cash & Key, in the neighboring town, where a clerk, with preternaturally ambrosial curls and smiling face, waits upon us.

"Somehow he looks as if he would never grow old, Aunt Nellie," said the impertinent Alice, one day. "It makes me feel quite melancholy," she continued, "to see any one who refuses to

grow old properly, but insists upon withering away in such a disagreeable manner." She made some invidious comparisons to an old and cherished herbarian, which she insisted always reminded her of a collection of corpses. I reprimanded her for speaking in a tone of such levity of the highly-respectable Mr. Schuyler, and then I told her my own story. After I had finished, she threw her arms about my neck and said: "Poor Aunt Nellie," and I haven't the slightest faith that I succeeded in convincing this silly girl that I had ceased from shedding, even metaphorical, tears because of my zigzag pathway.

HILDA ROSEVELT.

## PALM OF THE SEA.

Palm of the Sea!

O, living lyric of repose eternal—  
 Born of the elements and full of grace;  
 Happy art thou where'er thy dwelling-place—  
 Thou, and the sombre Syrians, when they stood  
 Beside the way, a saintly sisterhood,  
 Wearing triumphantly their wreaths supernal.  
 Happy their life, happy their death and sweet,  
 For their plucked boughs have kissed the Saviour's feet.

Palm of the Sea!

Out of the purple gulfs of Ocean reaching,  
 Like to a soul aspiring and beseeching,  
 O'er the glazed wave thy mirrored form is shed.  
 In the glad hour, when sorrows all grow old,  
 Against the shining gates I shall behold  
 Thy leaves of silver and thy stem of gold:  
 I shall behold that crown upon thy head,  
 When the graves yawn and seas give up their dead!

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

## SOMETHING ABOUT MY PETS.

MANY a bitter tear they have cost me—the different pets I have had: not their possession, but their loss, which followed as inevitably as fate, and as surely as day follows night. As far as my recollection goes back, my four-footed friends have occupied prominent places in my affections, and have eventually become the cause of great sorrow. The first doubt I ever felt of the justice and humanity of the world in general, and my kinsfolk in particular, was because of the cruel death of my favorite dog, Arno, who had been given away after my older brother's death, to a family who had more use and room for a large hunting-dog, than my widowed mother.

At first, he refused utterly to stay with his new master; but when he found that the doors of his old home were steadfastly closed against him, he would lie in wait for me as I went to school; and on my way home in the afternoon, he would always follow me, drawing back his nose and fore-paws only in time to prevent their being pinched in by the sharp-shutting gate, and looking wistfully through the paling with his big, honest eyes. Perhaps my elders did not understand "dog-language" as I did; but I knew that Arno fully appreciated the feeling which led me to throw my arms around his neck and weep bitterly, childish tears on his brown head; and he felt comforted by my sympathy, I am sure, for he would lick my hands, and wag his long-haired tail with a little joyous whine, before trotting back to the broad stone steps in front of his new master's house. But night always found him under my chamber window, which

looked out on a narrow lane, used as a thoroughfare; and here I could hear his deep-mouthed bark all night long, as he kept fancied marauders and real dogs from encroaching on our premises and his self-chosen battle-ground. For he met his death here, at last.

He had become quite aged; and the other dogs of the neighborhood had frequently made common cause against him, for blocking up (to them) the passage in the lane, but had never yet been able to rout him. One night, however, they attacked him with overpowering numbers, and punished him so severely that it was found to be necessary, or, at least, merciful, the next morning, to send a bullet through his head and end his misery. To me this all seemed terribly cruel, and I cried wildly, and sobbed out my reproaches against every body for having left him to lie out in the street at night, instead of allowing him a safe shelter in the house. I refused to be comforted, or adopt any other dog in his place; but bestowed my affection and caresses impartially on all the stray dogs and horses that happened to cross my path.

Some time after I was married, a little spotted dog, of no particular breed, sought shelter from the rain on the basement-steps, one day, and refused to "tramp" when the shower was over. She was a short-legged, smooth-haired little thing, with the brightest eyes I ever saw in a dog's head. Tiny soon became my pet, and amply repaid us for the food and shelter we had given her. She learned every thing, and with such ease, that I sometimes suspected I had taken into my family one who had for-



merly been a public circus performer. She could stand on her hind legs and beg for an apple or a piece of sugar; she could find and fetch a hidden handkerchief, glove, or cap; she could jump through a hoop, and could pick out from among a lot of articles the shawls, comforters, or hats belonging to myself, or any member of the family. On the approach of a buggy to the house, she would rush to the window, and if she recognized it as the Captain's, would scratch and whine till I opened the door for her, in sheer self-defense. Dashing up to the buggy, she would wag her tail with such vehemence as threatened to upset her little round body—begging in this way for a glove, or the long buggy-whip, to drag into the house.

Tiny also knew the name of the different members of the family, whether they occupied the same house with us, or only came on visits. If mother came on a visit, for instance, I could send Tiny from the kitchen with a key, a paper, or any thing she could carry, and on my order, "Give it to mother," she would carry it to the parlor, or wherever mother might be, and lay it carefully in her lap, or on the sofa beside her. On the order, "Kiss the Captain," she would immediately dart at that gentleman, and, if he ever so artfully avoided her little tongue for the time being, she would watch the first opportunity to climb into his lap, or jump on to a piece of furniture, to execute the command.

Soon after Tiny's advent, a young stag-hound was given to the Captain, and him she took under her wing, though in size he could boast of three times her own volume. Dick, I am very sorry to own, was not so well treated as Tiny; and I smite my breast even now, and say very penitently, "*mea culpa*," when I think of how I hurt him one day. I was lying on the sofa, half asleep from the heat and the exertion of cutting the leaves of a new magazine. Presently,

Dick approached, and before I could open my eyes, or ward him off, he had jumped on the sofa and settled full on my head and face. Angry and half-stifled, I flung the dog with all my might to the floor, where he set up such a pitiful crying, that I knew he must be seriously hurt. Jumping up, I saw him, quite a distance from the sofa, holding up his fore-leg, on which his paw was dangling in a loose, out-of-place manner. Comprehending what I had done, I carried him into the next room; and poured the basin full of water, in which I held his paw; and then bound rags on the dislocated limb, steeping the paw into the water occasionally, to keep down the swelling till the Captain should come. Sorry as I felt for having inflicted such pain on the poor animal, it was a perfect farce to watch his proceedings, and I had laughed till my sides ached before the Captain got home. It so happened that mother and one or two other near friends came in during the course of the day. As soon as any one entered the room, Dick, who had been allowed to take up his quarters on a blanket in the sitting-room, would hobble up, hold out his rag-wrapped paw, and, elevating his nose, would utter heart-rending cries of pain, thus "passing his hat for a penny-worth of sympathy," as unmistakably as I have known human beings to do many a time before. Then, with cries and grimaces, he would induce the beholder to follow him pityingly into the next room, where he would immerse his foot in the water, as I had made him do, once or twice. During this performance Tiny would keep close behind him, and with little sympathetic whines, would echo all his cries and complainings; and this show was repeated whenever they could get a fresh spectator.

At the same time, we had in our possession a horse, which, for sagacity, kindness, and docility, outshone all the horses I have ever had the fortune to

become acquainted with. Not the most partial admiration of Kitty's many virtues could lead me into believing her to be beautiful, though she was by no means an ugly horse. A bright bay, with well-shaped head, she was too short-bodied, though the long legs seemed to lay claim to an admixture of English blood. Kitty was a saddle-nag as well as buggy-horse, and the Captain always chose her when he had a fatiguing ride to take; though, for my part, I should have scorned to be seen mounted on an ugly, stump-tailed thing like her.

This is ingratitude, however; I have never had a more devoted friend than Kitty. She was assigned to the duty of taking me out to "mother's house," where she was always well pleased to go, for I used to take her out of the harness and let her run loose under the orchard trees. I have never met with a horse so expert at picking apples as she was; she never injured the trees, and seemed always to know exactly which were the best "eating-apples." When the time came to go home, Kitty, like a sensible, grateful horse, was always on hand; the only trouble was to get her back into harness again—it generally being just milking-time then, and I never liked to admit to any of the men that I could not harness a horse as well as saddle it. So, it often happened that, after I got on the road, Kitty would stop short and refuse to go a step farther. Whipping would do no good on such occasions; she would only switch her tail, stamp her foot impatiently, and turn her head around, as if to say: "Don't you know that I have good reasons for acting so?" On throwing down the lines, and examining the harness, I would be sure to find that some buckle had been left unfastened, or some strap was dragging under her feet. One day a soldier came to my assistance, and he said it was the greatest wonder in the world

that the horse had not kicked the buggy to pieces, for I had fastened a buckle on the wrong side, and with every step she took the buckle had pressed sorely into poor Kitty's flesh. I could appreciate Kitty's good behavior all the more for having seen her kick dash-board and shafts to splinters, one day, when the Captain drove her, and some part of the harness gave way.

The friendship, however, was reciprocal; for many a bucket of cool, fresh water, many a tea-tray full of oats, and many an apple and lump of sugar had Kitty received at my hands, when she stopped at the door, or was taken into the back yard, to await her master's leisure to ride. The saddle she liked best, for under it she could move about in the yard. She would follow me like a dog, and tried to make her way into the basement one day, where I had gone to get some grain for her. I always kept a sack of oats in the house, as we had no stable, and the horses were boarded at a stable down town; but Kitty would have gone without her dinner many a time had it not been for "private feeds" I gave her, as the Captain's opinion was that horses should not be "pampered and spoiled." Kitty knew how much I thought of her, and sometimes presumed on it, too. I have known her—at times, when the Captain brought her into the yard late at night, previously to sending her to the stable—to set up such a whinnying, stamping and snorting, that, to the Captain's infinite amusement, I was compelled to leave my bed and bring her a handful of oats or a piece of sugar. And on the street, if I met the Captain mounted on or riding behind Kitty, she would instantly step on the side-walk and make a dive for my pocket, to extract the apple she fancied concealed there. Moreover, she would allow Tiny to climb all over her back; but Dick she always greeted with a snort, and occasionally with a kick.

One day the Captain furnished a valuable addition to the "happy family," without in the least intending to do so. It seems that just as he was leaving the house, he saw an open market-wagon, and on it two forlorn chickens broiling in the July sun. The man offered to sell him the chickens, so he bought them, threw them over the fence, and called to the servant to unfasten the string fettering the feet of the poor animals. His order was not heard; and I knew nothing of the existence of the chickens till Tiny's barking attracted my attention. There lay the two chickens, gasping and panting, and the dogs, like all little natures, exhibited great delight at being able to worry and distress the poor, defenseless creatures. I dragged the poor things into the shade, cut their fetters, and gave them "food and drink." One of the chickens was a gay-feathered rooster, the other, a plain-looking hen, who exhibited, however, by far the best sense, in this, that she did not struggle to get away from me as "fighting Billy" did, but allowed me to pass my hand over her soft dress, accompanying each stroke with a low crooning "craw-craw," as though wishing to express her satisfaction with her present position. When I thought the chickens were both safe and comfortable in the yard, I went back to my favorite resting-place—a soft rug, in front of the sitting-room fire-place. The summer was extraordinarily warm, and I had repeatedly wandered all over the house in search of the "coolest place," but had always returned to this. Not far from me was a window, from which the shutters were thrown back directly after noon, as there was shade then on this side of the house, and nearly opposite was a door leading to the vine-clad porch. Glad enough to pass a part of the hot afternoon in a *siesta*, I was surprised on waking, and stretching out my feet, to push against a soft, round ball; and the slow "craw-craw"

I heard, caused me to start to a sitting posture. There, sure enough, was Chicky, cuddled up close to my feet, repeating her monotonous song every time I deigned to take notice of her. I had never believed before that chickens had brains enough to feel affection or gratitude toward any body; but I wish to state as an actual fact that Chicky, as long as she was in my possession, never let a day pass that she did not come fluttering up the low steps to the porch and visit me in the sitting-room. During my regular *siesta* she was always beside me; and if I attempted to close the door against her, she would fly up to the window and come in that way. Indeed, she wanted to take up her roost there altogether; and it was only with great difficulty I could persuade her to remove to the back-yard.

Fighting Billy proved by no means so companionable as Chicky: within the first week he had fought, single-handed, every rooster in the neighborhood, and the second week he staggered about the yard with his "peepers" closed, and showing general marks of severe punishment, from the effects of which he died, in spite of aught we could do for his relief.

But our "happy family" was broken up, after awhile: the Captain was "called to the wars," and, in spite of all I could say, took Kitty with him, as the "most reliable horse." Kitty never returned; and I spent one whole day, during the Captain's first visit home, in saying: "I told you so," and crying over Kitty's loss. Next, Tiny was stolen; and Dick went the way of most all "good dogs"—with our servant-girl's butcher-beau—at whose house I saw him, shortly after Babette's marriage, together with sundry lace-collars, tablecloths, and napkin-rings that had mysteriously left the house about the same time with her. Chicky disappeared the night before Thanksgiving-day: perhaps



they couldn't get any turkey to give thanks for, and contented themselves with a chicken.

When the Captain next came home, he found nothing but a squirrel—but this squirrel was the greatest pet I had yet found. I came by it in this way: Two small, ragged boys pulled the bell one day; and seeing a little wooden cage in their hands, I went to the door immediately myself. How the little wretches knew of my silly propensity for collecting all vagabond, half-starved animals, I don't know; but they showed me a scraggy little squirrel in the cage, and said, with the utmost confidence, they wanted to sell it to me.

"How much do you want for it?" I asked.

"Two dollars," said the oldest, at a venture, and then opened his eyes in astonishment, as much at his own audacity as at my silence—which seemed to imply assent to his extortion.

You see, I had opened the cage, and bunny had slipped out, scrambled up on my arm, and lodged himself close around my neck, where he lay with his little head tucked under my chin. How could I let the little thing go? So I gave the boy his two dollars, for which he generously offered to leave the cage—which offer I declined, intending to make a house-dog of bunny. The sagacity, gentleness, and playfulness of little Fritz are beyond all description; though his bump of destructiveness, I must acknowledge, was also very largely developed. He was still young, and I could keep him on a window-sill quite safely, till I felt sure of his attachment to me and his disinclination to make his escape. The window-sill and the open window remained his favorite post to the end of his life; though when he grew older, he would occasionally jump from my bedroom window, in the second story, to the grass and flower-beds below. He had not been in the house more than

a week before he followed me about like a dog, and took his place close by me at the table, eating and drinking any thing I had a mind to offer him. He drank coffee out of a cup, and ate the meat I gave him—holding it in his paws, as little children hold a strip of meat in their hands—nibbling and sucking it, with great gusto.

I can not conceal that the wood-work, the furniture, and all the books, throughout the house, soon displayed ragged edges and torn surfaces; and mother (who had taken up her abode with us), who punished Fritz for his depredations sometimes, was held in high disfavor by him, in consequence. When I was not at home, he would hardly allow her to touch him, and would hide under the pillows on my bed, at her approach, barking and scolding with great vehemence. To me he never said an "unkind word;" on the contrary, I could hardly secure myself from his caresses. Sometimes I would place him on the top of a tall cupboard or high wardrobe, to get him away from under my feet; but the moment I passed anywhere within reaching-distance, he would fly down on me, and, settling on my hand, face, or shoulder, would fall to licking my face, and nibbling at my ears and nose, to assure me of his favor. I fear I have slapped him more than once for marking my face with his little sharp claws, when making one of these sudden descents. At night, he slept under my pillow; and early in the morning he would creep out, nibble at my eyelids, and switch me with his bushy tail. Without opening my eyes, I would reach out for a handful of nuts—opened and placed within reach the night before—and with these he would amuse himself for a long while, always cleaning his face and paws after disposing of his first breakfast. With sundown he went to sleep; but, of warm nights, when I went to bed late, I would carry his little drinking-cup to

him, filled with ice-water. Half asleep, sometimes with his eyes closed, he would take a long drink; but never once, of all those nights, did he return to his pillow without first gratefully passing his little tongue over the hand that held him. That he knew it was my hand, I am quite certain; for if the Captain ever attempted to touch him, in the middle of the night, when Fritz was ever so sound asleep, he would immediately start up with a snarl and snap at the Captain's fingers; whereas, if I thrust my hand under the pillow, in the dead of night, he would lick it and rub his nose against it.

With nothing but a little basket to carry him in, I took him with me for a journey, on a Mississippi steamer. I left him in the basket, while looking after my baggage; but when I returned to my state-room, he suddenly jumped on my head from above, having eaten his way out, through the lid of the basket, and climbed to the top-berth. The stewardess on the steamer tried to steal him, when near port, but Fritz had made such good use of his sharp claws and teeth that she was fain to own: "She had on'y wanted to *teck* the lilly bunny—hadn't wanted to hurt'm, 't all."

It makes me sad, even now, to think of the closing scene of Fritz's short but, let me hope, happy life. One day a lady, the mother of a terrible little boy, had come to spend the day with us; and I soon discovered that either Fritz or the little boy must be caged "up and away." So, pretending to be afraid that the boy might get hurt, but in reality fearing only for Fritz's welfare, I carried the squirrel up into the lumber-room, where I put him under nuts without number, apples, sugar, crackers, and water to bathe in and drink from. There was a pane broken out of the window-sash, but this I covered with a piece of paste-board, and then went down to entertain the lady and her detestable little boy. Seated at the window, not long after, I

saw an urchin come running around the next corner, and, when barely within speaking distance, he shouted at the top of his voice: "Say, Missis, they's got him, 'round here in the cooper-yard, and he's dead—the squirrel!" he added, in explanation.

Though by no means in a toilet representing a "street-dress"—in fact, with only one slipper on—I started off on a run, and never stopped till my youthful mentor pointed to a circle of men and boys, gathered around an object lying on the ground. It was Fritz, writhing in the last agonies of death, while the boys were calling each other's attention to the contortions of the poor little body. In a moment, I was among them, had lifted Fritz in my arms, and held him to my face.

"Who did that?" I asked, with pain and anger struggling in my heart; "which of you little brutes killed the poor, harmless thing?"

The little ragamuffin who had led me to the spot, pointed to two boys making ineffectual attempts to hide a long stick, they were carrying, behind them.

"They was a-hitting 'm like fury, and then I runned to tell you; please, Missis, gimme a dime."

Poor little Fritz! He knew me, even in the death-struggle; for he passed his tongue over my hand once more, just before the last convulsive shudder ran through his body, and his little limbs grew stiff and cold. I don't feel, in the least, ashamed to own that I cried—cried many tears—cried bitterly; and I felt dreadfully lonesome when I woke up at night, and, from the sheer force of habit, put my hand under my pillow, without finding Fritz there. I made a vow then never to have any more pets; but it was a rash one.

Some years later, when the war was over, the "theatre of our life" was to be shifted from the crowded, populous city to the lonely wilds of the frontier coun-



try. When we reached Fort Leavenworth, the quarters in the barracks were all occupied, and a number of our officers were assigned quarters in the *Attaché* Barracks. The Captain had decided to purchase a horse from the Government stables, and turn him over to me for saddle use, as I did not want to go to our frontier-post without a horse of my own to depend on. It was in June; and the little square yards in front of the *Attaché* Barracks were fresh and sweet with grass and blossoming red clover. The door of our quarters stood open; the Captain had gone out, and I was startled by a knock on the door-post. Looking up, I saw the head of an Orderly appearing at the door; but, poking over his head, I saw that of a horse, evidently taking a strict inventory of every thing in the room. Of course, I was at the door, and on the horse's neck, in the course of a very few seconds, for, from the Orderly, I soon understood that the Captain had sent the horse for me to look at. Colonel L——, with his two little girls, came up just then, and, as we were all going in the same command, the acquisition of a horse for the march had an interest for all parties. Together, we surrounded and admired the beautiful white animal; and the two little girls and myself were soon braiding clover-blossoms into Toby's tail, and trimming his head and neck with garlands of butter-cups—operations which did not, in the least, interfere with his good humor, or his appetite for the juicy grass he was cropping. The Captain, it seems, had already tried his speed and mettle; he was not appraised at any unreasonable figure, and so Toby was mine before we took up the line of march for the Plains.

From the Wagon-master, I heard, later, that Toby had been captured in Texas, during the war. He had been raised and trained by a woman, who had followed him around the country for some time, trying to get her pet back

again; but Uncle Sam, no doubt, had the best right to him, and he was placed in the stables of the Fitting-out *Dépôt*. One thing certainly spoke for the truth of this story: whenever Toby had been let loose and refused to be tied up again, he would always allow me to come up to him, when he would turn and throw up his heels at the approach of a man.

Toby was soon an universal favorite and proved himself worthy of the preference, though he had one or two tricks about him that were by no means commendable. First: he was an inveterate thief; and then—at times when he was not ridden, but led along by the Orderly—he had a mean way of lying back and letting the other horse pull him along, that fairly exasperated me. His thefts, however, were always carried out in such a cunning manner that I readily forgave the sin for the sake of the skill. We had not been long on the march, when Toby perpetrated his first robbery. The Captain rode him, and when the command halted for lunch, he would come up to our ambulance, dismount, and let Toby go perfectly free—for we had soon found that he would not stray from the command. Toby learned to know the contents and appliances of lunch-baskets very soon, particularly as he received his portion from ours regularly every day. One day, after having dispatched his bread-and-butter and lump of sugar in the neighborhood of our ambulance, he walked over to Colonel L——'s, and while Mrs. L—— was leaning out on the other side, speaking to the Colonel, Toby quietly lifted the lunch-basket from her lap, deposited it on the grass, overturned it, and helped himself to the contents. Unfortunately for Toby, Mrs. L—— had spread mustard on her ham-sandwiches, and the sneezing and coughing of the erring horse first called her attention to his presence, and the absence of her lunch-basket.

Not long after, we made camp very

early in the day, and the Major's folks came to fill a long-standing promise to take tea with us, and spend the evening at our tent. The visit passed off very pleasantly, and an engagement was made to return it at an early day. Toby, who was prowling about the tent, no doubt overheard the conversation, and felt it incumbent on him to fill the engagement as soon as possible. Consequently, he stationed himself near the Major's tent-fly the very next morning, and paid close attention to the preparations going on for tea; and just as the cook had put the finishing-touch to the table, and had stepped back to call the family and set the tea and the meats on the table, Toby gravely walked up, swallowed the butter with one gulp, upset the sugar-bowl, gobbled up the contents, and proceeded leisurely to investigate the inside of a tin jelly-can. The soldiers, who had watched his manœuvres from a distance, had been too much charmed with the performance to give warning to the cook; but when he made his appearance, meat-dish and tea-pot in hand, they gave such a shout as set the whole camp in an uproar, and Toby was fairly worshipped by the soldiers from that day on.

But the faithfulness and patience of the horse, in time of need, made me forgive him all these tricks. Months later—when still on the march, in the most desolate wilderness, in the midst of the pathless mountains, when other horses “gave up the ghost,” and were shot at the rate of a dozen a day—Toby held out, carrying me on his back, day after day, night after night, till his knees trembled with fatigue and faintness, and he turned his head and took my foot between his teeth, at last, to tell me he could carry me no farther! Not once, but a dozen times, has he repeated this manœuvre; once, too, when we were coming down a very steep hill, he planted his fore-feet down firmly, turned his head, and softly bit

the foot I held in the stirrup, to tell me that I must dismount.

The most singular devotion of one horse to another, I witnessed while out in New Mexico. The Captain found it necessary to draw a saddle-horse for his own use, and selected one from a number which the Volunteers had left behind. It had been half-starved latterly, and was vicious more from ill-treatment than by nature. The first evening when it was brought to our stable, it kicked the Orderly so that he could not attend to the horses next morning, and the cook had to look after them. I went into the stable to bring Toby a tit-bit of some kind, and here found that Copp (the new horse) was deliberately eating the feed out of Toby's trough. The cook called my attention to it, and explained that the horse had done the same thing last night; and on interfering, the Orderly had been viciously kicked by the animal. I reached over to stroke the creature's mane, but the cook called to me to stop, holding up his arm to show where the horse had bitten him. I went quickly back into the tent, got a large piece of bread, and held it out to Copp. In an instant he had swallowed it, and had fallen back on Toby's feed again, without meeting with the least opposition from that side. Toby evidently had better sense, and more charity, than the men had shown; he knew that the horse was half-starved, and wicked only from hunger.

If I had never believed before that horses were capable of reasoning, and remembering kind actions, Copp's behavior toward Toby would have converted me. Often, when out on timber-cutting or road-making excursions, I accompanied the Captain; and, mounted on Toby, would hold Copp by the bridle or picket-rope, so as to allow the Orderly to participate in the pleasures of the day. The grass was rich up in the mountains, and Toby would give many

a tug at the bridle to get his head down where he could crop it; this, however, had been forbidden by the Captain, once for all, and Toby was compelled to hold his head up in the proper position. Copp, however, was allowed to crop the grass; but he never ate a mouthful, of which he did not first give Toby half! Sometimes he would go off as far as the bridle would reach, gather up a large bunch in his mouth, and then step back to Toby and let him pull his share of it out from between his teeth. But no other horse dare approach Toby in Copp's sight. I have seen him jump quite across the road for the purpose of biting a horse that was rubbing his nose against Toby's mane in a friendly manner. One day we met a party of disappointed gold-hunters, who were anxious to dispose of a little, light wagon they had. The Captain bought it, thinking to break Toby and Copp to harness. Toby took to his new occupation kindly enough, but Copp could only be made to move in his track when I stood at a distance and called to him. He would work his way up to me with a wild, frightened air; but the moment I was out of his sight, neither beating nor coaxing could induce him to move a step.

But—dear me—those horses have taken up my thoughts so completely, that I have almost exhausted this paper without speaking of the other pets I have had. The horned toad could never make its way into my good graces; nor the land-turtle, neither, after it had once "shut down" on my dog Tom's tail. They were both abolished by simply leaving them on the road. The prairie-dog refused to be tamed, but ran away, the ungrateful wretch, with collar, chain and all; a living wonder, no doubt, to his brethren in the prairie-dog village, through which we were passing at the time.

But my mink, Max, was a dear little pet. He was given me by a soldier at

Fort Union, and had been captured on the Pecos River, near Fort Sumner. He was of a solid, dark-brown color, and the texture of his coat made it clear at once why a set of mink-furs is so highly prized by the ladies. His face was any thing but intelligent; yet he was as frisky and active as any young mink need be. It was while we were still on the march, that Max took his place in the ambulance by me as regularly as day came. When we made camp in the afternoon, he was allowed to run free, and when it grew dark, I would step to the tent-door, call "Max! Max!" and immediately he would come dashing up, uttering sounds half-chuckle, half-bark, as if he were saying: "Well, well—ain't I coming as fast as I can?"

On long day's marches he would lie so still in the ambulance, that I often put out my hand to feel whether he was beside me; and wherever I happened to thrust my fingers, his mouth would be wide open to receive them, and a sharp bite would instantly apprise me of his whereabouts. He had his faults, too—serious faults—and one of them, I fear, led to his destruction. Traveling over the plains of New Mexico, in the middle of summer, is no joking matter, for man or mink, and a supply of fresh, cool water, after a hot day's march, is not only desirable, but necessary. But it is not always an easy matter to get water; and I have known the men to go two or three miles for a bucketful. Getting back to camp weary and exhausted, they would naturally put the bucket in the only available place—on the ground; and the next moment, Max, who was always on hand for his share of it, would suddenly plunge in and swim "round and 'round" in pursuit of his tail—choosing to take his drink of water in this manner, to the great disgust of the tired men.

Company "B" was still with us at this time, and the tent of the company com-



mander was pitched not far from ours. Sergeant Brown, of this company, was in possession of a dozen or two of chickens; and these, I suspect, were the cause of the mink's death. Like all animals out in the wilderness, the chickens could be allowed to run free, without ever straying away from their owner: there was thought to be no danger lurking near for them; but suddenly one or two were found with their throats torn open, and the blood sucked from their lifeless bodies. Max was accused, with the greater show of truth, as the cook of the Lieutenant had caught him the next day rolling away an egg, which he had purloined from the Lieutenant's stock of provisions. The cook, following Max, discovered that he had already three eggs hidden in the neighborhood of our tent. I grew alarmed for the safety of my pet, though I knew that the men of our Company would not have harmed a hair of his brown, bear-like head.

One night I stepped to the tent-door to call Max; but no Max answered. The Orderly was sent to look through the tents, as Max sometimes stopped with the men who showed any disposition to play with him—but he could not

be found. I spent an uneasy night, calling "Max! Max!" whenever I heard the least noise outside the tent. Next morning I got up betimes, and as soon as I had swallowed my breakfast, went down toward the Rio\* Grande. The ground grew broken and rocky near the banks of the river, and I half-thought he might have returned to his native element. I climbed to a point where I could see the river, and called "Max! Max!" but heard nothing in answer, save the rolling of a little stone I had loosened with my foot. "Max! Max!" I called again; but the dull roar of the water, where it surged lazily against the few exceptional rocks on the bank, was all I could hear. Going back to camp, I found the tents struck, the command moving, and the ambulance waiting for me. Wiping the tears from my face, I climbed in—shaking the blankets for the fiftieth time to see if Max had not mischievously hidden among them.

From a conversation I overheard long afterward, I concluded that Max had fallen a victim to Sergeant Brown's revengeful spirit—in fact, had been slaughtered in atonement for those assassinated chickens.

JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

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### HIS PATAGONIAN WIFE.

IT was an intensely stormy evening, in the winter of 1868, that Jack and I sat, in comfortable slippers and flowing dressing-gown, surveying our almost luxurious surroundings, and thanking Providence for the blessings of health and comfort. Outside, the surface of Nature was scourged and lashed by pelt-ing torrents borne on the swift wings of a howling gale. Inside, a brilliant fire of Cannel coal, a soft, richly-tinted carpet, inviting lounges, cosy, well-stuffed

easy chairs, a box of Havanas, and a decanter of amber-colored old Bourbon, with sugar-bowl, water-jug, and kettle singing on the hearth, were sufficient to inspire a sense of gratifying contrast. Jack occupied a soft spring lounge at an angle of forty-five degrees with one corner of the fire-place, while I reclined on another at about the same angle with the opposite corner. The table, with its complement of decanter, jug, and cigars, stood between us, directly in front of the

grate, and within easy reach of both recumbents. "By Jove, Con, this is, indeed, a luxury. To be lying off here with you, old fellow, with all the creature comforts around us, and to hear the terrible howlings of that storm, form a contrast which heightens enjoyment."

"Jack, your easy manners, quiet address, and conversational powers have made you a decided favorite with the ladies. Pray let me ask how you have managed to escape the toils of matrimony? Your means have been sufficiently abundant, and your disposition, if I judge rightly, is rather of an affectionate character." A saddened expression crept over his face; but, dispelling it with an effort, he exclaimed: "My roving habits would ill comport with domestic felicity, and one could not take his wife into the wilds of Africa, the heart of China, or over the vast *pampas* of South America, and I confess to a decided partiality for visiting such places. After tasting the sweets of civilization for awhile, an indescribable longing creeps over me to escape its restraints, its disagreeable conventionalities, its silly vanities, flimsy pretense, and utter heartlessness. At such times the ocean or the desert, the society of untutored beings, and the simplicity of Nature, have special charms for me, and enlist my strongest admiration. You have, yourself, experienced such sensations, and as they are more perfectly developed in me, you can easily comprehend why I never married. I could not consent to wed a woman I did not love, and I would not render such an one miserable, knowing that it would necessarily be the result of an union with a man of my disposition and fixed habits." Jack then placed a pillow under his head, lighted a fresh cigar, and said: "Con, did I ever tell you about my trip across South America, from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso?" "No, never; nor had I any idea that you had visited that part of the world." "O, yes, and

as it was the most important and interesting episode of my whole life, I will, with your permission, tell you now."

It occurred at the time that John Fairfield was Governor of Maine. We were very intimate, and as business called me to Buenos Ayres, he gave me a strong recommendation to his brother, William Fairfield, who possessed immense stock-ranches in that country, and frequently visited the city to dispose of his hides, horns, tallow, and wool. William was living the life of what is called a *gaucho*—answering to your Californian title of *ranchero*—and was universally esteemed, for his many admirable qualities. Our trip out was rendered as agreeable as possible by Captain Cammett, of the good ship *Cadmus*; but in other respects was as uninteresting as sixty-nine days at sea may well be conceived. Abreast of Buenos Ayres, the La Plata is forty-nine miles in width, and the opposite shore is, of course, out of sight; so that one looks out upon an immense expanse of fresh water, about the color of brick-dust. The current is quite swift, and vessels drawing from fourteen to twenty-four feet of water are obliged to anchor seven or nine miles from the shore. Not a hill or even hillock greets the eye while scanning the land—nothing but one illimitable dead-level of solid earth, on one side, and an equally unpicturesque field of rolling water, on the other. Owing to the difficulty of going ashore and back to the ship, together with the time lost by the crew, all Captains of vessels reside in the city during their stay. In due course of time, we pulled off from the *Cadmus* in a stanch whale-boat, with four men, the second mate, Cammett, and myself. When we were within a mile or less of land, the boat grounded; and a dozen or more ox-carts, mounted on wheels ten feet in diameter, made out to us. Selecting one, we rode to the shore, paying half-a-



dollar each for the passage. The first thing that attracted my special wonder was the extreme cheapness of beef. Cammett purchased the two sides of a slaughtered and dressed ox for \$3.50; he then ordered that the boat should return every third day, for fresh meat. You must know, Con, that nothing can be preserved with salt in that climate, whereas nothing in the shape of meat will spoil if you expose it to the air; hence the name of the place, Buenos Ayres, which means "good airs." If, on the contrary, you desire to rot meat, or render it tender, it is only necessary to pickle it well, or bury it in salt. In consequence of this characteristic, all vessels are compelled to save their salted provisions for the return voyage; while the extreme cheapness of beef, veal, and mutton is a very favorable item in the general account of expenses. Buenos Ayres is a very pretty city, regularly laid out in squares of 150 yards each, and contained, at that time, about 85,000 inhabitants, including many English, French, and Americans. It is adorned with many handsome buildings, and the majority of residences are of three stories, roomy and commodious, nearly all with brick floors, but neatly kept. Fuel is exceedingly scarce, there being no trees in the vicinity, except those planted by the Jesuits, in 1590, on the islands at the junction of the Parana and Uruguay rivers, where the orchards have an extent of nearly twenty miles. Most of the fire-wood, and all the fruit consumed by the inhabitants, are brought from those islands; but the process of gathering is attended with much peril, as the place is infested with large and ferocious panthers. Rosas was Dictator at the time, and I had the pleasure of being presented to that remarkable man, and his no less remarkable daughter, Manuelita, so celebrated for her resplendent beauty, and tigerish disposition.

The next morning after landing, I was horrified at the sight of four men lying on the street, with their throats cut from ear to ear. Cammett, who was with me at the time, explained that they were victims of the Mashorka Club—a creature of Rosas, to execute his sanguinary will, and fulfill functions like those delegated to the Danites of Utah. Such scenes soon disgusted me with Buenos Ayres; and an invitation from Fairfield, to pass a few weeks at his *quinta*, was most gratefully accepted. The *quinta* was 150 miles west from Buenos Ayres, and pretty near the Indian frontier, imposing the necessity of maintaining quite a military array among the resident inhabitants. We traveled on horseback, with twenty of Fairfield's well-armed retainers, and arrived safely, at the end of five days. The whole country is one unbroken plain, without even a tree to relieve the eye. One is constantly urging his way toward a horizon that was as constantly removing. For hundreds of miles in all directions it is a vast, wearying, doleful expanse, of seemingly impossible termination. On the ocean, there are ever changing features which dispel monotony. One is sailing toward his journey's end, even while asleep. The passing sail, the varying climates, the spouting whale, and sportive porpoise—even the raging storm—are objects of interest; but upon that solid sea of blank, flat, unresponsive waste, one is oppressed with painful sensations.

The *quinta* was a large, rambling, irregular pile of red bricks, partaking, in about equal degrees, of the comforts of home and the bustle of a barracks. One hundred *guachos*, half of them with families, inhabited a long row of comfortable rooms, all tidy and well kept, and under the charge of an *intendente*, assisted by three subs, who maintained strict military discipline. The Indian frontier was only sixty miles distant; and a vigilant watch was kept up from

a lofty tower, supplied with a large bell to give the alarm. Over four hundred thousand head of cattle, the property of Fairfield, roamed at will over the *pampas*, and mixed with the herds of other extensive proprietors. In the spring, after the calving season, great *rodeos* take place, with much ceremony. The calves are then caught and branded with the owner's mark; but no further attention is paid to them until the next *rodeo*, when the thing is repeated. The nearest *quinta* to that of Fairfield was ten miles distant, and you can readily imagine that neighborly intercourse was very restricted. As the Indians who inhabit the vast plains between the Chilian Andes and Buenos Ayres do not eat beef, no apprehensions were entertained about the safety of the cattle; but with the horses, it was another matter. The Buenos Ayrean Government paid an annual tribute of six hundred fat mares to the Indians, to refrain from molesting the frontier settlements; but for all that, many inroads occurred, and large numbers of horses were frequently driven off for food. A good fat cow was worth \$2 at the *quinta*, while a horse would bring from \$5 to \$15, according to excellence. Fairfield owned about six hundred very good horses, and kept them constantly guarded. The dead-flat nature of the country enabled the watchman to see distinctly for a distance of ten or twelve miles in every direction, and give timely warning. A striking peculiarity of the climate is called *el aire*, the effects of which are remarkable.

Sitting with Fairfield one warm noon-time, with the doors and windows all open, and sipping a glass of delicious Lafitte, I experienced a sudden, but not unpleasant sensation, like a quick, light chill, which lasted not longer than a quarter of a second. At the same time, a sharp click proceeded from the bottle and wine-glasses, as if they had been lightly rapped by some small object.

Fairfield smiled and said, "That is the *aire*!" "What is the *aire*?" I asked. "If you attempt to lift that bottle, you will find it cut in two; and you will also discover that the glasses have shared the same fate." Acting on his suggestion, I found his assertion verified, much to my astonishment. "I can not," continued Fairfield, "give you any positive or satisfactory definition of this phenomenon, but I think it entirely electrical. It sometimes assumes a more serious phase: for instance, if a dog or other animal should happen to be heated at the time of its occurrence, and exposed to its action, that animal would instantly be fixed in its then attitude. Let us imagine that it was about to scratch its ear, the hind-leg would be held rigidly, as if in the act, for several successive days. Mankind are not wholly exempt from its influences, and I have frequently seen people with their heads turned half-round, as if looking over their shoulders, who have been caught in that position by the *aire*. These effects are readily reduced by poulticing, and have never occasioned serious affliction. Indeed, we are so accustomed to its visits, that it affords more matter for amusement than otherwise, except when it invades a large quantity of glass-ware, as it sometimes does on festal occasions."

One day, while enjoying a short stroll near the buildings, and admiring the gambols of a flock of goats, I became sensible of a sudden change in the temperature, having passed, as it seemed to me, from a warm to a cold one. Taking one step backward, I again found myself in the warm current. I then advanced half a pace, and, extending my arms horizontally, I perceived a marked difference between the current of air which passed my right hand and that which fanned my left. The phenomenon so excited my curiosity that I sent a *gaucho* to fetch me a thermometer, which showed that, within the space of six

inches, there was a difference of ten degrees, Fahrenheit, between the two currents. This strange disparity lasted nearly half an hour after I first discovered it; how long it had existed before, I had no means of ascertaining. On mentioning it to Fairfield, he replied that it was not a remarkable occurrence on the *pampas*, but could give no sufficient reason for its existence. My dear Con, Buenos Ayres is full of surprises to an American or European. Imagine my astonishment at hearing Fairfield give the order to slaughter a dozen bullocks and repair a certain portion of the road with their carcasses! I thought at first that he was poking fun at me, and testing the extent of my credulity, but he was in downright earnest. The country is so level that you can't fill a hole in one place without digging a hole in another; and as beef is worth almost nothing, and the flesh will not rot in the open air, the sides of slaughtered cattle are used to repair the roads when gullied, the hides, horns, and tallow being first removed, and the offals disposed of by feeding them to the buzzards, of which there are immense numbers. The flesh becomes hard as sole-leather, and resists the wear and tear of carts and animals with remarkable endurance. When laid down, it is loosely covered with sand, which works in and becomes solidified with the flesh. A guard is maintained for one or two days, to keep the buzzards from destroying the whole; but it indurates so rapidly that it is not possible for the buzzards to tear it, after forty-eight hours. By Jove, old fellow, after seeing roads mended with fresh beef, I thought myself prepared for almost any extraordinary occurrence, but I had yet something still more strange to witness. A Spaniard, named Don Jacinto Romero, was putting up a *quinta*, about twelve miles distant, and Fairfield proposed that we should pay him a visit. On arriving, I perceived several large brick-

kilns in operation, and, being curious to know what kind of fuel was used—as there was no wood to be had, and the cost of carting coals from the city was too great to admit of its being employed—I went up to one of the kilns, and was horrified as well as amazed to see them feeding the fire with live sheep. The animals had been shorn to save the wool, and were then pitched into the terrible furnace, where they were consumed rapidly by the fierce heat engendered by their fat, with which they were heavily loaded. A single instant in that burning vortex sufficed to cause suffocation, and I doubt whether the poor victims ever experienced much pain. There are millions of sheep in Buenos Ayres, and, although the custom of burning them in brick-kilns obtains all over the country, their number steadily increases. A fine, fat animal can be bought, after shearing, for twenty cents.

You can readily imagine, old fellow, the extreme *ennui* which overcomes a man of my disposition when cloistered, so to speak, for three or four weeks in a Buenos Ayrean *quinta*. Fairfield showed me every attention, and would not listen to any proposition in reference to my leaving. My business in Buenos Ayres had been fully accomplished, and there was nothing to call me back there. Spectacles of brutally-murdered men and women, and the disordered, feverish, overawed condition of society, had no charms for me. Finding that two of Fairfield's men were natives of Chili—had families there, and were extremely anxious to return—the idea took possession of me to attempt crossing the Indian territory, and make my way to Valparaiso. The two men—Pedro and Rodriguez—agreed to keep me company and act as my servants, for a certain consideration. By Jove, you ought to have seen Fairfield, when I broached this project. "Are you mad, crazy, bereft of all your senses? Do you con-



template suicide?" he asked, in amazement. "Neither one nor the other; never more serious in my life. I am determined to go, even if I go alone." For two or three days, he endeavored to dissuade me from what he considered the peril of certain death; but, finding me resolved, he said: "Whenever you choose to depart, instruct Rodriguez to select all the horses and equipments you may need for your mad journey, and let Pedro bale up a suitable supply of provisions."

Our preparations occupied nearly a week; but we were in an admirable condition for the enterprise. We had twelve excellent, well-broken horses, which enabled us to place a light burden on each, and afforded ample transportation for all our goods. I had a double-barreled shot-gun and a very fine Sharp's rifle—the Spencer did not exist in those days—which, with a pair of Colt's revolvers, abundance of ammunition, and the two guns of my attendants, induced me to believe our party fully capable of victorious contention against a pack of rascally, almost unarmed, Indians.

I parted from Fairfield with great regret. He was a splendid fellow, and I can never feel sufficiently grateful for his repeated acts of kindness. Not one cent would he receive for our excellent outfit, and I promised to write him a faithful account of my journey should I live to get through.

We pushed boldly into the Indian territory, steering a westerly course by compass, and making about thirty miles a day, although we had no means of measuring. At that rate of progress it would occupy twenty-seven days to reach the Chilian Andes, the distance being about seven hundred miles. Large bands of Patagonians frequently range as far north as the line of our track, and scour the plains in chase of the cassowary, nutria, and other game. The skin of the cassowary is stripped off en-

tire, tanned with great skill, so as to preserve the splendid feathers, which are then dyed in many brilliant colors, and finally made up into gorgeous robes, which command high prices. Nutria skins are also valuable, resembling our beaver, and are prized by the Indians, who use them for garments. The llama is also sought for its flesh.

On the afternoon of the fifth day out, our attention was drawn to a large cloud of dust on the western horizon, and we immediately halted to prevent raising one of our own; but too late: we had already been observed. We soon perceived a band of seventy Indians riding furiously down upon us and brandishing their spears as they came. They stretched out into a long line, which assumed a semi-circular form as they advanced, with the evident intention of surrounding us. Resistance was out of the question. To shed a drop of their blood would insure our destruction; so we quietly dismounted, and walking to the front, I pulled open my shirt bosom, and waited for the spear thrust which I certainly expected. My two companions were brave men, and they stepped in front of the horses to meet their doom. Down came the savages like an avalanche, a large and powerfully built man, evidently their leader, riding in the centre, and coming straight at me. When his lance was within five feet of my body, he suddenly threw it up, and reining his horse back on his haunches, said, in good Spanish: "Who are you, and whence do you come?" His followers had also halted, and waited his command. "We are North Americans," I replied, "and come from Buenos Ayres." "What are you doing in my country?" "We were crossing it on our road to Chili." At this he laughed outright. "You are fools. Do you expect to reach Chili alive? The country swarms with my warriors, who would certainly kill you all. But where is this



North America you talk about?" I asked him to dismount, which he did, and taking the point of my knife, I drew a sort of map in the sand, showing him where my country was, and its position with respect to Buenos Ayres. "But why have you come so great a distance? What brought you to Buenos Ayres, and why are you going to Chili?" I explained to him that the Buenos Ayreans had some things which we wanted, and that we had others that they had not, together with some slight information relative to trade and commerce. Until then I had not observed the approach of a young girl, probably seventeen years of age, who had also dismounted, and was listening with rapt attention. "If you had been Buenos Ayreans, I would have killed you," said the Chief; "but I have no quarrel with your people. Take my advice, and get back as soon as possible." The girl then spoke with a most musical voice, and said, in pure Castilian: "No, father, don't send them back, for they are likely to meet another band of our people, who will not spare them. They wish to go to Chili, and you know that we must soon go that way ourselves. They have plenty of provisions—why not let them go with us?" I warmly seconded her proposition, and after some talk with several of his warriors, the Chief consented. The transition from expected immediate death to the assurance of safety created an everlasting impression on our little party. You can rest assured that our journey was resumed with very different feelings from those with which it was commenced. I felt confident that the savages knew but little about fire-arms, for they never offered to touch them, nor, in fact, any thing else we had.

Con, you have frequently heard the reported great size of the Patagonians denied; but let me tell you, they are a race of gigantic men. I have rarely seen

one under five feet eleven inches, and have met many over six feet four inches. They are wonderful riders, and pass nearly the whole of their lives, while awake, on horseback, and are generally weak in the legs. The Chief who had captured us was probably fifty years of age, but very powerful and well built. He was a Cazique, of absolute sway, whose will was law, and he ruled over several thousand souls. His name was Washmolpotabah, which I irreverently docked down to plain Wash. Among them was a huge monster, six feet ten inches high, and large in proportion, who called himself Epilesपोhtah, and him I named Epilepsy, for short. Old Wash's daughter, who had great influence with her father, was named Maripotama, which I changed to Marie. I explained to them that I could not pronounce their full names, and my "nicks" were accepted without further talk. Marie rode close to my side, and I learned that her mother was of pure Castilian blood, and had been taken a captive when about her age. She was a woman of exquisite beauty, and was appropriated by the Chief, then a young man, over whom she soon managed to exercise a very great influence. She was rarely well educated for one of her race, and by her Marie had been instructed in as many accomplishments as the nature of their surroundings would admit. She was the only child, and the most glorious creature I ever beheld. Tall, graceful, exquisitely formed, with oval face, great, expressive black eyes, small, rosy mouth, straight nose, thin, curved nostrils, delicate ears, a brilliant complexion, and a wealth of raven tresses. Dressed in Spanish style, Marie would have been the centre of admiration in any circle of society. Her mother died two years previous to our meeting, and had often told her of civilized life, and described the manners of intelligent, refined people. Those vivid relations had impress-

ed Marie with an intense longing to escape from her detested surroundings, the more especially as she had been strictly brought up in the Christian faith.

You may readily conceive my astonishment at meeting so glorious a creature amid such associations. That we were drawn to each other is not surprising. My conversation had attractions for her which she could not expect from her savage companions. Tales of travel in other lands; relations of the habits, manners, dress, mode of living, and the different climates, with their several productions, were listened to with the keenest interest. Marie made no secret of her partiality, nor did old Wash offer any objection. She always rode at my side, and during our hunting operations, expressed great wonder and delight at the effectiveness of my rifle, shot-gun, or pistols. The warriors also wondered greatly at their reach and deadly certainty, but never asked to try my weapons. I observed, however, that Marie's conduct had excited the jealousy of old Epilepsy, who, it seems, had been quite sweet upon her until rebuffed by a scornful refusal. Although he had renounced his pretension, yet it cut him sorely to see another, and he a stranger to the tribe, so decidedly favored.

As I told you before, Epilepsy was a perfect giant. His huge head towered far above his fellows, tall as they were; and he must have weighed nearly three hundred pounds, but had no appearance of obesity. His strength was enormous, but was located almost entirely above his knees, being rather weak and shaky on his pins. I paid little attention to the brute, who had a wholesome regard for my pistols, which never left my person, and we jogged along without open strife for several months. Old Wash had changed our route, and struck off four points more to the southward. Days became weeks, and weeks lapsed into months; but my attachment for

Marie had become so rooted, that time passed almost without noticing its flight, except when reminded of it by Pedro and Rodriquez, to whom the thing had become a serious grievance. We frequently met other bands of Wash's tribe, who were much edified at our appearance, and asked all manner of questions. Some advised the Chief to dispense with our attendance by summary process, but others treated us with much friendliness. We, however, felt secure under Marie's protection, and her father had taken quite a liking for our company.

After we had been five months on those dreadful plains, wandering here and there, changing our direction, from time to time, I noticed a decided change in the surface and botany of the country. The streams now met with, flowed from the west and north-west; before, they had run mostly from the north and east. Small trees were occasionally encountered, and the nature of the soil was quite different from that we had passed over. We were certainly approaching the Andes; and, sure enough, two days afterward, we saw their huge, glistening tops piercing far above the clouds. Several peaks were emitting smoke, and many were crowned with perpetual snow. Lassos and *bolas* were laid aside for bows and arrows, of which a vigorous manufacture commenced, as soon as we struck the forests on the eastern slope of the Andes. Laurels, myrtles, cypresses, and other similar trees, here assume gigantic proportions. Guanacos, cougars, jaguars, and monkeys were sufficiently numerous; while the vicuna, alpaca, and llama became special objects of the chase, as we progressed to the northward. But we were also trenching upon an enemy's country, for the Auracanian Indians and Wash's tribe were at bitter feud, and a conflict would be inevitable, should we meet one of their parties.

Epilepsy's jealousy had grown into

downright hatred, which he took occasion to exhibit so violently, on one occasion, that I was compelled to challenge him, then and there, offering him one of my pistols and keeping the other, to settle the matter. He objected, on the ground of not being familiar with their use. I then proposed to fight without any weapons at all, each to use the arms that nature gave, and the one who got worsted to renounce his suit. The rascal accepted immediately, depending on his immense physical strength to crush me at once. You remember, Con, that I was a favorite pupil of Ottington, and my right hand had not forgotten its cunning. Constant, vigorous exercise, for nearly six months, had trained my muscles, and I was never in better condition. Marie was greatly alarmed, but I partially removed her fears by affirming that I could whip the big brute in less than ten minutes. The contest about to take place was so strange an one to the Indians, the parties to it so notable, and the cause so interesting, that great interest was felt in the result. Every one but myself seemed assured that old Epilepsy would use me up, without the least trouble.

I should think it was about ten o'clock A.M. when we took our places for the fight. Epilepsy had nothing on his person but a strong breech-cloth; but I wore a pair of corduroy knee-breeches which I happened to have, a stout leather belt, and a pair of thick-soled shoes. They had never touched our baggage, and I was fully supplied with good clothing. My hands, face, and neck were well browned; but the rest of my person was glistening white. By Jove, how the Indians looked, when they saw me come forward. They handled me, touched my skin, felt of my muscles, and expressed surprise in many different ways. Epilepsy took his position, about six feet off; raised both arms high above his head, with the intention of crushing

me at once, and then rushed forward. I quickly slipped under, and gave him a smashing right-hander, full in the wind. He doubled up for all the world like a circus-clown making a grotesque bow, uttered a great grunt, and reeled backward. He was sick at the stomach. Again he rushed forward, and, once more, I delivered a straight shot into his provender-box. This compelled him to cross his arms over the damaged place and lean forward, when I planted a heavy upper-cut full on his proboscis, spilling lots of claret. He got groggy, when, rapidly following up my advantage, I planted three or four heavy and rapid blows about his eyes; then, collecting all my strength, landed a stinger under his right ear. He fell like a huge log, the ground quaking at his fall. Every time he rose to his knees, I knocked him down, until, the punishment becoming so severe, he roared with pain. At length, feeling quite secure, I allowed him to rise; but, instead of renewing the fight, he took to his heels, followed by the hooting and derision of the whole band. I had not received a scratch; and, to do the savages justice, they complimented me highly on my victory, expressing much pleasure at the novel entertainment. Two days afterward, old Epilepsy was missing. He had lost caste; and, taking a relative with him, had gone to join another band.

Soon afterward, we encountered a large party of Auracians—nearly twice as numerous as we were; but we sided out for a fight. My shot-gun was loaded with slugs and slung across my back. Pedro, Rodriquez, and myself dismounted, so as to do good shooting. They were both marksmen, and had excellent tools; while the savages were armed with bows and arrows, lances, lassos, and *volas*. Marie remained with my small party; and when the enemy had come within forty yards, we opened a lively fire, which immediately left three



horses without riders. This success of ours greatly encouraged the Patagonians, who made a charge, which was accompanied by another volley from the guns, clearing out a few more. Surprised and panic-stricken at this unexpected reception, the Auracians fled, pursued by the Patagonians, who succeeded in killing five more. The rejoicings over this victory were great; and feeling how much we had contributed, I boldly asked old Wash for his daughter. Thinking that a marriage with her would keep us in the tribe, the chief consented, and Marie became my wife, according to the ceremony of Patagonian marriage.

To say that we were happy, would feebly express our intense joy. We determined upon seizing the first good opportunity for flight, as Wash had made up his mind to keep us at all hazards.

We had now reached within a hundred miles of the nearest Chilian settlement, and Marie planned a separate, small hunting party, composed of herself, Pedro, Rodriguez, three Patagonians, and myself. No one suspected our intentions, as we took little baggage, and were accompanied by some of the band. We started just before daylight, and directed our course to the westward. By noon, we had made forty miles, when we halted, in the midst of a fine forest, free of underbrush, and abounding with rich grass. After resting for a couple of hours, we prepared to resume our ride; but, at a given signal, we covered the Indians with our rifles, disarmed them, took their horses, and bade them

return, to tell old Wash that he would never see us more. The poor devils pleaded hard for their weapons, declaring that they would not attempt to use them on us, and that they had nothing to defend themselves with against wild beasts. Remounting, we moved off about ten paces, and then threw them their lances and *bolas*, after which we rode off at a rapid gait.

Traversing the Cumbre Pass, we reached San Felipe de Aconcagua in four days more. This is a handsome town, of about 13,000 inhabitants, and only forty miles from Santiago. There we rested for a month. Pedro and Rodriguez, my faithful and gallant companions, took leave of us with sincere regrets on both sides. Desirous of giving Marie the benefits of the best society in Chili, we repaired to Santiago, where we dwelt, in the enjoyment of every happiness, for ten months. It was my intention to have brought Marie to New York so soon as she had become accustomed to refined society; but it was not to be. She and her babe lie buried in consecrated ground, on the banks of the Maypocho. Poor, dear, dear Marie!

He ceased speaking, and I sympathized deeply with my friend's grief. Several minutes passed; the storm without had increased in fury, and I asked Jack some questions about his friend Fairfield. He made no reply, and arising from my lounge, I went up to him: he was sound asleep. Covering him with an ample robe, and replenishing the fire, I sought repose.

JOHN C. CREMONY.



## SEASONABLE WORDS ABOUT DICKENS.

JUDGE McGAY, not unknown in early days on the Pacific Coast, and whose sincerity was never doubted, agreed with a friend, equally sincere, after a serious talk on the immortality of the soul, that whoever of them should first die would revisit the other, were it within the bounds of possibility. There was nothing frivolous in the contract. It was in grave earnest. Immediate death impended over neither. Letting motives alone, whether of doubt, faith, or unbelief, which to thinking men would be pardonable, the mutual promise was simply an expression of that vague desire which possesses all minds to discover something of the inscrutable. The bargain, made in good faith, involved merely a promise which both intended to keep. The Judge's friend died. Time, place, and manner of the re-union were kept by the survivor. There were no fears about receiving communications from a friend in the spirit land. On the contrary, the Judge desired and hoped that the brotherhood of earthly life might be renewed. But he was disappointed. There was no response to most earnest longings. Years have gone by without a reply being vouchsafed by the departed, either to assuage the grief or confirm the faith of the friend left behind.

Washington Irving, in his journal, published by Pierre Irving in those invaluable memoirs of his uncle, tells of a similar agreement made between himself and a young English friend, who was dying of consumption in Spain. There was nothing romantic about the matter. It was a plain, matter-of-fact promise, made by one to the other. But it came to nothing. Irving observed all the conditions, rode his friend's horse to

the *rendezvous*, waited through the twilight till darkness, used the accustomed words of greeting, fingered the ring, which, as his friend's last gift, it had been agreed should be a talisman, spoke his name, recited his favorite verses, called the cheer with which his companion's coming used to be greeted, and conjured his return by every demonstration that earnest longing could shape. The result was nothing.

Fletcher, the eminent revivalist of Whitefield's days, agreed, during his lingering illness, to give his devoted wife a sign by the pressure of the hand, should he receive any unusual manifestation of the other world on the confines of mortal life. He died as the candle goes out. It was a gradual decrease to the end. His mind was clear to the last instant. But he made no sign.

Senator Foot, of Vermont, who died in Washington two years ago, was represented in obituary speeches and sermons as having enjoyed, *in articulo mortis*, visions of the New Jerusalem. But among the friends who witnessed his departure, there are those who believe that the sight of the dome, pillars, and architraves of the capitol, that burst upon him a moment before, as the blinds were thrown back from the windows, lingered in his memory and kindled his words as the lamp of life was dying.

These cases come to mind, suggested by, rather than illustrative of, the last words about Charles Dickens, which have been spoken by his friends on both sides of the Atlantic. Had the great author any strong promonitions of what was coming? It is a pardonable curiosity which now, in the minds of many readers, goes through the pages of the un-

finished "Edwin Drood," in search of any sign which might be found in the writer's mind of the impending shadow. The utmost reward of such search takes the form of coincidence. Nothing more. Lord Macaulay's brilliant peroration to his panegyric of William of Nassau, finished as the pen dropped from his hand; Thackeray's fragment of social satire, which, in its unfinished condition, will long remain precious as his last legacy to literature, and Sir Walter Scott's constantly expressed doubts, in his journal, whether his overtasked mind would not break before his body, each give indications, more or less remote, of work performed under a sense of the approaching Inevitable. There was an impression in each case that the end might be near. While the powers of mind were undiminished, the purpose was sincere to keep the pledge given by author to reader, and the spirit strong to do its best. Macaulay, Thackeray, and Scott were evidently conscious that the blade at any moment might pierce the sheath. Whether this were true of Charles Dickens, becomes, from various causes in different minds, a question of universal interest. Did he anticipate the end? Was the wing of the dread Angel casting its darkness over his thoughts? We have his last testament before us. His "warning," a year ago, must have been in his mind every day. The long walks mean something—walks, irregular indeed, but whenever taken, constantly increased in length. Then there were the more than usually careful arrangement of papers, noticeable after his death; the collection and filing of loose household accounts; memoranda on slips of paper, evidently not for his own use; gifts made to friends as keepsakes; verbal instructions to Miss Hogarth to be acted upon in certain cases, as if he were not to be present; suggestions to his eldest son of what was best to be done with *All the Year Round*, in case of need; in-

structions of horticultural and landscape garden changes to be made in the future at Gad's Hill; hints, during leisure morning hours, of the value and disposition of works of art and *virtu* that adorned his house; estimates of the value of copyrights and other property; and plans communicated to his publishers of what, in certain events, should or should not be done: all telling of a parenthesis in calculations for the future, which, to say the least, had never before the last twelve months been noticeable. The thought in which he dressed himself during those last few weeks was not drunk. He knew he was burning his candle at both ends. There was the perpetual brain-work going on without intermission day after day. There was also the fondness for good living, inherited from his father, encouraged by friends and acquaintances, and confirmed by habit. It is folly to deny it. Charles Dickens lived fast. His domestic troubles may have helped this life on. It certainly increased after his wife left him. There were two parties upon the question of blame, and though he was too proud to seek advice, it irked him to feel that he stood condemned by many whose opinions he once valued. A coldness grew up between him and his publishers. Neighboring gentry fell off from intimacy. Society criticised the relations existing between him and his wife's sister. Matrimonial connections formed by two of his older children were disturbed. His literary pre-eminence, always acknowledged, failed to prevent a social distance, every day increasing, between him and the circle in which he had been the leader. Whether he were right or wrong—and he was too self-reliant to discuss the question—he knew that he was being judged by a court that admitted no plea of mental superiority in abatement of its verdict.

It was natural in such circumstances that he should be thrown back upon

himself. His choice of friends was less careful. Conviviality became at Gad's Hill the rule, rather than the exception. Literary work went steadily on, but its incitements came from different sources. The cellars well stocked with choicest wines, the dinner-table made attractive by perfect cookery, the hours of leisure from labor devoted to intercourse with convivial companions, the evenings given up to conversation and anecdote over the friendly glass, told of something from which the host was endeavoring to escape. There was a sore which would not be healed. No one knew it as well as he. The Nemesis pursued him beyond his work-room, and made him reckless. Dickens was never a drunkard. His mind was always his own. But in the excitement of good living he was able to drown the care that haunted him, and he yielded to it. For a full twelve-month before the end came, the *possible* was, beyond doubt, the cloud, never quite overshadowing, but always slowly approaching the steady worker.

There are passages in "Edwin Drood" that reveal as much. Take the night with Durdles, in the twelfth chapter. The writer did not live to see it in print. It occurs where Jasper crosses the church-yard by night, on his way to Durdles, picking his way among grave-stones, monuments, stony-lumber, and marble in preparation for some coming denizen of the Silent City:

"The two journeymen have left their two great saws sticking in their blocks of stone; and two skeleton journeymen out of the Dance of Death might be grinning in the shadow of their sheltering sentry-boxes, about to slash away at cutting out the grave-stones of the next two people destined to die in Cloisterham. Likely enough, the two think little of that now, being alive, and, perhaps, merry. Curious to make a guess at the two—or say at one of the two."

Who can doubt the reference? Who

fails to see the uppermost thought in the mind of the writer veiled under the thin guise of jocularly? The ghostly presence that "would not down" tracked closely in the doomed man's footsteps. It possessed him—and that none the less, that while he fails to greet the visitor, he equally fails to banish him.

Take, again, that allusion to a wish, common to humanity to-day, as it was when astrologers cast nativities and predicted destinies, to read in the stars what is hidden from us:

"Many of us would, if we could; but none of us so much as know our letters in the stars yet, or seem likely to do it in this state of existence; and few languages can be read until their alphabets be mastered."

The same thought of self-obtruding; the same attempt to peer behind the curtain that shuts out the future, and will never lift; the same old philosophy that refuses to quarrel with the Inevitable!

In spite of domestic troubles and premonitions, Charles Dickens, to the end, betrayed in his writings no faintness of spirit. At his last, he was at his best. In his concluding chapters, especially in the "Shadow on the Sun-dial," and in "Dawn again," there is as good writing as ever fell from his pen. The mind was stronger than the body. He died in the harness. There is no reason for excess of sorrow. He had the common frailties of humanity. The Master's aphorism is, however, most pertinent: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." Dickens, and all like him, who have passed the barrier which divides the dead from the living, have an incalculable advantage over their survivors.

There is, however, another point of view, more clear and prominent in his case than in that of any man's of the century. The good that Charles Dickens has done, is doing, and will yet do by his writings, is not to be measured



by eulogy. His quiet satire, provoking mirth at first blush, is deadened in the stinging it leaves by nothing short of sincere reform. "In point of fact," says the Dean of Cloisterham to the Rev. Mr. Crisparkle, "keeping our hearts warm and our heads cool, we clergy need do nothing emphatically." "There is not the least mystery," says Mr. Alderman Cute, "in dealing with this sort of people, if you only understand 'em. 'Go forth, Toby, feeling the dignity of labor, into the morning air.'" The poor old ticket-porter goes forth, gloomy and down-looking, confirmed in his notion that the poor have no business on earth. "When work won't maintain me like a human creater," says Will Fern, whom the Alderman is bound to put down; "when my living is so bad that I am hungry out of doors and in; when I see a whole working life begin that way, go on that way, and end that way, without chance or change; then I say to the gentle-folks: Keep away from me. Let my cottage be. My doors is dark enough without your darkening of 'em more. Don't look for me to come up into the Park when there's a birth-day. Act your games without me. I'm best left alone." The satire tells. The Alderman goes to his dinner. But there are on-lookers who begin to see that the poor, at their worst, have some deformed and hunchbacked goodness.

Generous sympathies were the constant renewal of the fame of Dickens in every story he wrote. His thoughts were merciful charities. His suggestions of good could not be dismissed. He obtained for the poor of England the right of recognition. The solemn lesson of human brotherhood was what he taught. Pompous, purse-proud charity he stamped as cant. That sublimated goodness which detects all sham but its own, and puts down distress as it would put down thieving, he shamed out of its place. He made men know, that day by

day, and hour by hour, there were millions of starving wretches, heart-worn, isolated, and unrelated, who were their fellow travelers to eternity. The questions of starving laborer and struggling artisan—of the duties of the rich and the pretenses of the worldly—of the cruelty of unequal laws, and of the pressure of temptations on the unfriended poor, he urged with an intense purpose, that neither the philanthropy of Howard nor the self-sacrifice of Florence Nightingale exceeded.

Perhaps the chief peculiarity, as it was the crowning excellence, of Dickens' writings, is that they come straight from his heart. His emotional nature, rather than his intellect, received the impressions made by outward objects, and, with pen in hand, in his study, he lived his experiences over again. No man ever forgot his laugh—genial, hearty and out-thrown; and no friend who knew him well has failed to see the struggle to keep the mist back from the eyes when he was listening to or narrating a pathetic story. He did not know what indifference was. "Pray, Mr. Betterton," asked the good Archbishop San-croft, of the celebrated actor, "can you inform me what is the reason you players on the stage, speaking of things imaginary, affect your audience as if they were real; while we in church speak of things real, which our congregations receive only as if they were imaginary?" "Why, really, my lord," answered Betterton, "I don't know; unless it is that we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while you in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary." It is a true answer, and as applicable now as when the Archbishop put the question. Indifference makes sorry work of truth; what serious work may be made of fiction, Charles Dickens, better than any other of the age, helps us to discern.

Eighteen years ago, during the Great



Exhibition in London, having had occasion to be of service to Mr. Dickens, the writer of this article accepted an invitation to dine with him, *en famille*, at his villa on Richmond Hill. The brilliant author was at that time in his fortieth year. Persons who recall his presence during the last two or three years only, can form no idea of his youthful appearance then. His manner was quiet, his conversation serious, his voice low, his face inexpressive, and his eyes dull, until a good anecdote reached his ear, or, better still, when he himself became engaged in narration. Then every thing was changed. His eyes brightened, lights and shadows chased each other in the quick varying expressions of his face, the wonderful music of his voice came out, and his action—sometimes almost pantomimic in expressing the coming thought—became earnest and impressive. In personal narrative he surpassed himself. Nothing he ever wrote was equal to what he spoke. The coach in which he was passenger being overturned; the child found asleep of a rainy night on the doorsteps of a London mansion; the tricks of beggars and their doleful tones; the language of the slums; the smash-up on the railway, and the appearance of the dying and dead victims; these and similar experiences he related in a manner that brought the most minute details into living clearness before the listeners. A half-dozen guests were present. Of course, there was too much of the formality of an English dinner to enable a stranger to come to any intimate acquaintance with the family. Every thing certainly seemed lovely. Mrs. Dickens had a fine person, and was chatty. Miss Hogarth was the handsomer of the two, shorter and smaller, with less *embonpoint*, but more dignity, than her sister. The children, according to custom, came in at dessert. One saw then whence the sweet child-creations of his fancy came. From the baby

to the sturdy boy of nine or ten years, he distributed his attentions to the young ones exclusively, until with the ladies they left the table. It was so everywhere. Dogs were no greater favorites to Sir Walter Scott, nor bees to Rosa Bonheur, nor horses to Landseer, than children were to Dickens. He understood them. They loved him. His talk was not above them. "Do your duty, boys," he said to the juveniles on the Boston convict-ship, "and don't make a fuss about it." No one could have dined, or walked, or spent a day, or traveled on the railway, or casually met during a series of months or years with Dickens, without noticing the absorbing passion he had for children of all ages, boys and girls, babies and "toddling wee things," ragged ne'er-do-wells and petty pickpockets, and not have failed to mark the magnetic power by which he won their love.

Dickens was only six-and-twenty years of age when his genius burst upon the world. It is remarkable that his mature writings never exceeded his earliest. He never did any thing better than "Pickwick." His power of pathos came second. When the *Quarterly Review* pronounced, *ex cathedra*, that his forte lay there, his pathetic touches began and continued to predominate over the humorous. But the latter was his nature. Neither Goldsmith nor Sterne were his superiors. His eye was keen for the ridiculous, while his heart was full of generosity. He seemed to have been bred among the outcasts he delineated with such sprightliness. His humor was sly, caustic, spontaneous, and original; always dressed in good humor and finished by love toward all men. There was never a more genial writer. Amidst all the quips and sports of humor—all the exaggerations of fun—all the licensed riot of wit, one never loses sight of the kindly, loving, honest nature of the marvel worker. So distinctly is this per-

sonality impressed, and so lovable is the personality itself, that readers are changed into friends. In the veins of his strangest characters he infuses a drop of his own generous blood. Who does not think kindly of Betsey Prigg? Whose heart has not pitied Nancy? Who thoroughly despises Mr. Toots? Who could be angry longer than a minute with even the Artful Dodger? Who has not felt a sort of respect for the cold and proud Mrs. Dombey in the *dénoûment* at the Continental Inn? Who has not admired Job Trotter's attachment to his master? In fact, through

web or woof of the strangest creations of his imagination, Dickens throws a thread of goodness. It is nature. Something to love there always is, even in the hopelessly bad. Like Elia's description of the beggar's feast, though wine there was not, *the sensation of wine was there*. It was human nature that Charles Dickens loved. It attracted and held him. Its miseries and socialities, temptations and denials, virtues and infirmities, bound him to his kind. From human life in its eternal truth he drew his pictures, and they are painted for all time.

N. S. DODGE.

## ADVENTURES IN ARIZONA.

SACATON was the point where I first beheld the Gila. The first human being upon whom my eyes had fallen for many a league, was a Pimo Indian; a virtuous young man, I trust, he was, for he wore no clothing to speak of, except a tattered army blouse. Bestriding a beautiful little bay Spanish jennet, he came tearing up the sandy road, with his long queue, only a thought blacker than his face, whipping the air behind him like a whip-lash.

Soon I overtook a numerous family of the tribe, journeying down the river with all their household stuff, in quest of another *rancheria*. Whatever the poor squaws could not lug on their necks, was loaded upon three very scrawny hammer-headed pads, which closely resembled an hypothetical animated saw-horse. This gentleman, being the responsible head of a family, felt the necessity of complying with the proprieties sufficiently to wear a scarlet breech-cloth, tied and dangling in two ends almost to the ground. He also indulged in a scarlet shirt.

He was of medium height, sunken-breasted, as a man who never labors, rather round-shouldered, with very long arms and ape-like hands, and a face once broadly round, but now shaped much like a bow-kite. It bore no trace of ferocity, but much of Oriental cunning. He conversed with me, in the universal language of grunts and signs and the particular idiom of Spanish, a matter of half an hour, and he smiled unintermittingly, so that I could have believed myself again in Mexico. He gave himself particular concern to induce me to direct my erring and helpless steps away from a ten-spot of slutch in a wheel-track, which I could not, by the remotest contingency of probabilities, have trodden in; and, as a reward for this distinguished service asked me, with the most conspicuous and high-toned blandishment, for a piece of tobacco. Thereupon I could have believed myself again in *la bella Napoli*. He had that modesty which Homer says is a bad thing in a mendicant; but it was so conjoined with a certain distinguished suavity, as it were,

a smiling and high-bred condescension, that it prevailed greatly. O, guileless child of the desert! you have my tobacco, and you also have, what I never gave before, my most profound respect and deference. I feel myself inferior to you; and I feel that it was the proudest privilege of my life to be able to impart to you that most unworthy and degraded tobacco.

The squaw and her papposes also had long queues, and wore, first, beads; second, unbleached cotton petticoats. Their household stuff they carried wearily along on their shoulders and bended necks, in wide, flaring baskets woven of roots, hopper-shaped, on four slender rods, two of which projected far forward, like great snail-horns.

I must say a word of the Gila. Like its great congener, the Rio Grande, it is highest in summer, from rains and melting snow. It writhes and wallows in its tortuous channel, and seems intent on nothing but devouring its own banks. These are higher here than those of the Rio Grande, and often, even while the spectator stands on the brink, a column of earth topples over, and strikes a mighty trough into the waters, with a stupendous, sousing thud. Here and there the current, snake-like, darts out a long tongue, a shining bar of silt, having for its head a great mass of uprooted trees, rent up as by Enceladus warring with Pallas, with their long roots sniffing the parched air in a vain and piteous quest for their wonted moisture.

Back from the cottonwoods and aspens along the banks, the river-flats bear some sage-bushes and ragged *mesquites*; not one blade of pleasant grass; and some shriveled, blackened purslane, hardly recognizable as the weed whose dropsical stems are the pest of the Northern farmer's garden, and the terror of his children after school. The alluvium runs up by an ascent so easy, and knits its edge to the sandy plain by a suture

so carefully concealed, that one is not aware one has passed it, except by the change in the flora. The whole valley is drearily flat, ragged, frowsy, and infernal; and the reddish, burnt-looking hills are sickly pigmies compared with the lordly old mountains which glower down in savage grandeur upon the Rio Grande.

Surely, I cried, I am now in the backyard of the Continent. But, after all, I really like the valley of the Gila, for its unmitigated, thorough-going, and infernal hideousness. It seems a pity that these green and lordly pillars of *pitahaya*, and the exquisite little greenwoods, should thus waste themselves on these plains of an extinct hell.

One noon, as I sat at luncheon beneath a *mesquite*, there came an old Pimo, exceedingly wrinkled and withered all over his body, and squatted on his haunches by my side. He sat a long time without looking at me, or even grunting, in the most intense and inscrutable solemnity. But at last he reached out his hand and remarked: "Ugh! ugh!" I gave him a lump, which he munched as solemnly as if he were masticating his last sweet cud before being hanged. I don't wonder much, for it was about the most villainous bread that anybody ever inserted into his chops. After a long silence, he screwed his head round a little, and ventured the corner of one eye on me, and, seeing the last morsel would soon disappear down my throat, he reached out his cadaverous hand and grunted again. "Fish not with this melancholy bait for this fool gudgeon" of a biscuit, O Solomon Pimo! I could give it to you with much better grace, if, like the other gentleman, you would refresh me with the light of your countenance, and grant me that inimitably beaming and patronizing smile.

It would require no very active imagination to believe a Pimo village to be a highly developed republic of prairie-



dogs. The wigwams look like our gauze butter-covers, except that they have a square bottom. The builder simply drives four crotches into the ground, lays on them four poles, wattles over them a frame-work of boughs, thatches it thickly with straw, then throws on a pot of earth.

I crawled on all-fours into one of these wigwams, and found it full of huge vessels, woven of bark and straw, demijohn-shaped and bottle-necked, filled with very plump wheat; together with red earthenware *ollas*, spherical and garnished with black streaks, very large in capacity; mats, pumpkins, wooden bowls, etc. I also found what I thought was an earthen idol, and congratulated myself on having discovered an indubitable evidence, as against Mr. Bartlett, of their Aztec origin. But when I pulled it out into daylight, the Pimos laughed heartily. It was a—a doll-baby!

The squaws were hard at work, winnowing wheat, rubbing parched wheat on a hollow stone, baking leathery pancakes on the coals, etc. Strangely enough, although the flat-breasted braves scorned to do any stroke of work whatever, they condescended to make themselves useful by swinging the papposes in their hammocks, which operation they performed with very exemplary meekness and docility.

With all the Gila's hideousness, it glides beneath more old and cobwebbed legends, than any other river of the Union. This strangely-brilliant and tinted atmosphere is rich in suggested stories of those brave old Spaniards, whose wide, wild wanderings so long ago put to shame our later achievements; and far back and beyond all these, beyond even the mystical seven cities of Cibola, lie those perished empires, flourishing in unrecorded centuries, when—

"All day this desert murmured with their toils,  
Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked, and wooed  
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,  
From instruments of unremembered form,  
Gave the soft winds a voice."

Here are miles upon miles of their irrigating ditches, dug with incredible labor, or, perchance, with some strange and forgotten enginery; the beautiful fragments of their pottery; their pictured rocks; their Casa Blanca, and the ever mysterious Casa Grande, already fallen into ruins when Torquemada played at school, and danced the gay *cachuca*. Here, too, the Fontine fables teach, the Aztecs wandered long ago, guided, as Spanish bigotry believed, by the Arch-enemy, in quest of their Promised Land, until they should behold an eagle tearing a serpent.

The Pimo women are much handsomer than the braves, being plump, and straight as arrows, and not rendered flat-breasted, like their lords, by idleness. Why are women in southern latitudes (in Alabama, no less than in the Gila Valley) shapelier than the men? Is it because the latter, being more indolent than men of sterner climates, but having no less authority than they over the tender sex, impose on them those very toils which alone can give physical beauty, and develop to the *mulier formosa superne*?

And here is the Texan emigrant, drawling, begrimed, and tall; his dangling trowsers of jean ripped by many a *mesquite*; his wagon-sheet bedaubed with many a streak of grease and the dust of half a continent. But he has forgotten none of that grumpy "I—reckon—so" hospitality, which he brought from Western Texas. On a fire which looks as strangely wan, and weary, and dissipated beneath this flaming sun of Arizona, his limp, sallow wife fries, in an inch of grease, steaks which are very tough after walking a thousand miles. It makes one's heart sick with pity to look upon this poor, bedraggled, haggard woman, and the piteous eagerness of her sunken eyes, as she listens while her husband asks:

"Stranger, how fur mout it be to Cali-



forny yet, do you reckon? You Darby! will you git over that 'ar tongue thar, now!" Upon that he shoulders the wretched beast over the tongue, and it staggers from sheer weakness like a reed shaken in the wind:

"It is about two hundred miles."

"Well now, stranger, them thar oxens caän't stan' it much longer. Derved ef I didn't hev to make a pot of lather this mornin', afore I could shave enough grass for 'em."

I could not distinguish the Maricopas from the Pimos, except by the difference in their bread. In the suburbs of a village, tucked away in a great *mesquite* brake, I came upon a merry, laughing circle of squat braves—the squaws eat by themselves—seated on their haunches around a little basket of wheaten cakes, of which they gave me one to taste. They were different from the Pimo *tor-tillas*, being as thick as a biscuit, but were evidently boiled, and were unleavened and clammy, but very sweet. They masticated them without salt, water, or any thing else whatever, except the abundant butter, apple-sauce, and honey of laughter. I confess, I seldom felt so much moved to laughter myself, as when I saw these simple-hearted savages laughing so gayly over such an unutterably dry repast.

Everywhere along the river flats were visible the disastrous doings of the recent unprecedented rain. The roof of *adobes* had become soaked, and squirted down through the layer of brushwood like mush, or crushed every thing sheer down by their enormous weight. Walls were melted half-way down, or had toppled over in masses. Chimneys had dissolved like a candy-horse at Christmas. Just above Maricopa Wells there is a wide flat, which was literally grid-ironed with creeks, running like frightened deer among the low sage-bushes, and the blackened, dwarfish *biznagas*. Creek after creek I waded over without

trouble, to the last one, which showed, by the slow and treacherous swirl of its current, that it was very deep. There was no other way for it but to strip to the buff and wade, and so, heaping all my worldly possessions on top of my head, I ventured across with a slow and majestic tread. In the middle of the creek the surface of the water was just neatly crowned by a moderately-good store-hat and a heap of wearing apparel; and nothing but a choice collection of geological specimens in my traveling-bag kept me from being washed away.

At Maricopa Wells the Gila pitches a square turn to the north, and then runs around three sides of a great quadrangle. The *sierra* follows it all the way around, rimming this quadrangle, and all the space within it is an unwatered and terrible desert. Going up from the river across a vast margin of plain, then turning to look back just before he enters the pass leading through into this desert, the traveler, being now away from the hideousness of the Gila, feels once more the strange and mystic witchery, and beholds the greatness, and the magnificent lawlessness of Arizona. The Gila really has no valley. Spread out before you the infinite tawny desert of Arizona, draw down through it the straggling line of the river greenery, mark a piece of a line parallel here, a longer one there, some ten, some twenty, some thirty miles away from the river, and fling down upon each a fragment of a porphyry *sierra*. That is the Gila Valley. Far out, in magnificent prospect of lilac distance, this tawny desert sweeps back to these fragments of ranges, and pours through, as between chubby fingers, into the outer vastness.

This is grandeur; but in the pass, which is only an isthmus of plain, there is surpassing beauty. All the ground is covered with autumn-gilded grass, as fine as eider-down; there are neat bunches of mint, of a silver-gray; and there

is the *biznaga*, thistle-rigged with spindles of prickles, like long amber teasels, but almost transparent, and glistening, crisp and fresh, when sprinkled with dew, like cores of prickly honey. A wise little mason, called the cactus wren, as if knowing that snakes cannot climb this most exquisite but most diabolical bush, builds its nest in its branches. But how on earth can it alight? A score of times I watched, but in vain, to see one make the attempt. Then there is that most dainty little tree of Arizona, the greenwood, with leaves as big as squirrels' ears, and a trunk as smooth and as green as a water-melon. It often grows close beside the lordly *pitahaya*, their trunks touching; and you may see the giant reaching up fifteen feet above his pretty neighbor, like some green old bachelor vainly struggling, with his two arms uplifted, to escape from the toils of some bewitching maiden. Half a mile away the rich, red walls of porphyry tower above these splendid columns of emerald, steeply heaped up, stone on stone, like some fine old English mansion in the Elizabethan style.

Sunset came on soon after I emerged from the pass, and then all the walls of that great quadrangle were splendidly lighted up with lilac, and amethyst, and orange, like that magnificent coronal of hills which encircles the "City of the Violet Crown."

Though far from any human habitation, I lay down without fear; but that night sleep was gone from my eyes, and slumber from my eyelids. That gorgeous pavilion of one of the best Arizona sunsets; the witching glamour of the fading, infinite plain; the *pitahaya*, like the earth-born giants of Apollonius, keeping solemn watch and ward about me in the soft, desert twilight—all these kept a multitude of inchoate fancies, flowery imaginings—the first flush and breathings of a too florid eloquence—trooping through my brain, and banish-

ing slumber. A bright, particular star came up, and sailed far up through the pass, and still I would be vagabondizing. But, at last, all this, my glorious Oriental heaven of phantasmagorias, revolved on its axis, and brought up the clear, calm firmament of sleep. One soft, slumberous wave after another came drifting over me, and I was slowly drowning, drowning, drowning—lost——

What was that?

It was only some Arizona quails, bickering and quarreling about their shares of the roost. But this silly noise, only half-awakening me, filled me with a confused and sudden terror. There was no moon; it had clouded over, and I was—

"Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round  
With blackness as a solid wall."

In that awful moment, with a faint and sickening sense of despair, I jerked my hand frantically before my face, thinking I was blind, because I saw nothing. The appalling blackness of darkness sat upon me like a ghoul. Ah! for one pleasant voice, for one word to cast into this yawning grave of silence! I whispered, but shuddered at the thought of speaking aloud. By chance I established a sort of communication with a prairie-dog or squirrel. I would strike with my heel on the ground, and he would respond by beating a quick tattoo on the side of his burrow—the dearest sound that ever entered mortal ears. What words can describe the sweetness of the sense of companionship, even of the meanest animal, in that blackness of darkness? But presently he got sleepy, or waxed lazy, and he would answer me never a word.

Then again "those thoughts that wander through eternity" began to go out again, ranging through infinite space; groping, groping, flying, creeping in the black and formless air; and my very self, "the imperishable *ego*," was far away

from that lonely desert. There passed before me men in long, black robes, mysteriously beckoning and nodding——

That terrible yell!

Is it a lion, or a jaguar? There is another! They fight: the raging, the clutching, the gurgling and choking growls, and the screaming, the tearing of bushes—heavens! they are coming this way. I sit up, benumbed with terror; leap up; run blindly into the darkness; stumble over a bush; fall headlong. The yelling beasts surge along quite near. I see nothing in the blackness but the fiery glare of their eyes, circling in mad whirls and lunges. Now one flees, and the other pursues. They are gone. The noise of the swift-snapping and crash of bushes dies away, and all is silent.

For that night there was no more sleep, neither any dreams. All the remainder of it I lay pretty still where I fell; a single movement might crack a sage-bush, and bring back the dreaded beasts. If they were California lions, there was probably little danger, for they are arrant cowards; but the jaguar or panther will grip a man without fear.

It is a weary and a dreary walk across this *jornada* of Gila Bend. Half-way across, perhaps, I flung myself under one of the dainty little greenwoods, on the margin of a dry *arroyo*, glistening too bright for any eye, but the eagle's, with its golden sands, and gazed languidly out on the plain in its thin, pale, September green, over which the *pita-haya*—that sleepless sentinel of the desert—keeps his vigils, blinking drowsily at the far-off mountains of porphyry, till I fell asleep. Then I dreamed again: dreamed of my Northern home, odorous with the breath of honeysuckles and fresh butter; dreamed, too, in my thirst, of angling in the shining brook which babbled to my boyhood; and to my dreaming soul the sweet, old music of its ripples was crisp and cool as heart

of melons, or draught from its bright waves.

Before thirst has yet become raging, but is already sufficient to cause the sleeper to dream of water, the experience is curious. He sees the water with perfect distinctness, he feels the vessel in his hands, he elevates it to his lips, his thirsty soul leaps to bathe in the beautiful crystal, and his whole frame is glad with a cool expectation, and—and—expectation—yes—cool expectation—but, somehow, there comes no satisfaction, no water trickling cool down his throat, and he awakens with a feeling almost of anger. “A plague upon that water! why wouldn't it run down?” he mutters.

As one emerges from the savage and gloomy gorge in the Estrella Mountains, one's eye ranges down the immeasurable stretch of the Gila Valley, until it rounds down beneath the horizon; and in the middle of it, the azure summit of Chimney Peak is visible, a hundred and forty miles away. Distance—mere blue, naked distance—and nothing else. And that is all to be passed over, afoot! Who can endure to sit down before Bancroft, bound all in one mighty volume? But purchase it in many little ones, and hide from your eyes all but one, and you toil on with patience. From that hour I loathed the Gila with an inexpressible loathing, and called it the River of Despair.

They told me I should overtake trains on the desert, well supplied with water; but I found none, and began to be grievously athirst. Beneath the flaming glare of the sun on an Arizona desert, the pedestrian without water weakens with alarming rapidity. Deceived, as many have been before, and thinking it was the faintness of hunger—there is not a little truthfulness in that Western phrase, “starving for water”—with infinite dry mumbling and munching, I ate half a biscuit. My mouth was as dry as a bar-



rel of flour. At last, the sun went down, with all the fiercely resplendent pageantry of an Arizona desert; but, instead of bringing any relief of coolness, for a half-hour the evening was worse than the noonday, for there came up from the heated plains, lately rained upon, a sweltering earth-reek, which, mingling with the warm and sickening stench steaming up from the *cheriondia*, was almost stifling.

Far off, at the bottom of the road, there gleamed now and then through the cottonwoods a silvery wink of the Gila; but it perversely kept at the same distance. Mile after mile, mile after mile—and it came no nearer. The *pitahaya* never grows near water, and as one towering column after another slowly loomed above the horizon, and spread its great arms dimly out against the heavens, bitter was my disappointment.

It was all in vain. Weary, and inexpressibly faint and disgusted, I flung myself at last beneath a greenwood-tree, and thought to sleep away my misery. But one who is poignantly suffering from

thirst cannot sleep, for he cannot inhale a full and satisfactory breath, but feels as if crushed by an intolerable weight, and fetches many a quick sigh, never more than a half-breath, and tosses restless as a Corybant. Probably fifty times, during that miserable night, I toppled just over the sweet, delusive brink of slumber; but the instant I was unconscious, I would dream of water, clutch frantically at it, and straightway awaken. The oddest of these dreams was, that I saw a smith with a golden rod, from which, with a cold-chisel, he was slitting off gold dollars; and every time he sliced off a shining dollar, he dipped the rod into a basin of sparkling water. Like the poor beggar of Bagdad, reaching out his hands for invisible potatoes, I snatched wildly at the basin, and awoke with a handful of grass.

In the morning, the cock of Gila Bend Station crowed almost over my head. Staggering down to the great *olla*, hanging by its neck in its moistened swathing of gunny, I quaffed the arrears of thirty-six hours.

STEPHEN POWERS.

## THE CHRISTMAS GIFT THAT CAME TO RUPERT.

A STORY FOR LITTLE SOLDIERS.

IT was the Christmas season in California—a season of falling rain and springing grasses. There were intervals when, through driving clouds and flying scud, the sun visited the haggard hills with a miracle, and death and resurrection were as one, and out of the very throes of decay a joyous life struggled outward and upward. Even the storms that swept down the dead leaves nurtured the tender buds that took their places. There were no episodes of snowy silence; over the quickening fields

the farmer's plowshare hard followed the furrows left by the latest rains. Perhaps it was for this reason that the Christmas evergreens which decorated the drawing-room took upon themselves a foreign aspect, and offered a weird contrast to the roses, seen dimly through the windows, as the south-west wind beat their soft faces against the panes.

"Now," said the Doctor, drawing his chair closer to the fire, and looking mildly but firmly at the semicircle of flaxen



heads around him, "I want it distinctly understood before I begin my story, that I am not to be interrupted by any ridiculous questions. At the first one I shall stop. At the second, I shall feel it my duty to administer a dose of castor-oil, all around. The boy that moves his legs or arms will be understood to invite amputation. I have brought my instruments with me, and never allow pleasure to interfere with my business. Do you promise?"

"Yes, sir," said six small voices, simultaneously. The volley was, however, followed by half a dozen dropping questions.

"Silence! Bob, put your feet down, and stop rattling that sword. Flora shall sit by my side, like a little lady, and be an example to the rest. Fung Tang shall stay, too, if he likes. Now, turn down the gas a little; there, that will do—just enough to make the fire look brighter, and to show off the Christmas candles. Silence, every body! The boy who cracks an almond, or breathes too loud over his raisins, will be put out of the room."

There was a profound silence. Bob laid his sword tenderly aside, and nursed his leg thoughtfully. Flora, after coquettishly adjusting the pocket of her little apron, put her arm upon the Doctor's shoulder, and permitted herself to be drawn beside him. Fung Tang, the little heathen page, who was permitted, on this rare occasion, to share the Christian revels in the drawing-room, surveyed the group with a smile that was at once sweet and philosophical. The light ticking of a French clock on the mantel, supported by a young shepherdess of bronze complexion and great symmetry of limb, was the only sound that disturbed the Christmas-like peace of the apartment—a peace which held the odors of evergreens, new toys, cedar-boxes, glue, and varnish in a harmonious combination that passed all understanding.

"About four years ago at this time," began the Doctor, "I attended a course of lectures in a certain city. One of the professors, who was a sociable, kindly man—though somewhat practical and hard-headed—invited me to his house on Christmas night. I was very glad to go, as I was anxious to see one of his sons, who, though only twelve years old, was said to be very clever. I dare not tell you how many Latin verses this little fellow could recite, or how many English ones he had composed. In the first place, you'd want me to repeat them; secondly, I'm not a judge of poetry—Latin or English. But there were judges who said they were wonderful for a boy, and every body predicted a splendid future for him. Every body but his father. He shook his head doubtingly, whenever it was mentioned, for, as I have told you, he was a practical, matter-of-fact man.

"There was a pleasant party at the Professor's that night. All the children of the neighborhood were there, and among them the Professor's clever son, Rupert, as they called him—a thin little chap, about as tall as Bobby there, and as fair and delicate as Flora by my side. His health was feeble, his father said; he seldom ran about and played with other boys—preferring to stay at home and brood over his books, and compose what he called his verses.

"Well, we had a Christmas-tree just like this, and we had been laughing and talking, calling off the names of the children who had presents on the tree, and every body was very happy and joyous, when one of the children suddenly uttered a cry of mingled surprise and hilarity, and said: 'Here's something for Rupert—and what do think it is?'

"We all guessed. 'A desk;' 'a copy of Milton;' 'a gold pen;' 'a rhyming dictionary.' 'No? what then?'

"'A drum!'

"'A what?' asked every body.

“‘A drum! with Rupert’s name on it.’

“Sure enough there it was. A good-sized, bright, new, brass-bound drum, with a slip of paper on it, with the inscription: ‘FOR RUPERT.’

“Of course we all laughed, and thought it a good joke. ‘You see you’re to make a noise in the world, Rupert!’ said one. ‘Here’s parchment for the poet,’ said another. ‘Rupert’s last work in sheepskin covers,’ said a third. ‘Give us a classical tune, Rupert,’ said a fourth, and so on. But Rupert seemed too mortified to speak; he changed color, bit his lips, and finally burst into a passionate fit of crying, and left the room. Then those who had joked him felt ashamed, and every body began to ask who had put the drum there. But no one knew, or if they did, the unexpected sympathy awakened for the sensitive boy kept them silent. Even the servants were called up and questioned, but no one could give any idea where it came from. And what was still more singular, every body declared that up to the moment it was produced, no one had seen it hanging on the tree. What do I think? Well, I have my own opinion. But no questions! Enough for you to know that Rupert did not come down stairs again that night, and the party soon after broke up.

“I had almost forgotten those things, for the War of the Rebellion broke out the next spring, and I was appointed surgeon in one of the new regiments, and was on my way to the seat of war. But I had to pass through the city where the Professor lived, and there I met him. My first question was about Rupert. The Professor shook his head sadly: ‘He’s not so well,’ he said; ‘he has been declining since last Christmas, when you saw him. A very strange case,’ he added, giving it a long Latin name, ‘a very singular case. But go and see him yourself,’ he urged; ‘it may distract his mind and do him good.’

“I went accordingly to the Professor’s house, and found Rupert lying on a sofa, propped up with pillows. Around him were scattered his books, and, what seemed in singular contrast, that drum I told you about was hanging on a nail, just above his head. His face was thin and wasted; there was a red spot on either cheek, and his eyes were very bright and widely-opened. He was glad to see me, and when I told him where I was going, he asked a thousand questions about the war. I thought I had thoroughly diverted his mind from its sick and languid fancies, when he suddenly grasped my hand and drew me toward him.

“‘Doctor,’ said he, in a low whisper, ‘you won’t laugh at me if I tell you something?’

“‘No, certainly not,’ I said.

“‘You remember that drum?’ he said, pointing to the glittering toy that hung against the wall. ‘You know, too, how it came to me. A few weeks after Christmas, I was lying half-asleep here, and the drum was hanging on the wall, when suddenly I heard it beaten: at first, low and slowly, then faster and louder, until its rolling filled the house. In the middle of the night, I heard it again. I did not dare to tell any body about it, but I have heard it every night, ever since.’

“He paused and looked anxiously in my face. ‘Sometimes,’ he continued, ‘it is played softly, sometimes loudly, but always quickening to a long-roll, so loud and alarming, that I have looked to see people coming into my room to ask what was the matter. But I think, Doctor—I think,’ he repeated slowly, looking up with painful interest into my face, ‘that no one hears it but myself.’

“‘I thought so, too, but I asked him if he had heard it at any other time.

“‘Once or twice in the day-time,’ he replied, ‘when I have been reading or writing; then very loudly, as though it were angry, and tried in that way

to attract my attention away from my books.'

"I looked into his face, and placed my hand upon his pulse. His eyes were very bright, and his pulse a little flurried and quick. I then tried to explain to him that he was very weak, and that his senses were very acute, as most weak people's are; and how that when he read, or grew interested and excited, or when he was tired at night, the throbbing of a big artery made the beating sound he heard. He listened to me with a sad smile of unbelief, but thanked me, and in a little while I went away. But as I was going down-stairs, I met the Professor. I gave him my opinion of the case—well, no matter what it was.

"'He wants fresh air and exercise,' said the Professor, 'and some practical experience of life, sir.' The Professor was not a bad man, but he was a little worried and impatient, and thought—as clever people are apt to think—that things which he didn't understand were either silly or improper.

"I left the city that very day, and in the excitement of battle-fields and hospitals I forgot all about little Rupert, nor did I hear of him again, until one day, meeting an old classmate in the army, who had known the Professor, he told me that Rupert had become quite insane, and that in one of his paroxysms he had escaped from the house, and as he had never been found, it was feared that he had fallen in the river and was drowned. I was terribly shocked for the moment, as you may imagine; but, dear me, I was living just then among scenes as terrible and shocking, and I had little time to spare to mourn over poor Rupert.

"It was not long after receiving this intelligence that we had a terrible battle, in which a portion of our army was surprised and driven back with great slaughter. I was detached from my brigade to ride over to the battle-field

and assist the surgeons of the beaten division, who had more on their hands than they could attend to. When I reached the barn that served for a temporary hospital, I went at once to work. Ah, Bob," said the Doctor, thoughtfully taking the bright sword from the hands of the half-frightened Bob, and holding it gravely before him, "these pretty play-things are symbols of cruel, ugly realities.

"I turned to a tall, stout Vermonter," he continued, very slowly, tracing a pattern on the rug with the point of the scabbard, "who was badly wounded in both thighs, but he held up his hands and begged me to help others first who needed it more than he. I did not at first heed his request, for this kind of unselfishness was very common in the army; but he went on: 'For God's sake, Doctor, leave me here; there is a drummer-boy of our regiment—a mere child—dying, if he isn't dead now. Go, and see him first. He lies over there. He saved more than one life. He was at his post in the panic this morning, and saved the honor of the regiment.' I was so much more impressed by the man's manner than by the substance of his speech, which was, however, corroborated by the other poor fellows stretched around me, that I passed over to where the drummer lay, with his drum beside him. I gave one glance at his face—and—yes, Bob—yes, my children—it *was* Rupert.

"Well! well! it needed not the chalked cross which my brother-surgeons had left upon the rough board whereon he lay to show how urgent was the relief he sought; it needed not the prophetic words of the Vermonter, nor the damp that mingled with the brown curls that clung to his pale forehead, to show how hopeless it was now. I called him by name. He opened his eyes—larger, I thought, in the new vision that was beginning to dawn upon him—and rec-

ognized me. He whispered: 'I'm glad you are come, but I don't think you can do me any good.'

"I could not tell him a lie. I could not say any thing. I only pressed his hand in mine, as he went on.

"'But you will see father, and ask him to forgive me. Nobody is to blame but myself. It was a long time before I understood why the drum came to me that Christmas night, and why it kept calling to me every night, and what it said. I know it now. The work is done, and I am content. Tell father, it is better as it is. I should have lived only to worry and perplex him, and something in me tells me this is right.'

"He lay still for a moment, and then grasping my hand, said:

"'Hark!'

"I listened, but heard nothing but the suppressed moans of the wounded men

around me. 'The drum,' he said faintly; 'don't you hear it?—the drum is calling me.'

"He reached out his arm to where it lay, as though he would embrace it:

"'Listen'—he went on—'it's the reveille. There are the ranks drawn up in review. Don't you see the sunlight flash down the long line of bayonets? Their faces are shining—they present arms—there comes the General—but his face I cannot look at, for the glory round his head. He sees me; he smiles, it is'—and with a name upon his lips that he had learned long ago, he stretched himself wearily upon the planks, and lay quite still."

"That's all. No questions now—never mind what became of the drum. Who's that sniveling? Bless my soul—where's my pill-box?"

F. BRET HARTE.

## GRIZZLY PAPERS.

### NO. I.

**D**ESPITE his faults—which heaven forbid I should excuse—the Grizzly Bear is as gentlemanly a brute as you shall find in a morning's ramble. He has that loose-jointed largeness of bulk, that shambling carelessness of stride, that comic honesty of expression, which are so intimately associated with our recollection of the late Mr. Lincoln, and to which that gentleman was probably as much indebted for his *sobriquet* of Honest Abe, as to any merely moral qualities he may have possessed. To be seen at his best, the Grizzly must be seen at home—an instructive example, Sir, that may be advantageously studied by some other great brutes, and one, Madame, by which even a lady may profit. In his native wild, the Grizzly

is much given to the arts of peace, and seldom takes the war-path against his fellow-man, unless rudely disturbed in some philosophical meditation; in which case, it must be confessed, he usually devours the intruder while getting his scattered faculties well in hand. But the major part of his time is passed in peaceful pursuits, among which the pursuit of the California Indian holds an honorable place. To nose about for the edible nut and drag it from beneath the dead leaf, to spoil the acquisitive bee, to nip the nimble Digger as he flies—these are the humble triumphs of his unambitious life.

"Heraclitus of Ephesus to the King Darius, son of Hystaspes—health! All men depart from the paths of truth and



justice. They have no attachment of any kind but avarice; they only aspire to a vain-glory with the obstinacy of folly. As for me, I know not malice; I am the enemy of no one. I utterly despise the vanity of courts, and will never place my foot on Persian ground. Content with little, I live as I please."

PROBABLY Empedocles had the most truly poetic conception of God, or the One, of all antiquity:

"A Sphere in the bosom of Harmony fixed, in calm rest gladly rejoicing."

And yet, Empedocles is regarded as a philosopher; and Novalis has said that the distinction between philosopher and poet is only apparent, and to the disadvantage of both. Empedocles selected for the purpose of suicide a volcano-crater so tepid in temperature that it did not melt the brazen sandal which, having forgotten his boot-jack, he could not remove from his foot. If he has any other claim to the title of philosopher, I am now ready to adjudicate it.

As for Novalis, he mistakes. The philosopher may be likened to one who, having studied out the laws of perspective, looks upon a landscape, and seeing things as they appear knows them as they are. The poet knows nothing, and I resent this attempt to introduce him among us. I shall blackball him as often as his name shall be proposed.

A PIG carrying a wisp of straw in his mouth portends rain. Minor showers occur without the intervention of the pig. Nicely roasted, he is very good.

THROUGHOUT Germany, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the mountebank was held in cool contempt. If kicked or beaten, the only redress accorded him by law was permission to cuff his assailant's shadow projected on a wall. I have this from Mr. Lea, and know nothing as to its truth; but

when I see the Rev. Mr. Thwackbible stoutly assaulting the shadow of some scientific truth that obscures his dogma, it is natural to think of the mountebank.

FROM a local newspaper I glean a remark which commends itself to my attention only because of the fidelity with which it expresses the popular estimate of San Francisco. Speaking of our Big Trees, our contemporary complacently remarks:

"Tourists from the East, as a general thing, deem it a first duty to visit the grove containing these monster trees, after remaining a few days in our almost equally wonderful city."

Among our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, that testimony was regarded as most belief-worthy which had been sworn upon the greatest number of altars. This kind of testimony in favor of San Francisco has been sworn upon every altar in California; I simply lack the intellectual penetration to comprehend how a straggling town of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants is wonderful.

QUOTH Tom to Ben: "My father said  
That he was born at sea,  
But that he was a native of  
The county of Maumee.

"Now solve this riddle, Benjamin,  
Or humble down your pride."  
"With ease," replied the ready wit;  
"'Tis plain your father lied."

I leave the reader to make the application of these touching lines; my own interest in the matter has died out in the labor of inventing them.

THE common house-fly of the California variety—distinguished above all others by being always in season—will trot up a window-pane, flutter down to the bottom and trot up again, for exactly three hours and twenty minutes. I have verified this, in one instance, by actual observation, watch in hand. It is dis-

graceful that that fly should not employ his time to better advantage.

Nearly all tribes of Indians eat flies.

It is easy enough to ascribe war to the ambition of the few, and the credulity of the many, as it is easy enough to ascribe the skill of a mechanic to his deft handling of a jack-plane, or account for the death of a patient by the rigidity of the corpse; but all these explanations are ingeniously deficient in essential sense, in that they mistake for a cause the manner of its manifestation. The bald fact is that the average man takes a diabolical delight—or, what is very nearly allied to it, a human satisfaction—in fighting his neighbor to the death. This commendable feeling is at high-tide just previous to the interchange of blows, ebbs a trifle during the progress of the same, and is entirely run out when he has got a grievous hurt. The bare mud-flats of his soul are then an excellent soil in which to plant the gospel seeds of peace—in time for the returning tide.

TO THE amiable maniac who believes in a tolerably rapid rate of human progress toward a tolerably stupid state of human perfection through cumulative accretions of brotherly love, the events of the past few years must seem singularly perverse, if not wildly wayward. For a number of centuries, this worthy party has been steadily assuring us that the lion and the lamb were just upon the point of lying down together, without the latter observing the customary formality of getting himself inside the former, and that in this position they would be led—dragged, I should express it—by a callow juvenile. Improbable as this condition of things may appear to one who sees things merely as they are, and lacks the higher faculty of seeing them as they should be, it is more easily conceivable than that the lion should perfect this amicable arrange-

ment with a consenting tiger, instead of a probably intimidated lamb; and something like this would be required to accurately figure the reign of universal peace. Anyhow, the respectable dispenser of this trite allegory has grown very gray in the business of renewing his youth and his prediction, and the world is still very much given to fighting. Indeed, the last brace of decades have been marked by an unwonted activity of slaughter, as if on purpose to give the lie to the Bible-commentators, who had fixed the birth of the Millennium hereabout. (This would have begun in 1866 but for an error in the calculation, discovered in 1867.) The truth is, that wars are becoming yearly more fashionable, and each lustrum sees one begun upon some pretext that two competing meat-hounds would deem disgracefully insufficient. Man is doubtless “progressing,” but the rascal trundles his new *mitrailleuse* alongside.

THIS same demented prophet of peace is wont to afflict his own, and entertain the general, soul with lively pictures of the horrors of war, skillfully invented and wrought into very good reading. According to his view—which bears about the same relation to the truth that the gibber of an unhappy baboon does to the discriminating grief of a stricken philosopher—humanity is divided into two classes: those who burn the mid-night-oil in planning for their fellow-men a mighty misery, and those who go up with meek reluctance, like sheep shambeward, to get their share of it. These two classes, moreover, comprise all men in about the proportion of one in the former to multifold millions in the latter. And here, again, is manifested the gratuitous malice of the giant Fact, in upsetting an innocent theory built entirely outside his domain, and without the slightest reference to his existence. There is really only one thing capable

of igniting in the bosom of the average man a perfectly satisfactory enthusiasm, and that is war. He is loud enough, and tedious enough, in the praise of peace, while in the actual endurance of that condition, but he ever nurses in his gentle nature what Mr. Mill would probably call the "permanent possibility" of a riot; and no sooner does the burner of the midnight-oil announce the completed arrangements for a new mighty misery, than the average man goes for it with a vicious vigor that verges closely upon the frantic.

BIRDS are said to sing most sweetly in the early morning. I don't know how this is; they might as well not sing, if one has to jeopard his health to hear them. Birds are overrated, anyhow—though some of the smaller sorts are quite edible.

IT is doubtful, after all, if there is a better table-bird than the old-fashioned barn-yard fowl of gentle sex and tender years. But, in families, she is usually ruined in the kitchen before she gets her revenge in the dining-room. She is wrought into something that is termed, I think, a pot-pie (from *potpourri*)—that is, she is boiled down with lumps of sodden dough, the purpose of which is not apparent until you have retired for the night, and opened a very distasteful interview with your dead mother-in-law. If life had no better things than pot-pie, it might be advantageously dispensed with.

It speedily would be.

"THE representative Californian is an ass. He is so absurdly thin-skinned that one must not poke at him with any thing harsher than a feather duster, or he will go get him into a conuption directly. You must temper your talk to him, as you do to a girl-baby, the convulsive working of whose under-lip indicates

that she is crammed with cry and pregnant with vast possibilities of shriek. Not only must you praise his climate, his soil, his crops, and his dog, but you must elaborately and minutely disparage the dog, crops, soil, and climate of every one else. If you do not, he will choke you in his congenial fog, pelt you with a fruitful clod, brain you with a mammoth sugar-beet, and bite your body with his pup."

For such a man as the late Colonel Baker to write so atrocious a slander as this, was an act of such base ingratitude that the fact of his never having written it can hardly be accepted as a sufficient justification.

I WOULD not give a nutmeg to know the "private life" of any half-dozen of the world's great men. Their conduct differs from ours only when some grave occasion demands that it should—or that it should not.

PHILOSOPHY can not concern itself with nice distinctions; an invitation to dine with the Governor is as readily accepted as one to breakfast with the President.

URSUS begs leave to respectfully but vehemently disclaim any connection with M. Victor Hugo and that worthy gentleman's Laughing Jackass.

IT was in the year of grace 1850, and in the county of Calaveras. Half-way up a hill, so steep that the vertical precipices of a New England landscape would but provoke laughter in comparison, stood a rigid miner, with the implements of his heaven-taught profession lying loosely about him. The sun—which in our western clime blushes with the quivering prismatic intensity of a dying dolphin—was poised upon the ocean's marge in an attitude of grace quite inconceivable east of the Rocky Mountains, which are



themselves inferior to our own Sierra Nevada. As the perfumed light struck against the face of the honest miner, and, overcome by superior sweetness, glanced off, it glorified his head with an aureola peculiar to the Pacific Coast, and not readily comprehended by the Atlantic mind. It seemed as if Nature—prescient of his future fame when all the witnesses of his various vices should be hanged—had crowned him in advance. Was he thinking, this Pioneer—as he gazed across the wonderful country he had opened up with his pick—was he thinking with prophetic soul of the time when California should have strawberries all the year round? I do not know what he was thinking of.

At this very moment the ripples of the Bay were lapping sleepily against the merely hypothetical curbstones of Montgomery Street. Half a square inland, where now stand stately buildings which put to shame the architectural puerilities of New York and Paris, lay the bare sand-hill that might then have been purchased for a song; and a little farther along, a half-clad Pioneeress was improvidently singing the very song for which it might have been purchased—singing it, too, with a tenderness of cadence and a ravishing sweetness of expression utterly unattainable in the artificial social atmosphere of the East. Did the glorified miner hear it—upon his hill in Calaveras? It is to be hoped he did not; it would have made him blush.

Twenty years, ah! twenty years; what changes have they wrought! The hill-side whereon the honest miner stood is yellow with squashes which turn the scale at five hundred pounds. The ripples have been banished from Montgomery Street and crowded seaward. They bear upon their bosoms the commerce of half a world. San Francisco, the pride and glory of a continent, sits

queently at her Golden Gate, the envy of the universe. And what of the principal actors in our moving tale—the sun-crowned Pioneer, and his soul-mate singing by the sea? She was hanged for horse-theft in '56, and he ate himself to death in honor of a Chicago grocer. Their virtues and their children survive—both maintained at the expense of the public.

“AN aged, but otherwise respectable, lady named Hubbard, who resides in Posey County, Indiana, recently went to her larder, intending to take therefrom a bone for her dog. Upon investigation, it appeared that there was no bone there, and consequently the faithful animal was compelled to forego the anticipated pleasure.”

“The following comes to us from out West, and is vouched for by a Justice of the Peace: Last month a little four-year-old of my acquaintance was reading an account of our Saviour walking upon the sea of Galilee, and Peter's unsuccessful emulation. Suddenly she looked up from the book, and asked in a plaintive voice: ‘Mother, may I go out to swim?’ Coming from one of such tender years the question was a puzzling one, and has not yet been satisfactorily answered. [We think that in this case the lady might have replied in the words of our own sainted mother, when, in the simplicity of our infant soul, we propounded a similar conundrum: ‘Yes, my darling daughter; hang your clothes on a hickory limb, but don't go near the water.’ But we forget; the lady alluded to by our correspondent had not the advantage of being reared in the Harper family.—ED. DRAWER.]”

I find the foregoing anecdotes in the “Editor's Drawer” of *Harper's Magazine* for October, 1801. I shall find them in the “Editor's Drawer” of *Harper's Magazine* for October, 1899.

URSUS.



## AN UNWILLING CÆLEBS.

THERE are some men with whom nothing goes well. If they are authors, and have, with infinite trouble and thought, composed a tragedy, or written a history, with all the unities preserved and every contemporaneous authority quoted, as sure as fate, just as the last fond, finishing touches are being given, a work on the same subject, or a drama with the like title, is sure to be announced as forthcoming, by a well-known author. Do they fall in love, and the day is fixed for an interview, it may be counted as certain that the train breaks down, or something happens, to prevent the meeting. Have they been struggling with poverty, longing for the death of a rich relative—who appears to be endowed with immortality—they die shortly after they come into possession of the property.

The one idea of the subject of this narrative was marriage. It was his idiosyncrasy, a passion almost amounting to insanity with him. He lived and died a prey to this unhappy infirmity. And yet his childhood did not foreshadow such. On the contrary, André de Chavanne, as the youngest son of a good family, was destined for the Church. Until he was twenty years old, he was an apt scholar and seemed to adapt himself to his cloister life. He was docile, orderly, retiring, and pious, without pride and without ambition. Having arrived at that age, however, by a series of events unnecessary to detail, he became an orphan and the sole heir of the Chavannes, possessing a splendid property in the south of France. It was then that the first symptoms of the fever that laid hold of him in after life, began to declare themselves.

Celibacy presented itself before his eyes in its most attractive guise, shook its cap and bells in his face, and promised the untrammelled jollity of bachelor life. The vast, unknown delight of living on from day to day was spread before his mind's eye. The power of unrestrained travel over the wide world tempted his imagination. Love half unveiled her charms, and a life of voluptuous ease and liberty was partially disclosed. But the young man turned away his head. Again Celibacy returned to the attack. Fully appreciating the tranquil, country-loving character of André, it tempted him with the contemplation of long, solitary excursions, of moonlight reveries, and spread before his mind all the seductions of poetry, and the somewhat old-fashioned attractions of the melancholy dreamers. But all to no purpose. M. de Chavanne was inflexible, and resolved to pass his days with that round-faced, contented being who, staying at home by his own fire-side, learns only of the outside world through the medium of the newspapers, and, with occasional fits of the gout to break upon the even tenor of his way, is called—Marriage. With a malicious grin and shrug of pity, Celibacy made a low bow and went his way. But all that time Marriage came not, nor did he appear to be in any hurry to come.

In addition to all this, it must be admitted that the Squire was not over-attractive. He was an excellent young man, and of a most gentle and harmless nature; said his prayers morning and evening, and his purse-strings were ever open to the poor. He was the kindest of landlords, and his tastes were simple, spite of the hundred thousand francs a

year that he derived from good, solid lands. Without the least spark of ambition, he lived the life of a country gentleman, surrounded by his retainers. He loved books also, and before his daily trot over his domains, always devoted the early hours to study. Political excitement had no charm for him, and, provided that he received his weekly blessing from the old Curé of the parish, he was perfectly contented with his lot. Living quietly, without luxury, yet without parsimony, he knew how to enjoy happiness, as it came distilled to him; he found it in the fresh morning air, in his life of ease, in the society of his friends, in the social feast, and in his gold snuff-box—wherein, truth to say, he sought happiness rather too often. He was not one of those who say, All or none; he cared little for the great prize, and found its equal in small change. In short, if he were not destined to have a name famous in history, it could not be denied that he made every body happy about him.

Yet every medal has its reverse. In this world medals are not struck on one side only. André was very good, but he was very shy; he had pure, simple tastes, but he was awfully plain. At twenty-five, he looked forty; and his wig, for him a necessity, not an ornament, together with his long, gold-headed cane, did not help him to look younger. He hated war, or any thing that in the least resembled it. He loved peace—so far, it was a virtue; but it was because he was not at all brave. The sound of a trumpet startled him; when his tenants fired an old cannon on his birthday, he put his hands to his ears and shut his eyes. He was made to be an Abbé, and not a Life-Guardsman—so we must pardon him.

Passing as he did from youth almost to manhood at a single bound, the young Squire preserved in his soul all the greenness of boyhood, and a charming simplicity. The exterior was homely,

but the heart was gold. The physique was that of an old man, but it was candid as that of a child. The least bit less ugly, the least bit less shy, the least bit less timid, and he would have been the perfection of a cavalier. For the matter of that, if he were not *sans peur*, he was certainly *sans reproche*.

And, indeed, he would have been perfectly happy, had it not been for this fatal idea of marriage. It tormented him incessantly, never allowed him any rest, and this rite withheld, happiness could not exist for him. Not that he would marry the first person he met. His wife must be young, well-born, pretty, and virtuous, one of like tastes with himself, and after his own heart; but a wife he must have. He didn't care a rush for fortune: the whole village, almost, was dependent upon him, and surely where there was enough for a hundred, there was enough for two.

Besides, he had experienced a first love; he had read that early page of youth which is graven in letters of gold on the heart wherever it has been awakened. Who has not experienced more or less the delights of first love? and André had loved Alice Pourtray, who had kissed him when a boy as he went to school—a kiss that he never forgot, although it was the only one, and the boy feasted his memory by stolen glances. So Alice married some one else, and André's heart bled silently. The now Marchioness' Alice de Hauteville remained his country neighbor and constant friend. Better than any one else, perhaps the only one, the Marchioness could appreciate André's excellent qualities, and yet nothing could be more opposite than their two characters. She was one of those portraits that have been handed down from the inexhaustible gallery of the eighteenth century. Lively, sparkling, light, and yet prudent, with blonde hair and blue eyes, lovely as an angel and witty as a demon. A fine

lady at court, she was a shepherdess in the country. Loving pleasure with all her heart, her heart was yet pure and good. The Squire's thirtieth year was approaching. A man should be married at thirty, in the same way that he should be a soldier at twenty. After that age he is but a poor husband and an indifferent soldier.

"You really must get married," said the Marchioness one day.

"Yes, indeed," replied he, blushing; "but will you find me a wife?"

"Of course, I will; that I'll promise you."

So, a few days after that, Madame de Hauteville invited André to dinner. He was to be placed at table next to Mlle. Vaudreuil, for whom the Marchioness destined him, and gave him previous instructions to be attentive, amiable, polite, gallant, and she promised to arrange all the rest. There was a large party, and our hero found himself seated between two pretty girls, who at first dazzled and embarrassed him; but encouraged by a look from the fair hostess, he nobly set himself to the task of conquest.

It was no light matter for poor André; but gradually put at his ease by his fair neighbor, who replied to his general observations with graceful self-possession and good taste, not to mention a few glasses of champagne, he became bolder. He talked with greater fluency, was emphatic in his conversation, even began to pay compliments and make rudimentary love. His future wife was decidedly charming, without affectation, and utterly devoid of *gaucherie*. She was the realization of his dreams; he saw marriage before him, and was supremely happy. The encouraging glances of his Mentor were no longer necessary; he no longer felt like an awkward boy; he was now soaring on his own pinions. As for his left hand neighbor, he hardly addressed a single word to her. It was, perhaps, rude; but André was modest:

he mistrusted his strength, and concentrated it upon a single object.

Dinner being over, the guests went to enjoy the long summer evening by a stroll in the park. André would fain crown his efforts with victory. The occasion was propitious; the declaration trembling on his lips was honest and sincere; all that he had to do was to follow the straight path without any finely-turned phrases or roundabout speeches. So, no sooner did he perceive that he was away from prying eyes, than he made his fair companion an offer of his hand, with a sufficiently firm voice and gallant bearing, but with a beating heart. A ringing, hearty burst of laughter was the only reply which the poor Squire received, and Madame de Hauteville coming up at that instant—

"Only fancy, Marchioness, M. de Chavanne has just asked my hand in marriage," exclaimed the young lady, at the same time trying by all means to stifle her laughter.

His friend looked compassionately at André when she heard this. The unlucky swain had poured out his soul to the sister of Mlle. Vaudreuil, who had been married six months. He had turned to the right instead of the left, and utterly bewildered, rushed away, swearing to renounce marriage forever.

Renounce marriage! Can you dream of that, poor Squire? Marriage is your dream, your El Dorado, your golden fleece. It is the fever which saps and destroys you. Man is born for marriage; it is more than a right, it is a duty. A man can face a battery without flinching, or mount an unbroken horse; but bid an eternal adieu to marriage is impossible: man can not renounce that.

Consequently his resolution was not of long duration. Over and over again, some young girl that crossed his path tempted him to break the bonds of timidity that held him. He left the country, and went to Paris, being then



forty years old. There he renewed his acquaintance with the Marchioness, and she, thinking that it was never too late, made one final effort, and introduced him to a distinguished family possessed of a charming daughter a little more than twenty years old. His old ally played the part of good genius, and took care that there should be no mistake this time. She determined to manage every thing herself, being convinced, and not without reason, that his interests would not suffer thereby. She spoke to the parents, enumerated the many sterling qualities of the suitor, his fortune, his name, the sweetness of his disposition, and thereupon André was accepted. It then became necessary to produce the Squire. The impression he made was far from favorable; but the parents would not reject him upon slight grounds, and upon reflection M. Chavanne pleased them.

Not so, however, with the young girl. The first day the Squire looked frightful; the next day he was hideous. In addition to which, she had cast her soft eyes on her cousin—an officer in the Royal Guard—a handsome, brave, loving, and extravagant young man. So she made a face at the Squire, and burst into tears whenever her mother mentioned his name. Poor André was much mortified. Nothing should induce him to force a girl to marry him against her will, but he would not give up yet; by dint of gentleness and perseverance he might touch that cruel heart which rejected him almost unheard. He had not studied his character in vain for the last twenty years, and was convinced of his ability to make his wife happy.

One morning the young officer entered his room. "Monsieur," said he, "you pretend to demand my cousin's hand in marriage. When I inform you that I love her, and that our love is mutual, I am sure that you are too much of a gentleman to persist in your suit."

At these words André felt the blood of his ancestors boil through his veins. This man, thought he, gives orders as though he would accept no denial. So he lifted his head proudly, and replied with a brief negative. He even used large words, and talked of defending his suit with his sword.

"That's exactly what I meant," said his rival. "We must fight."

It now became serious. There was no escaping the dilemma: either he must renounce Mlle. Laura, or fight at once. It was a very hard alternative. He became first calm, and then thoughtful. The young lady did not love him, that was certain. However common ill-assorted marriages were, he would not be a party to one, especially as the attempt involved personal danger to himself. So André beat a retreat as skillfully as possible, and with as little sacrifice of self-esteem as he could. He wrote to the father of Mlle. Laura, excusing his departure on the ground of the slight sympathy the young lady felt for him; bid a sad farewell to the Marchioness, and once more buried himself in his *château*.

He could not help it. He was not brave. His disused sword was like that of the Mayor's in his country town—the handle was of mother-of-pearl, and the blade was of wood. Every one according to his gifts. The Squire was not warlike; and the courage of a lion cannot be adopted by the lamb.

So he fell into a sadness, and even his smooth temper was soured; wrinkles began to furrow his cheeks, and he grew as long and thin as his walking-stick. His wig was the only thing that did not change. Spite of the yearly summer visits to his old friend, who remained ever fresh and young, he wasted away visibly. Even by her side, there were no longer those faint flashes of wit, and the vivacity of past days. Fifty years were rapidly approaching; the weight of



half a century had to be borne by its successor, and the second half weighed more heavily than the former. For he was still unmarried. At thought of that, the blush of shame mounted to his temples. He would no longer be the fool he had been, and his matrimony-mania was stronger than ever.

At this epoch, however, other cares arose to divert him, for a time, from his malady. The eighteenth century was drawing to a close. The revolution had laid its axe at the root of all old maxims and thrones. Its bloody hand crushed glory, virtue, and genius: it guillotined Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and deified Robespierre; even André was menaced, in his peaceful retreat. With some difficulty and danger, he escaped to a small town in Germany, where other Frenchmen were already assembled.

It was a strange sight, to see the old nobility of France, gathered in this small town, and obliged to work painfully for their daily bread. Some of them painted little water-color sketches; some became ivory-turners; while again others, and these the best paid, were famed for mixing a salad. They lived as well as they could, but never begged. In the evening they met together, and assumed all the manners of the court; although perhaps some of them had dined upon dry bread.

The Squire had brought a little money with him, which gradually melted away, so that he had to earn his bread like the rest. He could neither paint nor draw; his fingers were too stiff for delicate machinery, and none of the honest burghers wanted to learn French. Still, whatever he had to do, he must exist.

He lived at the top of a house, the ground-floor of which was occupied by a French milliner. She was forty years old, gentle, lady-like, neither pretty nor ugly, with a grave, melancholy air that suited her well. Her manners were perfect, and the well-bred exile was easily

distinguishable under the garb of the milliner. She had prospered in her business, and her shop was much frequented. Emigrant acquaintance is speedily made; etiquette and presentation are not so strictly enforced; so that intimacy soon sprang up between the milliner and the Squire. Mlle. Clara proposed to him to help her in making up her straw-bonnets; but he shook his head sadly, and showing his great, clumsy hands, said that he feared he could do nothing with such tools. However, she urged him, and he tried, began the same thing twenty times, and urged by her kind words of encouragement, joined to his empty stomach, finally succeeded better than he could have hoped.

Thus did the good André not only find work, but a companion. His day's work over, he would stroll out into the fields. Away from the naked fact of his present existence, his mind grew calm, his thoughts ever reverted to his dear France, to his native village, to the Marchioness, whose trace he had lost. He sighed for his tranquil home life, his morning walk with his favorite authors; but never mourned over the loss of his fortune, except as it conduced to that past life. During the whole of that winter he remained assiduously at work for Mlle. Clara, and frequently came down in the evening to read the news, or any stray publication that might have found its way from their native country. He had told the milliner his history: a simple, short, unbroken tale. Only one thing he concealed, and that was the passion that still lay latent in his inmost heart. Mlle. Clara did not respond to his confidence, and drew a mysterious veil over her past history.

And so five years wore away. André made straw bonnets, and Mlle. Clara trimmed and sold them. He became quite an adept, and the business flourished. In proportion as life became smooth, and the daily bread abundant,

so did the old complaint break out and become once more the prevailing idea. Again he saw no happiness save in marriage, and, most naturally, his thoughts reverted to his partner. He thought about his position; he fancied himself banished forever from his country. He would pass his days with Clara, whom he really loved, and would not be condemned to die in solitude, or that horrid celibacy that seemed to be his evil genius. If he ever returned to France, it would be as a conqueror, as a married man. As for a refusal, he hardly anticipated that. Mlle. Clara knew him; he was convinced that he was not repugnant to her, and the little milliner did not aspire to fortune. Many a time, with down-cast eyes and face as red as a peony, and stammering tongue, had André endeavored to propound the fearful question; but Mlle. Clara never appeared to understand him.

At length he could contain his passion no longer, and, like all bashful lovers, wrote a letter. It was a missive touching in its simplicity, candor, and earnest worth. With a frank terseness, not common in this species of epistle, he described himself precisely as he was, mentioned his age and the date of his birth, detailed his faults, and even brought his wig into the catalogue of his vices. He touched lightly on his merits, and wound up with a formal demand of the lady's hand. Having thus done, he slipped the letter on her counter, and stole away like an amorous school-boy. However, he could not keep away forever, and at the thought of meeting Mlle. Clara his courage failed him. She, herself, spared him the dreaded moment by coming direct to him.

"Monsieur de Chavanne," said she, "I have enjoyed your friendship, which, I beg, you will ever keep for me. I am proud, also, of the offer that you have made me; but I can not accept it."

André cast a stricken, supplicating

glance at the speaker. "It can not be otherwise," continued she. "I am not free. I will confide to you a secret, hitherto concealed from all. I am not only like yourself, an exile, but I am a Nun."

At these words André felt that the earth was opening around him. The last plank was drawn from under his feet. He was doomed to die a bachelor. The motive for Mlle. Clara's refusal admitted of no answer, and the Squire must resign himself to it. He remained, no less the respectful and devoted friend of the milliner, and continued his former life with her.

It was not until 1803 that France was once more open to them. They traveled together as far as the frontier, and then, with much emotion, and not without the shedding of a few tears, they separated. She went to her restored convent, and he to his village. They never met again.

The Squire's domain had not been sold, having remained national property, and full possession of it was restored him. Those of his tenants that remained received him with enthusiasm, the old gun blazed away as heretofore, and, as formerly, he stopped his ears. Very little change had taken place in the old *château*, and he entered as one returning from a long journey.

He once more met the Marchioness. She had been able to regain but a small portion of her estate, and was now a widow, her husband having been killed under Condé. Her gaiety, wit, amiability, and high spirits had not left her. She had laughed her way through poverty and exile, and, on her return, accepted without a grumble the reduced fortune that had been spared her. She neither indulged in superannuated pretensions, nor vain regrets; never sought to conceal the wrinkles that crossed her forehead, nor plucked out, with a sigh, any one of her gray hairs. She had too much good sense, joined to too much dignity, to endeavor by any fictitious

means to repair the ravages of time. In proportion as her years increased, she had learned to adopt the manners, dress, and bearing pertaining to her age. She had all her life spoken her mind, and still asserted her independence of thought. In one word, Madame de Hauteville knew how to grow old. Not so uncommon a quality among women of mind who have been beauties, but rare enough among the stupid and plain.

The Marchioness received the Squire with open arms. She was André's early and only love, and remained his steadfast, constant friend. Nothing could be more calm and sweet than the autumn of their life. Reclining in their easy-chairs on each side of the fire-place, they talked of their days passed far from France, and this interior, perhaps somewhat too grave and gray in tone, inclosed many a charm. The Squire was sometimes confined to the *château* by the gout, and then it was the turn of the Marchioness to visit him. She never missed a single day, and the incorrigible man, while receiving the anxious and assiduous care of his friend, began to think how easy it would be to change this friendship into an indissoluble union, and how delightful it would be, after all, not to die an old bachelor.

This thought, joined to his hopes, made him more bashful and more embarrassed than usual, in the presence of the Marchioness. He blushed, was confused, and trembled when he gave her his hand. She perfectly understood those symptoms, and took pity on him. She had done so many extravagant acts in her life, that it made no difference to add one more to the list, especially when it was a good action at the same time. So she led the conversation one evening upon marriage, and thus encouraged, the Squire, at length, stammered forth his avowal, growing at the same time as pale as death.

"Well, Squire," said she, smiling, "I'll take you. I'll be your wife, and make you as happy as a King."

Poor M. de Chavanne was almost beside himself with joy; he seized the Marchioness' hand, kissed it fervently, and lavished the tenderest words of affection upon her. His eye brightened, and his whole face beamed with indescribable joy. He appeared no longer awkward and ugly. Love had completely changed him; indeed, it is a question whether lovers are ever plain.

The day was fixed, and great were the preparations for the wedding. The Squire laughed and wept, by turns; he went about humming airs of his childhood, and, out of the fullness of his joy, made even the thrushes and house-martins confidants of his love. He was going to be married—going to be married to the only woman that he ever truly loved. In exchange for that, he would have given his *château*, his ancestral woods, all that he possessed: he only asked that he might enjoy his happiness and his love forever.

"It's all very well," said the Marchioness, "but at our time of life we ought to be marrying our grandchildren, and here we are marrying one another. Every body will laugh at us, but what does that matter, as long as we are happy."

At length, all was ready—the long looked-for hour arrived. Alas, and alas! the evil star under which the Squire was born still hung over him. He was taken sick, and his doctors gave him up.

"Courage, nevertheless," said the Marchioness; "courage, Squire. Get well only for one day, and we will be married."

Even that one day was not granted him. André de Chavanne died with a sigh on his lips, leaving all his estate to the Marchioness. He fulfilled his destiny—never to be married.

MRS. JOHN MELVILLE.



## FURTHER LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

(NYE'S FORD, STANISLAUS.)

1870.

Do I sleep ; do I dream ?  
 Do I wonder and doubt ?  
 Are things what they seem,  
 Or is visions about ?  
 Is our civilization a failure ?  
 Or is the Caucasian played out ?

Which expressions are strong ;  
 Yet would feebly imply  
 Some account of a wrong—  
 Not to call it a lie—  
 As was worked off on William, my pardner,  
 Which his name it was W. Nye.

He came down to the Ford  
 On the very same day  
 Of that Lottery, drawn  
 By those sharps at the Bay ;  
 And he says to me, "Truthful, how goes it ?"  
 I replied, "It is far, far from gay—"

"For the camp has gone wild  
 On this Lottery game,  
 And has even beguiled  
 'Injin Dick,' by the same."  
 Which said Nye to me, "Injins is pizen—  
 Do you know what his number is, James ?"

I replied "7, 2,  
 9, 8, 4, is his hand ;"  
 Which he started—and drew  
 Out a list, which he scanned ;  
 Then he softly went for his revolver,  
 With language I can not command.

Then I said, "William Nye !"  
 But he turned upon me,  
 And the look in his eye  
 Was quite painful to see,  
 And he says: "You mistake ; this poor Injin  
 I protects from such sharps as you be !"

I was shocked and withdrew :  
 But I grieve to relate,  
 When he next met my view  
 Injin Dick was his mate,  
 And the two around town was a lying  
 In a frightfully dissolute state.

Which the war-dance they had  
 Round a tree at the Bend,  
 Was a sight that was sad ;  
 And it seemed that the end  
 Would not justify the proceedings,  
 As I quiet remarked to a friend.

For that Injin he fled  
 The next day to his band ;  
 And we found William spread  
 Very loose on the strand,  
 With a peaceful-like smile on his features,  
 And a dollar greenback in his hand,

Which, the same when rolled out,  
 We observed with surprise,  
 What that Injin, no doubt,  
 Had believed was the prize—  
 Them figures in red in the corner,  
 Which the number of notes specifies.

Was it guile, or a dream ?  
 Is it Nye that I doubt ?  
 Are things what they seem,  
 Or is visions about ?  
 Is our civilization a failure ?  
 Or is the Caucasian played out ?

F. BRET HARTE.



# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

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## SALT-MAKING IN ALAMEDA.

EASTWARD of the Bay of San Francisco, and bordering upon it, is a low, long, level strip of land, known throughout the county as the "salt-marsh" region. It has for its inceptive point on the north, the village of San Leandro; and for its southern boundary, in the way of civilization, the village of Harrisburg. Its eastern boundary is an adjoining portion of the valley, covered with grain-fields and orchards, and dotted here and there with farm-houses and occasional villages. Its width is variable, and will probably average a distance of ten miles; while its length is invariable, or about twenty-five miles.

In winter, this region is a dreary waste of water, interspersed with many irregular patches of uninviting green, if the rivers or creeks running through it happen to be overflowed. When the creeks have their normal water-flow, it is a dreary waste of green, with here and there a pool of muddy and unpoetic water, covered with flocks of ducks of various colors, and with flocks of wild geese of both the white and gray varieties. In

summer, the same dreary waste of green—to thought and eyesight alike repulsive—the same offensive pools of water; but, instead of the ducks and geese, it is inhabited by snipes of two varieties: the common English snipe, and another variety of smaller size, unknown to the writer.

A singular plant clothes this border, and is characteristic of all its sections. It is of two varieties: one, a shrub of a light, dirty-green color, ranging from a foot and a half to three feet high, and undoubtedly the latest indigenous product of the soil; the other, a branchless, leafless, almost lifeless plant, of a somewhat darker green, hardly ever reaching beyond a foot in height, and belonging, evidently, to an intermediate stage of the formation. The two plants are locally known by the common name of "salt-weed." The latter plant has, also, a beautiful parasite, which may be seen in abundance during the months of July and August. It is a soft, fibrous tendril, winding around the stalk of the plant, or intertwining with its bare arms,

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till the ground is covered with a delicate net-work of fine silken threads. In color, this parasite has a variety of shades, ranging from a bright yellow to a tawny orange, which, with the occasional tinges of red, common to the "salt-weed" it feeds upon, relieves the green monotony of the region, and gives the landscape some features of attraction. Besides the plants mentioned, we find a few of nondescript order, and a few flowers of most suspicious beauty, struggling, year after year, for a respectable livelihood, and never quite certain that they have gained it. Close by the bay, also, and particularly near the mouths of the creeks running down to it, there are numberless beds of long, rank grass, usually of a bright-green color, and evidently the primeval plant of the region.

In ages long ago, this green border next the bay was the blue bay itself; and the valley, reaching outward and joining it to the mountains east of it, was the counterpart of the region already described. More remote even than this, the whole valley was the bay, broad and beautiful; and the bay, as centuries went on, took soil from the bases of the adjacent hills, which, with the *débris* that the winter rains brought down from the hill-sides sloping toward it, soon formed the original of the valley now before us. The embryo was a mere edging—not over a rod in width, perhaps—which grew and grew with years that came to it, till there were many low necks of boggy land, covered with characteristic verdure, intersected by as many points of water, filled with reeds or grasses, and finally this wonderful valley.

How many years the bay has taken, in conjunction with other forces, to reclaim this region, may be easier guessed than counted. Although we have no regular *data* for determining the period, like that of the Florida Reefs and the Nile deposits, we have something on which we may base an opinion: the

record of the alluvium, as read in the *débris* brought up from hundreds of feet below the surface by the many Artesian well-borers. The different strata thus developed prove that the valley is of aqueous origin, and that the forces concerned in its formation were both moderate and regular.

The early history of the region is simple. Prior to the year 1852, the salt business was only that of salt-gathering. It was then customary for many people in the adjacent regions to come with their wagons for the year's supply, during the inclusive months from August to October. They had no regular place of gathering, but took any field unoccupied, got the product it would give them, and then returned to their several homes, without molestation or incident of unusual interest. The people mostly engaged in the business at this time were the native Californians.

About the year 1852, a few Americans, owing to the high price of salt in the San Francisco market, caused by the heavy cost of shipment of that article from Eastern ports, and the unusual demand for it in the freshly populated mining-districts, resorted to the Mexican salt-grounds, and, with little or no show of right to do so, established themselves in the business of salt-making. They worked leisurely; earned money, but not very rapidly; made few improvements, and these of minor importance, and were in reality salt-gatherers, instead of salt-makers. With the fall in the price of salt, they abandoned the business, or only resorted to it for a home-supply and some inconsiderable local traffic.

It was not until the year 1862, or thereabout, that salt-gathering was superseded by salt-making, and this through the energy and foresight of Mr. Quigley, of Alvarado. He found little or no encouragement from those about him, and any amount of wordy hinderance. The community laughed at his projected busi-

ness: to commence it, was to fail in it. Nothing daunted, however, he determined to go forward. In his view, all that was needed to make the business a valuable one, was to commence work in earnest, proceed on intelligent principles, and, more than all, to persevere in it. He gave his views a practical self-demonstration, and proved the enterprise a paying one. And it is but just to say that it is mainly through his effort the region is now dotted from San Leandro to Warm Springs with salt-works; most of them, at least, paying property, all of them qualified to be such, in the hands of men who will work them as they may and should be worked.

In considering the question of salt-making, the item of primary importance is that of salt-ponds. Of these there are two varieties: the natural and the artificial. The former, as they appear in this region, are simply shallow basins of water mostly formed by the overflow of creeks in the vicinity, usually containing about eight acres each, and are so situated that they communicate with the tide-water from the bay below them. Their distinctive feature is that of a bottom that may be readily adapted to the business of salt-making. The latter are much like them in general appearance, save that they are more regular in shape, and surrounded by more evidence of human workmanship. They are, of course, much more costly than the others, and consequently less frequent; have porous bottoms; and, as a good bottom is indispensable to successful salt-making, are far inferior to the others. In them it takes from two to three years before the bottom can be depended upon; the test of a good bottom being that it shall not be porous, and shall have just enough plant-life to give it a sodden nature. With the choice of ponds, whether natural or artificial, it becomes necessary to dike them, in order that they may have only such com-

munication with tide-water as is most wholesome to the interests of the salt-maker. These dikes are usually, and, so far as we have seen, exclusively nothing but blocks of the salt-marsh sod, ranged in tiers, or in single layers, on either side of the ponds. Owing to the clayey nature of the sod, the dikes are made with comparatively slight cost, and only need repairing when visited by a severe overflow—an occasional circumstance, and therefore not discouraging. They vary in size, according to the situation of the ponds they inclose—a stronger kind, of course, being needed in the region of overflows—and will probably average about two feet in height, by the same distance in width.

With the ponds well diked and good bottoms secured for them, they are ready for the salt-water, whose ingress and egress are controlled by a gate-way in the main ditch communicating with tide-water; and in considering the use of the water in connection with the salt-ponds, we invite the reader's attention to the salt-works of Mr. Quigley, of Alvarado. We shall use his works as illustrative of most interesting points in the description given, simply because they are representative, and in seeing them the reader sees all that is characteristic of marine salt-making in the region, by the natural method.

In the salt-works of Mr. Quigley, three ponds are used. These ponds are situated in close proximity, not over a rod or two of distance separating them, and contain each about the same superficies, or eight acres. The outer pond, and the one that communicates with the tide-water directly, holds the salt-water in deposit, to be carried into the intermediate, or "pickle-pond," as it may be needed, and is generally less shallow than the other two. The water here is of a dull, leaden color, with nothing to relieve its monotony, very different in appearance from the "pickle-pond" it



feeds. This pond—known in local parlance as the “pickle-pond”—is a shallow, irregular basin of water, isolated from the outer and inner ponds by strong cross-dikes. Its purpose is to hold the salt-water in solution until it becomes a strong brine, hardly less vigorous than the pork-brine of the butcher. It receives the tide-water from the outer pond at irregular periods, determined by the state of the weather, or the inclination of the salt-maker. When sun and wind take kindly to his interests, and he does not forget them, these periods are regular and frequent. In the first supply of water, the color of this “pickle-pond” is not unlike that of the outer pond, afterward changing to a variety of hues, among which a dirty red is most prominent. When, by test, which is usually that of taste, the brine is strong enough for the inner, or “salt-pond” proper, it is carried into it by means of a rough, wooden force-pump and by wind-mill power, through a small ditch that connects them. The supply of brine is furnished to the “salt-pond” daily, when winds are favorable, and is so regulated that it shall not cover the surface to a greater depth than two or three inches, as that amount is more readily and safely evaporated than a larger one. In shape this pond is more regular than the other two, is somewhat larger than either of them, and much more shallow. Its color, too, is distinctive, being of a whitish cast, with here and there a pinkish tinge. It is the pond *par excellence*. Whatever the others may be, this must be perfect, or the work is almost a total failure. They (particularly the outer one) may be carelessly diked, dirty as you please, and have defective bottoms; the “salt-pond” must have none of these characteristics: it must have their opposites.

During the months of July and August, and, in fact, for that matter, until the end of the salt-season, these ponds

have certain characteristic features; and prominent among these is an almost intolerable stench, seemingly enough to sicken a gutter-snipe, but said to be remarkably healthful. It is a stench original. We tried again and again, while wincing under its influence, to think of something which might suggest it, and finally hit upon something which effectually does it. Shut yourself in an airtight room; inhale the scent of turnips, cabbages, onions, and of salt-pork rather musty than otherwise, as they are fiercely boiling together, and you will have the result of our discovery. Besides this stench, the ponds abound with swarms of mosquitoes, gigantic and aggressive, and with a curious variety of small flies, so thick in many places that they make the muddy surface almost invisible. The edges of the ponds are also covered with a mass of wormy *exuviae*, reminding one strongly of the shores of Mono Lake, which abound with a similar peculiarity.

With the water in the “pickle-pond” sufficiently strong to be pumped into the “salt-pond,” the work for the season has commenced in earnest, and goes on without cessation, unless from sheer carelessness on the part of the workman. The work, however, up to the month of July, is of a very simple character, employing but two men usually, and oftener but one. All that needs to be done is to keep the several ponds supplied with the kind of water suited to each, and as there are usually but one or two wind-mills to each salt-basin, and they are the only force demanding regulation, the reader will readily understand why the working force is thus limited.

The latter part of July brings a change in the working force; for it introduces the “scraping” period, which is a division of labor that engages from six to ten men, as best suits the taste of the foreman; and we now proceed to notice the



points descriptive of this part of the general work-system.

When thoroughly fitted for scraping, the "salt-pond" is covered with a layer of salt—yellow, white, dusky, or pink, as the soil may have had properties to color it—and has an average depth of an inch. Just before the period of commencing to scrape the pond, a small amount of water is run from the "pickle-pond" into the "salt-pond," for the purpose of having the salt in a loose condition, so that it can be readily brought together, under the force of the scraper. With the salt well loosened, the workman begins his work. He has a single implement of labor, neither costly nor complicated, consisting of a hoe-handle, one end of which is inserted in the centre of a section of fence-board, from twelve to sixteen inches in length. The board is sometimes lined with iron or other metal, projecting just enough to make it grasp the salt readily; but is oftener without it, and with the edge sufficiently beveled to make it answer the same purpose. With this scraper in hand, and large wooden sandals on his feet to prevent his sinking into the salt, the workman scrapes the salt into small conical heaps, containing each about a hundred pounds. As soon as the salt is scraped into these heaps, and the sun has partly dried it, the work of depositing it in large heaps on the edges of the pond, commences. To do this, a portable car-track is made, in sections of sixteen feet in length and three feet in width—commonly of wood, that it may be as light as possible. This car-track is laid from the edge of the "salt-pond" to a central portion of the same, and with the car upon it and in motion, the work of salt-gathering has fairly commenced. The car used is very similar to the common hand-car of our railroads—minus the crank-power—having a wide, projecting top with flaring sides, almost invariably of iron, holding conveniently three-quarters of a ton, and

is worked by two men, usually Chinamen. The two men tending the car throw into it the rows of salt near it, while the outer rows are brought to it by two other men, in wheelbarrows made for the purpose, and with a characteristic feature of broad, wooden wheels. When the men are moderate workers, the loading and unloading of the car take from twenty to twenty-five minutes each, according as the salt-heaps are near or distant from each other. With the salt in heaps on the edges of the pond, the scraping is over for a period, to be resumed at intervals, as the weather may be favorable to the interests of the salt-maker. Some seasons allow him to scrape his ponds four or five times; and usually with an excellent supply as the result. The time employed in scraping a pond of eight acres depends, of course, upon the force engaged in it, and with six Chinamen—a common working complement for this period—is about three weeks. The amount scraped is also variable; but with good winds and kindly sun during the time it has been forming, will average nearly two hundred and fifty tons.

After the salt has partially dried, it is carried in a two-horse wagon—like the wheelbarrows, with a specialty of broad wheels—to the warehouse, situated on the bank of the creek. This warehouse is a rough, wooden building, *sans* floor, ceiling, windows—*sans* everything which may give it the touch of finished workmanship. It has two large end-doors, wide enough for the passage of a common wagon without difficulty. It holds, when well filled, not far from a thousand tons; and in filling it, the following method is adopted: A tier of salt in sacks, each holding about a hundred pounds, is placed on either side of the centre of the building, and between the posts that support the same. These sacks run lengthwise of the building, and serve as a wall to the loose salt

placed between them and the outer walls of the warehouse. In filling the sides, the men are careful that the loose salt slopes outward from the centre; otherwise it may burst through the sides of the building. With these spaces well filled, and usually to a height of ten feet, one of the doors is closed, and the central portion is filled with loose salt. The three divisions of the warehouse are sometimes respectively used for as many varieties of salt, but usually inclose but two qualities—the good and the poor.

Elsewhere in the region, warehouses are built of much smaller dimensions, to give them, doubtless, a better drying capacity, and with the sides flaring out from the top toward the bottom, for the purpose of additional strength. Such are those of the Garibaldi Company, almost a dozen in number, by the way, and situated near Eden Landing—a wharfage on the creek, a mile or so from the village of Mount Eden.

As before intimated, in the description just given, we have used the works of Mr. Quigley as the basis of the same, and also as representative of the general system.

It was something over a year ago when the Suffolk Company projected their business, and under discouraging circumstances, as they had promise of the most bitter opposition on the part of the natural salt-makers near them; and a location seemingly not the most desirable. In starting their business, it was the aim of the leading spirit of the company—a San Francisco gentleman—to test conclusively whether a finer quality of salt could not be made in the region, and one of a much purer nature. Discarding the old methods of procedure, he built numberless ponds, much smaller than the natural ones; filtered the water, by a process known to himself, and finally allowed it to evaporate from a smooth plank surface, instead of the usual dirty sod. The result, as can

be readily anticipated, was of the most satisfactory character.

Not satisfied with this result simply, the company have determined to make the salt marketable for all uses before they have shipped it. Commonly, salt from these works, as it enters the San Francisco market, is coarse and dirty, and must be subjected to a variety of processes before it is adapted to the general trade. To obviate this, they have erected apparatus on the grounds for the purpose of drying, cleaning, and grinding the salt. Although somewhat crude and speculative, these appliances prove the virtue of the enterprise; and they are soon to be supplanted by those which must place its worth beyond cavil.

How well they have succeeded in distancing old methods may be best judged, perhaps, from the range of prices received for salt they have already shipped. While the salt from old methods has been selling in San Francisco for prices ranging from \$8 to \$12 per ton, and the market frequently glutted, that which they have sent to it has commanded from \$15 to \$25 per ton, and the supply always in demand.

The salt varies with different localities and with different methods of working. In the natural ponds it crystallizes readily in small, laminated crystals, usually square, but sometimes of irregular appearance; while in the artificial, particularly in those with planked bottoms, the crystals are less perfect in shape and much smaller in size. Where the water has been thoroughly filtered, as in the ponds just mentioned, the salt has a remarkable purity, found by actual assay to reach a standard of ninety-five per cent. chloride of sodium. In salt from the common water the average is rarely above fifty per cent., and frequently much less.

Among the causes contributing to the impurity of the salt, we may mention those of defective bottoms and alkaloid

soils. The latter is most common, and most prominent in its disastrous effects. Its tendency is to leave the salt of a dead, white color, lifeless, and unsalable; and the presence of this color is one of the distinguishing tests of its worthlessness.

Besides these causes, there is another in some localities which makes it much less marketable: that of dust. This is, perhaps, most prominently seen in the vicinity of Eden Landing, where there are large salt-works, mostly of the natural variety. That dust, too, should affect the salt in this region, when no winds reach it from places near it where dust is most common, is not a little singular. Back of the works is the watery salt land; on either side the same, and in front of them are roadless meadows and grain fields, all of which are comparatively dustless. Where, then, does the dust come from? Strange as it may seem, the defect is due to the dust of San Francisco; and when we learn that the city is twenty-five miles away from the works, what wonder we are heartily surprised at the discovery of the fact? It seems that the winds sweeping in from the sea raise the dust of the city, carry it across the bay, and finally deposit it on these salt basins, soiling the water in the ponds, and injuring the salt already made. A further singular fact in regard to this matter is, that although the land just above it has the same trend, and no trees or hills to break the force of a wind current, it has no such infiction. Who will account for this?

The shipment of salt is mostly by steamers from the Eden and Union City landings, the balance falling to small schooners that touch at points where the steamers have no communication, and where in some cases it would be impossible for them to go. The cost of shipment rarely falls below \$1.25, and is hardly ever above \$1.50 per ton, and the time is regulated by the demand in

market. As it costs them nothing for home storage, they keep it until there is a demand for it, and then ship it as fast as the means of transportation will allow.

The main natural forces at work in salt-making, as the reader must have already seen, are heat and wind. The latter turns his wind-mills; the former evaporates the water in his salt-ponds. These forces are his patrons. If they be generous, he shall have every reason to be the same; if they forget his interests, he shall have no weak excuse for neglecting them. Usually, however, they are mindful of his needs. Month on month the west wind sings and works for him, and month on month the south sun smiles in his favor. What matters it to him that they are treacherous with other men and interests? What though the wind forgets to be decorous in the great city and on the broad sea, while with him it is a well-trained charger moving at his will? And the sun! It may beat upon the grain-fields near him till they are parched, and sere, and worthless; it may eat out the sweetness of the apple, peach, and other varieties of fruit that grow in abundance about him, changing their round, rosy faces to others yellow and sunken; it may sow diseases broadcast through the land till the men in cities flee to the mountaintops, and there is wail of suffering from many a farmer's hamlet; it may work its ruin far and near, and with a royal will, he laughs while others weep, he lauds while others curse: the death they feel is life to him.

Let no one think we are to forget the all-important question: *Does salt-making pay?* We would not so offend the honest, practical reader who shall take the trouble to read this article, and we invite him to follow us through the estimate below, hoping he shall readily find a satisfactory answer.

We note first the cost of scrapers and



of lumber for gate-ways, tracks, and other uses, together with the cost of repairs on hand-cars, wind-mills, and wheelbarrows, believing that a fair estimate will make the annual outlay not more than \$100. The cost of labor is the next item. Putting the work of the foreman at \$5 per day—a price beyond its actual value—and that of an under-workman, who is sometimes only needed, at \$30 per month, board included—a generous estimate—the cost of their labor for a year is about \$2,000. Besides their work is that of the Chinamen during the periods of scraping the ponds, costing on the average about \$300 per season. Then there is the cost of transferring the salt from the salt-beds to the warehouses on the creek, which, considering the amount a thousand tons, will cost nearly \$500. A further item is its cost of shipment to San Francisco, which, for the same number of tons, at the usual price of \$1.25 per ton, is \$1,250. A still further item is that of commissions on actual sales, which, at five per cent.—the common price—is \$500. Add to these the amount of \$300 for incidental expenses—much more than is commonly needed—and the total cost of a thousand tons in market is about \$4,950.

The salt in market commands a varying price, from \$8 to \$16 per ton, according to its quality and the time of sale, which would give an average of \$12. Making the average, however, but \$10, and the amount received for a thousand tons is \$10,000. Take from this the cost of the salt, or \$4,950, and the seller receives

a net profit of over \$5,000. Does it pay? Originally this result may not hold good, as the ponds have to be diked and the bottoms adapted to salt-making at an additional expense of considerable moment. Nor does it apply to artificial methods, as they are yet in embryo, and can, therefore, give no sure basis of calculation. The result is indicative of works already well established, and of those in a measure at least representative.

We may add, in conclusion, two strong facts that make this business specially attractive: the remarkable healthfulness of the work, and the unusually favorable climate of California for marine salt-making. While we would not say in reference to the former that sickness is so rare as to be a phenomenon, we do not hesitate to say that it is so unfrequent as to cause surprise to all not acquainted with the cause, and to be reason for common congratulation. In regard to the latter, it is needless to say more than that climate could hardly be more propitious. From June to November there is a season of sunshine unbroken, save at intervals, and then so slightly that it is of little or no detriment to the salt interest. With these incentives, taking into consideration the natural quickness of Californians in the apprehension of money-making operations, it will be strange, indeed, if the business does not go forward until this whole region is appropriated by men amply able to make salt-making one of the most important of the staple products of the county.

JUDSON FARLEY.



## THE ROTHSCHILDS AND THEIR RACE.

IN the year 1750 there lived in Frankfort-on-the-Main a young Jewish couple, Anselm Rothschild and Rebecca, his wife, married the year before, who were trying what they could make out of the world by buying and selling old clothes in Teutsch-sstraat, No. 123. On the 27th of February, the rite of circumcision had been celebrated in the little parlor over their shop, eight days after the birth of Meyer Anselm, their first-born. As the child, like Samuel in old Eli's days, was intended by his mother for the priesthood, the chief Rabbi performed the ceremony, and the Hebrew gentry of the town honored the young parents by their presence. The boy grew up under advantages of a good education, provided by friends and the priesthood, and went through the curriculum of study that was usual. At Furth, where he was placed from seven years old to eleven, his favorite employment was the examination of ancient coins in the Numismatic Museum. It is worth remark here in the outset—the truth of which any business man may confirm—that a Jew always knows the approximate value of a piece of money or a jewel, be it never so strange or rare, whenever or wherever presented to him. All through the thousand years of what we call the "Middle Ages," the necessity of concealing his wealth from the rapacity of Christian Kings and nobles, educated every successful Hebrew in the knowledge of whatever represented value within the smallest compass. It is the same to-day. A Jew on shipboard knows the worth of every foreign coin you may have taken on your travels; he rates the value of the jewelry your wife or daughters wear at every

grand reception; he buys unpolished pearls from the Java oyster-beds, and diamonds in the rough at the London Docks; his judgment decides the amount of the loan that may be safely made on jewelry in the pawn-brokeries of the great cities in Europe and America; and the crown-jewels of every monarchy throughout the world are pledged and redeemed, bought and sold, polished and set, under the scrutinizing eye of a descendant from Abraham.

Meyer was left without a father at the age of eleven years. Declining the course of study marked out by his parents, he engaged as a messenger-boy in a banking-house in Hanover, grew up to a clerkship, returned as a money-changer to his native city, and opened out the germ of that mighty business that was destined to act so powerfully upon the Governments of Europe. While still poor, standing every day at the counter of his little banking-house, changing foreign bank-notes into current money, the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, it seems, in flying from the approach of the republican armies, desired, as he passed through Frankfort, to get rid of a large amount in gold and jewels, in such a way as might leave him a chance of its recovery after the storm had passed by. With this view he sought out the humble money-changer, who consented reluctantly to take charge of the treasure, burying it in a corner of his garden just at the moment when the republican troops entered the gates of the city. His own property he did not conceal, for this would have occasioned a search; and cheerfully sacrificing the less for the preservation of the greater, he re-opened his office as soon as the

town was quiet again, and recommenced his daily routine of calm and steady industry. But he knew too well the value of money to allow the gold to lie idle in his garden. He dug it forth from time to time, as he could use it to advantage; and, in fine, made such handsome profits upon his capital, that upon the Duke's return, in 1802, he offered to refund the whole with five per cent. per annum for interest. This, of course, was not accepted. The money was left to fructify for twenty years longer at the almost nominal interest of two per cent.; and the Duke's influence was used to obtain business for the honest Jew.

In 1812, Meyer Anselm Rothschild died, leaving to the mighty fortune, of which his wisdom had laid the foundation, ten children—five sons and five daughters—placing upon them the injunction, with his last breath, of an inviolable union. This is one of the grand principles to which the success of the family may be traced. The command was kept by sons and daughters with religious fidelity. Sisters married with unanimous consent of the mother and all the children. Brothers remained in copartnership. Their places of residence, by mutual agreement, became far asunder—Anselm domiciliating himself in Frankfort; Solomon, in Vienna; Charles, in Naples; James, in Paris; and Nathan, in London—but their union remained indissoluble. Before 1820, the house had become ubiquitous. Like a net-work, it had spread itself over Europe, and its operations were felt tremblingly in all the great loans contracted by nations. In days anterior to electric telegraph and rail, their couriers traveled from brother to brother. They conveyed the earliest news. Mails were outstripped; Government expresses were left behind; relays were ready at every post: commercial dispatches, subvented by public companies, as well as private enterprise, failed in successful competi-

tion with the Hebrew firm. Nathan Rothschild received in London news of the result of Waterloo five hours before it was announced on 'Change, and made £200,000 in consequence. During the great revolt in India, Havelock's success, which changed Consols from 84 to 89, was known at the counting-room in Lombard Street a full day before it reached the Bank of England. Lord Palmerston regretted, in his famous reply to Mr. Disraeli, that Government had to depend for its earliest advices of the attacks upon Sebastopol on "the courtesy of the Israelitish house." It was the same during the Franco-Italian War; it held good five years ago when Prussian legions thundered their triumphal progress against the strongholds of Austria; and it is only yesterday that the Rothschilds discounted in the London market the fatal surrender of Bazaine a full two hours before it was recorded by the telegraphic wires that stretch to the Royal Exchange.

There are no better illustrations of the fact that the Jew everywhere works in his own peculiar way. He holds in Europe the sinews of war, and at the same time grasps the rags from the kennel. His energy and perseverance are unrivaled, and his wealth and love of gain a proverb and a reproach. The poorer class is as persistent, acute, and eager in the prosecution of business as the rich. They have monopolized particular branches of traffic, and made them their own. With the dawn of every morning in London, more than three thousand of them march forth, with bag on shoulder, to collect the cast-off garments of three millions of people. For five days in the week the cry of "Clo', clo', clo'," is heard at intervals in all streets from early dawn till evening. From Belgravia and Eaton Square to the meanest lanes and slums of the most squalid districts, not a spot is left unvisited. To the Jew there is a value

in every abandoned piece of raiment, however mean, and he disdains no profit, however small. The rejected clothing of nearly all England finds its way, sooner or later, to the Houndsditch Rag Fair, and the amount of business daily done by Jews of the lowest class in that receptacle of mold and filth, it is said, will average £3,000.

Another favorite traffic of the race is in dried fruits. Another still, of which they hold a monopoly, is in the old linen of hospitals and asylums, clubs and hotels. As a rule, the Hebrew declines dealing in nothing that has a value, unless it be an article rapidly perishable. Thus he never ventures a penny in flowers, never deals in vegetables, never presides at an oyster-stall, never hawks fresh fish from door to door. But he will do any thing, save these, unless it be to beg. *That* he never does. In all the world there is not a Jew who is a professional beggar. Reduce him to extremest pauperism, afflict him with disease, maim him, take away hearing, eyes, and power of locomotion, and he will lie, steal, and cheat for a living, but never beg. There is no such thing as a mendicant Jew. There are numbers of them in all the cities of Europe who are poor enough, but poverty will not make them beggars. Instead of that, it makes them hawkers and peddlers, scriveners and guides, scavengers and refuse-gatherers, petty thieves and counterfeiterers, pimps and panderers, dealers in stolen goods and discounters of forged notes of hand—any thing, in short, but the aversion of their race: public mendicants.

It is in exchange and barter that the Israelite everywhere excels. He rarely produces. Into handicraft he seldom enters. Inventive genius is not his. Manufacture he leaves to others. Mechanical skill seems foreign to his nature. He is a poor household servant, and a poorer operative. Manual labor,

where bread is to be won by daily wage, he avoids. Scorning no efforts while he is his own master, he abhors drudgery for another. The best of commercial travelers, he is the worst of counting-house clerks. Sharpest of buyers and sellers, he is the stupidest of contrivers. The Jew continues, but does not originate; accepts, but never organizes; finds a market, but never creates demand; makes the best of every situation, but receives it at the same time as the inevitable. Wherever money is to be won by shrewd calculation, however; wherever speculative risk promises a fair return, or whenever an unsteady market offers chances for large returns, his tact, boldness, and caution have no equals. His judgment in an emergency is rarely at fault. The critical moment seldom escapes his notice. Scruples do not embarrass him. Conscience makes no coward of his venture. It thus becomes true that in every country there is a great Hebrew capitalist. When the allied armies, in 1815, needed money, the sovereigns had recourse to a Jew. When the British wanted twenty millions for the emancipation of the West India slaves, a Hebrew furnished it. When the Crimean War made necessary an unusual loan; when Prussia, girding herself for combat with Austria, demanded extraordinary vitality for the sinews of war; when Russia saved herself from bankruptcy, after Sebastopol had become a heap of ruins, it was a Jew who was ready to meet the case of need. Of our own national securities held abroad to-day, almost beyond calculation as the amount is, more than seven-eighths of the whole sum is indorsed by the Hebrew bankers of Vienna and Frankfort, Berlin and London.

To return to the famous house: It will be remembered that Nathan Rothschild settled in England. He came, in 1800, as a purchaser for his father of



Manchester fabrics. Large sums of money were, in the course of time, intrusted to him by the German Princes for safe investment. After the decease of his father, in 1812, he was looked upon by the brothers as the head of the firm. His financial transactions pervaded the whole continent, and he came, at last, to be consulted upon almost every speculation and undertaking. He first introduced the system of foreign loans into England. Such were his good judgment and management that not one of the countries with which he entered into contracts ever failed in their engagements. He died in 1836, but there are old men still frequenting the Royal Exchange in London who remember his personal appearance and sayings. He always occupied the same place in the thronged internal square, covered by the vast roof, and studded with pillars and carvings, alto-relievos and statuary. A heavy man, with marked Hebrew face; plainly dressed; undemonstrative in manner; quick and short in speech, that was marked by strong German accent; positive in his answers; quiet in his greed for news, none of which, however, ever fell upon his ears unheeded; reticent in giving expression to his opinions; never forgetting face, name, or standing of those with whom he dealt; so ready in the value of exchange as never to refer to his book, which he always held in his hand; making his replies so distinct that no second question was ever asked; cold, formal, reserved, and distant, never losing his equanimity in reverses or gains, and so thoroughly himself as never to hesitate—his memory remains till to-day as that of the model business-man of the great metropolis. His word was always kept. He knew no difference in men. A commercial transaction was to him beyond all fear or favor. Friends or strangers—those who had dealt with him for years or those who entered into first engagements—were alike. He was

indifferent to every thing but the simple transaction of the moment.

It is, of course, impossible to make even an approximate estimate of the present wealth of the widely extended house, or of its numerous individual members. As a rule, all descendants of the Rothschilds, in the male line, unite with the firm at their majority. There are now more than seventy, who are fourth in descent from Meyer Anselm Rothschild, that are counted as partners. The cousins intermarry. There have hitherto been no instances of imbecility or eccentricity resulting from these close connections. Nor among the young men of the various families, exposed as they are to the temptations which wealth offers in large cities, is there known to have been a solitary case of intemperance. The children, male and female, like their parents, are Jews of the strictest sect. The family abounds in charities. There are six hospitals—one each in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Prague, and Constantinople—of the amplest dimensions and completest arrangements, which have been built and are supported by the Rothschilds. Sir Moses Montefiore, now past eighty-six years of age, whose mother and wife were Rothschilds, is perhaps the most philanthropic man in England. His immense wealth has been devoted for more than half a century to the relief of suffering Jews all over the world. Five times has he been to the Holy Land on errands of mercy—four times to the Algerian and Tunisian States—twice to Egypt—and I know not how often to the Principalities, armed with letters and *quasi*-diplomatic power, in order to relieve his Israelitish brethren who were suffering from oppression or poverty.

Although the wealth of the great firm is unknown, its transactions with Governments are matters of history. Since the peace of 1815, it has raised for Great Britain £200,000,000 sterling; for Aus-



tria, £50,000,000; for Prussia, £40,000,000; for France, £80,000,000; for Naples, £50,000,000; for Russia, £25,000,000; for Brazil, £12,000,000; and for other and smaller States, more than £28,000,000. The gains upon these transactions alone must have been enormous. Hence, the impression in all monetary marts of the world, that the credit of the Rothschilds is beyond damage. In 1857, when the financial storm that prostrated all confidence of man in man in the United States, swept across the Atlantic, bringing havoc to bankers and merchants, ship-owners and manufacturers, iron-masters and bill-discounters, almost the only house in Europe, perhaps the only one, that stood unshaken by the tempest was theirs. For two or three days, George Peabody's credit was gone. Baring Brothers looked out with dismay upon the wrecks floating around them. Brown, Shipley & Co.; the Morrisons; Frederick Huth & Co., and other leading mercantile and banking firms of London, took in all canvas and were striving to ride out the gale under bare poles. The Rothschilds, on the contrary, showed no change. Their extended business seemed to suffer no diminution. As loan-contractors, dealers in bullion, stock-purchasers, and sellers of securities, they did as much during the panic—perhaps more—than ever. They spread their sails to the winds, and even when the Bank of England had to appeal to Government for help, they swept onward without dismay. They lost £8,000,000 by fall in securities, in 1848. They are supposed to have lost no less during the present Franco-Prussian war. But in neither case did it affect their credit. If any thing on earth were exempt from disastrous mutation, it would appear to be the wealth of the Rothschilds.

All the sons of Meyer Anselm, the originator of the family, are dead. Nathan died at the age of sixty-four, in 1837; the other four lived till 1856, dur-

ing which year all of them deceased, each having passed the age of fourscore. Nathan left four sons, three of whom rank among the most distinguished aristocracy of the British Capital, the fourth, Nathan, residing in Paris. The eldest, Lionel de Rothschild, a Member of Parliament from London, is privileged, as a British subject, to bear the title of an Austrian baron—his brothers being barons only by courtesy. The second, Sir Anthony de Rothschild, is an English baronet; the third, Meyer, was High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire. In 1847, Baron Lionel de Rothschild was invited by the Reform Association to stand as a candidate with Lord John Russell for the representation of London in Parliament. He was returned by a large vote, and from then until now, having been elected nine times, has been one of the favorite members from the city.

It is a fact illustrative of the slow progress of reform in England, that, though Baron Rothschild was elected Member of Parliament by the most important constituency in the Kingdom, in 1847, '49, '52, and '57, it was not permitted that he should take his seat until the last-named year. The oath of allegiance ran, "Upon the true faith of a Christian." This, as a Jew, the Baron could not take. Again and again, he advanced to the Bar of the House, uncovered his head, raised his right hand, slowly repeated the form after the Speaker, until the fatal words were reached, when, becoming silent, and still remaining silent during three repetitions by the Speaker, he took his seat outside the Bar. For ten years successively an Act, changing the oath, was sent from the Commons to the Lords, and was ten times refused concurrence. That conservative body would not away with it. At length, by a resolution of the Lower House, the standing orders were set aside, and the Baron was permitted to take his seat, and give his vote. Other Jews have

been elected since to the Commons. But not all the power of the Crown, nor the will of the whole British people, has been able to open the way to a Hebrew within the House of Lords.

The mother of the Rothschilds—the widow of old Anselm—that same Rebecca whose first-born was circumcised amid unexpected honors, in the little upper chamber of the old-clothes shop, a century and a fifth ago, lived to the age of fourscore and fifteen years, the cheeriest and brightest of old women. In the year 1830, an American traveler was exploring the antiquities of Frankfort-on-the-Main. The Jews'-quarter, then and now a specimen of the intolerable vexations to which the hated race was sub-

jected for many hundred years, contained, within a narrow, ill-paved street, a frame building of singular neatness, upon which every improvement it would admit seemed to have been carefully made. Seated in a large arm-chair, behind the small, diamond-shaped panes of glass that filled the window of the one-stairs front, was a venerable lady, engaged in knitting stockings. She had outlived three generations, and yet her eye was not dim, nor her mind clouded. It was the ancestress of the Rothschilds—the mother of Meyer Anselm Rothschild, then eighteen years dead—the lineal head of the greatest commercial family known to the modern world.

N. S. DODGE.

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## COAST WHALING.

THE different species of whales found on the coast of California, which may be reckoned as the whales of commerce, are the Humpback, Finback, Blackfish, Right Whale, Sperm Whale, Sulphurbottom, and California Gray. The right and sperm whales were sought for by our whalers many years before California was annexed to the United States. In by-gone days so numerous were the cachalots—which are usually found far off in the blue ocean—that they were often taken within sight of the Mission buildings scattered along the coast; yet, like all the “old ground,” once frequented by the American whaling fleet, whose sails have whitened the waters of the globe from meridian to meridian, and from the Arctic to the Antarctic circles, now only a casual straggler is seen of the species before mentioned, where in early times the objects of pursuit were found in countless numbers. Nevertheless, whaling parties have established themselves

at different points along the coast, who ply their craft from year to year successfully. The principal places are Halfmoon Bay, Pigeon Point, Monterey, St. Simeon, San Pedro, and San Diego.

The Monterey Company was organized in 1852, since which time thousands of barrels of oil have been caught in the adjacent bays. Since the more valuable whales have been swept from the coast, the species taken are the humpback, finback, and California gray, and this peculiar creature, whose name is significant with the coast to which it annually resorts with great regularity, has been the leading object of pursuit for several years past. The following description of the animal, and the mode of capturing it, may give a general idea of “coast whaling,” as well as impart a brief history of the prominent habits of one of the most interesting members of the whole cetacean family.

The California gray differs from other species of *balæna* in its color, being of

a mottled gray. The length of the female is from forty to forty-four feet—the fully grown varying but little in size; its greatest circumference, twenty-eight to thirty feet; its “flukes,” thirty inches in depth and ten feet broad. It has no dorsal fin. Its pectorals are six and a half feet in length and two and a half feet in width, tapering from near the middle toward the end, which is quite pointed. It has a succession of ridges, crosswise along the back, from opposite the vent, to the flukes. The coating of fat, or blubber, is six to ten inches in thickness, and of a reddish cast. The average yield of oil is forty barrels. The male may average thirty-five feet in length, but varies more in size than the female, and the usual quantity of oil it produces may be reckoned at twenty-five barrels.

The California gray is only found in north latitudes, and its migrations have never been known to extend lower than 20° north. It frequents the coast of California from November to May. During these months the “cows” enter the lagoons on the lower coast to bring forth their young, while the males remain outside along the sea-shore. Occasionally a male is seen in the lagoons with the cows at the last of the season, and soon after both male and female, with their young, will be seen working their way northward, following the shore so near that they often pass through the kelp near the beach. It is seldom they are seen far out at sea. Their habits are strikingly different from those of other whales in resorting to shoal bays and lagoons. In summer they congregate in the Arctic Ocean and Okhotsk Sea. In October and November they appear off the coast of Oregon and Upper California, on their way back to their tropical haunts, making a quick, low spout at long intervals, showing themselves but little till they reach the smooth lagoons of the lower coast,

where, if not disturbed, they gather in large numbers, passing and repassing into and out of the estuaries, or slowly raising their massive forms midway out of their element, and falling over on their sides, as if by accident, dashing the water into foam and spray about them. At times, in calm weather, they are seen lying on the water quite motionless, keeping one position for an hour or more. At such times the sea-gulls and cormorants frequently light upon the huge beasts.

About the shoals at the mouth of one of the lagoons, in 1860, we saw large numbers of the monsters. It was at the low stage of the tide, and the shoal places were plainly marked by the constantly foaming breakers. To our surprise, we saw numbers of them going through the surf, where the depth was barely sufficient to float them. We could discern in many places, by the white sand that came to the surface, that they must be near, or touching, the bottom. One, in particular, lay for a half-hour in the breakers, playing, as seals often do in a heavy surf, turning from side to side with half-extended fins, and moved apparently by the heavy ground-swell which was breaking, at times making a playful spring with its bending flukes, throwing its body clear of the water, coming down with a heavy splash, then making two or three spouts, again settling under water, and perhaps the next moment his head would appear, and with the heavy swell the animal would roll over in a listless manner, to all appearance enjoying the sport intensely.

As the season approaches for the whales to bring forth their young, which is from December to March, they formerly collected at the most remote extremities of the lagoons, huddled together so thickly that it was difficult for a boat to cross the waters without coming in contact with them. Repeated in-



stances have been known of their getting aground, and lying for several hours with but two or three feet of water about them, without apparent injury from resting heavily on the sandy bottom till the rising tide floated them. It appears to be their nature to get into the shallowest water when their "cubs" are young. For this reason the whaling vessels anchor at a considerable distance from where the crews go to hunt them, and several vessels are often in the same lagoon.

The first streak of dawn is the signal for lowering the boats, all pulling for the head-waters, where the whales are expected to be found. As soon as one is seen, the officer who first discovers it, sets a "waif"\* in his boat, and gives chase. Boats belonging to other vessels do not interfere, but go in search for other whales. When pursuing, great care is taken to keep behind, and a short distance from the animal, till driven to the extremity of the lagoon, or into shoal water; then the men in the boats nearest, spring to their oars in the exciting race, and the animal, swimming so near the bottom, has its progress impeded, thereby giving its pursuers a decided advantage, although occasionally it will suddenly change its course, or "dodge," which frequently prolongs the chase for hours, the boats cutting through the water at their utmost speed. At other times, when the "cub" is young and weak, the movements of the mother are sympathetically suited to her dependent offspring. It is rarely that the dam will forsake her young one, when molested. When within "darting distance" (sixteen or eighteen feet), the "boat-steerer" darts the "harpoons," and if the whale is struck it dashes about, lashing the water into foam, oftentimes staving the boats. As soon as the boat is fast, the officer goes into the head, and watch-

es a favorable opportunity to shoot a bomb-lance. Should this enter a vital part and explode, it kills instantly, but it is not often this good luck occurs; more frequently two or three bombs are shot, which paralyze the animal to some extent, then the boat is hauled near enough to use the hand-lance. After repeated thrusts, the whale becomes sluggish in its motions; then, going "close to," the lance is set into its "life," which completes the capture. The animal rolls over on its side, with fins extended, and dies without a struggle. Sometimes it will circle around within a small compass, or make a zig-zag course, heaving its head and flukes above the water, and will either roll over, "fin out," or die under water and sink to the bottom.

Thus far we have spoken principally of the females, as they are found in the lagoons. Mention has been made, however, of that general habit, common to both male and female, of keeping near the shore in making the passage between their northern and southern feeding-grounds. This fact becoming known, and the bomb-gun coming into use, soon changed the mode of capture along the outer coast. The whaling parties first stationed themselves in their boats at the most favorable points, where the thickest beds of kelp were found, and then lay in wait watching for a good chance to shoot them as they passed. This was called "kelp whaling."

The first year or two that this pursuit was practiced, many of the animals passed through or along the edge of the kelp, where the gunners chose their own distance for a shot. This course, however, soon developed the sagacity of those periodical visitors. At first, the ordinary whale-boat was used, but the keen-eyed "devil-fish" soon found what would be the consequence of getting too near the long, dark-looking object, as it lay nearly motionless, only rising and falling with

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\* A small flag.



the rolling swell. A very small boat—with one man to scull and the other to shoot—was then used, instead of the whale-boat. This proved successful for a time, but, after a few successive seasons, the animals passed farther seaward, and at the present time the boats usually anchor outside the kelp. The mottled fish being seen approaching far enough for the experienced gunner to judge nearly where it will “break water,” the boat is sculled to that place, to await the “rising.” If it “shows a good chance,” it is frequently killed instantly and sinks to the bottom, or receives its death-wound by the bursting of the bomb-lance. Consequently, the stationary position or slow movement of the animal enables the whaler to get a harpoon into it before sinking. To the harpoon a line is attached, with a buoy, which indicates the place where the dead creature lies, should it go to the bottom. Then, in the course of twenty-four hours, or in less time, it rises to the surface, and is then towed to the shore, the blubber taken off and tried out in pots set for that purpose upon the beach.

Another mode of capture is by ships cruising off the land and sending their boats inshore toward the line of kelp; and, as the whales work to the southward, the boats, being provided with extra large sails, the whalers take advantage of the strong northerly winds, and, running before the breeze, sail so near as to dart the hand-harpoon into the fish. “Getting fast” in this way, it is killed in deep water, and, if inclined to sink, it can be held up by the boats till the ship comes to them, when a large “fluke-rope” is made fast, or the “fin-chain” is secured to one fin, the “cutting-tackle” hooked, and the whale “cut in” immediately. This mode is called “sailing them down.” Still another way of catching them is with “Greener’s Harpoon Gun,” which is similar to a small swivel gun. It is of one and a

half inch bore, three feet long in the barrel, and, when stocked, weighs seventy-five pounds. The harpoon, four feet and a half long, is projected with considerable accuracy to any distance under eighty-four yards. The gun is mounted on the bow of the boat. A variety of manœuvres are practiced when using the weapon: at times the boat lying at anchor, and, again, drifting about for a chance-shot. When it is judged to be ten fathoms off, the gun is pointed eighteen inches below the back; if fifteen fathoms, eight or ten inches below; if eighteen or twenty fathoms distant, the gun is sighted at the top of its back.

Still another strategic plan has been practiced with successful results, called “whaling along the breakers.” Mention has been already made of the habit which these whales have of playing about the breakers at the mouth of the lagoons. This, the watchful eye of the whaler was quick to see, could be turned to his advantage.

After years of pursuit by waylaying them around the beds of kelp, the wary animals learned to shun those fatal points, making a wide deviation in their course to enjoy their sports among the rollers of the lagoons’ mouths, as they passed them either way. But the civilized whaler anchors his boats as near the roaring surf as safety will permit, and the unwary fish that comes in reach of the deadly harpoon, or bomb, is very sure to pay the penalty with its life. If it come within darting distance, it is harpooned; and, as the stricken one makes for the open sea, it is soon in deep water, where the pursuer makes his capture with comparative ease; or, if passing within range of the bomb-gun, one of the explosive missiles is planted in its side, which so paralyzes the animal that the fresh boat’s-crew, who have been resting at anchor, taking to their oars, soon overtake and dispatch it.

The casualties from coast and kelp-

whaling are nothing to be compared with the accidents that have been experienced by those engaged in taking the females in the lagoons. Hardly a day passes but there is upsetting or staving of boats, the crews receiving bruises, cuts, and, in many instances, having limbs broken; and repeated accidents have happened where men have been instantly killed, or received mortal injury. The reasons of the increased dangers are these: the sandy bottom being continually stirred by the strong currents, making it difficult to see an object to any considerable depth, owing to the quick and deviating movements of the animal, and its unusual sagacity. When a whale is "struck" at sea, there is generally but little difficulty in keeping clear, when it is first irritated by the harpoon. It endeavors to escape by "running," or descends to the depths below, taking out more or less line, the direction of which, and the movements of the boat, indicate the animal's whereabouts. But in a lagoon, the object of pursuit is in narrow passages, where frequently there is a swift tide, and the turbid water prevents the whaler from seeing far beneath the boat. Should the chase be made with the current, the fugitive sometimes stops suddenly, and the speed of the boat, together with the influence of the running water, shoots it upon the worried animal, when it is dashing the water in every direction. The whales that are chased have with them their young cubs, and the mother, in her efforts to avoid the pursuit of herself and offspring, may momentarily lose sight of her little one. Instantly she will stop and sweep around in search, and if the boat comes in contact with her, it is quite sure to be stove. Another danger is, that in darting the lance at the mother the young one, in its gambols, will get in the way of the weapon, and receive the wound, instead of the intended victim. In such instances, the parent animal, in her frenzy, will chase

the boats, and, overtaking them, will overturn them with her head, or dash them in pieces with a stroke of her ponderous flukes.

The testimony of many whaling-masters furnishes abundant proof that this species of whale is possessed of unusual sagacity; and their strong affection for their young is unquestionable. Numerous contests with them have proved that, after the loss of their cherished offspring, the enraged animal has given chase to the boats, which only found security by fleeing to shoal water or to shore.

After evading the civilized whaler and his instruments of destruction, or suffering from wounds received while in their southern haunts, these migratory animals begin their northern journey. The mother, with her young, grown to half the size of maturity, but wanting in strength, make the best of their way along the shores, avoiding the rough sea by passing between or near the rocks and islets that stud the points and capes. But scarcely have they quitted their southern homes before they are surprised by the Indians about the Strait of Juan de Fuca, Vancouver and Queen Charlotte's Islands. Like enemies in ambush, they glide in canoes from island, bluff, or bay, rushing upon them with whoop and yell, lancing their instruments of torture into them, like hounds worrying the last life-blood from their vitals, and then trains of canoes tow the captured ones to shore in triumph. The whalemens among the Indians of the North-west Coast are those who delight in the height of adventure, and likewise in becoming worthy of the greatest consideration among their fellows. The one among them that could boast of killing a whale, formerly had the most exalted mark of honor conferred upon him by a cut across the nose; but the custom is no longer observed.

The whaling-canoe is thirty-five feet in length. Eight men make the crew,

each wielding a paddle five and a half feet long. The whaling-craft consists of harpoons, lines, lances, and seal-skin buoys, all of their own workmanship. The cutting material of both lance and spear was formerly the thick part of a muscle-shell, or that of the aulon, and the line made from cedar withes, twisted into a three-strand rope. The buoys are fancifully painted, but those belonging to each boat have a distinguishing mark. The lance-pole, or harpoon-staff, made of the heavy wood of the yew-tree, is eighteen feet long, weighing as many pounds, and with the lance attached is truly a formidable weapon, reminding one of the staff of Goliath's spear.

Their whaling-grounds are limited, as the Indian rarely ventures seaward far out of sight of the smoke from his cabin by day, or beyond the view of the bonfires at night. The number of canoes engaged in these expeditions is from two to five, the crews being from among the chosen men of the tribe, who, with silent stroke, can paddle the symmetrical *canim* close to the rippling water beside the animal; the bowman then, with sure aim, thrusts the harpoon into it, and heaves the line and buoys clear of the canoe. The worried creature may dive deeply, yet there is but little time when the inflated seal-skins are not visible. The instant they are seen, a buoy is elevated on a pole from the nearest canoe, by way of signal; then all dash, with shout and grunt, toward the object of pursuit. Now the chase attains the highest pitch of excitement, for each boat being provided with implements alike, in order to entitle it to a full share of the prize its crew must lodge their harpoon in the animal, with buoys attached; so that, after the first attack is made, the strife that ensues to be next to throw the spear creates a scene of brawl and agility peculiar to these savage adventurers. At length the victim,

becoming weakened by loss of blood, yields to a system of torture characteristic of its eager pursuers, and eventually spouting its last blood from a lacerated heart, it writhes in convulsions and expires. Then the whole fleet of canoes assist in towing it to the shore, where a division is made, and all the inhabitants of the village greedily feed upon the fat and flesh till their appetites are satisfied. After the feast, what oil may be extracted from the remains is put in skins or bladders, and is an article of traffic with neighboring tribes or the White traders that occasionally visit them.

This *whale of passage*, when arrived among the scattered floes of the Arctic Ocean, is rarely pursued by the whale-ship's boats: hence they rest in some degree of security; but even there, the watchful Esquimaux steal upon them, and to their primitive weapons and rude processes the whale at last succumbs, and supplies food and substance for its captors.

The Esquimaux whaling-boat, although to all appearance simple in its construction, will be found, after careful investigation, to be admirably adapted to the purpose, as well as for all other uses necessity demands. It is not only used to accomplish this, the most important undertaking, but in it they hunt the walrus, shoot game, and make their long summer-voyages about the coast, up the deep bays and long rivers, where they traffic with the interior tribes. When prepared for whaling, the boat is cleared of all passengers and useless incumbrance, nothing being allowed but the whaling-gear. Eight picked men make the crew. Their boats are twenty-five to thirty feet long, and are flat on the bottom, with flaring sides and tapering ends. The framework is of wood, lashed together with the fibres of *baleen* and thongs of walrus-hide, the latter article being the covering, or planking, to the boat. The implements are one or more harpoons,



made of ivory, with a point of slate-stone or iron; a boat-mast, that serves the triple purpose of spreading the sail and furnishing the staff for the harpoon and lance; a large knife, and eight paddles. The knife lashed to the mast constitutes the lance.

The boat being in readiness, the chase begins. As soon as the whale is seen and its course ascertained, all get behind it: not a word is spoken, nor will they take notice of a passing ship or boat, when once excited in the chase. All is silent and motionless till the spout is seen, when, instantly, all paddle toward it. The spouting over, every paddle is raised; again the spout is seen or *heard* through the fog, and again they spring to their paddles. In this manner the animal is approached near enough to throw the harpoon, when all shout at the top of their voices. This is said to have the effect of checking the animal's way through the water, till the spear is planted in its body, with line and buoys attached. The chase continues in this wise till a number of weapons are firmly fixed, causing the animal much effort to get under water, and still more to remain down; so it soon rises again, and is attacked with renewed vigor. It is an acknowledged right, with these simple natives, for the man that first effectually throws his harpoon, to command the whole party: accordingly, as soon as the animal becomes much exhausted, his *baidarra* is paddled near, and with surprising quickness he cuts a hole in its side sufficiently large to admit the knife and mast to which it is attached; then follows a course of cutting and piercing till death ensues, after which the treasure is towed to the beach in front of their huts, where it is divided, each member of the party receiving two "slabs of bone," and a like proportion of the blubber and entrails; the owners of the canoes claiming what remains.

The choice pieces for a dainty repast, with them, are the flukes, lips, and fins. The oil is a great article of trade with the interior tribes of "reindeer men:" it is sold in skins of fifteen gallons each, a skin of oil being the price of a reindeer. The entrails are made into a kind of sauce, by pickling them in a liquid extracted from a root that imparts an acrid taste: this preparation is a savory dish, as well as a preventive of the scurvy. The lean flesh supplies food for their dogs, the whole troop of the village gathering about the carcass, fighting, feasting, and howling, as only sledgedogs can.

Many of the marked habits of the California gray are widely different from those of any other species of *balæna*. It makes its regular migrations from the hot southern latitudes to beyond the Arctic Circle; and in its passages between the antipodes of climate it follows the general trend of an irregular coast so near that it is exposed to attack from the savage tribes inhabiting the seashores, who pass much of their time in the canoe, and make the capture of this singular wanderer a feat of the highest distinction. As it approaches the waters of the torrid zone, it presents an opportunity to the civilized whalers—at sea, along the shore, and in the lagoons—to practice their different modes of strategy, which hastens its annihilation. It manifests the greatest affection for its young, and seeks the sheltered estuaries lying under a tropical sun, as if to warm its offspring into activity and promote comfort, till grown to the size Nature demands for its first northern visit. When the parent animals are attacked, they show a degree of resistance and tenacity of life that distinguish them from all other cetaceans. Many an expert whaleman has suffered in the encounter, and in frequent instances has paid the penalty with his life. Once captured, however, it yields the coveted



reward to its enemies, furnishing sustenance for the Esquimau whaler, from such parts as are of little value to others. The oil extracted from its fatty covering is exchanged with remote tribes, for their fur-clad animals, of which the flesh affords the venders a feast of the choicest food, and the skins form an indispensable article of clothing. The North-west Indians realize the same comparative benefit from the captured animal as do the Esquimaux, and look forward to its periodical passage through their circumscribed fishing-grounds as a season of exploits and profit.

The civilized whaler seeks the hunted

animal farther seaward, as, from year to year, it learns to shun the fatal shore. None of the species are so constantly and variously pursued as the one we have endeavored to describe; and the large bays and lagoons, where these animals once congregated, brought forth and nurtured their young, are now nearly deserted. Their mammoth bones lie bleaching on the shores of those silvery waters, and are scattered along the broken coasts, from Siberia to the Gulf of California; and ere long, may it not be that the California gray will be known only as one of the extinct species of the Pacific cetaceans?

C. M. SCAMMON.

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#### CIRCUMSTANCE.

Trusting a golden hour I set my sail  
 Where mellow winds prevail.  
 I was alone upon the waters wide;  
 No faithful spirit nestled at my side;  
 Strange currents beat against my shallop frail—  
 I could not stem the tide.

A hand invisible, but firm and bold,  
 My fixé helm controlled.  
 On, on I drifted to a glowing land  
 Wherein the air was fraught with odors bland;  
 The ripples slid in many a shining fold  
 Along the sloping sand.

Peace made her nest within a sheltered bower;  
 The forests were in flower:  
 And there I heard a voice, with heart elate,  
 A winning voice, prophetic, like a Fate—  
 A voice that blessed with me the happy hour  
 That bore me to my mate.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

## A PHANTOM TRAGEDY.

AT twenty-one I was called upon to serve my term at soldiering, and was sent, with the Fusileers, to be stationed in the ancient city of S—, close by the sea. It was some ninety miles from my home; but I lived among pleasant surroundings, and had rented and furnished a neat little house for myself, as there were no barracks in S— at that time.

When the military manœuvres were over, early in autumn, I got a fortnight's furlough, and visited my parents; and when ready to leave them again, my mother took me aside to explain to me why my father had been more than usually irritable and excited. He had received an angry, reproachful letter from his eldest brother, who lived—as I now learned for the first time—somewhere in the vicinity of S—. My father had always been singularly reticent in regard to his early life and the history of the different members of his family; but mother told me on this occasion that they had disagreed at the division of property on the death of their father, and none of them had associated with this older brother since. Now, however, he had written to reproach my father for his neglect of him. I, fortunate youngster, was the only son in the entire remaining family, and it had been his intention, he wrote, to make me heir of all he possessed; since my father had so neglected him, however, he was in doubt about carrying out this project; had half determined to make a new will, and so forth. My father was angry with himself as well as with his brother; and mother, who was always mediator and referee between father and the children, said it was his wish that I should re-

ceive my uncle's advances—should he make any—kindly; but that I should make no advances to him. Her own private instructions were, that I should write to the old gentleman as soon as I returned to S—, and announce my visit to Rosenhagen, the estate on which he lived. "Though we are by no means poor," concluded my mother, "remember, Fritz, that you have three sisters who claim their share together with you, and your uncle possesses other estates besides Rosenhagen."

I promised to "remember;" to all other questions about this uncle of mine, mother could only reply that she knew nothing more of him, and I returned to S—. Here I engaged in the pursuit of my own pleasures when not on duty, and soon forgot uncle, Rosenhagen, and all. I had, on first returning to S—, made inquiries in regard to him, and was told that Rosenhagen was, indeed, a magnificent estate, but that the old man himself, at all times unsociable, had long withdrawn from the world, and nothing pleasant or agreeable for myself could grow out of an acquaintance with him.

One day, early in October, a letter was handed me, which proved to be from this redoubtable uncle, and held inclosed a handsome draft for me and a letter for my military commander. The letter to the Commandant contained a request that I, as the heir of an aged and infirm man, should be allowed to visit him at once, for life was but uncertain to him at the best. To me, he simply introduced himself, as it were, urging me to come at once with the bearer of the letter. This was an old iron-gray individual, half-huntsman, half-

coachman, who told me, unceremoniously, that he would start for home at one o'clock, and that his master expected me to-day. It was already eleven o'clock, and the chances of my getting furlough and "setting my house in order" in that space of time seemed highly problematical; but I accomplished it, and at one o'clock rode out of the city-gate behind the iron-gray servitor, on a plain, wooden wagon.

My mother had said the estate was some ten or twelve miles out from S——, but hour after hour passed without a sign of Rosenhagen greeting my eyes; it grew dusk, and still I could not see my inheritance. The road grew worse, so that the horses had hard work to draw the light wagon; we passed through moor and heath, the stunted remains of the forest becoming dimly visible in the light of the new moon. Pretty soon the moon went down, and the air grew so cold that in spite of the new-born affection for my venerated uncle, I could hardly help wishing myself back to my comfortable quarters in S——. I was hungry, too, and lonesome, and the old iron-gray head before me had never a word to say, except to its horses. At last my impatience got the better of me, and I asked, sharply, "Are we not near Rosenhagen yet?"

"Gee—ho!" said the ice-bear to his horses, giving them a smart cut with the whip: they were just drawing the vehicle up a short, steep ascent, which brought us out on level ground. I thought I heard a hollow roaring and rushing, as though the ocean were not far away; a quarter of an hour later the wheels of our wagon were crunching in the sand, and the sea rolled its waves till under the very hoofs of the horses.

"Rosenhagen"—said my companion, suddenly, in a deep, growling voice—"much good may it do you! Rosenhagen—there it is, off to the left"—pointing over the country, to where I

could see only a dark clump of trees. "That would be well enough; but the master has been living this long time in Dreshlott—the devil take it."

This last anathema, in the mouth of such people, I knew, meant nothing more than "a fine prospect for you."

"Is it still far off, your Dreshlott?" I ventured to ask again. But my coachman had now grown so averse to speaking that he would not even address his horses any more.

All at once dark masses, among which I thought I could see the glimmer of lights, arose in front of us, and the next minute we entered a—shall I say garden or park? It might have been both. Among groups of trees and clumps of shrubbery, neglected flower-beds were still to be seen. A smooth gravel-road carried us around a tall, dark building, and brought us to a deep, arched entrance-door. It was open, and a counterpart of my iron-gray coachman stood on the upper step, with a lantern in his hand.

"Did you bring him?" he called out bluntly to my driver.

"Guess so," was the laconic response.

"Then, please to alight, young gentleman; your uncle is becoming impatient."

I was but too glad to obey, and was led through halls and corridors, up stairways and down steps, till we finally reached an apartment from which a dazzling light was flashing, though the room was furnished in any thing but a gay or elegant manner. A hollow voice said, in a peculiarly wearied tone:

"Ah! there he is, after all. A hearty welcome to you, my child."

It was some time before I could accustom my eyes to the glaring light shed over the otherwise gloomy, though artistically arched apartment, by a great number of wax tapers. Twelve pilasters seemed to bear the weight of the groined ceiling, uniting in one pillar,

which shot up from the middle of the floor. It was evident that in former days this room had been the chapel; the one Gothic window, from which the heavy curtain had been drawn back, seemed also to speak for this. The wainscoting was of dark wood throughout, as were the few old-fashioned pieces of furniture in the room. The most singular feature about the place was a table, built around the centre-pillar, just as we see around trees in public gardens. Near this table, in a large arm-chair, sat a tall, gaunt man, of apparently fifty-six, in a plain, comfortable dressing-gown, with a soft rug drawn up over his knees. An open book lay on the table before him, and as his head was uncovered, I could see that only a few white hairs remained; but the heat in the room was so intense that no one need have felt any apprehension of taking cold, even without a covering for the head. The eyes alone were bright, almost youthful; his voice was still depressed and weary, as he said:

"Come nearer the light, my child, so that I can see you. Ah! well, I am satisfied. But where is your uniform? I understood you were in service?"

"We volunteers, who have but one year to serve, do not wear it on furlough."

"So, so;" still intently regarding me. "I don't understand these new arrangements; the Sternfelds never had much to do with the service. When does your term expire?"

"By Easter-day," was my reply.

"That is too long," he meditated, "too long. The estates will fall to you before that time."

The servant came to announce that supper was ready for me, but my uncle bade him spread the cloth on the table at his side, and dishes and wine were presently brought in. All this time he conversed pleasantly, though always in a tone as of great fatigue; and he even

made the attempt to raise himself and pour out the first glass of wine for me, but sank back with a groan.

"It won't do, Fritz. Pour the wine for yourself, and a little drop for me, too. I *will* drink a welcome to you, no matter what that fool of a Doctor says."

"Are you sick, uncle?" I asked.

"Sick? Well, yes; though while I could live in the open air I was always hearty. But since the gout has thrown me into this hole here, I feel my seventy-eight years weighing on me heavily."

I looked at him in surprise.

"Seventy-eight?"

"Yes, twenty years older than your father. My brother must have you declared of age very soon, for I do not want my estates to be without a master."

He broke off, and soon after bade me go to rest, as he knew I must be tired. In answer to his bell, the servant appeared.

"What rooms have been prepared for my nephew?" he inquired of him.

"The vine-leaf room and that with the leather wall-hangings," was the low reply.

My uncle raised himself with an angry, imperious air.

"How? You mean the picture-room and the room in the turret. Have you lost your senses?"

"The housekeeper said that none of the other rooms could be gotten in readiness so soon," answered the servant, humbly.

The old man sank back in his chair, exhausted. "It is true—Dreshlott has long stood deserted—and the rooms are all too large for the present generation. You must get through the night the best way you can, Fritz—to-morrow we will make different arrangements."

I had well noticed the peculiar manner in which the rooms assigned me had been spoken of, and on my way there I questioned the servant in regard



to them, hoping, in anticipation of a hearty laugh, to hear something about ghosts and apparitions. But the man only said, after some hesitation, that my uncle's great-grandfather had occupied these rooms in his life-time; that the castle had been unoccupied for fifty years after his death, and that they had always been held in veneration.

We had been traversing a narrow corridor for some time, going now a few steps up, then a few steps down, till at last we came to a stair-way, rising some eighteen or twenty steps, and landing in front of a large, high door. The room we entered was so large that the two tapers the servant carried lighted it but dimly. A freshly made bed stood against the back wall, near the door; to the right, in the background, was another door, leading into a smaller, circular apartment, the walls of which were painted with garlands of vine-leaves, and to the left, close to the first door, the man threw back the pressed-leather wall-hangings, disclosing a door that led to a kind of balcony, or lodge, from which one could look down into an endlessly large hall. "That is the King's Hall—King Charles Gustavus of Sweden once feasted and danced here," the servant informed me, dropping the hangings over the closed door again. "There are no other entrances to these rooms, young gentleman—though there is no lack of masked entrances and secret passages in Dreshlott. There is no other room occupied in this part of the building, but a pull at the bell by your bed will bring immediate attendance, day or night. A restful night to you, sir."

Tired though I was, I took a survey of the rooms, and found that the first was a large apartment, with two windows at the north; the walls clothed with antique leather hangings, which were made fast, except where they covered the door to the little box, or lodge. High up on the walls hung a number of large pict-

ures—family portraits—of the last two centuries, in faded gold frames; underneath stood heavy furniture, dating from the same period. The second was a turret-room, which had apparently been used sometimes as a sleeping or dressing-room, sometimes as a study. A massive, carved writing-table was there, as well as two large wardrobes, or clothes-presses; and in the wall was a deep niche, which looked as though a bed might formerly have found its place there. The only window of this handsome apartment looked to the east, and when I opened it I thought I could recognize parts of the garden or park through which we had passed. The roar of the sea fell distinctly on my ear.

Locking the outer door, I sought my bed, which I did not leave till roused by a loud knocking at my door, late the next morning. It was the servant, who announced that he had come to serve breakfast, as the huntsmen and hounds were ready for a chase, and the day one of the finest. My uncle would receive me at noon.

When I was led to his room, he was again seated by the round table, reading. But there were three windows in the room now: two of these were not closed, but *hidden*, at night, through an ingenious arrangement of the wainscoting. I found, altogether, that the old servant's information in regard to the secret inlets and outlets in Dreshlott was quite correct. A second displacement of the wainscoting revealed my uncle's bed-chamber; and still another part being pushed aside, permitted of my uncle's chair being rolled through a massive doorway into a little dining-room, from where, through a likewise masked door, one could pass immediately into the library, without encountering any of the numberless steps and stairs over which the way to these apartments led, through the corridors. In my uncle's room I found, besides the furnace-like heat of

the night before, a chandelier with three wax-tapers burning, all day long; and when I asked the reason for this, he said that it was the fashion in former days to have a taper burning in a gentleman's house all day long, by which to light the pipe.

"But—how did you sleep, Fritz? The rooms are rather exposed, and the wind blew hard, all night long: were you disturbed—shall we change your rooms to-day?"

"By no means!" I protested. "I am delighted with my rooms."

"You must inspect the King's Hall, some day," my uncle advised me; "there is stucco-work in it, such as you seldom find at the present day." And the subject was dropped.

I *was* delighted with my rooms; there was an air of comfort and quiet within their antique-looking walls which could not be found in any other part of the rambling, tumble-down building. The pictures in the "leather-room" (they represented only the male portion of my ancestors) interested me greatly—particularly that of a gentleman in a court-costume of gold-embroidered coat and pale-violet nether-garments. Not even the ridiculous Allonge-wig could entirely mar the contours of this fine head and expressive face; and when I spoke of it enthusiastically to my uncle, he said:

"It is my great-grandfather; the picture was painted in 1680—in Paris, whither he had gone with our embassy. He also married there—a St. Ange; you will find her picture in the King's Hall."

The picture was there—the face delicate and handsome, yet somewhat bold in its expression. Besides hers, there were many, many others; the stucco-work was not only beautiful, but well preserved, and the hall itself was magnificent in size and appointments, though the dust and mold of centuries seemed to lie over all. With great satisfaction

I always returned to my own rooms, where I spent hours looking out of the different windows. From the picture-room I could overlook garden and park. Great, ancient trees stood close to the walls, and in their shade the ivy grew more luxuriantly, throwing a green mantle over the crumbling ruins. The garden had been laid out in the stiff, French style; and though it had run wild in the course of nearly a century, the remains of a fountain were still in the midst of it, and an avenue of linden led from it directly to the ruins of a pavilion—in its time undoubtedly a most charming retreat. Immediately back of it, the forest-trees grouped themselves more closely, while some stood so near that when in foliage, their shadow must have concealed door and window of the summer-house. The roof had fallen in, but the door facing the linden-avenue, and the shutters on the windows, still remained fast; likewise the little back-gate leading into the forest. From the turret-room I could see another part of the garden. The low wall, inclosing the garden, was visible from here, and beyond it were the strand and the wide, open sea.

I had been in Dreshlott a week, when my uncle one evening dismissed me earlier than usual, because he suffered great pain; and he seemed more gloomy than I had yet known him to be. I made this remark to the old servant, who, as usual, lighted me to my rooms.

"Yes, yes, young gentleman; he's worse than I've seen him for many a day, and if it comes to-night for the third time——" He checked himself in evident confusion, but his words had awakened my curiosity, and I asked him:

"What do you mean, Franz?"

"Oh—nothing; I was only speaking of the bad turns my master has had; I meant if they should come again——"

"But why don't you send for a physician, if he has dangerous attacks?"

Franz shrugged his shoulders. "He'll never come here again; my master threw him out, the last time, and told him never to enter the place any more. And master has forbidden to send for any other."

As I have said, it was earlier than usual when I retired to my rooms, so I lighted my pipe and walked about; stopping, now to look out at one window or the other on the moonlit landscape below, then in front of the picture representing my ancestor with the Allongewig. I admired that picture with all the ardor and enthusiasm of youth—the magnificent head, the nobility of the face, and the fresh, untarnished coloring of the whole. Considerable time must have passed in this way, for when I had finished my pipe and got ready to open the casement for the admission of fresh air, I heard the old castle-clock strike eleven. I stepped to the window in the picture-room, intending to throw it open, when my eyes fell on the figure of a tall, slender man, passing with swift steps along the garden-walks. I saw face and figure plainly, and seemed to recognize the features, though I could not for the world have said whose face it was, or to whom it bore any resemblance. He was dressed in a fashion long out of date—wearing a coat of apparently green color, dark nether-clothes, and high boots. In his hand, on which fell a deep lace-cuff, was a gun, and a short sabre hung by his side.

For a moment I gazed in surprise. The figure must have just stepped from one of the doors of the castle; but who was it that dared to play such a masquerade-trick here? The man continued walking; now, crossing the shrubbery, he was lost to sight a moment, then he appeared again, walking toward the pavilion with rapid steps. Throwing open the window, I called aloud, "Halt! who goes there?" But the man's steps were not checked; and, as

he neared the pavilion, I followed him with my eyes, and saw, to my astonishment, that it was light as day there. I could see plainly that one of the shutters was thrown open, and some one moved quickly back from the window as the elegantly dressed hunter entered the door. My patience was exhausted.

"I'll drive you from the premises quick enough," said I, "and teach you better manners." With that I turned toward the turret-room, to get my gun, which was leaning against some piece of furniture, close to the door. The door, which I had left wide open, was now drawn to, though I did not observe this at first. Pulling it open with one hand, I stretched out the other to grasp my gun; when I started back so suddenly that I dropped my pipe to the floor, and came very near falling beside it. The turret-room, too, was light, like the pavilion, as with the light of day, and at the writing-table sat the courtier in the gold-broidered coat and Allongewig—my ancestor—as though he had just stepped from the frame of his picture in the picture-room. He was not in Court costume now, however, but wore a plain, dark hunting-dress. He was writing; and now, without raising his head, he lifted his right hand, holding the pen, as though to ward off all interruption; then he fell to writing again. I had grasped my gun at the same moment that I had pulled the door open, and I now felt, with some satisfaction, that it was still in my hand. Drawing back, I mechanically cocked both triggers, which called forth another gesture of impatience from the cavalier at the writing-table.

To the best of my knowledge, I was neither superstitious nor deficient in courage; but I must own to a chilly sensation between my shoulder-blades, at that particular time, and a gradual uprising of every hair under my cap. Was this "the third time" Franz had



spoken of? I tried to move, but something held me there, my eyes fixed on the face of the writer at the table. And now I could account for the familiar look which the face of that other cavalier, in the garden, had borne; he resembled this one, as though they were brothers. Suddenly, I heard a low knock behind me; the cavalier started and turned, looking past me as though I were empty air. His face no longer bore the serene expression that the picture gave, but looked grave and careworn. The knocking was repeated, and when I turned my head in the direction from whence it came, I saw that the wall-hanging by the window had parted, and a gray-headed huntsman entered the apartment, walking close by me, and stooping to whisper something in the ear of the gentleman. The effect was terrible. He sprang up so violently that the chair was overturned, and every lineament of his face was distorted with rage for a moment; then he pressed both hands to his eyes, and a second later it had grown rigid with a look of cold, hard determination. Taking hat, gauntlets, and gun from a table in the background, he stepped through the secret passage, followed by the huntsman.

The wall-hanging fell back in its place, the light vanished from the room, and my two tapers alone shed their dim beams on the surroundings. Once more I could move: I sprang to the place where the two figures had disappeared, but the hangings were fast to the wall and uninjured; I sprang to the outer door, then to the lodge, or balcony, but both doors were locked and the keys inside. I turned to the window, and there, in the garden, close to the house, stood the cavalier, motioning back the old huntsman with an imperious wave of the hand. Then he took nearly the same road that the other cavalier had followed; and, though he paused once or twice, and raised his hand to his forehead, he

continued steadily till he reached the linden-avenue. Here I lost sight of him.

Breathlessly I listened, but heard nothing save the beating of my own heart, and the moaning of the sea afar off. I leaned out of the window, and saw that the shutter on the pavilion-window was closed again, and the building looked ghostly in its quiet and silence. Suddenly, a shot rang through the still night, and a piercing scream followed it almost immediately, echoing shrilly through the air. A figure, closely muffled, but unmistakably that of a female, darted from the little door at the back of the pavilion, and sped on toward the forest, where I could catch a glimpse of her, now and again, as she fled swiftly through the trees. Soon she was out of sight, and I leaned against the window almost exhausted, when I perceived a lady advancing from the left, on a path that led directly to the castle. She had the face of the French woman my ancestor had married—the St. Ange, whose portrait hung in the King's Hall—and it was the veiled figure that had fled from the pavilion to the forest, a little before. She was not veiled now, but in a rich hunting costume, with heavy plumes waving from her hat. Down the linden-avenue came the cavalier whom I had first seen here: the gun was no longer in his hand, but he held the sabre, which he quickly thrust back into his belt when he beheld the lady. Near the shrubbery they met, bowed to each other ceremoniously, and the lady, after shrinking almost imperceptibly from his hand, leaned her arm on it, and together they approached the castle with leisurely, stately steps.

But there was something else to attract my attention now. From behind the pavilion, out of the forest, came four peasants in old-fashioned dress, bearing between them a closely covered body; but I felt that I knew the face under the concealing cloth, and I understood the



tragedy that had been enacted under my eyes—a domestic tragedy, of the saddest and darkest.

I started. The castle clock was striking—close to my head, it seemed to me. I counted four strokes, and then I heard a loud knock at my door. Had I been sitting here in my chair all this time? The knocking was repeated, and I arose to open the door, noting casually that my gun was standing by me in the window-niche. Long before midnight had ceased striking, I had opened the door. Franz was standing outside, a candle in his hand.

"Come with me, young gentleman—he is going." His eyes rested on me with a half-inquiring look.

"Was that 'the third time,' Franz?" I asked, as we followed the winding corridors.

"You are still undressed, young gentleman? Ah! then you heard the shot?"

"More than that, Franz: I saw it all. But let us hasten," I added, quickening my steps.

"It is useless," was his answer. "He will be gone when we get there. There was neither sorrow nor concern in his voice; but he had said truly—we came too late.

In my uncle's room was the usual flood of light; the usual degree of heat; and he sat in his chair—dead—an expression of sternness, almost hatred, fixed on his face. A servant stood by his chair—he who had first brought me here—and he said to Franz: "Just on the stroke of twelve." Messengers had already been sent for the physician and the counselor of the family.

I tried hard to fathom the mystery of the night. Had I dreamed it all, or not? In my room I found my pipe on the floor, broken, at the entrance to the turret-room; and my gun had been beside me in the window-niche when Franz called me. From this very reticent person I could learn only this: That, ac-

cording to an old tradition, the death of the lord of Dreshlott was always foretold by a funeral-train, or something like it, being seen to approach the castle. Just before the appearance of this procession, a shot was heard; on the third repetition of this visit, with the stroke of twelve at midnight, the lord of Dreshlott closed his eyes in death.

I told the counselor of my experience, but he laughed in my face.

"I hope you don't believe in ghosts: you dreamed all that stuff. Still, it is strange that you dreamed about things of which you could know nothing. The cavalier of your dream—whose portrait hangs in the picture-room—and the beautiful St. Ange—whose picture hangs in the King's Hall—lived unhappily together. From the papers of the counselor of the family at that time, I learn that on the very day when the Baron Frederick was murdered, he had been engaged in making his testament, withdrawing the right of inheritance to his estates from his wife, the St. Ange. He was found dead in the forest by some peasants, who brought his corpse here to Dreshlott. The day had been devoted to the chase, and there were those who did not scruple to say that his own brother had shot him. By the way," he continued, looking past me, out at the window, "did you never hear of a brother of your father's, just older than this uncle of yours?"

"My father never spoke of his family. I was not even aware of the existence of this brother of his, till within the last few weeks. But what of this older brother?"

"O—nothing. At least, I know nothing of him. You are aware that your uncle and his family formerly lived in Rosenhagen? Well, this older brother passed much of his time with them there. He went out into the forest one day in September to hunt, and never returned. Your aunt died soon after; and when your uncle's only child died, too, he

came to Dreshlott to live. Among the people it was mooted that the old tragedy of Dreshlott had been acted over at Rosenhagen, with the sole difference that here the lover had been the victim instead of the husband. I know nothing of the truth of these reports; but it was certainly odd that your uncle should have left the pleasant, cheerful Rosenhagen, to live in the dark, haunted ruins of

Dreshlott. It was almost as odd as the singular dread he had of being left in the dark—a dread which led to his living in a blaze of wax-tapers, by day and night."

By some accident, Dreshlott was destroyed by fire, before my uncle's body had fallen to dust, and I disposed of the land and took up my abode at Rosenhagen.

JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

### GRAVE-YARD LITERATURE.

**D**ID it ever occur to you that you would one day require an epitaph?—that not far in the future you would be known to the world only by the inscription upon your tombstone?—that you, rich as you are, wise as you may be, esteemed for this, and renowned for that, good or bad, shall one day be summed up, and the amount chiselled down in a single line upon a marble slab? And did you ever give a thought as to what that epitaph shall be? Do not shudder at the thought, for such a time shall surely come, and we may as well select our epitaphs to-day as leave the task to, mayhap, stranger hands.

When you were wandering among the narrow streets of some city of the dead, reading the names upon its marble fronts, and the inscriptions beneath, like so many signs in a city of the living, what were your thoughts? As you passed from one house to another, did you not think that the inscriptions were introductions of the dwellers in another world to the dwellers in this? Or did it seem to you like some great library, to which each one contributes a stone volume whereon are written all the virtues of all mankind? Or, if you were rather cynical than sentimental, did you regard them as labels denoting the ownership and quality of the dust beneath? Or, if you

were rather critical than sentimental, did it occur to you that those epitaphs, inscriptions, stone volumes, or labels, both in execution and design, were most egregiously bad? Did you ever study them, ponder upon them, and attempt to classify them? Perhaps you have; probably you have not. Doubtless you have sauntered along, wondering a little, sympathizing a little, instructed a little, amused a great deal, dropping a tear here, an exclamation there, and laughing almost everywhere. With the same feelings, ready to praise, admire, sympathize, censure, laugh, or cry, we set out for a ramble among epitaphs.

What constitutes an epitaph, it would be difficult to decide; the critics disagree, and the extreme characteristics of the epitaphial writings of any two centuries widely differ. In their popular sense at the present day, they mean any tombstone inscription containing a sentiment. Their origin may have been coeval with picture-writing: it was probably anterior to it. The term is derived from two Greek words, signifying "upon" and a "mound," or a "hillock." It was, therefore, in the first instance, unquestionably, a rude stone-pillar, rudely erected upon a rude mound, in commemoration of some event—it may have been the death of a friend. A desire to

perpetuate a memory of the departed would be sure to gratify itself in the ability to do so; and we may be sure that the first rude emblem to which an extraneous meaning attached, was rudely carved upon the rude pillar. Thus epitaphs had their origin; since when they have had a certain progress, differing so essentially in every age from the age preceding that one skilled in deciphering them can readily assign them to the age to which they belonged, until now they form a separate branch of literature—still rude and uncultivated, it is true, but showing hopeful signs of progress.

Whatever may have been their first object, they soon came to be used in a variety of ways and for a variety of purposes. For this reason they may be variously classified: thus, we may have, first, the religious epitaph, and its converse, the irreligious; second, prose and poetry; third, the terse and the diffuse; fourth, the true and the false; fifth, the grave and the gay; sixth, the narrative, the historical, and the eulogistic; seventh, the appropriate and the inappropriate; eighth, the devotional, admonitory, denunciatory, and consolatory; and so on to an almost endless extent.

The motives which have prompted them have been not less various: one has written his own from love of self, and one from love of his fellow-man; a Christian has breathed here his last prayer, and the scoffer uttered here his last scoff; here the punster has made his last pun, and the wit recorded his last witticism; they have been prompted by hope, love, fear, hate, revenge, humor, and remorse, and hence they breathe forth every sentiment and passion incident to the human heart.

The first thing in the cemetery which attracts our attention is the great multitude of stones bearing the same inscriptions. According to the size of the cemetery, from a score to a hundred and

more may be found on which is inscribed:

“Mark the perfect man and behold the upright,  
For the end of that man is peace.”

Lone Mountain has a score of them. A still more common one, because of the greater number of infants' graves, is the following:

“Sleep on, sweet babe, and take thy rest,  
He called thee home, He thought it best.”

The form of the above is varied to the extreme limit of literary permutation, the sentiment remaining the same.

A third, applicable alike to every age and to each sex, is yet more frequent. It seems to have been for a long time extremely popular. This favor arises, no doubt, from two causes: the smooth jingle of its poetic feet and its paradoxical sentiment. There is something in it mysterious, and the human heart dearly loves a mystery. Here is one of its forms:

“Weep not for me, my parents dear,  
I am not dead, but sleeping here.”

This is varied to the extent of double-and-twisted compound permutation. In the place of parents may be substituted father, mother, brother, sister, children, husband, daughter, darling, or any other word of two syllables; it has been transposed so that every word, except “for” and “but,” has been used as a termination of the couplet. In instances of large grief, and in cases where the perception has been so dull that the sublime original has not been fully understood or appreciated, it has been joined to two other lines of various import and appropriateness. It has, however, done much good in its way: it has checked such innumerable fountains of grief; it has been so healing a balm to so many lacerated hearts; it has dried up so many floods of tears, and diffused such a feeling of boundless satisfaction and consolation through so many mourners' souls, that we speak of it with religious



awe. Let us hope that its unknown author reposes beneath something as grand.

But a more frequent culmination is the famous Latin inscription:

"Requiescat in pace,"

and its contortionated English translations. It is *the* epitaph of Catholics. Standing in the midst of one of their cemeteries, one beholds before him, behind him, and on either hand, "May I, thou, you, he, she, it, and they, rest in peace." It is in the indicative, potential, subjunctive, imperative, and infinitive moods; in the declarative, interrogative, and exclamatory forms; it is chiseled in marble, painted with the brush, and, in extreme poverty, roughly penciled upon some way-side slab which has been made to perform this pious duty. It is not going out of our province to note that from the above we derive one of our most expressive slangs: where the grave-stone has been too narrow, and where the purchasers have been too poor to pay for the cutting of the whole inscription, only the initial letters—R. I. P.—have been carved. What boy, upon reading it, would not say, "Well, let her rip?" and Cuthbert Bede relates that he once heard an unlearned man reading it upon the headstone of an enemy, ejaculate, "Well, he was an old rip, anyhow."

One naturally wonders how so many have become so fashionable. Said an old tombstone sculptor: "There is a good deal of comfort to be gathered from these little old scraps of poetry; and so I always recommend them in preference to any new-fangled ones. *And somehow they seem to stretch to suit a great grief, and shrink to fit a small one.*" Another may be found in almost any stone-cutter's shop. There you may behold long rows of finished stones—finished except as to name, time, place of birth, time, place of death, age, and the

interesting item, who paid for the memorial. The purchaser has only to walk along until one is found with an epitaph pleasing to his fancy; if the size and filigree work also suit, a bargain is soon concluded; if they do not, he has only to look a little farther and find all of his requirements combined.

Very trite are most of them: little of novelty, little of interest, do *we* discover in them. "But, when we ridicule their triteness," most beautifully says Hawthorne, "we forget that sorrow reads far deeper in them than we can, and finds a profound and individual purport in what seems so vague and inexpressive, unless interpreted by her. She makes the epitaph anew, though the self-same words may have served for a thousand graves." We would not open anew the wounds which time and these have healed, but we would refine the taste of those who are yet to plant these memorials, for true sorrow and good diction are not inseparable.

A second feature of attraction is the entire disregard paid to all the rules of composition and grammar. Capital letters and punctuation-marks seem to have been shaken out of a pepper-box, having been used wherever the fancy of each workman dictated, not where required. The tombstone lapidary is generally an uneducated man, and his literary attainments, either of prose or poetry, have, at one time or other, been inscribed on granite, slate, or marble; and it would be difficult to find five-and-twenty epitaphs which have not been left to his skill, taste, and ignorance. It is not unusual, upon these monuments of stupidity and ignorance, to find deeply engraved the manufacturer's name and place of business—an enduring advertisement of a lack of early advantages. This, on a splendid monument at Lone Mountain, erected to the memory of the Purser of the *Brother Jonathan*, is illustrative, and requires no comment:



"Like life the Sea was false and hid  
the cold dark rock from sight,  
She struck! a cry of dark despair  
The waves rolled o'er his head, He is gone.  
Down. Deep. Ah! he, rises, He floats, He is  
coming, He is here, His Soul."

The above is bad enough; but, all things considered, the following is worse. In the south-east corner of the cemetery, the first monument to be found has upon one side the name, age, and nativity of —. Upon a second side is inscribed:

"The first Agent of the  
American Tract Society  
on this coast; a *Pioneer*  
in the interests of Religion,  
Temperance; Charity and  
Good Morals; and a promoter  
of the organization and labors  
of many leading associations  
for the advancement of the  
Public Welfare."

Upon a third side we read:

"The Board of Education and citizens of San Francisco unite in erecting this monument to his memory as the Founder of Common Schools in this City and State; and as the first Superintendent of Common Schools in San Francisco."

The lack of elegance in the above is accounted for in the fact that the deceased was the school-master of the Board, and had gone abroad before it was composed.

Again, in the same cemetery we may read:

"Oh we miss them, sadly miss them  
And we drop a silent tear  
As our thoughts with them wander  
Them we ever loved so dear."

And near by:

"His body lies in the deep  
Till Gabriels trump shall sound  
Yet God will raise it *up*  
With ours *beneath* the ground."

And, as we descend the western slope of the cemetery:

"She lived unknown and few could know  
When Fanny ceased to be.  
But she is in her Grave, and Oh!  
The difference to me."

"Wery likely," "Sam Weller" would

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say. Such are not peculiar to Lone Mountain. In a certain portion of our country, the following is common:

"Him shall never come back to we  
But us shall surely go to he."

At Shiloh, Pennsylvania, the memory of a dead soldier is thus preserved from oblivion:

"John D. L—— was born March the 26th 1839 in the town of West Dresden, State of New York, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

In La Pointe, Michigan:

"This stone was erected to the memory of J—— D—— who was shot as a mark of esteem by his surviving relatives."

In England:

"Here lies the remains of Thomas Nicols who died in Philadelphia, March, 1753. Had he lived he would have been buried here."

Another:

"Under this sod lies John Round  
Who was lost at sea and never found."

Montrose, 1757:

"Here lies the Bodeys of GEORGE YOUNG and ISABEL GUTHRIE and all their posterity for more than fifty years backwards."

To which the next is very like:

"Sacred to the Memory of Charley and Varley  
Sons of loving parents who died in infancy."

The next is from Connecticut:

"Death conquers all  
both young and old  
tho ever so wise discreet and bold  
in helth and strength this youth did die  
in a Moment without one cry  
Killed by a Cart."

Near the roadside in the Catholic cemetery of San Francisco is inscribed upon a plain, white marble slab:

"A loving mother and brother dear.  
A sincere friend here lies  
Buried."

Which? And within the radius of a few feet, the following half-dozen:

"Beneath this slab there lies a man  
That won the love of many;  
But the Almighty God so good and  
Kind left him not long to any."

"I am happy but you are sad  
I rest in heaven to guide your bed."

"I have run enough,  
I'll run no more."

"O call my brother back to me,  
I can not play alone;  
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet  
Quarreling ne'er should come."

"Blessed are the homesick  
For they shall get home."

"Blessed are the dead."

"Glory to God."

At Lone Mountain, the following,  
"erected by his wife:"

"He left this world of care and strife,  
To lead above a happier life."

Do we not hope that he has not been disappointed? But many are ludicrous, without being absurd. It is not always the subject-matter which gives to wit and humor its charms. It is greatly enhanced by the time and place. In the grave-yard and in the church, where only solemn subjects, solemnly treated, are expected, any thing slightly funny occurring makes a much stronger impression upon our perceptions of the ludicrous than would the same incident elsewhere, and under other circumstances. This is because the mind is wholly unprepared for it. The following, by a husband upon his wife's tomb, is a good illustration:

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away,  
Blessed be the name of the Lord."

On a husband and wife:

"Their warfare is accomplished."

And the following:

"Her blooming cheeks were no defence  
Against the scarlet fever;  
In five days time she was cut down  
To be with Christ forever."

About the year 1600, the practice of punning grew into frequency, and lasted for a century or more, since when it has fortunately nearly died out. The specimens are numerous, but the following are sufficient to show the humor of their age:

"Here lies Thomas Huddlestone: Reader dont smile  
But reflect as this tombstone you view  
That Death, who killed him, in a very short while  
Will huddle a stone upon you."

Upon an organist named Merideth:

"Here lies one blown out of breath  
Who lived a merry life, and died a Merideth."

John More:

"Hic jacet plus, plus non est hic,  
Plus et nonplus, quomodo sic?"

Upon a smuggler killed by the excise officers:

"Here I lies  
Killed by xii."

William Button's epitaph:

"O sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles!  
Are graves then dwindled into button holes?"

On Dr. William Cole:

"And when the latter trump of heaven shall blow,  
Cole now raked up in ashes, thou shalt glow."

On William Bird:

"One charming Bird to Paradise has flown."

John Potter:

"A'lack and well a day.  
Potter himself is turned to clay."

There is no boundary to the ridiculous conceits displayed in epitaphs. An extensive progeny is thus handed down:  
Ann Jennings:

"Some have children, some have none,  
Here lies the mother of twenty one."

Woman, always a subject of satire,  
has not been forgotten:

"Beneath this stone lies Katherine my wife,  
In death my comfort, and my plague through life:  
Oh! Liberty!—but, soft! I must not boast  
She'll haunt me else by jingo, with her ghost.  
PATRICK LEARY.

It is hoped that the following, from  
Maine, was successful:

"Sacred to the memory of James H. Random  
who died Aug. the 6th 1800. His widow who mourns  
as one who can be comforted aged only 24 and pos-  
sessing every qualification for a good wife, lives at  
— street in this village."

The *cacosthes loquendi* has also been  
remembered:

"Here lies returned to clay,  
Miss Arabella Young;  
Who on the 1st of May,  
Began to hold her tongue."

The following is by Burns, on a hen-pecked country Squire:

"As father Adam first was fooled,  
A case that's still too common,  
Here lies a man a woman ruled,  
The devil ruled the woman."

Enough like the foregoing to fill a small volume might be given, but the following is a good one for the last under this head:

"To the Memory of Mary Mum:  
Silence is Wisdom."

The various professions have not been forgotten, either in sarcasm or sentiment; but one of a kind must suffice:

On Sir John Strange:

"Here lies an honest lawyer, that is Strange!"

On an editor:

"Here *lies* an editor."

On an apprenticed printer:

"The devil is dead."

On a doctor:

"Gone to practice where he can not kill."

On a school-master:

"These are my Holydays."

On a waiter:

"He is gone, he could wait no longer."

The famous ones on Benjamin Franklin, the printer, and George Routledge, the watchmaker, are so well known as not to need repeating.

They are not all bad: a few are touchingly beautiful. What could be finer than the following:

"The Human Form  
Respected for its honesty  
and known for forty three years  
under the appellation of  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Began to dissolve  
(and the date)."

Or this:

"He will be raised and finished by his Creator at the last day."

Or this one:

"Erected to the memory of a Christian Mother."

And another:

"At Rest."

These, these are epitaphs which speak to our souls; they calm our spirits, chasten our thoughts, purify and elevate our aspirations; these are gentle, dignified, eloquent: they please our feelings, if they do not assuage our griefs.

It has been said that "the writer of an epitaph is not upon oath:" this may be true, though where could a declaration be more solemnly made?—and if there is to be a day in the distant future when our words shall be adjudged, will not God affirm or deny their truth, truly? Whether upon oath or no, how becoming to them is truth! We instinctively hate a lie, however frivolous; how much more so upon serious subjects, and with our thoughts upon Death and Eternity. All our nature rebels at the idea of a lie under circumstances so solemn.

"He tried all he could, to do something good,  
But never succeeded,"

arrests our attention and excites our commiseration, when we turn with disgust from "The perfect man," "The exemplary Christian," and "A saint in Heaven." Equally abhorrent, equally out of place, is all levity, all irony, all hyperbole. There should be nothing in the cemetery to distract our thoughts or call off our attention from things serious; it should be made a place for sober contemplation, rather than as it now is, a place of amusement.

At the present day, grave-yard literature is restricted mostly to the middle and poorer classes of society; as a rule, elegant tombstones and costly sepulchres bear no inscriptions; the demands of our grief are in a measure satisfied with a certain amount of display, and a lavish expenditure of wealth is not "so common," nor "so plebeian," as a lavish use of words.

In preparing an epitaph, one thing more should be remembered; which is, that true and genuine sorrow is never loquacious. Like deep waters which flow stillest, so deep sorrow bears no ruffles or eddies upon its bosom. Its surface is broken by no ripples or rapids: it moves onward, straight onward, in a

constantly widening, deepening channel, and pours its volume into the great Hereafter. No gaudy coffin, splendid monument, or "affectionate tribute," can stay its course. They will not make amends for a remorseful Past; nor will they cast the mantle of oblivion over any regretted word or action.

W. N. GRANGER.

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### A NEW VIEW OF THE LABOR QUESTION.

THE condition of the laborer in California, being fraught with danger to the State, and prognostic of any thing but happiness or prosperity to himself, is well worthy the attention of statesmen and philanthropists. Throughout the whole length and breadth of the land, the laborers look upon many of the laws and customs of the State with a feeling of dislike, which, if they themselves are to be believed, may at any moment culminate in acts of open hostility to the Government. Knowing the condition of the laborer, we need not be surprised at his discontent; but that he has so many grounds for discontent, creates astonishment. To see him toiling along the dusty highway, penniless, weary, and foot-sore, begging a ride from the teamsters, begging a meal of victuals from the farmers, none would suppose him a denizen of a State advertised over the world for the extent and fertility of a soil to be obtained there for nothing! Having no permanent residence, making no enduring friends, coming daily into contact with strangers whose only object is to make the most out of him and then turn him adrift, it is not a matter of much surprise that his vices attain the highest development; that his virtues become dimmed, and finally extinguished. How often, not only his virtue, but his reason too, becomes a wreck,

let the records of our State Prison and Lunatic Asylum answer.

Nor can it be said that his material, any more than his moral and mental condition, is in a very satisfactory state. That for the acquisition of wealth California offers facilities superior to most places, and that her citizens are by no means deficient in energy, are well-known facts; yet perhaps in no other State in the Union has such a large proportion of the population reached the age of forty years without founding a home or making any provision for old age. With such opportunities of being rich, happy, and virtuous, how is it that we have so much poverty, misery, and crime? I will here endeavor to point out a few of the causes of such unexpected results, and suggest some measures for removing them.

In California, as well as in other countries, the poverty of the laborer is the fruitful source of innumerable evils. But why is he so poor? Partly owing to the extravagant habits engendered by the abundance of gold and the high rate of wages in the earlier days of the State; partly owing to the delusive hopes created in his breast by heartless demagogues, and partly owing to his ignorance of the resources of the country. The laborer came here, in the first instance, to seek gold, and, next, to earn



wages. Few thought of founding homes; almost every one sought a fortune, with the intention of returning whence he came. Fortunes can not now be secured in a few years, but comfortable homes can be acquired as easily as ever. Unfortunately, the laborer does not endeavor to grasp what is within his reach, but wastes his energies in seeking to attain results beyond his power. In many instances, his condition is rendered worse, and the obstacles in the way of his improvement are increased, by the fact that he has a vote. Were it not for this, he would hear some wholesome truths when addressed by men of a wider range of information than himself. As it is, every demagogue who requires his vote takes care to flatter, rather than to advise; or, when advice is given, it is such as tends to chain him more closely to his silly prejudices, unthrifty habits, and delusive expectations. In no country in the world can it be more truly said than in California—

“How few of all the ills which men endure  
That kings or laws can cause or cure;”

yet the laborer loses no small part of his time in beseeching the Government to do something for him which is not advisable, or which could be done more readily by his own exertions. Every year, he wastes both time and money in seeking the repeal of laws, some of which have been too recently established, by a large majority, to be rescinded for many years to come, while others are the result of circumstances which, as long as we lay any claim to honesty, must be manfully met.

There are two institutions in California—the Immigration Society and the Labor Exchange—which have done much toward promoting the welfare of the laborer. Notwithstanding all the benefits conferred on the State by the former of these associations, perhaps it would be better if its labors were more closely confined to the redress of evils at home.

That California should double her population in a given time is not, as many seem to think, what she most requires. Better that she should have half a million happy, prosperous, intelligent, law-abiding citizens, than two millions having in their midst poverty, ignorance, and crime. Even admitting that it is most desirable to increase our population as much as possible, it is questionable whether the best way to secure that end is to seek all over the world for immigrants, while so many grounds for dissatisfaction exist among a large portion of the present population. The paid agents of the Immigration Society may loudly proclaim that a fortune awaits every enterprising farmer in California; but their hearers can not fail to obtain testimony from other sources, equally trustworthy, but totally in opposition to the theories of the Immigration agents. Every one who reads California newspapers must learn that we import butter, cheese, bacon, etc., to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars annually; every one of these readers must learn that during last winter and spring thousands of our able-bodied laborers were clamoring for work, at any price, but could not obtain it. Either of these facts, taken by itself, would be damaging to the reputation of California as a grazing and agricultural State; take both of them together, and they are likely to create a prejudice against her which can be removed only by counter-evidence equally tangible and reliable. The letter of a poor laborer to his friends in Europe may not have such a number of readers as the circulars of the Immigration Society; but being read by persons who are acquainted with the writer, it would have more weight. There are thousands of such writers, daily sending to their friends at home information tending to neutralize the efforts of the Immigration agents. If, however, we could alter the circumstances of these

men, so as to render them hopeful with regard to their future prospects, every one of them would become a most efficient immigration agent. The best way to do this is to assist them in obtaining farms.

The Immigration Society, then, instead of devoting all their energies to the introduction of settlers from abroad, should use more exertion in finding homes for the laborers of the State. The information to be obtained from the Society, though of great value to the settler who has a fair amount of capital, is too vague to be of any use to the laborer who has only a few hundred dollars with which to commence operations. The knowledge of the Society is accurate enough with regard to the price and locality of land belonging to private individuals, but such land is beyond the laborer's reach. With regard to Government land, the Society can only tell the settler that in certain counties there is vacant land adapted to certain purposes. The Society can give no information as to the precise locality of the land, the supply of wood and water, or any of those minor details which would assist in determining the settler's choice. Besides, when the settler arrives on the ground he can not tell which is vacant land. The survey-marks, always poorly executed, soon become obliterated. *Vaqueros*, in order to throw more obstacles in the way of the settler, amuse themselves by lassoing the survey-stakes and pulling them out of the ground. In most places, the old settlers—generally graziers, with a good many cattle—are unwilling to give any information to new arrivals, as the land, while it belongs to Government, is occupied by their own stock. Again, a man may proceed to the land-office, and, while representing himself to be the agent of men desirous of pre-empting land, file on a quarter-section in the name of each of them. Filing on land costs only \$3 for each

quarter-section, and enables the settler to hold the land for thirty days, at the expiration of which time he must commence to put up improvements. The graziers, however, have no intention of making improvements. Their object is only to mislead *bona fide* settlers. When a stranger goes to the land-office and finds that certain quarter-sections have been filed on, never thinking that it was not done by *bona fide* settlers, never thinking that this land is still open to pre-emption, he directs his inquiries to some other locality, only to meet with similar results. By such artifices a few stock-owners have often succeeded in retaining possession of a whole township for several years, until the Government, seeing that no person wished to pre-empt the land, gave instructions that it should be disposed of according to custom in such cases, by private entry, when, of course, it fell into the hands of the men whose manœuvres brought such a state of things to pass. It would take pages to describe the obstacles which strangers, especially if poor and ignorant, encounter in their search for homesteads. The result often is that after traveling, perhaps accompanied by his family, for several months, the settler gives up the search in disgust, goes to some other State, and declares to all his acquaintances that there is not an acre of good land unoccupied in California.

In order to remedy these evils, the Immigration Society should have an agent in every land-district in the State. The agent should be a practical surveyor, so as to be able to trace out the old survey lines; he should be a practical farmer, so as to be able to give correct information relative to the quality of the soil. In addition to these, the duty of the agent would be to examine minutely the ground in his district, and transmit to the Immigration Society an account of what he could learn relative to its re-

sources. Old settlers, knowing the impossibility of deceiving such an agent for any length of time, would not attempt it at all, but give him whatever information lay in their power. From them, and by examining the field-notes of the Government Surveyor, the agent could learn a good deal about the land, without having ever seen it; but, of course, his examination of the country should be made as carefully as his time would allow. Once in possession of the information which the agent could supply, the Immigration Society could tell those seeking homesteads exactly where to find them. He who is in search of a piece of land for farming, gardening, or dairying purposes, could learn the precise locality of the quarter-section best adapted to his wants; he could learn what facilities were in its neighborhood for building and fencing, for sending his produce to market, and for educating his children. The salary of a reliable and competent agent would be only the merest trifle, in comparison to the amount of money thus saved to the settlers. That toil, sickness, privation, and blighted hopes are generally the result of the settler's search for a homestead, is so well known, that many persons, sooner than seek for vacant land, buy land from private individuals for \$3 or \$4 an acre, though there may be in the same county Government land, equally valuable, to be had for nothing.

In possession of the most accurate information relative to the resources of the soil, the next step for the Immigration Society is to disseminate that information among the laborers. Extraordinary as the statement may appear, there are thousands in California ignorant of every thing connected with the Homestead Law. Indeed, many are unaware that such a law exists. The following anecdote will illustrate to what an extent this ignorance prevails:

A few years ago, I fell in with a par-

ty of surveyors who were running the boundary-line between two counties. They were all intelligent men, and some of them had, on several occasions, been elected by their fellow-citizens to fill important county offices. During our conversation, I happened to make a remark about the beneficial results of the Homestead Law. At first the drift of my observation was not understood, but when I explained that there was a law which enabled a citizen to become the owner of 160 acres of Government land, without paying for it, on condition that he resides on and improves it for five years, the laugh at my expense was long and boisterous. One individual said, "Well, you must be mighty green to suppose that Uncle Sam would give any one a farm of land for nothing." All my efforts to convince them of the truth of what I said were unavailing.

In all parts of the State, I have met men equally in the dark in this respect; and my impression is that among the laborers, to whom a knowledge of this law is most important, to find men acquainted with its provisions is the exception, not the rule. The difference between the Homestead and the Pre-emption Laws, though only trifling to those settlers who have a moderate capital, is of the greatest importance to the mere laborer who wishes to obtain a farm. Let him take up a quarter-section of land under the Pre-emption Law, and about twelve months after, he has to pay the Government \$200 for his land. A poor man in this time would not be able to fence his land, raise and send his crop to market; consequently, he would have less money at command than when he commenced farming. Under the Homestead Law, he pays for his quarter-section only about \$20 in fees and commission, and at the end of five years receives his patent, without further cost. Should he find it convenient, as a beginner most probably would, to seek wages during



these five years, the law allows him to remain away from his home for any period he desires; provided, it does not exceed six months at one time. With regard to improvements, the law is equally lenient. The poorest shanty capable of protecting him from the weather, is enough to satisfy the requirements of the law.

The officers in charge of the Labor Exchange, meeting so many laborers, are well situated to give them information on this point. Or a notice could be posted in a conspicuous position at the Labor Exchange, notifying the laborers that any one among them who had money could, by applying to the Immigration Society, obtain not only employment, but a safe and profitable investment for his capital. Among the thousands of laborers to be found idle every winter, are many with a capital varying from \$200 to \$500, which was saved from some lucky mining operation, or when wages were higher, but which grows smaller and smaller every day. These are the men who would be benefited by knowing where to find homesteads. Even the laborer that has only money enough to buy a month's provisions and build the cheapest cabin, should endeavor to secure a farm the first time he is out of employment. Among other advantages that would accrue to him through this step, he has a home of his own to which he can go when idle, and where he can support himself for \$2 or \$3 per week, while at the hotels he would have to pay thrice that sum. When in want of employment, he can much more readily obtain it from the richer settlers in his neighborhood than if he were a total stranger. During the last three years I have lived or traveled in half the counties of the State, and, although I have seen men out of employment in the busiest seasons, I have never seen a man with a house and land of his own who could

not get work from his richer neighbors whenever he desired. There is nothing strange in this. Much of the farmer's work requires to be done either by trustworthy men or under his own supervision. He can not superintend everything; the men who come to him in search of employment are not known to be trustworthy: hence he neglects many a piece of work to which he would attend under more favorable circumstances. It is quite natural that a farmer would be unwilling to place a man of whose antecedents he is wholly ignorant in charge of a team of horses, and send him on a journey which would keep him several days from home. For want of a trustworthy teamster, he fails to haul home lumber; for want of lumber, his land is, in many instances, neither fenced nor cultivated, though both might be done with profit. The man who goes from his own house to seek employment among his neighbors is always treated with more consideration than if he were a total stranger. The very fact of his taking up a homestead is, in itself, strong evidence of his industry and honesty of purpose. In addition to this moral guarantee, there is in his house and improvements, no matter how poor, a material guarantee that he will prove faithful to his trust. In the remote parts of the State, where land is to be still obtained, many of the settlers, although in affluent circumstances, are, owing to their distance from market, often without money. The laborer who has a home of his own in the neighborhood can afford to let his wages remain due for some time. Being known, he gets, and, therefore, can give trust. Sometimes the farmer finds it convenient to give, and the laborer convenient to receive, cattle or hogs instead of money; but if the laborer left the vicinity when out of employment, such an arrangement could not be made. Thus innumerable circumstances, many of them extremely trifling, unite in creat-



ing an important result: namely, that laborers residing on their own land can always get employment and fair wages from their richer neighbors.

By co-operation, a number of laborers could do much better than any of them could singly. The law does not allow them to become partners in the ownership of the land before receiving their patents for it; but they may enter into partnership for the purpose of improving it. Let us suppose four unmarried men, each of whom owns \$400, take up four contiguous quarter-sections of land under the Homestead Law. Their first step will be to purchase a team of horses and a wagon. One of them alone could not do this. Four good horses and a wagon can be bought for \$500. Having horses of their own, they can go to the saw-mill, and there obtain, at first cost, the lumber required for building and fencing. Of course they must be content with very humble dwellings; but for about \$150 each they can procure more comfortable quarters than those to which they are usually consigned when working for a farmer. In fact, they need build but one house deserving the name. They could all reside in this. Three cabins, to answer the requirements of the law, could be built on the three remaining quarter-sections. Many settlers, during the few first years they reside on their land, live in cabins that did not cost \$20 each. Four settlers, acting thus in unison, need not spend more than \$300 for building purposes. Lumber at the saw-mills usually costs only \$10 per thousand superficial feet, and the settlers could haul it home and build their houses themselves.

It may be assumed that during the first year two of them will be at work on the land, and the other two absent earning wages. Or they can all remain at home when times are dull, and look out for employment when wages are high. Their own work, building and fencing,

can be done as well at one season as at another. Assuming that two of them are always at home, fencing and improving their land, their expenses for board will be about \$6 weekly. A working horse requires each day about fifteen pounds of barley, worth a cent a pound, and twenty-five pounds of hay, worth \$10 per ton. Four horses, at this rate, will eat every week provisions worth \$7.70. The total cost of provisions for men and horses, say \$14, will be met by the earnings of the men who are at work for wages, thus enabling two of them to go on with their improvements without interruption.

Their next step will be to fence their land. A common fence, in California, is made by driving pickets into the ground and nailing a board along their tops. Two pickets to each lineal foot make an excellent fence, impassable to cattle or hogs. If the settlers take up their land in a square block, they have only four miles of fencing for the outside boundary. Allowing two pickets to the foot, 42,240 would be required. At \$9 per thousand pickets—the usual price paid at the saw-mills—they would cost about \$380; the boards to nail on the tops of the pickets would cost \$190, and nails about \$10, making the total cost of the material, for four miles of fencing, \$580. Lumber is scarce and dear in the southern part of the State, but it is not necessary to go there in search of land. In the middle and northern counties, both coast and inland, there is plenty of vacant land within a dozen miles of saw-mills. But supposing the settler has to go twenty or twenty-five miles for his lumber, he can bring home a load in two days. Five hundred pickets would be an ordinary load for a four-horse team. Hence there would be eighty-five loads of pickets, equal to 170 days' work; hauling home the boards would require about thirty days more. A man can point the ends of the pickets

at the rate of a thousand a day, and two men can put up this kind of fence at the rate of half a mile a week, if the ground is not very hard. As only one man would be required as teamster, the labor of the other would be more than equivalent to putting up the whole fence. With ordinary success, they could build a house and fence on all their land in one year. There would still be a few hundred dollars of their capital left, which might profitably be invested in cattle, hogs, or poultry, and thus reduce their board bill. In many instances they will find plenty of lumber for fencing purposes on their own land, and then, of course, their expenses would not be near so high. In other places a ditch and embankment could be profitably substituted for a picket-fence.

In those places where land is still vacant, farming, owing to the distance from market, will not be profitable for a few years. Most of this land is, however, adapted to grazing and fruit-growing purposes. I have the authority of graziers of twenty years' experience in California, for saying that among the land still vacant, there are hundreds of square miles, two acres of which will feed a cow throughout the whole year. But let us allow to each cow four acres, which, from my own experience, I know to be more than sufficient, and look at what has been achieved by these four settlers. The usual price paid for the grass of a cow in an inclosed pasture in California, is \$6 yearly. Since a two-year old heifer, ready to calve, sells in this State for \$50 or \$60, the price mentioned is not too much to pay for the grass. From this it will be seen that, if these men wish to let their 640 acres of land for grazing purposes, they can do so at an annual rent of about a thousand dollars. Instead of letting their land, they can do better still by retaining it. Having a large, well-fenced field, they will have no difficulty in get-

ting as many cattle as they can attend to on shares. The usual terms, in an arrangement of this kind, are, that the herders get half the butter and cheese, and half the increase of the cattle. Sheep can be obtained on similar terms. Among the various ways in which a fortune can be made in California, this getting sheep or cattle on shares is, for a poor man, the surest and most expeditious. Nor need the settlers confine their stock to their own land. In the spring and earlier part of the summer, grass is abundant everywhere. They could let their stock roam at large, and reserve their private property until the outside grass was consumed.

Hog-raising is another business to which the laborer might profitably turn his attention. The high price of pork; the rapidity with which hogs increase; the mildness of the climate, owing to which it is unnecessary to build houses for their shelter; and the abundance of wild food—such as grass, roots, acorns—combine to render this an extremely lucrative employment. In various parts of the State, especially in the thinly settled districts, large droves of hogs are fed, in the spring, on grass; in summer, as the water dries up in the lakes and sloughs, they find abundant food in the *tule* and other roots; and in the fall, by feeding on acorns, they become almost fat enough for the butcher. In fact, thousands are slaughtered annually without having ever eaten cultivated food. Increasing as they do at the rate of over a thousand per cent. yearly, a small amount of capital will suffice for this pursuit. There is no fear that the market for bacon and hams will soon be glutted. We still import these articles in large quantities from other parts of the State; and, in addition to supplying the home market, we could export to Australia. Bacon and hams are largely consumed there, after being imported at considerable expense from England.

But to return to our four settlers: In the course of a few years, a railroad would, in all probability, be built to the neighborhood of their land. They might then consider themselves independent. There is land still vacant almost equal for agricultural purposes to any occupied. It needs only a railroad in its vicinity to raise the price of it from \$1.25 per acre to \$30 per acre. With their land fenced, and they themselves known to be honest and industrious, they would easily obtain assistance from others. When desirous of cultivating their land, mechanics, professional men, and capitalists will advance them seed, tools, or any thing they may require, for a share in the crop.

Would the laborers respond to an offer to assist them in this manner? Of this there can be but little doubt; but the accurate mode of proceeding, and the advantages to be derived, must be clearly pointed out to them. Some of the best fruit-land in the State is so situated that a man may settle on it with less than \$100 capital, and yet not have

occasion to leave it in search of employment. The land to which I refer is well timbered, and the settler, when in want of money, has only to chop a few cords of fire-wood, for which he can find a ready sale, without moving it off the ground. When in want of food, he has only to turn to the brooks and lagoons around him for a plentiful supply of fish. Let him take his gun, and he will find both profit and amusement in bagging the various kinds of game, from quails to deer, that can be found wherever he directs his steps. But it is of no use to tell this to the laborer, unless you can tell him more. Unless he can obtain more precise information, he is not likely to believe this much. Even if he believed it, and set out in search of a homestead with the limited means at his command, he would not be likely to have much success. But let the Immigration Society adopt the measures suggested for obtaining and disseminating information relative to the resources of the soil, and not only the laborer, but the whole community, will be benefited thereby.

JOHN HAYES.

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## THE NIGHT-DANCERS OF WAIPIO.

THE afternoon sun was tinting the snowy crest of Mauna Kea, and folds of shadow were draping the sea-washed eastern cliffs of Hawaii, as Felix and I endeavored to persuade our fagged steeds that they must go and live, or stay and die in the middle of a lava-trail by no means inviting. As we rode, we thought of the scandal that had so recently regaled our too willing ears: here it is, in a mild solution, to be taken with three parts of disbelief.

Two venerable and warm-hearted missionaries, whose good works seemed to have found dissimilar expression, equal-

ly effective I trust, found their specialties to be church-building.

Rev. Mr. A seemed to think the more the merrier, and his cunning little meeting-houses looked as though they had been baked in the lot, like a sheet of biscuits; while Rev. Mr. B condensed his efforts into the consummation of one resplendent edifice. Mr. A was always wondering why Mr. B should waste his money in a single church, while Mr. B was nonplused at seeing Mr. A break out in a rash of diminutive chapels. Well, Felix and I were riding northward up the coast, over dozens and dozens of

lovely ridges; through scores of deep gullies cushioned with ferns as high as our pommels, and fording numberless streams, white with froth and hurry, eagerly seeking the most exquisite valley in the Pacific, as some call it. We rode till we were tired out twenty times over; again and again we looked forward to the bit of Mardi-life we were about to experience in the vale of the Waipio, while now and then we passed one of Mr. A's pretty little churches. Once we were impatient enough to make inquiry of a native who was watching our progress with considerable emotion: there is always some one to watch you when you are wishing yourself at the North Pole. Our single spectator affected an air of gravity, and seemed quite interested as he said, "Go six or seven churches farther on that trail, and you'll come to Waipio." On we went with renewed spirits, for the churches were frequent, almost within sight of each other. But we faltered presently and lost our reckoning, they were so much alike. Again we asked our way of a solitary watcher on a hill-top, who had had his eye upon us ever since we rose above the rim of the third ridge back: he revealed to us the glad fact that we were only two churches from Paradise! How we tore over the rest of that straight-and-narrow way with the little life left to us, and came in finally all of a foam, fairly jumping the last mite of a chapel that hung upon the brink of the beautiful valley, like a swallow's nest! And down we dropped into fifty fathoms of the sweetest twilight imaginable; so sweet it seemed to have been born of a wilderness of the night-blooming cereus and fed forever on gossamer buds.

There were shelter and refreshment for two hungry souls, and we slid out of our saddles as though we had been boned expressly for a cannibal feast.

By this time the rosy flush on Mauna Kea had faded, and its superb brow was

pale with an unearthly pallor. "Come in," said the host; and he led us under the thatched gable, that was fragrant as new-mown hay. There we sat, "in," as he called it, though there was never a side to the concern thicker than a shadow.

A stream flowed noiselessly at our feet. Canoes drifted by us, with dusky and nude forms bowed over the paddles. Each occupant greeted us, being guests in the valley, just lifting their slumberous eyelids—masked batteries, that made Felix forget his danger; they seldom paused, but called back to us from the gathering darkness with inexpressibly tender, contralto voices.

Thereupon we were summoned to dinner in another apartment, screened with vines. The faint flicker of the tapers suggested that what breath of air might be stirring came from the mountain, and it brought with it a message from the orangery up the valley. "How will you take your oranges?" queried Felix; "in pulp, liquid, or perfume?"—and such a dense odor swept past us at the moment, I thought I had taken them in the triple forms. "You are just in time," said our host. "Why, what's up?" asked I. "The moon will be up presently, and after moonrise you shall see the *hula-hula*."

Felix desired to be enlightened as to the nature of the what-you-call-it, and was assured that it was worth seeing, and would require no explanatory chorus when its hour came.

It was at least a mile to the scene of action; a tortuous stream wound thither, navigable in spots, but from time to time the canoe would have to take to the banks for a short cut into deeper water.

"I can never get there," growled Felix; "I'm full of needles and pins"—to which the host responded by excusing himself for a few moments, leaving Felix and me alone. It was deathly still in



the valley, though a thousand crickets sang and the fish smacked their round mouths at the top of the water. Evening comes slowly in those beloved tropics, but it comes so satisfactorily that there is nothing left out.

A moonlight night is a continuous festival. The natives sing and dance till daybreak, making it all up by sleeping till the next twilight. Nothing is lost by this ingenious and admirable arrangement. Why should they sleep, when a night there has the very essence of five nights anywhere else, extracted and enriched with spices till it is so inspiring that the soul cries out in triumph, and the eyes couldn't sleep if they would?

At this period, enter to us the host, with several young, native girls, who seat themselves at our feet, clasping each a boot-leg encasing the extremities of Felix and myself.

Felix kicked violently and left the room with some embarrassment, and I appealed to the hospitable gentleman of the house, who was smiling somewhat audibly at our perplexity.

He assured me that if I would throw myself upon the mats in the corner, two of these maids would speedily relieve me of any bodily pain I might at that moment be suffering with.

I did so: the two proceeded as set down in the verbal prospectus; and whatever bodily pain I may have possessed at the beginning of the process speedily dwindled into insignificance by comparison with the tortures of my novel cure. Every limb had to be unjointed and set over again. Places were made for new joints, and I think the new joints were temporarily set in, for my arms and legs went into angles I had never before seen them in, nor have I since been able to assume those startling attitudes. The stomach was then kneaded like dough. The ribs were crushed down against the spine, and then forced out by well-directed blows in the back. The spinal column

was undoubtedly abstracted, and some mechanical substitute now does its best to help me through the world. The arms were tied in bow-knots behind, and the skull cracked like the shell of a hard-boiled egg, worked into shape again, and left to heal.

By this time I was unconscious, and for an hour my sleep promised to be eternal. I must have laid flat on the matting, without a curve in me, when Nature, taking pity, gradually let me rise and assume my own proportions, as though a little leaven had been mixed in my making over.

The awakening was like coming from a bath of the elements. I breathed to the tips of my toes. Perfumes penetrated me till I was saturated with them. I felt a thousand years younger; and, as I looked back upon the old life I seemed to have risen from, I thought of it much as a butterfly must think of his grub-hood, and was in the act of expanding my wings, when I saw Felix, just recovering, a few feet from me, apparently as ecstatic as myself. I never dared to ask him how he was reduced to submission, for I little imagined he could so far forget himself. There are some sudden and inexplicable revolutions in the affairs of humanity that should not be looked into too closely, because a chaotic chasm yawns between the old man and the new, which no one has ever yet explored. Felix sprang to his feet like Prometheus unbound, and embraced me with fervor, as one might after a hair-breadth escape, exclaiming, "Did you ever see any thing like it, Old Boy;" to which the Old Boy, thus familiarly addressed (O. B. is a pet monogram of mine, designed and frequently executed by Felix), responded, "There wasn't much to see, but my feelings were past expression." "What's its name?" asked Felix. "I think they call it *lomi-lomi*," said I. "Pass *lomi-lomi*," shouted Felix; and

then we both roared again, which summoned the host, who congratulated us and invited us to his canoe.

Felix again endeavored to fathom the mysteries of the *hula-hula*. Was it something to eat?—did they keep it tied in the day-time?—what was its color? etc., till the amused gentleman who was conducting us to an exhibition of the great Unknown, nearly capsized our absurdly narrow canoe in the very deepest part of the creek. Bands of fishermen and women passed us, wading breast-high in the water, beating it into a foam before them, and singing at the top of their voices as they drove the fish down stream into a broad net a few rods below. Grass-houses, half buried in foliage, lined the mossy banks; while the dusky groups of women and children, clustering about the smoldering flames that betokened the preparation of the evening meal, added not a little to the poetry of twilight in the tropics.

Felix thought he would like to turn Kanaka on the spot; so we beached the canoe, and approached the fire, built on a hollow stone under a tamarind-tree, and were at once offered the cleanest mat to sit on, and a calabash of *poi* for our refreshment. How to eat paste without a spoon, was the next question. The whole family volunteered to show us; drew up around the calabash in a hungry circle, and dipped in with a vengeance. Six right hands spread their first and second fingers like sign-boards pointing to a focus in the very centre of that *poi*-paste; six fists dove simultaneously, and were buried in the luscious mass. There was a spasmodic working in the elbows, an effort to come to the top, and in a moment the hands were lifted aloft in triumph, and seemed to be tracing half a dozen capital O's in the transparent air, during which manœuvre the mass of *poi* adhering to the fingers assumed fair proportions, resembling, to a remarkable degree, large, white swell-

ings; whereupon they were immediately conveyed to the several mouths, instinctively getting into the right one, and, having discharged freight, reappeared as good as ever, if not better than before.

"Disgusting!" gasped Felix, as he returned to the water-side. I thought him unreasonable in his harsh judgment, assuring him that our own flour was fingered as often before it came, at last, to our lips in the form of bread. "Moreover," I added, "this *poi* is glutinous: the moment a finger enters it, a thin coating adheres to the skin, and that finger may wander about the calabash all day without touching another particle of the substance. Therefore, six or sixteen fellows fingering in one dish for dinner are in reality safer than we, who eat steaks that have been mesmerized under the hands of the butcher and the cook."

Felix scorned to reply, but breathed a faint prayer for a safe return to Chicago, as we slid into the middle of the stream, and resumed our course.

The boughs of densely leaved trees reached out to one another across the water. We proceeded with more caution as the channel grew narrow; and pressing through a submerged thicket of reeds, we routed a flock of water-fowls that wheeled overhead on heavy wings, filling the valley with their clamor.

Two or three dogs barked sleepily off somewhere in the darkness, and the voice of some one calling floated to us as clear as a bird's note, though we knew it must be far away. We strode through a cane-field, its smoky plumes just tipped with moonlight, and saw the pinnacle of Mauna Kea, as spacious and splendid as the fairy pavilion that Nourgihan brought to Pari-Banou, illuminated as for a festival. To the left, a stream fell from the cliff, a ribbon of gauze fluttering noiselessly in the wind.

"O, look!" said Felix, who had yield-

ed again to the influences of Nature. Looking, I saw the moon resting upon the water for a moment, while the dew seemed actually to drip from her burnished disk. Again Felix exclaimed, or was on the point of exclaiming, when he checked himself in awe. I ran to him, and was silent with him, while we two stood worshipping one stately palm that rested its glorious head upon the glowing bosom of the moon, like the Virgin in her radiant aureola.

"Well," said our host, "supposing we get along!" We got along, by land and water, into a village in an orange-grove. There was a subdued murmur of many voices. I think the whole community would have burst out into a song of some sort at the slightest provocation. On we paced, in Indian-file, through narrow lanes, under the shining leaves. Pale blossoms rained down upon us, and the air was oppressively sweet. Groups of natives sat in the lanes, smoking and laughing. Lovers made love in the face of heaven, utterly unconscious of any human presence. Felix grew nervous, and proposed withdrawing; but whither, O Felix, in all these islands, wouldst thou hope to find love unrequited, or lovers shamefaced withal? Much Chicago hath made thee mad!

Through a wicket we passed, where a sentinel kept ward. Within the bamboo paling, a swarm of natives gathered about us, first questioning the nature of our visit, which having proved entirely satisfactory, we were welcomed in real earnest, and offered a mat in an inner room of a large house, rather superior to the average, and a disagreeable liquor—brewed of oranges, very intoxicating when not diluted, and therefore popular.

We were evidently the lions of the hour, for we sat in the centre of the first row of spectators who were gathered to witness the *hula-hula*. We reclined as gracefully as possible upon our mats, supported by plump pillows, stuffed with

dried ferns. Slender rushes—strung with *kukui*-nuts, about the size of chest-nuts, and very oily—were planted before us like foot-lights, which, being lifted at the top, burned slowly downward, till the whole were consumed, giving a good light for several hours.

The great mat upon the floor before us was the stage. On one side of it a half-dozen muscular fellows were squatted, with large calabashes headed with tightly drawn goat-skins. These were the drummers and singers, who could beat nimbly with their fingers, and sing the epics of their country, to the unceasing joy of all listeners. "It's an opera," shouted Felix, in a frenzy of delight at his discovery. A dozen performers entered, sitting in two lines, face to face—six women and six men. Each bore a long joint of bamboo, slit at one end like a broom. Then began a singularly intricate exercise, called *pi-ulu*. Taking a bamboo in one hand, they struck it in the palm of the other, on the shoulder, on the floor in front, to left and right; thrust it out before them, and were parried by the partners opposite; crossed it over and back, and turned in a thousand ways to a thousand metres, varied with chants and pauses. "Then it's a pantomime," added Felix, getting interested in the unusual skill displayed. For half an hour or more the thrashing of the bamboos was prolonged, while we were hopelessly confused in our endeavors to follow the barbarous harmony, which was never broken nor disturbed by the expert and tireless performers.

During the first rest, liquor was served in gourds. Part of the company withdrew to smoke, and the conversation became general and noisy. Felix was enthusiastic, and drank the health of some of the younger members of the *troupe*, who had offered him the gourd.

A rival company then repeated the *pi-ulu*, with some additions; the gourds were again filled and emptied. "Now



for the *hula-hula*," said the host, who had imbibed with Felix, though he reserved his enthusiasm for something less childish than *pi-ulu*. It is the national dance, taught to all children by their parents, but so difficult to excel in that the few who perfect themselves, can afford to travel on this one specialty.

There was a murmur of impatience, speedily checked and followed by a burst of applause, as a band of beautiful girls, covered with wreaths of flowers and vines, entered and seated themselves before us. While the musicians beat an introductory overture upon the tum-tums, the dancers proceeded to bind shells and scarfs about their wrists, turban-fashion. They sat in a line, facing us, a foot or two apart. The loose sleeves of their dresses were caught up at the shoulder, exposing arms of almost perfect symmetry, while their bare throats were scarcely hidden by the necklaces of jasmines that coiled about them.

Then the leader of the band, who sat, gray-headed and wrinkled, at one end of the room, throwing back his head, uttered a long, wild, and shrill guttural—a sort of invocation to the goddess of the *hula-hula*. There had, no doubt, been some sort of sacrifice offered in the early part of the evening—such as a pig or a fowl—for the dance has a religious significance, and is attended by its appropriate ceremonies. When this clarion cry had ended, the dance began, all joining in with wonderfully accurate rhythm, the body swaying slowly backward and forward, to left and right; the arms tossing, or rather waving, in the air above the head, now beckoning some spirit of light, so tender and seductive were the emotions of the dancers, so graceful and free the movements of the wrists; now, in violence and fear, they seemed to repulse a host of devils that hovered invisibly about them.

The spectators watched and listened breathlessly, fascinated by the terrible

wildness of the song and the monotonous thrumming of the accompaniment. Presently the excitement increased. Swifter and more wildly the bare arms beat the air, embracing, as it were, the airy forms that haunted the dancers, who rose to their knees, and, with astonishing agility, caused the clumsy turbans about their loins to quiver with an undulatory motion, increasing or decreasing with the sentiment of the song and the enthusiasm of the spectators.

Felix wanted to know "how long they could keep that up and live?"

Till daybreak, as we found! There was a little resting-spell—a very little resting-spell, now and then—for the gourd's sake, or three whiffs at a pipe that would poison a White Man in ten minutes; and before we half expected it, or had a thought of urging the unflagging dancers to renew their marvelous gyrations, they were at it in terrible earnest.

From the floor to their knees, from their knees to their feet, now facing us, now turning from us, they spun and ambled, till the ear was deafened with cheers and boisterous, half-drunken, wholly passionate laughter.

The room whirled with the reeling dancers, who seemed encircled with living serpents in the act of swallowing big lumps of something from their throats clear to the tips of their tails, and the convulsions continued till the hysterical dancers staggered and fell to the floor, overcome by unutterable fatigue.

The sympathetic Felix fell with them, his head sinking under one of the rush candles, that must have burned into his brain had he been suffered to immolate himself at that inappropriate and unholy time and place. This was the forbidden dance still practiced in secret, though the law forbids it; and to the Hawaiian it is more beautiful, because more sensuous, than any thing else in the world.

I proposed departing at this stage of



the festival, but Felix said it was not practicable. He felt unwell, and suggested the efficacy of another attack of *lomi-lomi*.

A slight variation in the order of the dances followed. A young lover, seated in the centre of the room, beat a tattoo upon his calabash and sang a song of love. In a moment he was answered. Out of the darkness rose the sweet, shrill voice of the loved one. Nearer and nearer it approached; the voice rang clear and high, melodiously swelling upon the air. It must have been heard far off in the valley, it was so plaintive and penetrating. Secreted at first behind shawls hung in the corner of the room, some dramatic effect was produced by her entrance at the right moment. She enacted her part with graceful energy. To the regular and melancholy thrumming of the calabash, she sang her song of love. Yielding to her emotion, she did not hesitate to betray all, neither was he of the calabash slow to respond; and, scorning the charms of goat-skin and gourd, he sprang toward her in the madness of his soul, when she, having reached the climax of desperation, was hurried from the scene of her conquest amid whirlwinds of applause.

"It's a dance, that's what it is!" muttered Felix, as the audience began slowly to disperse. Leading him back to the canoe, we had the whole night's orgy reported to us in a very mixed and reiterative manner, as well as several attempts at illustrating the peculiarities of the performance, which came near to resulting in a watery grave for three, or an upset canoe, at any rate. Our host, to excuse any impropriety, for which he felt more or less responsible, said "it was so natural for them to be jolly under all circumstances, that when they have concluded to die, they make their P. P. C.'s with infinite grace, and then die on time."

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Of course they are jolly; and to prove it, I told Felix how the lepers, who had been banished to one little corner of the kingdom, and forbidden to leave there in the flesh, were as merry as the merriest, and once upon a time those decaying remnants of humanity actually gave a grand ball in their hospital. There was a general clearing out of disabled patients, and a brushing up of old finery, while the ball itself was *the* topic of conversation. Two or three young fellows, who had a few fingers left (they unjoint and drop off as the disease progresses), began to pick up a tune or two on bamboo flutes. Old, young, and middle-aged took a sly turn in some dark corner, getting their stiffened joints limber again.

Night came at last. The lamps flamed in the death-chamber of the lazaret-house. Many a rejoicing soul had fled from that foul spot, to flash its white wings in the eternal sunshine.

At an early hour the strange company assembled. The wheezing of voices no longer musical, the shuffling of half-paralyzed limbs over the bare floor, the melancholy droning of those bamboo flutes, and the wild sea moaning in the wild night, were the sweetest sounds that greeted them. And while the flutes piped dolorously to this unlovely spectacle, there was a rushing to and fro of unlovely figures; a bleeding, half-blind leper, seizing another of the accursed beings—snatching her, as it were, from the grave, in all her loathsome clay—dragged her into the bewildering maelstrom of the waltz.

Naturally excitable, heated with exertion, drunk with the very odors of death that pervaded the hall of revels, that mad crowd reeled through the hours of the *fête*. Satiated, at last, in the very bitterness of their unnatural gayety, they called for the *hula-hula* as a fitting close.

In that reeking atmosphere, heavy with the smoke of half-extinguished

lamps, they fed on the voluptuous *abandon* of the dancers till passion itself fainted with exhaustion.

"That was a dance of death, was it not, Felix?" Felix lay on his mat, sleeping heavily, and evidently unmindful of a single word I had uttered.

Our time was up at daybreak, and, with an endless deal of persuasion, Felix followed me out of the valley to the little chapel on the cliff. Our horses took a breath there, and so did we, bird's-eyeing the scene of the last night's orgy.

Who says it isn't a delicious spot—that deep, narrow, and secluded vale, walled by almost perpendicular cliffs, hung with green tapestries of ferns and vines; that slender stream, like a thread of silver, embroidering a carpet of Nature's richest pattern; that torrent, leap-

ing from the cliff into a garden of citrons; the sea sobbing at its mouth, while wary mariners, coasting in summer afternoons, catch glimpses of the tranquil and forbidden paradise, yet are heedless of all its beauty, and reck not the rustling of the cane-fields, nor the voices of the charmers, because—because these are so common in that latitude that one grows naturally indifferent?

As for Felix, who talks in his sleep of the *hula-hula*, and insists that only by the *lomi-lomi* he shall be saved, he points a moral, though at present he is scarcely in a condition to adorn any tale whatever; and said moral I shall be glad to furnish, on application, to any sympathetic soul who has witnessed by proxy the unlawful revels of those night-dancers of Waipio.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

### THE LOST FRIEND.

The night is gone, day followeth after night.  
Be thou my day—I folded in thy light;  
Love to love answers, where thy smile may be:  
Wilt thou not smile on me?

Lo, far in heaven the orb of day is hung,  
And with sweet sounds the leaves by zephyrs swung,  
Leaf unto leaf replies; bee hums to bee:  
Wilt thou not talk with me?

The pine-trees, crooning low, fling odors sweet;  
The brook leaps by, some brighter brook to meet;  
Bloom to bloom answers, fairer grows the lea:  
Wilt thou not come with me?

What of the night? Night calleth for the stars;  
The lilies sleep beneath the moonbeams' bars;  
Star to star answers: I call thee to be  
Moonbeam and star to me.

And what of song? The wind-harp swept at night,  
One soul enchanted by some strange delight—  
So sweet, so glad, so pure, as song may be:  
Be thou a song to me.

Prince of the storm, fling out your banners gray,  
 Lock out the stars that mock my lonely way;  
 Yet not one fear, if I may wait by thee:  
     Couldst thou not wait with me?

Ah me! my day, my star, my song is fled;  
 The leaf, the bud, the tender bloom is dead,  
 And only memory drifting back to me:  
     Thou couldst not live for me.

C. H.

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## UNDER THE DRAGON'S FOOTSTOOL.

FIRST PAPER. — THE CHINESE EMBASSY TO THE WEST.

I AM encouraged by the interest recently manifested in the Chinese Question to believe that a narrative of my diplomatic experiences at the Court of Peking may not prove unacceptable to the public. If I fail to sustain certain delusions more generally prevalent in the United States than in China, it is not because I wish to oppose the orthodox sentiment, but because I am naturally disposed to see with my own eyes and judge with my own understanding.

While it is always pleasant and sometimes profitable to be on the side of the majority, the ungracious task of exposing a popular fallacy may, under certain circumstances, become a duty. I consider it so in the present case.

Never was the public mind better prepared for a new sensation than during the winter of 1867-8. The foreign market had apparently been exhausted of its novelties. Mr. Phineas Barnum was resting upon his laurels. The Japanese jugglers had completed their performances. Mr. George Francis Train was in prison. Another visit from the Prince of Wales was not anticipated. No new Kossuth was advertised; and no popular vent seemed available for the pent-up hospitality of a generous nation. The proceedings of Congress were farcical enough to be amusing, if not silly enough to be distressing; the Impeachment

Committees furnished employment for demagogues and gamblers, and the Committees of Investigation indulged in some vulgar buffoonery at the public expense; but the dull routine of party strife did not, on the whole, meet the requirements of the public appetite for theatrical displays and strange and startling situations. Great national movements were needed: worlds brought out of chaos and empires rescued from extinction.

In the midst of this depressing quietude, a thrilling rumor reached us: strange and doubtful at first, but soon swelling into a sublime diapason of exultant strains.

The ancient Empire of China had risen from its dead sleep of ages, brushed away the cobwebs from its eyes, yawned in dreary wonder at the mushroom growth of nations around it, and now, under the inspiration of a generous policy, was tapping at the doors of Christendom, and asking to be admitted into the cheerful family of adolescent Powers.

This unprecedented movement, fraught with such tremendous consequences to the whole civilized world, was due chiefly to the happy manner in which the relations between China and the United States had been managed. It was a gratifying tribute to American statesmanship. It was a practical demonstration of the hu-

manizing influence of American diplomacy and Confucian ethics. In the excess of friendship engendered by a policy of international equity, the Invisible Dragon of the Orient had, in the plenitude of his power, decreed that an Embassy should proceed to the West to cultivate and conserve amicable relations. The instructions were vague, but comprehensive. All things crooked or deflected were to be straightened, and Imperial anticipations were entertained that the world would greatly rejoice thereat.

Letters written in a spirit of admiration for the wisdom displayed in this stupendous movement, heralded the arrival of the Embassy on these shores. The files of the New York journals tell the story in language at once brilliant and captivating. Much that seems extravagant may doubtless be attributed to the indiscreet zeal of correspondents whose main object was to entertain the public. I believe that there was a very general hallucination even in China as to the facts. Of the origin of the Embassy, nearly all who assumed to speak of it were utterly ignorant; and of its object, none could form any but vague and delusive conjectures. Naturally enough the correspondence assumed the most attractive form. An Oriental glitter, wonderfully fascinating to an enthusiastic and chivalrous people, devoted to romance, pervaded it; Tartaric hordes swept the plains; spears flashed in the sunbeams; cross-bows twanged, gongs banged, and gorgeous flags and banners floated on the breeze—as in the days of the great Gengis-Khan. Rumors of princely salaries and sumptuous equipments cast an air of splendor over the Embassadorial *cortège*, in generous accord with the importance of the mission. Sometimes the descriptive flights seemed inspired by the credulous enthusiasm of Marco Polo; and sometimes by the wild dash and reckless exuberance of Ferdi-

nand Mendez Pinto. Secretaries, Assistant Secretaries, and Interpreters; pipe-holders, cup-bearers, and head-shavers; cooks, coolies, and outrunners, formed but a feature in the *personnel* of the Embassy. It was in all respects worthy the sumptuous magnificence of the Dragon's throne, and was well calculated to produce a profound impression upon the outer barbarians.

Need I say how the Embassy was received in San Francisco? All sectional and political differences were forgotten, and a generous public united to honor the arrival of the Celestial Embassadors. A luxurious banquet was prepared for them; speeches were made by the most distinguished citizens of California. The Governor of the State, the Chief of the Military Department, the Mayor of the City, the Representatives of the Press and Pulpit did themselves immortal credit. The flights of eloquence and flourishes of rhetoric inspired by the novelty of the movement, and the brilliant destiny of mankind under American patronage, were alike remarkable and gratifying. No Greek or Roman orator of classic times could have risen to the metaphorical heights from which the Occident and the Orient were surveyed on that happy occasion.

Passing allusion was made to the object of the Mission.

We were told that it meant progress; meant commerce; meant peace; meant the unification of the whole human race; that China desired to come into warmer and more intimate relations with the West; desired to come into the brotherhood of nations.

I raise no question as to the sincerity of these representations. Men's minds are so differently constituted that it is impossible to determine how far a credulous and generous nature may be affected by sympathy, or to what extent the judgment may be perverted by the glamour of success. The facts alone have



a national value, and it is with them I propose to deal. Authentic expositions of policy, involving the welfare of nations, can not be ignored. As a basis for official action, they belong to history. No diplomatic representative can, during his term of service, be divested of his official character by extraneous circumstances. Mr. Reverdy Johnson was recalled from England not because he made convivial speeches to the British people, but because his speeches did not represent the temper of the United States Senate and the general sentiment of the North. It will appear, also, in the course of this narrative, that an American Minister to China may write or speak what he pleases, when or where he pleases, provided it be what the popular voice at home pleases. It need not necessarily be true, but it must be acceptable. No Minister who desires to retain his position, or the approval of his Government, is permitted to see any facts not expressly prepared by Providence under the supervision of the Department of State; entertain any opinions not indorsed and warranted by the party in power; or arrive at any conclusions which do not pander to the self-conceit or subserve the pecuniary interests of a sensational press, or the blind assumptions of an unreasoning public.

Addressed to a people surcharged with humanity and overflowing with brotherly love, mercurial and sympathetic, yearning to fold all mankind in a fraternal embrace, the affectionate assurances of regard given by the Embassy at San Francisco were received with acclamations of approval.

The *entrée* of the Mission was a success. Forth flashed the inspiring intelligence over the electric wires. Streams of champagne and sentiment had scarcely ceased to flow on the Pacific Coast, when the Atlantic States caught up the glorious hosanna of fraternity, and re-

echoed it over the length and breadth of the land. The press fairly reveled in revelations touching the civilization of China, and the customs and institutions of that hitherto unknown country. Twenty volumes of diplomatic correspondence had taught nothing. The writings of Trigault, Martinez, Semedo, Magaillans, Ripa, Le Comte, Du Halde; of Grosier, De Guignes, Staunton, Huc, and Morrison; of Gutzlaff, Davis, Barrow, Williams, and others, had failed to throw any light on the subject. For three centuries, the mushroom nations of the West had been laboring under a grand delusion. In their ignorance and arrogance, they imagined themselves equal, if not superior, to the Chinese—a people who, in the language of Mr. Caleb Cushing, “were highly cultivated, devoted to science, letters, art—*civilized in the best acceptance of the word*—when our forefathers were half-naked barbarians in the wilds of Britain or Germany.” And if the Chinese were civilized and, therefore, clothed when we were barbarians, running about in a partially nude state, what must they be now when we assume to be civilized? With coarse assurance, we claimed superiority over this cultivated and highly intellectual people!\*

Possibly Mr. Cushing may have been inspired by the Embassadorial presence on this occasion; possibly he may have looked at the subject through festal glasses—not through those crystal spectacles of duty which had caused him, when Minister to China, to claim extraterritorial rights, because of the “frenzied bigotry of the inhabitants, their brutal ignorance, the narrow-minded policy of their rulers, and the utter impossibility of Christian nations holding relations with them upon terms of equality.”†

It was fitting that “the representatives

\* Mr. Cushing's speech at Boston.

† Mr. Cushing to Mr. Marcy.—*Dip. Correspondence*, 1846.

of a nation who cultivate the spiritual, as distinguished from the material man, should meet with sympathetic acclaim in the Athens of America." Had not Voltaire, the high-priest of Rationalism, demonstrated the superiority of Asiatic over European civilization; the elevating tendency of Paganism; the moral purity of Buddhism, Taouism, and Confucianism, compared with the depraved teachings of the Bible and the pernicious doctrines and debasing influences of Christianity? Well might we mend our manners, improve our morals, and perfect our political systems, by going to school to China!

Here was information in an authentic form: information for the million, indorsed and corroborated by our own orators and statesmen. We were no longer indebted to the musty records of Jesuit missionaries, or the prejudiced statements of travelers and sinologues for our knowledge of China. Governors and ex-Governors of States, Mayors of cities, Philosophers, Metaphysicians, Poets, and Editors of daily journals, came forward, teeming with knowledge, and revealed the true condition of the Celestial Empire.

Can it be wondered at that, thus heralded with trumpet-blasts of eloquence, the arrival of the Embassy in the East was hailed as the great event of modern times; that the newspapers were filled with worlds and empires, crash of matter, upheaval of nations, and universal regeneration; that corporations, penitentiaries, prisons, poor-houses, lunatic asylums, and institutions for the education of the deaf and dumb and for the reformation of inebriates, eagerly competed for the presence of their excellencies, the Embassadors from the Court of Peking?

Every day some new movement was chronicled—some gorgeous display of silks and pigtails, fans and mandarin buttons, pictured with pen and pencil in

the illustrated journals, for the benefit of the public and the intellectual advancement of the rising generation.

When with glowing anticipations the Imperial Embassadors turned their faces toward the capital of our nation, they found railroad cars and all modern facilities for travel placed at their disposal. So soft and soothing was the motion, so soporific the music of brake and whistle, compared with that of the Tientsin carts and wheelbarrows, that scarcely had they awakened from a gentle slumber when they found themselves in Washington, six hundred *li* from New York! Carriages were in waiting to transport them to the sumptuous quarters provided for them by the Secretary of State. An accomplished literary gentleman belonging to the Department of State was at the *dépôt* to receive them. Mr. Secretary Seward saw with unerring sagacity that the whole affair, indescribably grotesque as it was, had the merit of novelty, and would soon become immensely popular. It was hinted that the most confidential relations existed between the Honorable Secretary and His Imperial Highness Prince Kung. Mr. Seward understood Prince Kung, and Prince Kung understood Mr. Seward.\*

Twenty-four rooms having been secured at the Metropolitan Hotel, with the free use of parlors and kitchens, the Embassy graciously received the Secretary of State, who lost no time in paying his respects. Senators and Members of Congress performed a metaphorical *kotow*; and the admiring public hung about the halls, passage-ways, and private entrances.

Next in the order of events, the Embassadors visited the various Depart-

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\* See his letter read at the New York banquet. Mr. Seward, I understand, is now in China. The interview between him and Prince Kung will be an intellectual treat. Dr. Williams or Dr. Martin will probably give it to us in blank verse.

ments, where they were received with profound respect by Secretaries, Comp-trollers, Auditors, and trembling clerks. Many thought it would be necessary to go through the ceremony of the *San-kwei-kiu-kow*, or thrice kneeling and knocking the head nine times against the ground, but this was not insisted upon. Marvelous to the Oriental imagination was the spectacle at the Treasury Department. Several hundred be-witching females, under the charge of General Spinner, rushed from their desks and surrounded the dazzled and bewildered Mandarins, who had never seen such a display of gushing beauty, un-trammelled by conventional prejudices, in all their experience at the city of Peking.

But the great event of the times was the introduction of the Embassy to the President of the United States. Mr. Secretary Seward, in virtue of his office, was supposed to have contrived all the diplomatic paraphernalia. It is even hinted that he had prepared the President's speech. Certainly that production bears the peculiar impress of his genius. The Embassy was fortunate in seeing the President at all. A most curious and impressive performance had just taken place at the other end of the Avenue, eminently suggestive of the superiority of republican over despotic institutions. It must have made a most favorable impression upon the minds of the Mandarins, for they avowed themselves much pleased to see the President.

Complimentary speeches were interchanged. The President welcomed China into the family of Christian nations; and expressed the hope that since such cordial relations had been established between the Occident and the Orient, the enlightened Chinese Government would give its countenance to the construction of the great interoceanic canal across the Isthmus of Darien. Every body was enchanted. The world was

progressing with railroad speed, and Young America sat on top, waving the star-spangled banner, and shouting, in exultant tones, Hail Columbia!

Never since the days of Lafayette had such a reception been given in the halls of Congress as that which now greeted the Imperial Embassadors. Mr. Speaker Colfax covered himself with glory; and the President *pro tem.* of the Senate (Mr. Wade) made a speech notable for its ornate eloquence and exuberant felicity of diction.

But a treaty was necessary. The public clamored for some tangible results. The fraternal relations so happily established between the Dragon and the Eagle must be cemented according to international usage. So a new treaty was made—or rather new articles containing old principles were added to the old treaty. What mattered it that nobody understood the object or the meaning? Commonplace diplomacy could make commonplace treaties intelligible to the ordinary understanding; but it required very uncommon diplomacy to make a treaty which might mean any thing or nothing as occasion might require. The Senate of the United States, at all events, deserves credit for its boldness in passing such a treaty, for nobody will pretend to say that it had the slightest understanding of what it was doing. Well might the statesmen of Great Britain puzzle their brains over the mysterious pregnancy of these articles; well might they suspect some Yankee trickery; for it never once occurred to them that an intelligent Government could be guilty of a simple act of folly or stupidity.

Diplomacy has been explained as the art of concealing the truth. If there was any thing concealed in these Articles of the least practical value either to China or the United States, it was done with marvelous skill, for the fact has not yet been discovered.



The United States substantially accords to China all the rights, privileges, and immunities of a civilized Power, and promises not to interfere in the administration of its domestic affairs. This is at least gratifying to our self-love, if not to that of the Emperor of China. It would certainly be unfriendly to promise any thing else; but neither the necessity nor the advantage of such a promise is clearly shown. Had the United States promised to crush any foreign Power that pursued a different policy in China, some tangible results might be expected. The peculiar feature in the treaty is the spirit of self-abnegation manifested on our part. So long as we enjoy all the privileges, immunities, and concessions extorted by other Powers, it is both friendly and economical to concede perfect independence to China. Under the favored-nation clause, we are quite safe in promising any thing: it is always pleasant to be generous when it costs nothing. Besides, the doctrine of non-intervention is founded upon enduring principles of justice, and has the more important merit of being both popular and economical. Possibly the idea of the Chinese Embassadors was, to induce other Powers to enter into similar engagements; but this could scarcely have been seriously entertained on our part, since it would deprive us of all the advantages hitherto furnished us free of cost by other Governments. All foreign relations disturb the social and political systems of the Empire. The only remedy, therefore, would be in the withdrawal of intercourse; and to be of any avail to China, that would necessarily have to be unanimous on the part of foreign Powers. That the Senate of the United States, if it meant any thing, did not mean to restrict or withdraw intercourse, is clearly shown by the Fifth Article, which recognizes the inherent right of man to change his home and allegiance, and the advantage of free

migration and emigration from one country to another.\* But the action of the Senate under the inspiration of the Chinese Embassy, and the action of the Senate two years later under the inspiration of an indignant protest from the Crispins of Massachusetts, require explanation. When the Senate declared that Chinese immigration should be encouraged, it did not mean that it should enter into competition with Caucasian labor upon equal terms in the State of Massachusetts. It only meant that it was worthy of encouragement so long as it was confined to the Pacific slope. It had no idea of pledging itself to sustain an invasion of the Atlantic States by seventy-five Chinese shoemakers. It opened its heart to the oppressed of all nations, and it welcomed China into the family of nations, but it did not mean to encourage Chinese industry to the detriment of our own, or the acquisition of the right of suffrage by immigrants from China who wished to settle in this country.

Perhaps the greatest gain to us, is, that China promises not to kidnap our citizens. Not that Chinese junks have been much in the habit of making speculative raids on the coast of California; but there is no telling what they might do, under the present improved system of intercourse. To make the reciprocity complete, China accords to us all the privileges, immunities, and exemptions in respect to travel or residence, which the most favored nations are obliged to maintain in that Empire by force of arms; while we place the Chinese in our country on a par with the citizens and subjects of European nations, provided they do not enter into contracts to

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\* "It is our destiny under Providence to open up a nursery of freedom, equality, and progress for the initiation and profit of productive Europe on the East, and populous and wealthy Asia on the West."—*Governor Fenton's Address to the Chinese Embassy, New York, June 23, 1868.*



work for any particular length of time in North Adams or New York, in order to pay the expenses of their passage from China, or come in very great numbers, or claim the rights of citizenship after they come.\*

Almost simultaneously with the treaty came those sumptuous banquets at New York and Boston, in which the bewildered Mandarins were submerged in rivers of wine, wit, and sentiment. I refer to them as evidence of the extraordinary popularity of the Embassy. The great principles of international law and the sublime ethics of modern diplomacy were bandied like shuttlecocks around the hospitable board. Intellect, eloquence, wisdom, and philosophy were all represented at these gorgeous carnivals of civilization. Skillful reporters were always at hand; for, without them, who would know what had happened? There, in all the resplendency of their fame, were the Fentons, and the Hoffmans, and the Evarts, and the Fields, and the Greeleys; there, in loving brotherhood, were the Sumners, and the Cushings, and the Holmes, and the Emersons, and the Whipples!

The walls of China had been leveled by one touch of the wand of natural fraternity; and that great Empire, so long standing aloof in grim isolation, was now here conquering us by conquering our prejudices, enlarging the boundary of our sympathies, and realizing to us anew that all nations are of one blood.†

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\* "Would it not be wise for our statesmen to examine with care, foresee as far as Heaven has permitted men to pierce the future, what the result and where the end we shall reach by the importation, by contract or purchase, of laboring men from any land; and more than all that, from a semi-barbarous one; men who are to be tasked laborers only forever, and who are therefore not men, but merchandise. Shall we wait until the system of contract labor has taken as deep root in our soil as that other system of servile labor had done, before we foresee and check the evil?"—*General B. F. Butler, Fourth of July speech at Woodstock, Conn., 1870.*

† Mr. Putnam's speech at New York.

What, after all, was the difference between a Chinaman and a Caucasian? One was externally white, and the other yellow; one wore a beard, the other a pigtail; one smoked cigars, the other smoked opium; one believed in God, the other believed in many devils; both believed in making money, and neither could claim precedence in the art of lying. If there was any difference, it was merely external, and was rather in favor of the Chinaman than the Caucasian. His personal beauty, if less accordant with the standard of the ancient Greeks than ours, was more clearly defined, and could be more easily recognized at a distance.

Ample justice was done to the memory of that unfortunate Boston lunatic, who, assuming that the earth revolved daily on its axis, proposed to go to China by going up in a balloon and waiting till China came round, then letting off the gas and dropping gently down; for had not this grand conception been realized? Had not China come round to us?\*

Sentiments so enlightened, and so accordant with the prevailing spirit of philanthropy, could not fail to meet with universal concurrence. Lord Macaulay has well described those periodical fits of virtue with which his countrymen are prone to be seized. A victim must be immolated; the moral sense of the community demands a sacrifice; some unhappy sinner is dragged forth to expiate his crimes upon the altar of national virtue. With less barbarism, the American public is given to periodical fits of philanthropy. Some alien race must be worshiped; some dingy and bedizened hero must be exalted; some frantic pean to humanity must be thundered into the ears of an admiring populace. Panting after the bloodiest struggle recorded in the pages of history, we lift our voices

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\* Mr. Whipple's speech at the Boston banquet

in holy horror and denounce the brutal policy of force. We cry aloud that all civilization maintained by the sword is barbarism; we tender peaceful sentiments and sympathetic offerings to the imperial magnates who enslave three hundred millions of our fellow-beings!

Not for us, an enlightened people, is it to follow the brutal policy of England. While that domineering power batters down walls with powder and ball, we level them by a magic touch of fraternity. Behold the reward of virtue! China comes to us offering us her trade, her inventions, her schools, her civilization, her sympathy, her friendship.

No marvel was it that poets chronicled the triumphs of American diplomacy—that all Europe stood agape at the result; for did not now—

"Nevada's breezes fan  
The snowy peaks of Ta-Siue-Shan,  
And Erie blend its waters blue  
With the waves of Tung-ting-hu,  
And deep Missouri lend its flow  
To swell the rushing Hoang-ho?"\*

Who could predict the consequences of such fundamental changes in the configuration of the earth?—Mountains, rivers, and seas dancing madly through the universe to the enlivening air of Yankee Doodle!

Even Beauty and Innocence paid homage to the native emissaries of the Imperial Dragon; they were ogled, and flattered, and flirted with, in a manner that must have gratified their vanity if it did not move their hearts; and the sentiments expressed on many a festive occasion were smelted through the glowing crucibles of fancy into treasures of amatory verse. Sometimes the gushing spirit of song took a comprehensive and allegorical turn, and the nations of the earth were arrayed against each other in generous rivalry.

"Come," said Albion, girding her armor on—

(Great Isle of the Sea,

Over whose children the great sun never goes down),  
"Smile first on me!"

"Come to me!" said sunny-featured France  
Across the waters;  
"Let thy children's almond eyes first glance  
On my sons and daughters!"

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"But she—the youngest of them all—she, too, had heard,  
With beating heart;  
She, too, looked longing, but uttered not a word,  
Sitting apart.

"Slow she arises—the Celestial Land—  
At her sister's call:  
With timid mien, she stretches forth her hand  
To the youngest of them all!"\*

When the astonished Embassadors left the shores of America, on their pilgrimage through Europe, many a generous wish was wafted after them; for in good truth they were a pleasant set of gentlemen, and had acquitted themselves with wonderful tact. Never was popular applause better merited: they had afforded a vast amount of amusement without the least sacrifice of personal dignity.

Vague rumors of their triumphant reception across the waters reached us in due season; hints by telegraph and otherwise of the abject manner in which the British Lion drew in his claws, and the benignant smiles with which he greeted the unwonted display; confidential revelations showing how the Emperor of the French rejoiced in the diversion of public sentiment from Bourses and Mexican war debts and electoral privileges, to Mandarin buttons and Dragon tails; culminating in a vivid picture of the great Parisian banquet. Who does not remember it? Seldom had such a gorgeous entertainment been enjoyed by the French public. It was a novelty in the annals of diplomacy. Wit, wisdom, and philosophy occupied the first floor; rank, fashion, and etiquette the second; while the third was dedicated to Cupid—that wayward little divinity, so dangerous to youth and beauty—that cunning boy,

\* Oliver Wendell Holmes, at the Boston banquet.

\* *Harper's Magazine.*

whose darts create a strange and mingled feeling—

“Which pleases, though so sadly teasing,  
And teases, though so sweetly pleasing.”

So it came to pass that the walls of China were leveled, not by brute force, but by modest diplomacy and winning ways; and so it was, that a policy mainly inspired by our distinguished Secretary of State captivated the nations of Christendom. While the great Canning had merely brought a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old, it was reserved for American statesmanship to bring an old world into existence to redress the balance of the new.\*

Colossal shade of Maupertius! Great Earth-Flattener! Immortal hero, whom Carlyle describes as “a triumphant-looking man”—“finely complacent for the nonce”—“clothed in fine laces, cloth, and a goodish yellow wig”—“comfortably squeezing the meridians of the earth together:” where was he now, sublime philosopher, mighty Earth-Flattener! when the leveling of walls and the creation of worlds had become mere diplomatic pastime!

When the rumor became a certainty that his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of China, had conferred the honor of a diplomatic appointment upon an American citizen, it became necessary to fill the place thus vacated in the interest of civilization at the Court of Peking. Peculiar qualifications were needed for the position of American Minister. It required profound statesmanship and skillful diplomacy. The representative of American interests at that brilliant Court should be a man of imposing personal appearance, enlarged and liberal views, of profound research in ethical philosophy; but, above all, he should be thoroughly permeated with the new policy of conciliation. By intelligent co-ope-

ration alone could the great movement so auspiciously inaugurated be carried into effect, and the Empire of China be thrown open to American enterprise.

I regret to say that President Johnson did not feel under any obligation to defer to the wishes of the dominant party in the Senate. He failed to appreciate the exalted patriotism of those enlightened statesmen who assumed control over Chinese affairs, and who then held the reins of legislative power. Perhaps he did not attach sufficient weight to the predilections of Ta-tsing, the Son of Heaven, which were undoubtedly in favor of a Boston appointment.

Mr. Sumner, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, saw at once that unless the affairs of our Government were placed in charge of the Chinese Embassy, American influence in China would be sacrificed. He naturally looked at the subject with the broad sweep of vision characteristic of a great statesman. It was not a matter into which vulgar political animosities could be permitted to enter; and, therefore, he preferred impeaching the President first, and securing an appointment afterward. Folding three hundred millions of his fellow-beings to his capacious heart, he devoted himself earnestly to their interests, and opposed Johnsonian nominations, by whomsoever recommended, on abstract principles of justice to mankind.

The President, incapable of appreciating the humanitarian aspect of the question, nominated for the vacant position a citizen of California, whose chief recommendation was that he was utterly unknown in the political world. So far as common repute went, he had never been convicted of any infamous crime. The only serious charge against him was, that he had contributed some sketchy articles to the periodicals of the day. Had he belonged to the honorable fraternity of hod-carriers, he might

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\* Toast at the Auburn banquet.

have escaped censure because of his calling, but it was urged with some show of reason that there were, ex-Senators, Governors, and Members of Congress enough to fill the vacancy without descending into the ranks of literature. Our National Representatives, it must be confessed, were exempt from this species of degradation. Nobody could fairly suspect them of being addicted to literary pursuits. It was even questionable if there was a publisher in existence who yearned for their intellectual productions.

Since no prominent statesman was available, under the antagonistic circumstances existing, the Senate generously confirmed the appointment made by Mr. Johnson, and the new Minister departed, rejoicing, on his Mission. It was deemed something of a qualification that he knew the way to China—which is more than can safely be affirmed of some of the distinguished gentlemen since appointed to public office.

Scarcely had a year elapsed when it was announced that our erratic Minister

had once more landed on the shores of America. Like a bad penny, he was back again. A furious tempest was brewing; ominous clouds were gathering on the public brow; from every point reverberated deep mutterings of the coming storm. Willingly would the victim of popular dissatisfaction have sought refuge in the haven of private life, but an outraged and indignant press dragged him forth, and held him up to universal execration. "No sooner was he pitchforked by some strange chance into a diplomatic Mission" (to use the language of a religious journal), than he reversed the enlightened policy of his predecessor; clapped a pistol to Prince Kung's head; called upon that functionary to hurry up with his improvements; put a torpedo under the projected telegraphs and railways, and blew them all sky-high; rebuilt the ponderous walls of China which had been so adroitly leveled; sold himself to the British, bargained with the French, and then performed the one gratifying act of his official career—came home.

J. ROSS BROWNE.

## HOW JACK BREEZE MISSED BEING A PASHA.

A LONG swell came from the south with the stiff breeze, betokening the trades, and the old *Baboo*, with topmast "stun'sails" on her, went rolling and smashing her way through the water as fast as ever she could go, when we nestled up under the weather-rail and around the bitts, to doze and talk away as pretty a middle watch as man would care to see.

It was the flush times of the California and Australian trades, when the full clippers were getting fabulous prices for freight, and carrying sail in their long races till all was blue again, and when

men were so scarce at Callao that the homeward-bound guano ships had to give almost any wages asked.

We (the crew of the *Baboo*) had shipped at Callao for the passage to Cowes and a market, at the rate of sixty dollars a month, and were a good deal better satisfied with the arrangement than the old man was; for the *Baboo* was what the sailors call a "good old monthly ship," with bows as bluff as those of a Dutch galiot, and a run about as sharp as that of a tub. From the time we had made to 26° south in the Atlantic, we hoped for at least a six months' passage,



and the equivalent of \$360 in yellow sovereigns or crisp Bank of England notes, when paid off.

"Them rags will have to come in before the watch is over," said Liverpool Jack, stopping the tune of "Poor Little 'Liza" he was humming, to which "shanty," by the way, the salt-water tradition runs, Captain Cook's crew tripped their anchor for their memorable voyage.

"He can carry them till there's nothing left but the bolt ropes, for all I care," said old Jack. "They only make the old buggerlugger stick her round nose in the water, and don't help on a mite. If it wasn't that I'd just lit this pipe, I'd as leave hear the mate sing out to set that handkerchief the old man calls a main-royal stun'sail. A long passage is what I want, and if they choose to make the old tub stick her nose down and her stern up, and steer all over the ocean, I'm willing. I'm going to leave the sea this voyage, and want money enough to get married on."

"Who will you marry, Jack?" said I.

"O, I don't know; but there will be plenty of young girls glad to have a good-looking fellow with as much money as I'll have when we're paid off. I'll go back into the country, and get a girl that's never seen blue water, and don't know a handspike from a hawser. None of your Molls that can box the compass for me."

Jack was in dead earnest, but the idea of an old shellback like him marrying a country girl was laughable enough; for if ever Sinbad the Sailor, as pictured in the old prints, had a living representative, it was Jack Breeze, who, though hale and hearty, looked as though he had followed the sea for a century, and who, if you were to believe his yarns, had been an able seaman at the time of the mutiny at the Nore, and had sailed under every flag and visited every port on the globe. The old man was, moreover, ornamented with any amount of tattooing,

and carried a sabre or cutlass cut across the face, besides several bullet-marks in the body. As to the sabre cut, we never could ascertain whether he came by it in the Peninsular war, in a conflict with Chinese pirates, or while privateering along the Spanish main—for he told these three several stories about it, besides many more; but the general impression was that he either got it while with the "Mountaineers" in Peru, or while "blackbird catching" on the African coast—in both of which respectable employments, we had gathered from sundry hints let fall at various times, he had been engaged. Even his real name we did not know, as "Jack Breeze," the name he bore on the articles, was evidently a "purser's name," assumed for the voyage. But whether Sinbad, the veritable ancient mariner, or "old Stormy's son," himself, he was a thorough and active seaman, and, by reason of his experience and ability, commanded among all hands, from Captain to cook, a certain amount of deference.

But, in spite of this habitual deference, no one of the group could restrain a laugh at Jack's idea of "shipping for a farmer and marrying a country girl"—reminding us all, as it did, of the mishaps of the traditionary sailor, who started inland with an oar on his shoulder, resolved to marry the first girl who took it for a fence rail—and Liverpool Jack commenced to tell, as a piece of sarcasm, this well-worn yarn, familiar to every one who ever berthed in a forecabin; but he was quickly snubbed by old Jack. "None of your chaffing with me, young fellow. I've stood my trick at the wheel, and made fast many a weather-earin' before you chipped the shell. Don't any of you fool yourselves about three or four hundred dollars being much money for me, either. It will be a good deal when we get home, for I haven't had much lately; but I've been paid off with more pounds than that, as wages and prize-

money; and there's many a time that I had more yellow doubloons and good round Spanish dollars than any of you ever saw; while, as for getting married, I might have had a prouder woman than any of you could tie a shoe for! Yes; if I hadn't been a cussed fool, I might have been son-in-law to the Grand Turk himself, and a Lord High Admiral in the Turkish Navy this very day!"

This excited speech stopped the giggle—outwardly, at least. None of us cared to irritate old Jack; and, besides, here was a prospect of a yarn to while away the dreary watch. Jack's yarns were in great request, for he could spin a longer and more plausible and interesting yarn, albeit a tougher one, than any man in the ship; and so, with one accord, any *animus* or intended slight in the laugh was deprecated, while Liverpool Jack received several muttered hints to "clap a stopper on his jaw," etc.; and that worthy, finding public opinion—at least the "public opinion" of the port-watch of the *Baboo*—against him, incontinently subsided; while, in language which implied no shadow of doubt that he might not in his time have been the Grand Turk's son-in-law, or the Grand Turk himself, old Jack was respectfully urged to tell us the whole story.

The old man's vanity was evidently flattered, and, after a few growling assertions that "some people thought every body was like themselves," a look to windward, to see that there was a fair prospect of being able to conclude his yarn in peace, and a fresh bite of his plug of tobacco, old Jack stretched himself out comfortably, with his back to the spare topmast, and commenced the "yarn," which I give, minus some inflections of the third commandment:

When a boy, I was apprenticed, as I have told you before, to the skipper of an old "Jordy" brig, carrying coals to London. I stuck it out two or three

years; then ran away, and shipped for a voyage up the straits on a topsail schooner belonging to Aberdeen. We went chock up to Constantinople, and lay in front of the city, discharging cargo. It was my first deep-water voyage, and I was all eyes to the strange sights; but the bloody old Scotch skipper wouldn't let us go ashore, for fear we would leave him, and made me and another ordinary seaman—a young Scotch chap—keep anchor-watch all night, so that the men, who were heavier than we, might be fresher to work at getting out the cargo in the day-time. We didn't like this treatment, you may be sure, and would have run away if we hadn't been afraid of going ashore among the Turks, especially as we had no money. Well, one night, after we had been laying there a week, my chum and I made it up to take a little light dingey that was towing astern and pull for a couple of hours or so up the stream, for we were so tired of the old hooker that to get off her deck, even for a couple of hours, we thought would be good fun. So we waited till about five bells (half-past ten), and, making sure that all hands were sound asleep, hauled up the dingey and got in, muffling our oars with parceling, and not putting them in the water till we had drifted from the old schooner, which lay higher up than any of the other vessels. The moon had not yet risen, but it was a clear starlight night. The tide was running up like a mill-race, and as we gave way on the little dingey she spun up past the shore like a shot.

It was "any thing for a change" with us, and we pulled away for some time without thinking much where we were going, till we had got well past the Sultan's palace, and well up to the far end of his gardens (as I afterward found them to be). Then we began to think it might not be so easy going back, as the flood had still some time to run; so we turned the dingey round, and commenced to pull down,

keeping as close in-shore as we dared, for we began to be a little scared that some of the Turkish soldiers might sight us, and, thinking we were on no good errand, might come off after us, or fire at us. It was mighty hard pulling, though, against that tide, and we got pretty tired without making much headway: so we concluded to tie up to one of a lot of little islands not far from the shore, and wait till the tide turned. This island, which lay off the Sultan's garden, wasn't bigger than a good-sized catamaran, and didn't look as if there was any body on it; so we pulled up close to the bank, drawing the dingey under the overhanging bushes, and made our painter fast to the stems of some of them. We were afraid to go ashore to see what the place was like, or to make much noise, for we knew that the Sultan's palace was near, and had heard that it was death for any stranger to be caught prowling around his grounds; so we kept mighty still, speaking to each other only in whispers. We hadn't laid there more than fifteen or twenty minutes, till Sandy, who was coiled up in the bottom of the boat, with his head on the gunnel, griped my arm, and at the same moment I heard a *s-i-s-h*, like a fast boat cutting the water, and then a low, quick, measured splash of oars, and a big ten or twelve-oared barge (what the Turks call a *caïque*) come shooting round the end of the island. The whole thing happened quicker than I can tell it, but my hair stood up on end, for I thought they were after us, as I saw a big fellow rise up in the stern-sheets and clap his hands together. But they wasn't, though. As he clapped his hands, the crew laid on their oars a moment, two chaps that was in the stern-sheets stooped down, picked up something that was heavy and white, and tossed it over, while the men gave way again at the same moment, and the barge swept on round the other corner of the island. We heard a groan, like it was a human creat-

ure, just as they tossed the thing overboard; and no sooner had the barge spun round the point again when we saw it come up to the surface, not a biscuit toss from us. "It's somebody they're trying to drown," says Sandy: "let's save him;" and with that he cut the painter with his sheath-knife, and give the dingey a send off-shore, stern foremost. We had no need to put an oar in the water, for Sandy's shove carried us right over to where the bag had been, and, as it came up again, I grabbed it, and felt sure enough that there was something human inside, for I felt I had hold of a leg or an arm, and could feel it move.

I'd lugged it half out the water, and half over the gunnel of the dingey, when I heard a shrill whistle, and, turning my head, saw a big, double-banked *caïque*, the crew pulling on their muffled oars like mad, spinning round the point, and right aboard me. I was too much scared to say a word, or let go my hold, and only had time to notice a big nigger in a white turban, with a diamond in it as big as your fist, standing in the stern-sheets, when somebody hit me a whack over the head, and I tumbled backward into the dingey.

It must have been two or three minutes before I came to, and then I found myself lying in the stern-sheets of the barge, with my arms and feet lashed fast. I said nothing, for I was afraid to move; but, as my head was a little up on the side of the barge, I could see the big nigger, with the great diamond in his turban, and three or four other niggers rubbing a body, which they had stretched on some cushions, and a-grunting and palavering at a terrible rate. In about a minute after I came to, it began to move and groan, and I saw it was a woman. You oughter heard them mokes sing Hallelujah in Turkish, when they heard her groan; and they had good reason for it, too, for I afterward found her com-



ing to just kept their heads on their shoulders. If she'd been hopelessly dead, they'd all been mince-meat before they were half an hour older.

Well, soon as they seed she was getting all right, one of the black fellows left her and come over to me, and, seeing I was sensible, commenced palavering to me in his infernal lingo. I plucked up courage, and begged him, in good, plain English, to cut the lashings round my arms and legs. He didn't understand, that was clear; but, howsomever, he did cast my legs adrift, and then give me a mouthful of cordial out of a little bottle that they had been dosing the gal with. Just then we shot under an arch, up a little canal, through big trees and shrubbery, and rounded to at a flight of marble steps. The big moke hailed some Turkish soldiers that were standing with drawn swords at the top, and they brought down a kind of palanquin, into which they put the woman, all covered up, and carried her off. Then the big nigger, with the diamond in his head-gear, said something to two of the soldiers, and they picked me up and carried me up the steps, and to one side, into a guard-house like, that was built of marble, too. There they laid me down on a bench, and presently they brought in a Turkish doctor. He warn't a real Turk, though, but only a Greek who had turned Turk; and when he felt of my head, and said something in Greek, I found I could talk to him.

"How did you know Greek, Jack?" one of the auditors ventured to ask.

"Why, you fool, I learned Greek, and Latin too, when I was a boy at school, before I'd ever smelt salt water, or knew a square-knot from a cow-hitch."

"No foolish questions," broke in two or three of the interested hearers; "ain't you got no better manners than to interrupt a man when he's spinning a yarn?"

And so, with a glance of withering,

condescending pity at the interlocutor, old Jack, who had now got well warmed up and was in his glory, spun away:

Well, I told the doctor chap, just as fast as I could in Greek, how I come there; and he, putting his finger up to his mouth, says to me, in Greek, too: "Hish! you're in the Sultan's palace-grounds, and had better clap a stopper on your jaw. A fellow's got to mind his eye here, or off goes his head before he knows it. I expect yours is as good as off anyhow, for you've put your flippers on one of his sacred Majesty's wives; either that, or you're in big luck, young fellow, my lad: howsomever, you'll know before long."

I was pretty well scared, you may be sure, and wished from the bottom of my heart I'd stayed aboard the old hooker and kept my watch, or better still, that I'd been contented to stay at home and be a parson, as my father wanted me to; for there I was with my hands tied, with three or four butcherous-looking Turks walking round with their bright, crooked sabres, looking at me for all the world as though they'd liked nothing better than to get the word to chop me up in inch pieces. But pretty soon they faced about and presented their sabres, as in come the big nigger with the diamond in his head-gear, and (as I could now see) with his clothes all spangled with gold, and a jewel-hilted sword strapped round him.

As soon as the big nigger came in, he said something in Turkish, and the soldiers raised me up and untied my arms, and one of them brought me some water in a basin to wash with; and then the big nigger made me a sign to follow him, and we passed out and through a garden, a half-dozen soldiers marching on each side. In a little while we came to a wall, and passed through a gate that was guarded by a couple of the ugliest-looking old mokes you ever did see.



The soldiers stayed outside; but some of these inside niggers (eunuchs, I afterward found they were) carried torches before and behind us, and we passed along a little distance over a marble path, till we came to a great, low, white building, and entered a little temple like that was on one side. We went into this and through a lot of fine rooms, without as much as a chair in them, but with lots of eunuchs in white turbans standing round and saluting us in the Turkish fashion, till we halted before a big arched doorway, that was all blazing with gold and silver. And here the big nigger with the diamond in his turban made me a sign to stand still, and, casting off his slippers, he went in for a few moments, and presently came out and made me a sign to put off my boots, which I did; and then, taking me by the arm, we went in together. I was pretty well scared, and couldn't notice much: I only know that we went through two or three doors, and then we entered the biggest, highest room I had seen yet, and the big nigger fell down on all-fours and stuck his head to the ground. I followed suit—for I thought that was the safest thing—and got down myself, afraid even to look around, till somebody at the other end of the room said something, and the big moke pulled me up. And then I saw, at the other end, a little, old Turk squatted on a pile of silk cushions, all glistening with gold and jewels, a pulling at one of them Turkish pipes that they smoke through a hose, with half a dozen black fellows standing beside and behind him, with their hands folded in front of them. I knew by the old fellow's looks, and by the gold and diamonds that was laying around, and by the way the big nigger and all the other niggers held themselves, that this couldn't be any body less than the Grand Turk himself, and I was worse scared than ever. But he said a word, and one of the black fellows

lugged out a big silk cushion, and he motioned me to come sit alongside him.

Well, no sooner did I come near the old fellow than he jumped up and grabbed me by the hand, and slapped me between the shoulders with a whack. "D——n my eyes, young fellow," says he, "but I'm glad to see you! You've just fished up and saved the life of the prettiest and newest wife I've got; and if I don't make it all right with you, call me a horse marine!"

"Did the Sultan talk English, Jack?" I ventured modestly to inquire.

"No, of course, he didn't; but he'd been to college, too, if he was a Turk, and he could talk Greek as well as I could. And, now, if you chaps want to hear the yarn through, you've got to keep quiet, for the next man that asks a question can spin the rest of it himself."

Well, I was as much frustrated with my luck, as I was a little while before with fright; but the old fellow told me to sit down on the silk cushion, and had one of the slaves bring me some kind of light wine in a gold cup all crusted with precious stones, and give me one of them long pipes; and then he made me tell him all about myself, where I hailed from, and how I come to Constantinople, and how I happened to be in the stream when the niggers threw the woman over, and how I fished her up, and all about it. And then he put his hand in his pocket and hauled out a big purse full of gold, and told me that there was a little pocket-money to last me a day or two, and that just as soon as I'd turn Turk, he'd give me six of his daughters and make me a Grand Admiral. And then the old villain clapped his hands, and four niggers came in, each with a man's head on a big plate. It made me sick to see the bloody heads standing bolt up on the plates; but the Grand Turk only laughed, and said he, "These

three are the fellows that made the mistake, and that one is the slave that hit you over the head; but I guess they won't do it again." And then he told the big nigger with the diamond in his turban, that I found was the Chief of the Eunuchs, to take me and fix me up comfortable.

And so they carried me away, and into a marble room, where they nearly boiled me; and when I was about suffocated, some more niggers took me out and laid me, naked, on a marble bench, and poured hot water over me, and punched and kneaded me till they'd like to kill me; and then they carried me out, and hove me on a pile of cushions and covered me up, and I fell asleep, and slept till late the next day.

When I woke up, there was a black fellow in a white turban standing there, who clapped his hands, and a little nigger came in with a little cup of the bulliest coffee you ever tasted. And when I'd got through that, in came a yellow fellow and asked me, in good square English, what I'd like for my breakfast.

Well, I had a breakfast fit for a king; and then I got into a talk with the yellow fellow, and I found he was a Yankee nigger from Baltimore, who'd come out as cook on an American brig, and as the Grand Turk wanted a civilized cook, for such times as he had the English Ambassador to dine with him, he'd got into the palace kitchen, and now the Chief Eunuch had put him to waiting on me.

Well, I found out from this fellow (whose name had been Cæsar, but who had turned Turk, and now called himself Cæsar Mohammed) just what the bobbery that got me there had been. It seems that the Grand Turk's got so many wives that he can't keep the run of their names, and he has to number them, just like convicts at Botany Bay. The newest wife he'd got was number Six Thousand and Three, and he was

mightily stuck after her, for the time. But one of his other wives had done something that made him mad, and so he says to one of his eunuchs:

"Take Three Thousand and Six, sew her up in a bag, and toss her into the Bosphorus to-night."

But the fool of a moke misunderstood, or else the Sultan himself slipped a figure; but, at any rate, instead of Three Thousand and Six, the old wife that the Sultan was mad with, they got a-hold of Six Thousand and Three, the new one, that the Sultan was stuck after, jammed her into a bag, and rushed her off into the river.

They'd hardly got her off, before the Sultan came in a-looking for his last wife, and the blunder came out; and the Grand Turk tore around like mad, and cursed things all up in a heap, and swore he'd take the head off of every one in the palace if his new wife was drowned; and the Chief Eunuch rushed after the gal himself, and just got there as I had fished her up.

So you see I was in big luck. I had saved the Sultan's favorite wife, and saved the Chief Eunuch's head, and the heads of two or three-score smaller guns among the eunuchs; and Cæsar Mohammed told me that the whole palace was talking about it, and about how I was to be Lord High Admiral, and have the biggest ship in the Turkish Navy and half a dozen of the Sultan's daughters, just as soon as I'd turn Turk.

And says he, "You'll find it as easy to turn Turk as to tie a square-knot: all you've got to do is to learn to gabble a lot of gibberish about Mohammed, and how to sit cross-legged and smoke one of them hose-pipes, and to knock your head on the floor whenever you say your prayers. And," says he, "they'll send a Turkish missionary to you, to convert you, and all you've got to do is to say Yes to every thing; only it's best not to be too quick about it, for he'll

think the more of you if he's got to do a little argufying."

Well, I didn't quite like the notion of turning Turk, and didn't think it half so easy a job as this renegade moke made out; but I'd heard say, "When you're in Turkey, do as Turks do," and I thought it best to keep still and see what would turn up.

But I did say to Cæsar Mohammed: "What makes his Majesty give me six of his daughters? Wouldn't one do?"

"Oh," says he, "his Majesty's got so many he won't miss six, and there's no use of being mean about it. Besides, the other girls would be jealous if one got you all to herself, and his Majesty will do any thing for peace in his family. I never heard of his giving away six at once before, though. A little while ago he gave four to a young Pasha; but the girls got to quarreling about the Pasha favoring one more than the others, and at last, to keep peace in the family, the old man had to have the Pasha's head cut off."

That scared me a little; but I got over it when the Chief Eunuch came in with a whole tail of black fellows, and took me to a little house in a garden, all fixed up for me, and gave me a fine suit of Turkish clothes: breeches like bags, and a jacket all gold lace and jewels, and one of the prettiest little cimeters, with a handle all diamonds and rubies, to wear by my side. And in one of my rooms was a big chest chock full of the finest kind of tobacco, and there were lots of pipes a-laying all around, and plenty of cushions to loll on; and I didn't have to raise my finger, but had half a dozen black fellows to bring me any thing I wanted, and even to fill my pipe, and give me a light when it went out.

Well, after the Chief Eunuch had given me a big bag full of gold—as much as two men could lug—which the Sultan had sent me, and had gone out, and I

had smoked a pipe or two, and had taken two or three pulls at some lemonade sort of stuff they called sherbet, I asked Cæsar Mohammed to take a cruise round and see if there wasn't any whisky a-laying about the rooms, for I felt mightily like a Christian drink to my good fortune. You ought to have seen the whites of that nigger's eyes glisten when I said whisky, for he hadn't had a dram since he had turned Turk; but he said there was no use looking, as all kinds of rum was contraband in that shop, for the Turk's religion was down on it, and it was as much as a man's head was worth to bring it in the palace; "but," said he, "when you send to the schooner for your donkey, you had better get the skipper to throw some of the old duds out of it, and fill it up with some Christian liquor. It will be mighty comforting to you here, and it will help you make friends among these eunuchs and soldiers, if that should come to stand you in hand, which it might, for no one knows here how long his head is going to keep company with the rest of him. These Turks are the devils after a swig of good whisky, if they can get it on the sly; and as for that, the very missionary that will come to preach to you will swig it like a young pig if you only tell him it's some sort of English lemonade."

I'd been so flurried that up to then I'd about forgotten the schooner, and had even hardly wondered what had happened Sandy; but then I became anxious about him, and so I got some paper and a pencil, and wrote a note to the skipper, telling him of my good luck, and how I was in a fair way to become a Turkish Admiral, and asking him what had become of Sandy. Cæsar Mohammed got the head moke's leave, and took it off to the schooner, together with a lot of the tobacco out of my chest and a dozen gold-pieces from my bag, as a present to the old fellow and the



crew, for I had got up in the world too quick to have any hard feeling toward any body. By and by he came back to tell me that Sandy was all right. He had seen the big barge coming before I, and dove deep, and then stayed on the off-side of the dingey till she had gone, when he got in and sculled back with the tide to the schooner, thinking I had been killed, and nearly scared to death himself. And Cæsar brought back, besides my own donkey, two big chests that had a few clothes on top, but were stuffed full of bottles of all sorts of liquor, that the skipper had sent me. And when he opened them and showed me what was in them, he would have got blind drunk; but I had sense enough to see that wouldn't do, and so, after giving him a couple of good swigs, and taking a couple myself, I locked them up and put the keys in my pocket, and sent him off to cook my supper.

The next day there came a Turkish school-master, who had orders to teach me Turkish, and then, after him, came the Turkish parson, who had three weeks to convert me in, as I found; at the end of which time I was expected to marry the Sultan's daughters and take command of my three-decker. I was a little scary of this little old Turk, for I had heard that their way of converting people was to take off the top of their heads if they wouldn't say the Turkish creed; but he didn't seem to be in a bit of a hurry with me, and we got along splendidly. He just sat down cross-legged, and got hold of the end of a pipe, and preached at me in Greek, for I didn't yet understand enough Turkish; and then he gave me one of Mohammed's bibles, and a lot of tracts, and a prayer-book, and groaned a little, and prayed some, and asked me where I'd go to if I died; and left me alone.

Well, I had bully good times for a couple of weeks. I lived like a fighting-cock. Cabin grub in the best ship you

ever saw was nothing to it: fricasseed chicken and plum duff every day in the week; no end to the good tobacco to smoke; a dram whenever I felt like it; a double-banked barge, all green and gold, with a silk awning for me to lay under, whenever I wanted to take a turn on the water; a pack of dancing-girls, as pretty as angels, to kick around and sing for me every night; a three-decker, with a crew of eight hundred men, awaiting for me in the stream; nigger soldiers to present arms to me whenever I passed; and a lot of fellows to feed me and wash me, and fill my pipe, and look scared to death whenever I sneezed! Little did I think, then, that I would ever handle tar or eat out of a kid again! It makes me cuss myself for the bloodiest fool that ever lived, whenever I think of it!

And old Jack, taking a fresh bite at his plug of tobacco, heaved a sigh, and for the moment seemed quite overwhelmed with the recollections of his departed glory.

"Well, how was it, Jack?" chimed in McFadden, seemingly anxious lest we should lose the rest of Jack's yarn; "couldn't you go their religion?"

"No; that wasn't the trouble. I don't know how it would have been when I'd come right to the point of turning Turk; but I expect I'd have gone it, for the sake of the three-decker, and the bully grub, and the Sultan's daughters; howsoever, that didn't give me much trouble."

The missionary who was put on duty to convert me was a bully old cove, and he and I got to be regular chummies. After he'd preached at me two or three times, and given me about a bushel of tracts, I hauled out of my chest some of the English lemonade, and the old man took to it as lively as a dolphin to a flying-fish, and there he'd



sit, cross-legged, and, taking a swig every now and again, spin me the infernal yarns about Mohammed, and heaven and hell, and angels and devils! I wasn't fool enough to contradict him, or to ask him any foolish questions, and just used to nod and grunt, and shove him the bottle now and again, and let on as though I swallowed it all, or, at any rate, as though I'd rather believe him than look further for proof. Only once, when he was spinning me a long yarn about Mohammed going up to heaven on a mule, I plucked up heart enough to say that it must be rather rough climbing for a mule.

"Young man!" said the old fellow, dropping his pipe, and looking at me as if a streak of lightning had run down his back, "young man, you're a-scoffing at mysteries! Don't you believe that Elijah went up to heaven in a chariot of fire?"

"Yes," said I; for I saw that the old fellow was getting mad, and I began to think of how my head would look on a plate.

"Well," said he, "if one man can go up to heaven in a chariot of fire, what's there to hinder another man going up on a mule?"

I didn't know that there was any thing; at any rate, I said so, and we took another swig at the bottle, and after that we got along famously, for I didn't ask any more foolish questions.

So every thing went along as easy as sliding down a backstay, and I began to get quite used to my grandeur and good living, and to feel quite like a Turk; and it come to pretty near the time when I was to have my head shaved, and marry the Sultan's daughters. Now, this was the part of the thing that scared me more than all the rest. I was a bashful young fellow then, and had never been married at all, and the idea of marrying even one girl that I'd never seen kinder took my breath away, when I'd come to

seriously think of it; but the idea of marrying six gals at once made the sweat stand right out! Besides, I didn't know whether they'd be pretty or ugly, or kind or cross; for they keep the Grand Turk's daughters locked up along with his wives, and nobody can tell any thing about them. If I could have taken them one at a time, and kind of broke one in before I started on another, I might have got along; but I was afraid the whole six at once might raise Cain on the first watch, and, finally, my head might go, like the poor young Pasha's, to keep peace in the family.

"Why didn't you ask the old man to let you take one at a time?" said Mac.

"Well, them Turks is curious people, and after I'd seen them niggers' heads a-coming in on plates, I didn't feel like asking many questions. The old man intended to be good to me in giving me six at once, and it might have made him mad if I'd a shown I didn't want them; and off my head might have gone, right then."

Well, one day, just a little while before I was to turn Turk, and be married, in comes Cæsar Mohammed one night, with the whites of his eyes rolling as if he'd seen a ghost, and told me he'd learned from one of the eunuchs, a chummy of his, that there'd been a devil of a row in the harum about me. You see, the old man had about ten thousand daughters, and these gals had heard what a good-looking, fresh young fellow I was, and were all a-wanting to marry me, instead of some withered old Turk, and so they had got into a fight about who should be the lucky six, and had just tore each other's hair, and scratched each other's faces, and knocked down and dragged out all around the palace. And the old man had come in while the row was a-going on, and got boiling mad at having such a rumpus in his family, and had

had about a dozen of them sewed up in bags and chucked into the river, and had chopped the heads off of the Lord only knows how many eunuchs, and cussed things all aback; and, finally, swore that, instead of marrying six, I should marry a hundred—but that not another daughter would he go on me—and if that didn't suit the girls, and they had any more row, not one of them should marry me; but he'd just chop me up and divide me around.

I was worse scared than the moke when he told me this, and thought I was in a pretty bad plight. The idea of marrying six of the old man's daughters had frightened me bad enough; but to have to marry a hundred, or, perhaps, lose my head, was as much worse as could be—and I began to wish I'd kept my anchor-watch, and never left the bloody old schooner.

Finally, Cæsar Mohammed asked me for the key of the chest, and lugged out a bottle of stiff old Scotch whisky, that the skipper had sent me. And then I took a drink, and he took a drink; and he took a drink again, and I took another drink; and we kept on sucking that bottle till I began to feel pretty good, and made up my mind that I didn't care a d— for the Grand Turk, or all the other Turks, and that I'd see them in their own hell before I'd marry a hundred of their girls, or let them chop me up, either.

And then we cuffed all the nigger slaves out of the room, and I sung a song, and Cæsar danced a breakdown; and then we took out another bottle, and sat quiet again, to consider what was to be done.

First, I thought of gathering all my gold, and trying to run out of the place, and get aboard some homeward-bound vessel; or else of taking the bull by the horns, and going right to the old man, and telling him that six wives were quite enough for me to start in with, and ask-

ing to be excused from the hundred; but the more whisky I got down me, the more I thought that perhaps a hundred wives wasn't such a bad thing, after all; and, at any rate, I would like to see what the gals looked like, before I took the chances of refusing them.

So I asked Cæsar if there wasn't any way of getting into the place where they kept the Grand Turk's wives and daughters; and he was just drunk enough to undertake to show me how to do it. After burning the cork of a bottle, and blacking my face, so I'd pass for a nigger on a pinch, we stole out—Cæsar taking a big bottle of rum with him, to treat the soldiers that paced around the walls. When we come to a place where there was a tree grôwing pretty near the wall, I got behind some bushes till Cæsar got talking with the nigger marine, and tolled him off to get a drink of whisky, when I jumped up the tree, and was on top the wall in a wink. Inside I saw another darky, walking up and down, with a naked cutlass in his hand. I held my breath till he had paced behind some trees, and then dropped like a cat—never thinking how I was to get out. I made a straight wake through the flower bushes to a big marble building, with some little round holes of windows near the top, whence I could see some light coming, and in which, as I got nearer, I could hear a lot of women laughing and giggling like a parcel of chitty-cats. I began to get scary again, as I lay in the bushes, close up to the wall, taking the bearings of the place; but pretty soon I see a rope dangling down from an awning-roller at the top, and, as there was only one little nigger in sight, and he with his face the other way, I thought as I was in for a penny I might as well go in for a pound, and made a dive out of the bushes for the rope, and up it I went, like a monkey, hand over hand. Just as I struck the roof, and scrambled on to it, I heard the little nigger below give

a yell, and then a shrill call on the whistle—like a boatswain's call—that them fellows on guard always carries. And then I heard the whistles sound all around, and other niggers running, and I was sobered in an instant, and knew it was neck or nothing with me now; for I had heard over and over again that it was sure death to any one, high or low, to be caught inside them walls. How I did wish I was a ring-tailed monkey! but I went up that roof just as if I had been one, for I felt my only show was to run up, and down the other side, and off into the bushes, while the niggers was all on the side I had come up. I didn't look at any thing, but scrambled up as if all my toes was fingers. Quick as I got up, I found the top was all open, and with a great canvas stretched across it for a roof. Just where I came up, some of the rovings had parted, and there was a little opening, through which I looked, into a big marble room. And right under me was a big marble basin, full of water, with a fountain in the middle, and there was about five hundred girls—the Grand Turk's daughters—a-dancing round the basin, and a-turning somersets into the water, and a-plunging, and diving, and splashing, and giggling, and laughing, and screaming. I was too scared to look much, and I didn't take time to think much; but a chap thinks quick while he's hanging by his eyelids, and I just thought what a bloody fool I had been, and that if I was well out of that, I'd be willing to marry the whole five hundred of them.

There was nothing for me to do but to get across that canvas. It looked mighty shaky; but the niggers, with their cutlasses, was behind me, and I made a dive into it. It bagged with my weight, like a topsail on the cap, and I could hear the girls stop their play, and yell like five hundred devils, as they saw something a-clawing and floundering across, when, with a crack like a jib

flying from its bolt-ropes, the rotten old thing parted, and down I went.

All I remember was, a-wading, and a-swimming, and diving through a crowd of squealing girls mixed with water, and a dozen black hands stretched out as I come to the marble steps; a clip on the sconce, and the lights dancing around; and then I knew nothing, till I found myself tied hand and foot, laying on the floor of the marble guard-house, down by the water, where I had first landed.

When I come to myself I remembered all that had happened, and opened my eyes softly, to get the lay of the land. I was off in one corner, and at the far end of the room was a lot of Turkish soldiers and nigger eunuchs squatting cross-legged, and a-passing around half a dozen of my bottles. Cæsar Mohammed was standing between me and them. Soon as he saw I was sensible, he come up to me, and whispered:

"Hish! keep quiet. It was lucky for you that they caught you in the girls' bath. Barring the presence of the girls, they'd a-chopped your head off soon as they catched you; but now you're to be sewed in a bag and chucked into the water, with a couple of twelve-pounders to your head. I've made them see it wasn't right to chuck you in till you got sensible, and could die like a good Mohammedan; and I've been up and got some whisky for them to pass time with, and they're pretty well set up already. Maybe there's some chance yet; so when they see you awake, give me a key and tell me to go up and get your money to divide among them before you're sewn up. That'll gain time."

They kept on a-drinking and laughing for a little while, until one of them, who was plainly two sheets in the wind and one flying, staggered up and got down a great long bag off a peg, and fumbled around for a sail-needle and some twine. But Cæsar Mohammed went up to him, clapped him on the shoulder, and jab-



bered away in the infernal Turkish lingo so fast that I couldn't understand it. Then the moke put down his bag, staggered up to me, and hacked the cords off my legs with his cutlass. Cæsar set me up, and commenced to rub me and pour a little whisky down my gullet, and then loosed my arms. I pretended to come to, and all the beggars that could use their legs staggered round, to be ready to shove me in the bag. But I put my hand in my pocket, and lugging out a key, told Cæsar, in half-English and half-Turkish (for I had learned to palaver a little of their cursed lingo), to go up and bring down my money to divide among these gentlemen, so that they wouldn't stick their needles in me when they sewed me up. The beggars knew fast enough what I meant, and they all set up a shout, swearing I was the best fellow they'd ever seen, and a couple of the drunken beasts commenced hugging and slobbering over me, and pulled me off to where the whisky was, and we all sat down cross-legged against the wall; and they commenced shoving the whisky faster than ever, for Cæsar had brought down about all that was left.

Right aside of me was a little nigger eunuch just about my size—a wicked little devil. He had too much aboard to set up straight or to say any thing, but his wicked little porpoise-eyes were full of deviltry, and he had a palm on his hand and a needle between his fingers, all ready to sew me up. And the little devil wanted the job, though he was so drunk, for every now and again he'd give me a prod with the needle, and grin (for he was too drunk to laugh) to see me wince.

"You're itching to sew me up, my hearty," thinks I; "but you'd better keep that weather eyelid of yours a-lifting, or I'm cursed if I don't sew *you* up before this watch is out."

So I kept shoving him the bottle, and

ramming the whisky down his throat, till Cæsar came back with a great sack of money over his shoulder and chucked it down on the floor, and all of them, except the little devil next to me, who was as helpless as a booby, scrambled round it.

Quick as flash, while they were all scrambling and fighting for the gold, I snapped the little eunuch's turban off his head and stuck it on mine, threw my jacket over him, wound his sash round my middle, stuck his cutlass through it, jerked the palm and needle out of his hand, and sung out to Cæsar:

"Quick's your play, matey! I'll stand by to sew this fellow up!"

Cæsar twigged the thing in a look, and he rushed over to the little moke and threw his arms round his neck, and commenced a-hugging him and a-crying that it was a wicked shame to sew his poor dear master up and chuck him in the river!

In a minute, seeing they were getting into a bloody row, some of the soberest sung out it was time to get through, or the Head Eunuch would be down and have all their heads carried up on platters. With that they all made a rush to Cæsar Mohammed and the little moke, and while some of them pulled Cæsar off, and others held the bag open, a couple of big ones just hoisted the little moke neck and heels right in, and I fell to with my needle and palm and sewed him up quicker than ever a nigger was sewed up before, taking a stitch through his nose, so that Mohammed might know him in h—. And we just bundled him out of that guard-house and down those marble steps by the run, and as the drunken lubbers tumbled into the barge, Cæsar and I jumped aside into the bushes, and they gave way and shot off, too drunk to count noses.

As soon as they had gone, Cæsar and I jumped into a little canoe we found there, grinning to think how there'd be



one less at the eunuchs' mess next day, and laying low, paddled down with the tide, past the town, till, nearly daylight, we struck an English frigate.

We sunk the canoe, and I stayed aboard the frigate, and got to be captain of the foretop; but Cæsar he went to Malta and started a cook-shop with the money he'd carried off, for that nigger

wasn't fool enough to throw the whole of the gold on the floor.

"Lay aft and set the maintop-gallant stun'sail," yelled the mate.

And as the light sail sprang aloft to its place, the welcome chime of eight bells came from the binnacle, telling us that our watch had ended.

HENRY GEORGE.

## A CHINESE PRIMER

AS a specimen of the Chinese literature and style of thinking, the "Three-Letter Classic" is invaluable. The reader of it can scarcely fail to have awakened in him a wish for a wider acquaintance with the remarkable literature of which this little book is a kind of outline, as well as sample.

The name of the work, following the Mandarin sound, is "Santsze King," meaning the "Three-Letter," or "Three-Character Classic." The name "Trimetrical Classic," given by Dr. Bridgeman, is not a translation of the native title, though suggestive of the poetical form in which the book is written. Every line is made up of two sections, each containing three letters or characters, which are the same as words. The first two lines rhyme approximately with each other, and so with most of the others, in pairs. There are in all 176 lines, or double that number, if every three words be considered a line. Imagining the words written in perpendicular columns, and in Chinese characters, one will get an idea of the first two lines from the following:

1. Jin Che Tsoo—Sing Pun Shen;
2. Sing Seang Kin—Seih Seang Yuen.

The book was prepared in this form for the use of the youngest pupils in the schools of China. It is the primer in

Chinese education all over the Empire. In all the primary schools one will hear the native boys chanting this "Classic," led off by their teacher's firm voice. While the simple versification helps to impress the language on the memory, it also increases the charm of the recitation, as performed by numerous childish voices, now in concert, and now chasing one another with the strange ups and downs of the Chinese articulation.

The author of the "Three-Letter Classic" was Wang Pihhow, a scholar of the Confucian sect, living in the time of the Southern Sung dynasty, probably sometime in the twelfth century of our era. Wang prepared it originally for his own domestic school, doubtless with no thought of its gaining a popularity beyond his own circle. Other authors have been claimed for it. Han Yu, the Saint Patrick of Tie Chiu, in the north-east part of the Canton province, has been awarded the credit of the authorship. But, born in the Tung dynasty, as early as the eighth century, he would not speak of so late rulers as the "Classic" does; and, besides, the usual twelve-volume edition of Han Yu's works lends no support to the claim which some have set up for him.

Chinese scholars have deemed the little book worthy of the most elaborate expo-

sitions, and the editions in which it is published, whether with or without elucidations, are exceedingly numerous and varied. The Chinese are wonderful commentators, and their skill and taste in this direction are fully illustrated in connection with their primer. We have before us, in the preparation of this article, some half a dozen different native commentaries on the book. These are highly entertaining, and indeed instructive, in their development of systems and biographies barely hinted at in the text. In fact, it would be impossible for the pupil to understand the book without profuse explanations. These, however, are not permitted till the scholar has first of all memorized every line, from beginning to end. The explanations which have served us the most are those of Wang Tsinshing. Perhaps he has corrupted the original text in some places, but otherwise has done a good work. We have not translated from the text in his work, although the English article upon the subject in the "Chinese Repository" has done so. Whenever Tsinshing's text differs from the one we have chosen, it is evident, in nearly every instance, that he has added something for the sake of clearness, or changed something for the sake of consistency. In one instance, at least, he has added an entire line, which admits light perhaps, but which mars the regular flow of the versification. His various readings reveal too strongly a motive.

The plan of the diminutive writing now under consideration is certainly happy. In general, it sketches an outline of substantial instruction, and then gives a most stirring exhortation to pursue it. A brief analysis would be as follows: The necessity of teaching the young, because otherwise their natures are changed to badness, and become of no use (lines 1-14). The matters in which the child is to be instructed are next enumerated. These are, first and chief, du-

tifulness to parents and elder brothers, illustrated with distinguished examples in Chinese history (15-21); secondly, the numbers and various classes of things—leading facts and principles in the material world, in the social relations, and in philosophy (22-52); thirdly, after a remark about the thorough mode of teaching (53-54), we have told us the books to be studied, in their proper order for the student's mind, together with the briefest summary of their contents (55-130). This latter division affords a bird's-eye view of Chinese literary works, as well as a most ingenious and compact survey of Chinese history from the first periods down to the twelfth century of the Christian era. After a word upon the suitable manner of learning history (131, 132), the author enters upon his hortatory and stimulating part, and derives from numerous historical examples, and even from the brute creation, motives to diligence and perseverance in study (133-176).

The characters, or words, used in the composition of this strange compend are among the most complex and difficult in the language, as if we should start our scholars with polysyllables. Many of the statements and allusions are fearfully abstruse. Yet there is somehow a peculiar charm about the work for the young mind. While the foreigner wonders how such a book can be managed with children, the Chinese are full of praises in its behalf, for its adaptation to the youthful class. One of them has said: "It forms a passport into the regions of classical and historical literature. It is truly a ford which the youthful inquirer may pass, and thereby reach the fountain-head of the higher sources of learning!"

It requires no argument to prove that the influence of the "Three-Letter Classic" upon the rising generations and national life of China has been great. The fact would be anticipated. No one can

witness the uniform type of Chinese youthful culture, or visit one of the native schools, without a conclusion as to the peculiar drill of the national primer. Its molding, its educating effect, is in fact wonderful. Possessing elements which, at the first view, might seem entirely to forbid success, such as its difficult characters, and its advanced range of ideas, it yet has a popularity which no other first-book for the child in the world possesses. No book of its class has ever been handled by so many little hands. What the Four Books of Confucius and Mencius are to the advanced native student, that the "Triliteral Classic" is to the beginner.

In accounting for its national success, we must attribute much to its form. Its short, rhythmical lines, full of sprightliness and vivacity to the native ear, delight the young, and naturally fasten themselves in the memory. Recognizing the favor which the three-worded metrical lines have found with the younger Chinese mind, the Christian missionaries have, in several instances, printed outlines of their religious lessons in the same form, designed for learners. One of these little books lies before us, the first lines of which, being rendered into English, run as follows:

"Creator of heaven and earth, maker of all things,  
Maker also of man, is the true Lord;  
Everywhere present, knowing all things,  
Having all power, and ordering all."

But none of the Christianized imitations which we have seen has the rapid sketching, the continual variety, the peculiar native genius, which render the original such a favorite. On this account, and from the uncongenial religious element in them, they have failed of much success. The Tae-ping Wang who made such a stir, a dozen years ago, as king of the long-haired insurgents, and pretender to a second Messiahship, or to a part in a divine quaternity, availed himself of the advantage of a three-

character book as a medium of speaking to the old as well as young regarding his professed ascent into heaven, his high divine commission, and his new revelations in general. He says (Dr. Medhurst's translation):

"God gave him a seal, conferred on him a sword,  
Connected with authority and majesty irresistible.  
He bade him, with the elder brother, Jesus,  
To drive away the impish fiends [Tartars], etc."

Again, the success of the little "Classic" is due in part to its germinal character, its possessing the seeds of a larger knowledge. Herein appears the skill of the composer, and herein resides vastly its educating power. And it is not an irrelevant suggestion, whether English and American authors of first-books for the young might not profitably make more of the germinal principle which enters so much into the "Three-Letter Classic." The Chinese book aims at the start to impart solid knowledge. It would not merely teach letters and words, but along with them, and through them, drop into the receptive mind the seeds of history, philosophy, and religion. These germs may for a time lie in the child's mind undeveloped and seemingly without vitality, and some might decry them as a positive clog to the intellect; but they come in easily with the words learned, they are stored in memory, and in due time they manifest their expansive and adhesive power. From the very first they form a nucleus for the constant accretion of fuller knowledge. The rudimental outline is gradually filled up. True, the philosophy and religion thus acquired may be bad, and the history thus learned may be only the record of ambition and vanity but; they are lodged tenaciously in the mind, for their roots strike into the vivid powers of childhood. Such knowledge can not be eradicated.

The "Three-Letter Classic" has likewise gained signal influence in virtue of its appeals to vanity, and its use of the

winning examples of human glory. One has only to read the last fifty lines, to feel a surprise in observing how fully the spirit of emulation is sought to be excited, and how largely the motive of name and fame is pressed. The bright examples brought forward, the glittering ideals of glory delineated, naturally enkindle in the child's mind a flame of enthusiasm. A strong, pleasing passion, so common to human nature, is set in motion to bear the young over the rugged and painful pathway of early training, and counteract in them every tendency to indolence. By the stories of fame so interesting in themselves, the little scholar is incited to apply himself with all his might. One could perhaps wish that other motives to surpassing attainment might find a place in the book. But undoubtedly the author has seized upon that one which is by far the most potent with the young, and, in fact, with mankind in general. Leading educators in Christian, as well as heathen lands, are found contending for some excitement of the scholar's ambition, in order to get the most out of him. Hence the use of prizes, merit-rolls, parts, degrees, etc., which are but means of exciting the pupil's ambition or emulation, thus availing of the natural passion for glory to make one forego the tasks of mental discipline. Hardly any one can doubt that often the idea of name and fame is made much too prominent in our schools of learning and drill, is injudiciously urged, and is left to work unregulated and unbalanced by the more conservative considerations of doing justice to one's self, being useful to others, and pleasing the Maker of all. But, after all, the desire of fame is original in our natures; and where is the family, where is the school, that does not make some approaches to its ready susceptibility to further the interests of discipline. John Milton knew what was the subtle and potent influence, as well as

service, of this principle of the soul, when he said :

"Fame is the spur the clear spirit doth raise,  
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

In his oration for the poet Archias, Cicero tells us the homely truth that the philosophers prefix their names to the very works they write on the contempt of human glory. And this same writer's words, in his treatise on the immortality of the soul, will come to mind : *Honor alit artes omnesque incenduntur ad studia gloriâ.*

Sir William Hamilton was a strong advocate of inciting the zeal of students by substantial appeals to their desire of glory. He says, what should be qualified with exceptions, that the greatest minds of the world have been actuated most powerfully by this passion for honor. With Aristotle, he suggests that this passion is especially conspicuous in youth. And he favored a most generous offer of rewards to the successful competitors in his class-room. He even went so far as to say: "A very simple mode, and one which I mean to adopt, is, to record upon a tablet each year the names of the successful competitors; this tablet to be permanently affixed to the walls of the class-room, while a duplicate may in like manner be placed in the common reading-room of the library."

We offer one or two further quotations from the great Edinburgh philosopher, not to indorse them in full, but to show that he was one with Wang Pihhow in his principle of stimulating the youth to scholarly excellence by the visions of name and fame. Sir William says: "Emulation and the love of honor constitute the appropriate stimulus in education." And again: "Nothing could betray a greater ignorance of human nature, or a greater negligence in employing the most efficient means within its grasp, than for any seminary of education to leave unapplied these great pro-



moting principles of activity, and to take for granted that its pupils would act precisely as they ought, though left with every inducement strong against, and without any sufficient motive in favor of, exertion."

The ethics of the "Three-Letter Classic," in respect to a pupil's aim, do

not fall below what Hamilton has enunciated in the above; while we are convinced that the range of glory which Wang presented to the ambition of the children of China, was even superior to that which Sir William seems to have brought into use to awaken the efforts of his classes in Scotland.

H. A. SAWTELLE.

## GRIZZLY PAPERS.

### NO. II.

GOYE, who was a great loafer, was also a great satirist, and had upon several occasions been detected flogging people whose opinions he found himself unable to respect. Moye, who was only a lout, was mild of speech, and full of the gentle humanities. The two were sworn friends, but used to sometimes fight each other with the Nominalists and the Realists. (Nothing can be more touching than the close friendship between spirits so dissimilar.) One day Goye strode up to Moye, and, after tilting back his symbol of a hat, and mopping his steaming front with a weak apology for a handkerchief, remarked:

"This undeviating pig-wittedness of men and women is wearing me out. Only a few years ago they were told by Mr. Lewes about 'the dull monotony of noisy revelry,' and 'the endless variety and excitement of philosophic thought.' They just go on noisily reveling, all the same. You and I are about all who seem to care for philosophic dissipation nowadays. Let us crush a flask of Aristotle: man is a most pernicious fish!"

"It is not quite true," returned the meek-thoughted Moye; "but his heart is sadly estranged from the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, to the Moral, the Established, and the Nice. You do not seem to know man very well."

"I think I have met him somewhere," retorted the sarcastic Goye; "what do *you* know about him?"

"I have been through him with a lantern."

I DO not believe in maintaining costly virtues in a condition of idleness; like costly horses, they soon "eat off their own heads." (If men could do that, mutton-lovers would become extinct.) If a man have honesty, let him get some work out of it, or give it up. In a select few of the affairs of life—prominent among which is the egg-trade—honesty really is the best policy; and if seldom adopted (*if!* Muscular Hercules! *if* expresses a doubt), it is from a lack of business sagacity. Now there is not, in my humble opinion, one honest egg-merchant in San Francisco: they are knavish as the day is long, and the knavery of some of them extends a good way into the night. I deal with them to the extent of about two thousand dollars a year, and I never purchase or get measured for a dozen eggs without a sweet consciousness that I am about to be cheated; and I never purchase or get measured twice at one place. If any single one of these gentlemen would sell or build me good eggs at a fair price, I would centre my entire patronage upon

him. It may be seriously affirmed that twice in thrice when a stranger is cheated a customer is lost.

It will be observed that I have not presumed to question the complete righteousness of any but egg-merchants. It is extremely probable that I consume and wear out two thousand dollars' worth of eggs yearly. It appears reasonable.

I HAVE seen ten thousand trained soldiers put to flight by an idea. This is called a panic. There are ideas that resemble bomb-shells: they slant shrieking into the field of thought, fizzing, sputtering, and tumbling crazily about, with a mighty menace, and every body scampers away in terror. These aggressive missiles usually explode with a mild and courteous report, without hurting any one, and, when examined, the fragments turn out, like those of certain meteors, to be a kind of bituminous jelly, baneful only if eaten. The infallibility of the Pope is an idea of this nature, and the world of Protestantism is fallen into great fear of it. There is really nothing in it. Rightly understood, the Pope's infallibility means nothing more than his conceded privilege to settle vexed questions, and give his Church a congruous and coherent body of doctrine. The dogma has the appearance of a loaded shell, but if I were a Protestant I should not budge an inch. I am neither Protestant nor Catholic.

I am a Heathen.

THERE are other ideas, that go slinking in and out among the shins of men, like a frightened rabbit, and no one pays any attention to them. The doctrine that tomato-catsup is as good with chicken as is guava jelly, is one of these.

IF there is any one truth which may justly be regarded as established by the united testimony of all modern philosophers, it is that a little lemon-juice im-

proves a whisky-punch. I would not, however, advise any one to stay away from church of a Sunday to put lemon-juice in his punch. Nature has kindly set aside six days in the week for squeezing lemons.

THERE are in the United States several millions of people who can not read their Bibles. This is shown by the census returns. There are exactly ten times as many who can read them, and do not. This is proven by observation.

POOR Dick Steele's "Sable" (an undertaker—a creature whose existence is justified by that of the midwife) addresses one of his subordinates in this wise:

"You ungrateful scoundrel, did I not pity you, take you out of a great man's service, and show you the pleasure of receiving wages? Did not I give you ten, then fifteen and twenty shillings a week to be sorrowful?—and the more I give you, I think, the gladder you are!"

Upon reading much of the periodical literature of to-day, one can not help thinking that the writers are still in some great man's service, and have not yet begun to receive their ten shillings per week from the public—which, however, does not require them to mortify the countenance. The gentle brotherhood of letters should be paid wages to tell what they are thinking of, not to think of something. If you want an obituary notice composed, pay some writer fifty dollars to fashion it for you, and you shall have as merry a piece of original prose as ever expired ingloriously in a flicker of mournful rhyme.

IF a man who is too heavy in the head shall attempt to swim, it is to be expected that he shall founder somewhat ludicrously. For him and his kind, the vil-lages which it may be thought necessary for him to visit are connected by highways. The profound meaning of this

reflection may not be at once apparent in its full significance, but enough may be inferred from it to condemn the solid-headed humorists of to-day, who are certain to be swamped in the oblivion of to-morrow. The spot where one of them went down will be marked by a buoy bearing this inscription:

[The inscription reflects so severely upon a racy, good magazine, that I have omitted it.]

It is amazing to note the amount of literary talent in this comparatively uncultivated region. I know a hundred men in San Francisco who can write as entertaining a book as "Lothair."

THERE is a clownish kind of toy, made of light pith or cork cut into a mannish figure about two inches in length. At one end it is loaded with sealing-wax, and it will stand erect with this end skyward. But once disturb its equilibrium, and when you expect it to fall quietly upon its side, it executes an astonishing transposition, and stands rigidly upon its head.

The fashion of humor, in these times, is to stand upon your head.

I SAW, one day, a little yellow man sitting upon the surface of the Western Sea, taking an observation of the sun. Naturally I asked him the time of day, and naturally he replied:

"When silver is no longer extracted from lead, it will be time to complain of three hundred millions of people who desire to be left alone!"

I have since written many books upon this mystery, with great benefit to the world. The other day I happened to pick up a Chinese controversial pamphlet, full of most revolting slanders against the religion of T'ien-chu, or the Lord of Heaven, and came upon this passage:

"In case of funerals, the religious

teachers eject all the relatives and friends from the house, and the corpse is put into a coffin, with closed doors. Both eyes are secretly taken out, and the orifices sealed up with plaster. \* \* \* The reason for extracting the eyes is this: From one hundred pounds of Chinese lead can be extracted eight pounds of silver, and the remaining ninety-two pounds can be sold at the original cost. But the only way to obtain the silver is by compounding the lead with the eyes of Chinamen. The eyes of foreigners are of no use for this purpose. Hence they do not take out those of their own people, but only those of the Chinese."

People who desire to be left alone—particularly if they be pagans—are very apt to err with regard to the practices of those who disturb them; but it must be confessed that these do sometimes amass great store of silver. Having now ascertained the exact meaning of the little yellow wizard's riddle, I am not under the necessity of writing any more books about it.

IF the soul of Plato could return to animate somebody's clay (probably that of a usurper and a despot), would he not be violently enraged to find his beautiful conception of Love—the yearning of Spirit for Beauty—degraded into the yearning of a mushy young man for a peachy young woman whom he does not care to marry? So are the crude ideas of antiquity refined by the subtle spirit of modern thought.

Plato may consider himself dismissed.

WHO was it said that to him the sound of a trumpet seemed of a bright scarlet color? It does not matter; it was one of those glances into a future science that are occasionally vouchsafed to very imaginative men who have but little to do. Had he lived in California, he would have had enough to keep his tympanum in a condition of red unrest, and color it

a permanent crimson. Our trumpet is eternally sounding. No sooner does one of us lay it down from exhaustion, than another catches it up and shakes out of himself a fanfaronade that would have astonished the author of "*Gerusalemme Liberata*," who conceived the lines which Mr. Fairfax tries to persuade us to read thus:

"Through vastness wide it roared, and hollows vast,  
And filled the deep with horror, fear, and wonder!"

It is really amazing, the volume of scarlet we have been able to get out of this trumpet of a single key. And it may all be set down to the account of misdirected effort. It would seem that instead of attracting the nations, it has actually frightened them off: as a ship slopes away from the sound of a fog-bell upon a rocky lee-shore. By so constantly and tediously blaring abroad the imaginary advantages of the Pacific Coast, we have provoked incredulity and denial of its real ones. The Atlantic journals have begun to tire of our excessive vanity, and, as if in retaliation, have sometimes sought to throw discredit even upon our modest claim that heaven is bounded upon the east by the Sierra Nevada. A goodly country has thus fallen into a disrepute which it will require years of golden silence to repair.

PLATO held that those souls which in a previous state of existence had obtained the clearest glimpse of eternal truth, entered into the bodies of persons who became philosophers (by a striking coincidence he was himself a philosopher), musicians, and lovers. He excluded musicians and lovers from his delightful "*Republic*." I am not in a position to state that inconsistency appertains to the system of Plato alone. The souls which had least contemplated divine truth, animated the bodies of usurpers and despots. By another remarkable coincidence, Dionysius I, who threatened to decapitate the broad-brow-

ed thinker, was a usurper and a despot. I do not know that Plato was the first to construct a system that might be quoted against his personal enemies. I do know that he was not the last.

I HAVE carefully collated the following aphorisms, in order that while the moralists are getting all the money, the people may have some kind of instruction:

It is not to be claimed that by merely keeping out of the penitentiary one may establish a title to all the known virtues. Negative morality is commendable within certain limits; but the fat social kine who simply refrain from banqueting upon the lean ones, are not entitled to the same measure of credit as the active dog who keeps the lean ones from devouring them. The kind of Decalogue demanded by our present needs is one in which each several commandment shall begin with "*Thou shalt*," instead of "*Thou shalt not*." Every candid mind will agree to this—with merely the proviso that the amendment shall stop with the elision of the negative.

Ever since Goethe represented *Mephistopheles* as taking the shape of a poodle to pass the pentagram which in his proper form he was unable to cross, every designing imp who has wished to sneak over an inhibition, has deemed it expedient to assume the character of a dog—by which that beast has been greatly damaged in his reputation. This shallow artifice is become undemonly: if one may not defile the temple in his own proper person, let him stand outside and make mouths.

It is customary to speak of our social habits as founded in instinct. This is Reason in her own defense.

Men usually attribute their unselfish actions to a sense of duty. The acute thinker will demand a motive.

So powerful is sexual affection that it is felt even among the ties of consanguinity: to a prudent father, an economical



daughter is infinitely dearer than a spend-thrift son.

If all the rogues were to fall sick, very few of them would have medical attendance.

It has been very cleverly argued that pickled hippopotamus is better as food for the million than sugar-cured rhinoceros; but a great deal can be said upon the other side. The world is also very much divided upon the question of Baptism.

It requires eight persons to dance a quadrille: a single individual may construct a falsehood to blacken somebody's character. Even solitude has its peculiar charm.

There are times in every man's life when he feels like doing a great mischief. The sooner he does it, the sooner will he rid his soul of that very reprehensible craving.

When you are in doubt as to what course to pursue, consult your book of Aphorisms.

By seer foretold, the fatal morn  
Of Resurrection's Day is born!  
The sliding sea no longer slides—  
No longer knows the trick of tides;  
The land is silent, winds relent,  
All Nature waits the dread event

From wassail rising rather late,  
Awarding Jove arrives in state;  
O'er yawning graves looks many a league,  
Then yawns himself from sheer fatigue,  
Lifting its capital on high,  
A marble shaft arrests his eye—  
This epitaph, in pompous pride,  
Engraven on its polished side:

"Perfection of Creation's plan,  
Here resteth Universal Man,  
Who virtues segregated wide,  
Collated, classed, and codified,  
Reduced to practice, taught, explained,  
And strict morality maintained.  
Anticipating death, his self

He lavished on this monolith;  
Because he leaves nor kin nor kith  
He rears this tribute to himself,  
That Virtue's fame may never cease.  
*Hic jacet*—let him rest in peace!"

With sober eye Jove scanned the shaft,  
Then turned away and lightly laughed:

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"Poor Man! since I have careless been  
In keeping books to note thy sin,  
And thou hast left upon the earth  
This faithful record of thy worth,  
Thy final prayer shall now be heard:  
Of life I'll not renew thy lease,  
But take thee at thy craven word,  
And let thee rest in solemn peace!"

THERE is a class of persons who go about with pot and brush, covering the dead walls of society with coarse posters libeling the respectable moon. They are very severe upon this orb, and not unfrequently excite much merriment at its expense. But they always commit the grave error of demanding money for a look at their posters, and the public is not of a mind to pay money to see the moon covered with ridicule and put to confusion. Consequently the publication of American comic journals is not persevered in for very long at a time. Which being translated, means that very good wit may be very injudiciously applied, and the stab that might provoke a mighty writhing in a snake, will fail of its effect upon an old shoe. The gravest mistake of our comic writers (next to that of being comic writers) lies in the misapplication of their talent, such as they have. If any man of true wit shall seriously, sharply, and pointedly assail folly, cant, hypocrisy, and villainy in the persons of their representatives, being not too particular in the suppression of names, he shall win for himself a great applause from those who will look coldly on while he runs a tilt against a possibly foolish, but certainly insignificant habit of thought or expression—or, impales the inoffensive moon. He needs not greatly concern himself that his motive may be misconstrued when he forks up a breathing man instead of an unfeeling clod: time will right all that, and if it do not, those who fling razors ought not to care for cut fingers. Above all, let him note the broad distinction between wit and funniness. The American public has a craving tooth for the former, and

will not pay a groat for the latter. One may write very comically about the moon, or about a butcher's block, but wit is always employed, either directly or indirectly, against man and his devices. The javelin may be any one of a thousand patterns, and cast from any one of a thousand ambuscades, but the target is ever the same. A little attention to these suggestions may be of service to publishers who are hesitating between success with a satirical journal, or failure with a comic one.

"MEN," says Voltaire, who knew the scamps, "are so constituted that they like very well to do evil, but they will not have it preached to them." Reader, let us understand one another: thou and I will practice iniquity, even unto the filling of our excellent souls with satisfaction; but in our intercourse, the one with the other, in the pages of the OVERLAND MONTHLY (a most erudite print), the subject shall be steadily ignored:—as oft a whole roomful of persons do pretend to the unconsciousness of a thing unpleasant, though each doth know that all the rest do think upon it, and that they do know he thinks upon it in like wise.

SOME other philosopher has said that nothing can occur without being produced by a great variety of causes. Let me illustrate this:

First, there was the soup—which was ox-tail; then the claret; then the flounder—who was skinned. (The primary preparation of this beast is to skin him; his lack of scales is *not* a merciful concession of Providence to the weary cook.) Then the leg of mutton; then the roast, accompanied and followed by no less than twelve correlative and supplementary causes (*vulgus*, courses), which it were superfluous to particularize. There was then the dessert; the sherry; the champagne; the cigar; the peace of

conscience; the *café noir*—with which *kirschwasser* is better than cognac, whatever the unphilosophic mind may advance to the contrary.

Now, we have concerned here, in the production of this single state of present bliss, no fewer causes than—how many are there? It is not important.

THERE are in California a great many thousand people who perform miracles. The method is this: A man takes a reed and scroll, which have been blessed for the purpose, and writes these cabalistic words: "*California magna est.*" He then reverses the papyrus, and writes, "*Magna est California.*" He then uncovers his head, and holds the scroll up, and the glare of the sun is flung broadly upon it, rendering the inscription visible all over the State. The miracle consists in believing it.

HAVING spoken of War in our first Paper, we naturally, through recollections of early school debates, come to the consideration of its twin evil—Intemperance. And here we are again confronted with the same old amiable maniac of lion-lamb proclivities, whom we left weeping copiously over the alarming prevalence of war. Poor old party! let him have his say:

*Amiable Maniac.*—You certainly do not contemplate a defense of intemperance!

*Ursus.*—I certainly do not think it stands in any present need of it; it seems to be doing well.

*A. M.*—It is a great and growing evil.

*U.*—You're another; but it really is.

*A. M.*—It ought to be vigorously stamped out.

*U.*—Like earthquake, for example.

*A. M.*—The law could do it.

*U.*—If administered.

*A. M.*—But certainly a great deal may be done by our temperance societies—of several of which I am a shining light.

*U.*—Yes, a great deal, whenever the intemperate can be induced to join them, or otherwise manifest an interest in the matter.

*A. M.*—But, my *dêar Sir*! how would *you* combat this great evil?

*U.*—Pretty much as you do—and with pretty much the same success.

*A. M.*—The love of strong drink is a most unnatural appetite!

*U.*—There, *Sir*, incredible as it may appear, you are wonderfully wrong. I think it is *Mr. Buckle* who cautions us never to defend a doctrine by arguments having a smaller or less permanent basis

than the doctrine itself. *I* say, never account for a fact by a cause having a smaller or less permanent basis than the fact. You made that mistake in the War question. All nations, in all ages, have used alcoholic stimulants. The only other permanent habits they have possessed in common are eating, drinking water, sleeping, reproducing, and building fires. It is noticeable that for each of these habits there exists an absolute physical necessity.

*A. M.*—Ah! I see; you seek to justify intemperance.

*U.*—You are a magnificent idiot!

URSUS.

#### AN EMBLEM.

I waited for a single flower to blow,  
 While all about me flowers were running wild:  
 Gold-hearted kingcups, sunnily that smiled,  
 And daisies like fresh-fallen flakes of snow,  
 And rarest violets sweet, whole colonies  
 Nestled in shady grasses by the brooks,  
 That sang, for love of them and their sweet looks,  
 Delicious melodies.

Now are they perished, all the fragile throng,  
 That held their sweetness up to me in vain.  
 Only this single blossom doth remain,  
 For whose unfolding I have waited long,  
 Thinking, "How rare a bloom these petals clasp!"  
 And lo! a sickly, dwarfed, and scentless thing,  
 Mocking my love and its close nourishing,  
 And withering in my grasp.

O dream! O hope! O promise of long years:  
 Art thou a flower that I have nurtured so,  
 Missing the every-day sweet joys that grow  
 By common pathways; moistened with my tears,  
 Watched through the dreary day and sleepless night,  
 And all about thy slender rootlets cast  
 My life like water, but to find at last  
 A bitterness and blight?

INA D. COOLBRITH.

## CHLOE.

EVERY family has some member to whom they refer with pride—some one who has become distinguished by deeds of valor, uncommon intellect, or possessing that modern patent of nobility to which morality is secondary, merit inferior, and true excellence of the least account. "Uncle John" is a standing proverb; his semi-annual visits are mentioned daily; his witty sayings are served at breakfast, hashed for dinner, and warmed over for supper. The uninitiated inquires, "Who *is* Uncle John, that the Jones family are forever talking about?"

"Why, he is that delightful old nabob who is *so* rich: do be pleasant to him, my dear child;" or, "My brother, Commodore Smith, or General Johnson," as the case may be.

In our republican country, every genealogical tree has a titled branch; and we frequently find, upon investigation, "the Judge" is one of Equine court, and not Judicial. In this matter of titles we outrival England. *Our* family quotation is CHLOE. How long she has existed, or whether she *had* a beginning, is not known to the oldest inhabitant. Certain it is, she romped with our grandmother, assisted in the culinary festivities of our mother's wedding, was the contractor of *my* marriage-supper, and bids fair to live to superintend that of my daughter. I often ask, "Chloe, how old do you think you are?"

"Let me see, Miss Mary: I was about twenty when General Washington was here, and I helped cook the grand dinner for him that day."

Now, as this was in the year 1798, we take Chloe's assertion with some abatement, for she is spry as a kitten, active

and strong, and we know that many of her narrations in which she figures conspicuously are traditional, or only chimerical; but we never contradict the old soul, and allow her to think she has imbued us with a full sense of her own importance.

Large limbs, full and firm; head round as a cannon-ball, closely covered with white wool; little, round ears; bright, black eyes; white teeth, which are even now wonderful in beauty; a good-natured mouth; the nose characteristic of her race and color; hands, the whiteness of the inside of which always puzzled me; a large, flat foot, and behold—Chloe! She stands photographed before me now, in her calico dress of dark blue, thickly sprinkled with white stars; a tow-apron, with strings that went twice round a waist of such tremendous dimensions that I used to wonder if any arm was ever long enough to encircle it; her spotless, white, woolen stockings, which summer heat probably did not penetrate (for they never varied their texture for such trivialities, in Chloe's mind, as seasons); and her gay, plaid turban, which is the admiration of all children. The delicious tarts and cakes which she always has in secret places for the little ones—biscuits in her pocket, turnovers hid in the oven, all sorts of forbidden fruit, which they are certain to get by flattery and coaxing! Woe to the child who can not find Chloe when threatened with punishment, for we learned to look upon her as mediator between culprit and parent; and she is invariably victor. The memory of Chloe's superb dinners haunts me yet; and when wearied with repeated failures of the different cooks who "waste my substance, and spoil my



goods," I sigh for Chloe, to give me, ere I die, one such banquet as *she* only can compound.

Her love for dumb animals is beautiful to behold. Every fowl knows her voice, sure of a few grains of corn from her capacious pocket; Miko, the blind dog, lives in the sunshine of her goodness; no cat will show its claws or snarl when she appears, but rub its arched back against the blue calico with purring content.

To see Chloe arrayed in her younger days for a party, called together the entire household; the juniors were allowed the privilege of sitting up to inspect the gorgeoussness of her toilet, and the seniors of the family generally devoted the day on which the festivity occurred in trimming the dress which adorned the rotund figure. The turban was laid aside for the gayest of ribbons, and the sashes, bows, and flowers, which were a necessary accompaniment, moved to envy the subordinates in her dominion. Although Chloe would dance from sunset till day dawned, she was invariably at her post in the morning, without any apparent fatigue, and the matutinal meal served with accustomed regularity and excellence.

To listen to Chloe's narration of her victories over the "young trash," as she designates other aspirants to belledom; the gesticulations, the sneers which follow our hints that Sue or Bess looked well, and were recipients of attention from the most desirable beaux, is equal to a drama; and she will settle that point by speaking with supreme indifference of how Pete "treated" her to root-beer and sarsaparilla, and Dandy Jake, from over the river, spent all his specie for her in pea-nuts and cake; how the girls sat on benches, looking daggers at her when the spruce beau from the city asked *her* to dance, to the exclusion and disgust of those wall-flowers! The chuckles, the swing of her head, as she re-

peated the compliments paid her, were evidences of her susceptibility to flattery—for Chloe was a very woman.

The camp-meeting season is hailed as the holiday of the year: permission is granted for leave of absence for the entire week of jubilee, although Chloe is not in her true element on the campground. The most extensive preparations occupy days prior to the opening meeting: the oven used on ordinary occasions fails in its capacity to hold the pies, bread, cake, etc., which spring into something tangible at her magical touch, and the great oven in the wash-house groans with the burden in its cavernous depths. And O, the pride she betrays as she walks around the store-room, exhibiting these treasures, justly boasting that nothing in the camp-refectory will excel them! The chickens vainly endeavor to escape their doom; but their necks are wrung without compunction, and the slaughter of the innocents exceeds that of Christmas; and when the hour of exodus arrives, the united family assemble on the piazza to witness it. The large wagon is loaded with provisions, pots and pans fill the interstices between the boards, covered with buffalo-skins improvised for seats; and Chloe, as advance-guard, sits with Tom, the driver, with her white sun-bonnet, starched to the consistency of block-tin, wielding as sceptre a huge blue umbrella, and shouting, "Good-by, all," she is off!

Frequently, of a summer evening, we visit the encampment, and watch the happy congregation of colored people under the influence of the hour. Locality adds to the fervor of devotion: the grand old woods—the first temple the Mighty Architect dedicated to Himself—echo with prayer and praise from overflowing hearts; and many who attend for an evening frolic, are deeply impressed with the solemnity of the services, and realize that though God is

omnipresent, He is especially manifest to this little band.

It is simply impossible for the race to sit quietly under unusual excitement: mirth or grief is infectious; a free-masonry exists within the limits of the camp, and the bond of union is one cause, one sympathy. Their happiness finds vent in shouting, screaming, jumping; and they heartily enjoy it.

For weeks after Chloe's return, we hear of little else but the glories of camp-meeting, the several preachers whose eloquence captivated her, and whose praise of her edibles was unqualified. Ah, therein lay the secret of power! The hymns she learned are chanted till every child is familiar with their wail and dirge over sin, as well as with the more jubilant songs of converts. Finally, the unnatural exhilaration dies a common death, and we hear no more of it until another season.

But Chloe's life has not always been as smooth or free from sorrow and care as now. On an adjacent farm lived Bob—a lazy, shiftless creature; but he was the champion jig-dancer of all gatherings of the clan; could play the bones and tambourine, and sing all the ballads of the day: in fact, do any thing but work. These accomplishments attracted simple-minded Chloe more than his worth; and, woman-like, his very frailties were shielded by the pity he inspired. Our abuse of Bob only called forth her warm defense, ever ready to excuse his short-comings. To her he was an animated "example of every creature's best," and, despite remonstrance, with the pertinacity of her sex, adhered to her creed in Bob's perfections. Our faith in his protestations of affection for Chloe was not "even as a grain of mustard-seed;" and knowing he wanted her hard earnings more than a wife, he was forbidden the house. But Love laughs at prohibition, and this case was not exceptional. For a time, Chloe

sulked over her pies, and became so careless in cooking as to merit reproof. She would sit by the kitchen-fire nursing her love and melancholy, or go about with a countenance as lugubrious as if she were the veritable Chloe of ancient rhyme. But her Philander was not to be annihilated by our stern looks; and having determined to be conqueror, was not to be out-generaled. He persuaded Chloe that these rejections of his overtures by us, were only necessary skirmishes in the warfare of Love; and the true daughter of Eve resolved to taste the forbidden fruit, if Bob would enact the rôle of Adam in her imaginary Eden. Alas! she soon learned—

"The trail of the serpent is over it all!"

One morning, the hour for breakfast passed without the usual summons. Chloe failed to appear; investigation proved that Bob also had become invisible. Evidently they were acting in concert. Days passed without intelligence from the fugitives; but our interest in Chloe was life-long, and not to be dissolved by confederation with so worthless an object as Bob. We found them across the river, unrepentant and defiant, Chloe refusing to return to her old home, preferring to toil for her chosen lord, rather than acknowledge error; and occasionally thereafter, we heard of these victims of the hymeneal noose eking out existence in great misery and poverty.

To find a satisfactory substitute for Chloe was herculean labor. Meals were produced at novel hours; order and system were chaotic. We had become so accustomed to Chloe's *régime* that no one but CHLOE would answer. Some three months elapsed, when, as suddenly as she decamped, appeared our sable priestess—penitent, humiliated, money all spent, and begging to be reinstated. Her supremacy was established, and to this day she holds undisputed sway in that old kitchen. For her sake, they were given a little tenement, and Bob

employed on the premises. Under our supervision, her married life seemed to pass smoothly for a time; but Bob, true to his nature, could not walk the path of domestic duty. Frequently Chloe came to work with a bandage over one eye, or a swollen face, or an arm bound up in old rags smelling of liniment, and Bob was suspected of maltreating this patient, uncomplaining woman; but neither flattery nor scolding extorted a word against Bob. She always excused her appearance by saying, "Lord, Missus, I'se gettin' old, and must 'spect rheumatiz!" But when her children became old enough to talk, they divulged many a secret of poor Chloe's little house. Tom told how ducks and chickens were surreptitiously taken and sold in the village market. Mollie confided to us the mysterious disappearance of certain articles of furniture and clothing, till our righteous indignation against the author of these domestic calamities threatened him with legal proceedings, to protect Chloe and the remnant of her household goods. Things grew from bad to worse. Bob was implicated in a robbery, but prior to detection ran away, accompanied by a gay mulatto; was pursued by a stern arm of the law, captured, and brought to trial, when he was accused of ill-treating and deserting his wife, as well as having his honesty impeached; and not being so fortunate as to be tried before a New York Judge and jury, he was ignominiously declared both sane and guilty, and sentenced to serve his State for a limited term of years. The term expired—so did Bob, and has probably gone where he will never find Chloe to torment.

No story is too incredible for Chloe's credence, and she never fails to match it with one equally marvelous—something which happened to *Bob's aunt*, a personage who always assists her fiction, and is as mythical as Mrs. Harris—and her answers are always ready. One evening, as she was airing herself on the piazza, with her hands crossed on the tow-apron—a picture of content—Frank, thinking to nonplus her, said:

"Well, Chloe, are you enjoying your *otium cum dignitate*?"

With the gravity of a Senator, she answered:

"I am trying to, sir!"

Frank looked at her, somewhat disconcerted, and disappeared around the corner of the house, saying:

"Chloe, you're a brick!"

The Fifteenth Amendment is to Chloe the Millennium Proclamation, although she does not comprehend the length, breadth, depth, or height of its power; but she nevertheless exults that her Tom can be educated on an equality with her "old man," as she always calls our Frank; may aspire to sit in judgment on the bench, and despite the seeming fallacy of her reasoning, thinks he *may* yet be recognized as leader in fashionable society, and no office be unattainable, should this thick-lipped, split-pear-nosed, and uncouth gutta-percha image choose to enter the political arena; and with a toss of her turbaned head, she struts across the kitchen, silencing all argument by the prospective remark:

"And, Miss Mary, my Tom may yet be President of these United States!"

Who knows?

M. B.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

WESTWARD BY RAIL: The New Route to the East. By W. F. Rae. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1870.

It would seem that the old-time, formal English tourist in America has given way to a brisker and, let us fondly hope, a more truthful gentleman. At least, our English *Viator* no longer confounds what is simply un-English with inferiority; no longer views us through tradition instead of observation, and is sometimes even inclined to make comparisons disparaging to his own highly favored land. Of this kind is Mr. Rae, whom we are chiefly led to admire, not so much, perhaps, because he finds that Americans are not all either *gauché* or forward, that there is some security for life and liberty on this side of the Atlantic, and that many of our Yankee improvements do actually tend to make life more comfortable and refined; but that he has been equally frank in his condemnation of a certain condition of civilization local in one part of America, over which most previous critics, both home and foreign, have combined to throw a specious glamour. In brief, he has had the insight, honesty, courage, or whatever it may be called, to sharply criticise the blatant conceit and gross materialism of the Californians, not as other tourists have done, in the language of admiration and the tone of apology, but with simple candor and unmistakable directness. We do not speak of this in distinction to the gushings of Mr. Todd, the respectable platitudes of Mr. Brace, or the superficial profundities of Mr. Bellows, but as particularly opposed to the sensuous cynicism of Mr. Bowles, who seems to have wandered through the California "greenwood" like a material "Jaques," with an equal facility for moralizing over a wounded deer "i' the forest," or expatiating upon the juiciness of a haunch from the same animal, carried about, cold, wrap-

ped up in a copy of the *Springfield Republican*. Some reason for this timid reticence may be found in the latter part of this extract:

"Indeed, the Californians have so thoroughly identified themselves with their State as to be among the greatest self-deceivers on the continent of America. They appear to live under the delusion that the rich gold mines, the unrivalled grain, the magnificent fruit, the delightful climate, are all creations of their own. Tell them that gold is quite as abundant in Australia, that Nature has been as kind to dwellers on other portions of the globe, and they will appear to think that an affront is intended. Add that in some respects they are not the equals of others who inhabit this continent, that the culture and polish of New England are not among their adornments, that they pay a disproportionate respect to material, when compared with intellectual achievements, and they will repel the charges as malignant calumnies. In short, Californians in general will marvel at the temerity of the daring speaker or writer who ventures to assure them that, even if they live in a paradise, they are not wholly without spot or blemish."

And some explanation, though no apology for the Californians themselves, may be found in Mr. Rae's previous suggestion: "That the dwellers in a State so lavishly endowed by Nature \* \* \* should be prone to forget that they are the least part of what they see and enjoy, is by no means unnatural, yet it fairly lays them open to criticism." And as this criticism they do not get, for the reason already intimated, it has increased the native conceit. It is no extravagance to say that the moral, social, and even material growth of the State has been seriously retarded by this ridiculous praise, and that a greater part of its present commercial stagnation is due to the fancied security of this continual puffing, to a disposition on the part of the people to trust to local advertising rather than real worth, and to a tendency on the part of its prominent citizens to "run the State" by reports and prospectuses, after the fashion of a bogus mining-stock company.



It was, perhaps, unfortunate that Mr. Rae's first introduction to California was through the actual presence and glowing speech of the California Pioneers, then in Chicago on their triumphal visit. "They described California," says Mr. Rae, with great simplicity, "in a way that led me to suppose that the country must be a modern Eden. If they had added that it was Eden after the fall, they would have guarded themselves against exciting expectations which were doomed to be unfulfilled. \* \* \* They assured me that the citizens of California were the superiors of all others on the continent; were endowed with every excellence of character which adorns and exalts mankind. Their achievements, I was emphatically told, had been unparalleled in grandeur and unequalled in importance, while all that had been performed, and all that was now rendered easy and possible, had its source in the conduct and character of the Pioneers! Such is the gist of the statements to which I listened with attention. If I do not accept them as wholly accurate," adds Mr. Rae, with a delicious infantile simplicity, "it is because I have failed to substantiate them by an examination of the facts." It was also, perhaps, unfortunate that Mr. Rae happened to be in Sacramento during the Pacific Railroad celebration, and heard the Lieutenant-Governor of the State reply to the toast of "California" with this native modesty: "Suffice it for me to say that our skies vie in beauty with those of far-famed Italy; our valleys surpass in richness the famous Valley of the Nile; our plains, in productiveness, the sunny plains of France; our Sierra Nevadas, for beauty and grandeur of scenery, surpass those of the mountains of Switzerland. Who would not be a Californian? Why, Sir, we have the bravest men, the handsomest women, and the fattest babies of any place under the canopy of heaven." But this is humility compared with the following tribute to Sacramento:

"MR. CHAIRMAN: It is not necessary that any one should speak for Sacramento. I am no speaker, but Sacramento requires no speaker. There was a time, in the long ago of her history, when every son of Sacramento was required to work, and act, and speak for her. But, thank God, that day has gone by; the wheel of time rolled on with a velocity that amazed and entranced, while it cheered and gladdened. The

devastation of fire and flood swept over her, but she arose, Phoenix-like, from her ashes, and the heart of every Sacramentan wells up with joy and gladness at the brilliant prospect of her future. The beautiful City of the Plains, nestling in her grandeur in the bosom of the valley, coquetting with the mountains and smiling on the sea, robed in republican simplicity, *modest and unpretending*, constantly growing in wealth and importance, cultivating a pure and enlightened Christian civilization, has attained a proud position among the cities of the Union. With her elements of greatness and grandeur, her gallant sons, her working-men, her cosy cottages, her stately mansions, her happy homes, her lovely daughters, her comely matrons, her churches and public schools, her looms and anvils, her mechanics and artisans—all speak in eloquent and thrilling tones of her present importance and future greatness. Her swift couriers of internal trade, whizzing through valley and canyon, over hill-top and mountain, rousing dreamy Nature, and awakening glad echoes all over the land; all—all attest her enterprise, and proclaim her the Queen of the Golden State."

The italics are ours. We read it with a shuddering wonder if any such extravagant nonsense as this was ever uttered in public. Is not Mr. Rae only chaffing us with an extract from *Martin Chuzzlewit*? We trust that some patriotic Californian will rise up with a copy of the *State Capital Reporter* of the date, and rebuke the scoffer.

Mr. Rae was not struck by either the hospitality or generosity of the people, "two qualities," which, he was told, "distinguished the citizens of San Francisco." He says:

"It would be an error, however, to regard the Californians as spendthrifts. While parting ostentatiously with their money, they are perpetually anxious to amass more wealth. The shrewdest Yankee can not excel them in looking after the main chance. They seem to think that the whole duty of man consists in getting money. But to employ their accumulated wealth in a way which will benefit the less fortunate, can not be numbered among the objects of their ambition. Many stories of unpardonable niggardliness are current. One of the best authenticated relates to 'The Mercantile Library' of San Francisco. Seventeen years ago the lovers of literature resolved upon founding a library here which should resemble the public libraries which do credit to the generous foresight of the inhabitants of the principal cities in the Eastern States. This collection of books and periodicals is large and valuable; the building wherein it is stored is a noble structure. Yet the existence of the association itself has been a never-ending struggle with poverty. The stranger who visits the library learns with amazement that the Managers 'can not point to one bequest or donation, save by some kind-hearted actor, musician, or lecturer, the proceeds of whose generosity have been devoted to the purchase

of new books.' The undertaking was originated and has been sustained by a few private citizens, 'most of them young, and dependent on their daily employment for a livelihood.' It is added, by the unimpeachable authority from which the foregoing quotations have been made, that 'these facts, so creditable to the literary culture of San Francisco, are less so to the intelligent liberality of her *millionnaires*.' Until these *millionnaires* shall have ceased to be living incarnations of purse-proud selfishness, it will be permissible, when describing them, to employ the stinging sarcasm of Burke, and say that the ledger is their Bible and Mammon their God."

It is interesting to compare this radical and direct criticism, written before the crowning degradation of the Mercantile Library Lottery had been achieved, with the abstract moralizing of the local press after the fact, or the open apologies of the *Springfield Republican*—all of which ignored the central point of Mr. Rae's criticism *in toto*.

But Mr. Rae has pleasanter things to speak of than the "niggardliness" of San Francisco *millionnaires* or the materialism and conceit of her people. He has a firm, unshaken faith in her ample resources, her wonderful climate, her generous soil, her picturesque scenery. He looks hopefully into her future—not with the champagne, filmy eye of the regular tourist, but with something of the clear insight of common sense. He sees "a small, but precious leaven of men," who do not recognize Dives as the highest type of manhood, but in their own ways and methods are trying to set up a higher standard: he speaks most encouragingly of Art and Letters. Yet it is rather cheerless comfort to a community which lives so much in the present, and values so highly that which "pays over the counter," to hear that "a *century* hence it is probable that the Californians will be a power in the Union, and will make their influence felt throughout the world. As their intrinsic merit becomes more tangible, their short-comings will afford less ground for comment. When they have stronger reasons for boasting, they will leave to others the task of trumpeting forth their praises."

ART IN THE NETHERLANDS. By H. Taine. Translated by J. Durand. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

The delight which most readers will get from M. Taine's philosophy is a sensation

so rarely produced by art criticism—which is very apt to be dull and technical in proportion as it assumes to be most profound—that the question of his infallibility as a critic will not be apt to trouble them. Perhaps there is no reason why it should. No other writer has brought to the discussion of this subject an historical analysis as exhaustive, or a philosophy as realistic and striking; and whether he has handled his materials honestly—whether he has evolved them from his philosophy, or his philosophy from them—is not, after all, as important to us as that his conclusions should be the decision of a careful and educated *taste*. And these they unmistakably are.

Some English readers—particularly if they have only known Comte in the milder insular type of Buckle and Mill—may possibly be shocked at the delicious *insouciance* with which M. Taine contemplates the various phases of Christianity, Morality, and Public Virtue, as things more or less important in proportion as they affect Art. Yet those who receive pleasure from his thoughtful analysis will also admit that there is more chance of obtaining Truth through this singleness and dominance of idea, than in the divided enthusiasm of a writer like Ruskin, who endeavors to combine and glorify Poetry, Religion, and Æsthetics in the critical expression. In one respect, Taine's *History of Art in the Netherlands* and Ruskin's *Stones of Venice* are similar: they both group the geographical, physical, political, social, and religious history of a nation around a central theme; but while much of Ruskin's history is rhetoric colored by the sentiment and poetry of the writer, M. Taine's history, without being less picturesque, is more realistic.

It would be almost impossible to give an idea of this admirable work in any other or less words than M. Taine uses. Like the school of Art which he reviews, its excellence lies in its minute detail and striking color, and the thin outlines of a book-notice do it but scant justice. In that wonderful delineation of the aspect of external Nature in the Netherlands, on pages 69-77, we have a picture as remarkable and striking as any in the Flemish galleries, and one that in explaining and accounting for the Art almost reproduces its effect:

"Here, as at Venice, Nature has made man colorist. Observe the different aspect of things according as you are in a dry country like Provence and the neighborhood of Florence, or on a wet plain like the Netherlands. In a dry country the line predominates, and at once attracts attention; the mountains cut sharp against the sky, with their stories of architecture of a grand and noble style, all objects projecting upward in the limpid air in varied prominence. Here the low horizon is without interest, and the contours of objects are softened, blended, and blurred out by the imperceptible vapor with which the atmosphere is always filled: that which predominates is the spot. A cow pasturing, a roof in the centre of a field, a man leaning on a parapet, appear as one tone among other tones. The object emerges; it does not start suddenly out of its surroundings as if punched out; you are struck by its modeling, that is to say by the different degrees of advancing luminousness and the diverse gradations of melting color which transform its general tint into a relief and give to the eye a sensation of thickness. You would have to pass many days in this country in order to appreciate this subordination of the line to the spot. A bluish or gray vapor is constantly rising from the canals, the rivers, the sea, and from the saturated soil; a universal haze forms a soft gauze over objects, even in the finest weather. Flying scuds, like thin, half-torn white drapery, float over the meadows night and morning. I have repeatedly stood on the quays of the Scheldt contemplating the broad, pallid, and slightly rippled water, on which float the dark hulks. The river shines, and on its flat surface the hazy light reflects here and there unsteadyscintillations. Clouds ascend constantly around the horizon, their pale, leaden hue and their motionless files suggesting an army of spectres—the spectres of the humid soil, like so many phantoms, always revived and bringing back the eternal showers. Toward the setting sun they become ruddy, while their corpulent masses, trellised all over with gold, remind one of the damascene copes, the brocaded sinarres, and the embroidered silks with which Jordaens and Rubens envelop their bleeding martyrs and their sorrowful madonnas. Quite low down on the sky the sun seems an enormous blaze subsiding into smoke. On reaching Amsterdam or Ostend the impression again deepens: both sea and sky have no form; the fog and interposed showers leave nothing to remember but colors. The water changes in hue every half-hour—now of a pale wine tinge, now of a chalky whiteness, now yellow like softened mortar, now black like liquid soot, and sometimes of a sombre purple striped with dashes of green. After a few days' experience you find that, in such a nature, only gradations, contrasts, and harmonies, in short, the value of tones, is of any importance." \* \* \* \* \*

"The water is not of that deep sea-green resembling sickness, as in the lagoons of Venice. The fields and trees have not that solid and vigorous tone visible in the verdure of Verona and Padua. The herbage is pale and softened, the water dull or dark, the flesh white, now pink like a flower grown in the

shade, now rubicund after exposure to the weather and rendered coarse by food, generally yellow and flabby, sometimes, in Holland, pallid and inanimate and of a waxy tone. The tissues of the living organism, whether man, animal, or plant, imbibe too much fluid, and lack the ripening power of sunshine. This is why, if we compare the two schools of painting, we find a difference in the general tone. Examine, in any gallery, the Venetian school, and afterwards the Flemish school; pass from Canaletto and Guardi to Ruysdael, Paul Potter, Hobbema, Adrian Van der Velde, Teniers, and Ostade; from Titian and Veronese to Rubens, Van Dyck, and Rembrandt, and consult your optical impressions. On going from the former to the latter, color loses a portion of its warmth. Shadowed, ruddy, and autumnal tones disappear; you see the fiery furnace enveloping the Assumptions going out; flesh becomes of the whiteness of milk or snow, the deep purple of draperies grows lighter, and paler silks have cooler reflections. The intense brown which faintly impregnates foliage, the powerful reds gilding sunlit distances, the tones of veined marble, amethyst, and sapphire with which water is resplendent, all decline, in order to give place to the deadened whiteness of expanded vapor, the bluish glow of misty twilight, the slaty reflections of the ocean, the turbid hue of rivers, the pallid verdure of the fields, and the grayish atmosphere of household interiors."

Perfect as is this vivid and vivacious writing, as an extract it is incomplete without the concluding *résumé* of the styles of Rubens and Rembrandt, on pages 78 and 79. Farther on, M. Taine gives a more extended analysis of the characteristic genius of these two great Flemish masters, which, maugre a little sentimentalism, is unequaled for force and critical insight. In speaking of Rembrandt—to whose genius he does ample justice, and whose moral expression he seems to love—for the first time the critic warms into a reverence and enthusiasm that are so infectious that the English reader will surely forgive the praise that culminates in a comparison like this:

"—and when, nowadays, our over-excited sensibility, our extravagant curiosity in the pursuit of subtleties, our unsparing search of the truc, our divination of the remote and the obscure in human nature, seek for predecessors and masters, it is in him and in Shakspeare that Balzac and Delacroix are able to find them."

M. Taine reaches the climax of his review with Rembrandt. The volume is divided into Part I, "Permanent Causes," and Part II, "Historic Epochs." The former division is a careful study of the predisposing influences of Race, Climate, Soil, and So-



ciety; the latter, an historical review of the progressive stages of Art and Society from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth.

POEMS. By Frederick Locker. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

That kind of elegant worldly wisdom which avoids the extreme of enthusiasm on the one hand, and cynicism on the other; which is sentimental only by implication, and satirical only by contrast; which in prose is *persiflage*, and in poetry is *vers de société*, is the basis of Mr. Locker's pleasant volume. To talk of Love and Marriage, as one may speak of them to one's partner in the pauses of a quadrille; to be as philosophical as one may be permitted to be in a drawing-room; to be as funny as a gentleman may without being comical—is the utmost aspiration of our poet. It is true, this is not a very exalted aspiration, but Mr. Locker's subjects are not exalted. Kneeling in the grass to tie the shoe-strings of a pretty girl, or discovering the important fact that another had tied a pet lamb to a tree with her garter, are not spiritually intellectual pictures; yet poets like the elegant Mr. Pope would have found some classical or mythological matter in them, and have explicated them with formal extravagance and insincerity; very gallant gentlemen like the late Thomas Moore would have elaborated them in a way to have made the fair subjects blush to their eyes; greater poets, like Mr. Tennyson, would have so idealized them with simile and comparison, that we would have lost sight of them as facts; but we doubt if any but Mr. Locker would have written about them as naturally, realistically, and yet with so much gentlemanly feeling. And if the trifling character of such incidents seem to require an apology, there is always one in his playful and half-philosophical climaxes.

Yet it will be apt to strike the reader that Mr. Locker's best things remind him of things which other poets have done better. He has done nothing half as good as Thackeray's "Age of Wisdom," or "Piscator and Piscatrix;" yet there is a suggestion in some of his work of both of these elegant trifles. In the mere exhibition of humor, wit, and satire, he is

the inferior of Holmes, Saxe, and Lowell; but for a certain "tone," and an easy, undemonstrative vivacity which belongs to "good society" alone, he is only equaled by his fellow-countryman, Præd. The most notable poem in the volume—"A Nice Correspondent"—is a fair specimen of this quality, and could not have been written in America. In its half-playful blazonry of the distinctive honors and social crowns of fashionable and aristocratic England, it has somewhat of that thrilling interest which so endears *Lothair* to the pensive chamber-maid, and the enthusiastic shop-boy.

ON THE USES OF WINES IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. By Francis E. Anstie, M.D., Editor of "The London Practitioner." New York: J. S. Redfield. 1870.

Doctor Anstie's treatise is the result of many years of study and observation by one of the ablest and most reliable medical authorities. He commences by stating that it is no part of his object to discuss the question of the lawfulness or the advisability of using alcoholic liquors in general, either as food or as medicine; that he shall take it as established, both by wide-spread custom and the most recent physiological research, that alcohol, as such, has its legitimate place in the sustentation both of the healthy and of the diseased organism. Of course, he recognizes the necessity of using the greatest caution against the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants; and against the formation of intemperate habits. He first considers wines as an article of diet in ordinary life. After discussing the chemical constituents of the various wines, and their qualities as affected by age, he gives the following summary of the conclusions at which he has arrived: Wines, for daily use by healthy adults, should not, on the average, contain more than ten per cent. absolute alcohol; eight or nine per cent. is better. If wine be used as the daily drink, it is best, as far as may be, to use only one kind at a time, and no other form of alcoholic liquid. The light wines, particularly claret and the white wines, are the best for ordinary use. The strong wines, especially sherry, are the appropriate *stimuli* of certain kinds of infantile and youthful debil-



ity, and of the enfeebled nervous systems of old persons. In certain diseases, Doctor Anstie has found wines and other alcoholic stimulants among the most important remedies.

OUR SISTER REPUBLIC: A Gala Trip through Tropical Mexico in 1869-70. By Colonel Albert S. Evans. Hartford, Conn.: Columbian Book Company. 1870.

The respect which all thoughtful Americans feel for the Hon. William H. Seward will not, we fear, be greatly enhanced by this account of his late visit to Mexico. Not but that Mr. Seward, in an introductory letter to Colonel Evans, declines to sanction either the "observations" or the "deductions" of his fellow-traveler. "Received and entertained there as a guest of the Republic," writes the ex-Premier, "I have practiced in regard to Mexico, since my return to the United States, the same delicacy which I expect a friend whom I have been entertaining, to practice when he has left my house." When we consider that we do not usually entertain our friends with political speeches and talk of our "relation to sister Republics," and that friends do not usually visit us with reporters in their company, we can hardly accept Mr. Seward's protest as sincere, or his comparison as felicitous. The whole trip, from beginning to end, was a public ovation to a public man, and about as unlike a private reception as could well be. We can not but regard Mr. Seward's snub of the unfortunate chronicler—who honestly endeavored to vindicate his only excuse for being present at all, and who has given us a very readable book—as a diplomatic fiction; and we do not blame Colonel Evans for revenging himself by printing the letter, whatever we may think of his wisdom in not complying with its apparent request.

Considered, then, as a record of an official reception with a *quasi*-political bearing, it is one that most readers will find difficult to elevate to a dignity commensurate with their ideas of Mr. Seward. Even the excessively opulent language of the gallant Colonel—who seems, at times, to have caught the real *pronunciamiento* dialect and high-flown diction of Mexican speech—can not conceal the

clashing of barbaric cymbals throughout his pages. Nothing could be more solemnly ridiculous than some of the translated addresses. It is the Acting-Governor, Cueva, who salutes the hapless Seward as "the eminent statesman, who, from the *Casa Blanca* at Washington, presented a barrier to the irruption of the barbarians who presumed to sow in our fertile fields the noxious weeds which have paralyzed the sons of the old continent. The prouder world of Colon," continues the eloquent Cueva, now wildly prancing in fresher rhetorical pastures, "which was imprudently attacked and wounded, answered unanimously with defiance to the piratical threat promulgated to her; and then shone with redoubled effulgence the sun of the *Cinco de Mayo*, and blinded with its radiance the eyes of the enemies of Republican institutions." To all of which Mr. Seward replied with some of his well-known theories, of perhaps no greater moment for being in the more measured language of the State Department, and concluded by recommending his policy "to the Republics of Mexico and South America." "When Mr. Seward had ceased speaking," naively relates Colonel Evans, "the applause was hearty and enthusiastic, and the last shade of doubt and distrust that seemed to have been lingering in the public mind as to the motives of his visit appeared to have been dispelled." What this singular "distrust" and "doubt" of their invited guest could have been, the Colonel does not tell us. Whether they harbored an idea that Seward had some *pronunciamiento* concealed in his coat-tails; whether they imagined he was endeavoring to effect a purchase of Mexico on the spot, we shall never know. Enough that his progress was thereafter one gorgeous oratorical display. Literary pyrotechnics blazed along the march; rhetorical blue-lights lit him onward to the halls of the Montezumas. At the banquet in Mexico, Señor Altamirano, a full-blooded Indian, evidently the Jefferson Brick of Mexico, delivered a speech, of which the Colonel truthfully says no translation could do justice. "A torrent of fiery eloquence" flowed from that gentleman's lips. He began by informing his friends that the banquet was "not to the foreign monarch," nor to the "fortunate conqueror whom we see in our

banquet raising the cup to his lips with a bloody hand—a banquet offered through fear”—but in fact, so to speak, quite the reverse. Señor Altamirano then proceeded to show, by ingeniously blended metaphors, how the Republican Party of America “set their shoulders to the gigantic task of washing away the dark cloud that obscured the Stars and Stripes of their noble flag. Gigantic task, I should say, that threatens to annihilate those that should attempt it.” The result of this dangerous lavatory process was, that, “under the splendor of the rainbow, appeared the slaves with their chains broken asunder, and their foreheads illuminated with the sun of equality.” It was at this banquet that the author responded to a toast offered the Press. It will be gratifying to every “son of the proud city by the sunset sea,” to know that Colonel Evans did not falter in this whirlwind of mixed metaphors, but concluded his remarks with the following apostrophic outburst:

“Mexico! the sun of your tropic clime is only less warm than the hearts of your children, and the flowers of your fields only less beautiful than the daughters of your land, whom I have known, and loved, and honored long and well.

“But mightier far than the power of the Press, grander than the courage of the soldier, nobler than the devotion of the patriot, more beautiful than all the flowers of the valley, are the memories, sweet, and tender, and holy, which cluster around the sacred name of ‘Mother.’”

The gallant Colonel then proceeded to explain that he referred particularly to the “mothers of Mexico,” as represented by Mrs. Juarez, whom he then and there toasted.

That he entered fully into the politics and patriotism of his entertainers, there can be small doubt. Like most converts, however, his zeal was more demonstrative than that of the most fiery partisan. He abhors Maximilian throughout the whole of his five hundred pages. He denies him courage, and talks of the “trembling of his great, white lips” when he was captured; he denies him dignity in his extreme moments, and speaks of his scowling upon the officer at his execution, and avers that the position in which he faced the muskets, with his hands behind him, was from his “repugnance to touching the hands of common men;” he denies him the last words which report has

given us. It is by no means surprising to learn that the authority for these denials rests on the statement “of one of the officers of the *court-martial* which condemned *Maximilian*,” but the *naïveté* with which the author admits it is rather astounding. The visit to the Cerro de las Campanas is, in fact, one of the rhetorical climaxes of the book. Not but that there are way-side graves enow, with “plain, wooden crosses painted black,” marking the scenes of assassination and violence in that land of “warm hearts” through which they passed, but that these do not point a moral perhaps quite as favorable to the civilization as this; so that when the author figuratively “voids his rheum” on the graves of Maximilian, Mejia, and Miramon, “while the uncle of Miramon told the story of the execution, and the two sisters of the most ambitious, bigoted, and unscrupulous of Mexican celebrities, clad in black, stood weeping silently behind them,” we recognize the protest as essential to the Colonel’s position as an ardent Republican and Colonel in the California State Militia, and willingly spare him his rhetorical apology, fine as it is. We can even understand the gloomy satisfaction with which, at the banquet in the palace at Mexico, he noted the fact that the spoons were spoils from the last tenant.

The Colonel is equally enthusiastic in more pleasant features of Mexican progress. At Guadalajara he finds two fine High Schools, in one of which the music scholars “give the opera of *Ernani* in as grand a style as it is usually given by the regular opera companies of the United States;” he finds a model pawnbroker’s-shop in the city of Mexico; the children are decent and well behaved, and are remarkable for their filial devotion; the scenery is everywhere beautiful, and the climate lovely. To this paradise there are only such drawbacks as banditti; but as the leaders of these belong to the first families (*vide* page 137), and have their financial agent and broker who arranges the ransom, the social charm is not impaired.

We have already intimated that the volume is readable and entertaining—qualities, it may be remarked, that do not always pertain to more judicious, tasteful, and valuable works. It is also but just to Colonel Evans

to add, that whenever and wherever he leaves politics and æsthetics alone, he may be read with pleasure and profit. His prejudices are, unfortunately, more dominant than his taste, though he is inclined to be good-humored whenever the circumstances are favorable to the development of this quality, and his observations are replete with Western shrewdness and a certain sense of grotesque humor. He is most picturesque when he is unconscious of effect; it is in the attempt at "fine writing" that he is apt to fail. It is, at least, an unfortunate commentary on those repeated assurances that he has a sympathizing nature, which he offers as an excuse for his exultation over Maximilian's grave, that his book closes with a horrible attempt at a *humorous* description of a dying horse fighting with vultures. "They were engaged in this nice little game of 'freeze out' as we left the station and passed out of sight." Says Colonel Evans: "Did the *zapilotes* and death beat the horse at last? Or did he starve them while they waited? Or are they still waiting and watching, he living and hoping, and the game bound to go on to the end of time? \* \* \* Let the riddle of the Sphinx go unread, the story of the Lost Tribes untold, the problem of the squaring of the circle unsolved: they are but as vanity and vexation of spirit to me; but would you save my gray hairs from going down in sorrow to the grave, skip all the rest, and come down to the *ranchero*, and the pig, the horse, and the *zapilotes*—tell me who whipped, and O, tell me quickly!" The only possible excuse to be made for this perfectly gratuitous and awful facetiousness lies in the fact that the dying horse and his attendant vultures probably offered a grim illustration of the present condition of Mexico that was altogether too obvious for Colonel Evans' purpose.

The book contains but little that is new concerning Mexico. Its real value must be measured by the fact that it is the only chronicle extant of Mr. Seward's visit to that country. But it is interesting, also, and deserving the space we have freely given it, as being, in some measure, a California book—the work of an industrious, enterprising, and smart writer, who has been long identified with the journalism of the Pacific Slope—a

work possessing many of the reporter's merits, and not a few of his faults—and a work quite readable from beginning to end. To some more thoughtful readers it will possess a certain interest for which its author is not responsible. They will see in it the record of the restless recreations of a venerable statesman and politician—one who had "done the State some service," but to whom the protracted excitements of long years of public service rendered private retirement impossible; who, in the grand climacteric, is content to wander among a provincial people, taking their tinsel offerings as gold, their weak hysterics as intelligent appreciation—his historian, a smart reporter and Colonel in the California State Militia.

#### CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The publication of Children's Books, so called, has grown to such an alarming extent that the conscientious critic might well doubt his ability to do justice to them severally. The more philosophical critic, however, will be apt to console himself with the reflection that the class of readers to which they are addressed do not, happily for themselves, read *critiques*, and have a way of liking feeble books, or disliking good books, that at least is perplexing to the critic. It is by no means an easy task to write a really clever book that shall also commend itself to the juvenile mind, and the effort has not been thought unworthy of our best writers, including Charles Dickens—whose *Dream of a Star* is among the republications of the present season. The old-fashioned stories, with a moral or pious reflection impending at the close of every sentence, or the clumsily adjusted mixture of didactic truth and saccharine rhetoric administered like sulphur and treacle for the moral health of the unhappy infant, are happily long since abandoned. The idea of pleasing children by writing down to their supposititious level and flavoring the work with a bland imbecility, has also exploded. Among the better and more ambitious books for boys, we note De Chailu's *My Apingi Kingdom* and Biart's *Adventures of a Young Naturalist*, both of which, while they appeal to the boyish taste for adventure, contain certain information, more or

less clearly introduced. Then we have the eminently realistic series—perhaps the most popular kind of Children's Books, and yet one which, we fear, would not stand the test of literary taste—of which the *Dotty Dimple*, *Fly-away*, *The Beckoning*, and *The Upward and Onward* series are late additions. *The House on Wheels* is slightly German, in the best and worst senses; and *Letters Everywhere* is a somewhat exalted primer. Mr. Ross Raymond's *The Children's Week* is very fresh and noticeable, and certainly entirely original in conception, although in the execution of some of the pretty little tales strung in this novel fashion there is a suggestion of the Dickens Christmas manner.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- IN DUTY BOUND. By the author of "Mark Warren," "A Brave Life," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- OPINIONS CONCERNING THE BIBLE LAW OF MARRIAGE. By One of the People. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.
- OUR SISTER REPUBLIC. A Gala Trip through Tropical Mexico in 1869-70. By Col. A. S. Evans. Hartford, Conn.: Columbian Book Co. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.
- SCHILLER'S COMPLETE WORKS. By Chas. J. Hempel, M.D. Two vols. Philadelphia: I. Kohler. Sold by Boericke & Tafel, San Francisco.
- TENT LIFE IN SIBERIA. By George Kennan. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. London: I. Low, Son & Marston. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by H. W. Longfellow. Three vols. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- THE FLYING MAIL. By M. Goldschmidt.—OLD OLAF. By Magdalene Thoresen.—THE RAILROAD AND THE CHURCH-YARD. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Boston: Sever, Francis & Co.
- VAGABOND ADVENTURERS. By Ralph Keeler. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- WESTWARD BY RAIL. By W. F. Rae. London: Longmans, Green & Co.
- WHY AND HOW. By Russell H. Conwell. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

- DOUBLE PLAY. By William Everett. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- FIELD AND FOREST. First of the Upward and Onward Series. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- HOUSE ON WHEELS. By Mons. de Stolz. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- LETTERS EVERYWHERE. By Theophile Schuler. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- LITTLE MARY AND THE FAIRY. By Harriet B. McKeever. Philadelphia. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.
- THE BECKONING SERIES:—1. Who Will Win? 2. Going on a Mission. By Paul Cobden. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE. By George Zabriskie Gray. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- THE SOCIAL STAGE. By George M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- THE TONE MASTERS (HANDEL and HAYDN). By Charles Barnard. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Sold by A. Roman & Co.



# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

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IN ROME WITH HORACE.

“**R**OMA! *Roma! te saluto.*” I knew nothing better than Luther’s cry with which to greet the city of my long desire. Yet it was the imperial, not the pontifical city that I hailed—the majestic, dead queen, not the living, whining beggar.

It is impossible that Rome could have known what Horace was doing for it. Livy wrote the history of the Empire in prose, and Virgil wrote its romance in poetry. It is not to be wondered at that the age lavished its honors upon both. But this man, who wrote of the common life of the common people, has made Rome dearer to the world’s heart than they. We are making no comparisons between the genius or the art of the three. We say simply that this poet, who embodied the actual, average thought and feeling of his time, has enriched his age as no other. The “New-Zealander,” who a thousand years from now may walk through the ruined streets of London, will not carry Milton nor Macaulay, but Dickens in his pockets. There is something more sure of immortality than

genius or art; and that is, human sympathy with human life.

I think a man may be pardoned, if his first day in Rome is one of delicious excitement, and if his recollections of it are no more sharply outlined than those of some happy, but confused dream. I confess that my heart beat loud and fast when, for the first time, I threaded the *Via di Marforio*, on my way to the Forum. I came out upon an uneven, low-lying quadrilateral, partly filled with ruins. A sharp turn to the right revealed a steep road leading to a height overlooking the whole. I hurried up this ascent, and then sat down to consult my guide-book as to my whereabouts. Opening to the plat of the Forum, I found that I was sitting upon the summit of the hill, which, two thousand years ago, was the one centre of the civilized world, and which Rome called the Capitol.

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It is easy to see, both upon the pages of Horace and from the ruins that remain, that this spot was the focus of the whole city life. What is called the top

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of the Capitol, is, in fact, somewhat lower than the ground upon either hand. Here, between the twin summits, stood the Tabularium, wherein were preserved the laws of the Empire, engraved on bronze. Horace speaks of them as the "*tabulæ peccare vetantes.*" This one casual allusion is, by the way, highly significant of the man. He only refers to the laws in this record office to point a satire upon certain of the earlier poets, declaring their productions to be "as dry as a law-book."

This Tabularium—a magnificent portico and court—stood upon a terrace, whose front toward the Forum was supported by a series of grand arches and massive walls, which yet, in great part, remain. Below this, under that part of the hill toward the Tiber, was a lesser, but richly ornamented portico, from which opened we know not how many attorneys' offices. Twelve statues of the gods (*Dii Consentes*) stood under this entablature; but whether designed as a compliment or a warning to the Roman lawyers, neither historians nor poets have informed us.

As the Capitol was the centre of Roman legislation and jurisprudence, so also was it associated with the highest religious ceremonies of the State. Upon this summit, to the left, stood the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. Though the grandest of Rome's temples, not a stone can be identified as having belonged to it. From this terrace of the Tabularium, a magnificent flight of steps led up to the golden doors behind which was the wealth of a kingdom in works of all precious materials. Here every triumphant hero brought his stately offerings. To be borne up this way amid the applause of Rome; to see these gates unbarred and flung open at his approach; to be crowned on this height, was to the Roman the last pinnacle of earthly greatness. Do we wonder, then, that Horace, looking forward to an im-

mortality of fame, found only here that which would indisputably endure; and watching the solemn processions which, upon the ides of every month, wound up the side of this hill, bearing, amid the singing of boys, the stated offerings to Vesta, his most ardent hope finds no higher flight than in the words:

"I shall not wholly die! . . . .  
Renewing bloom from praise in after-ages,  
My growth through time shall be to fresher youth,  
Long as the High-Priest with the Silent Virgin  
Ascends the sacred Capitol of Rome."

To-day, the church of S. Maria di Ara Cœli covers the ancient site, and the traveler looks up to see the robed priests and silent virgins winding in and out of the church-doors, amid the singing of songs unknown to the Rome of Horace, and bearing emblems of a religion of which he had never heard. The words of the man—a breath when spoken, a few strokes on parchment when written—have outlasted, by a thousand years, the highest exponent of the nation's greatness.

Going into the museum upon the Capitol, one day—for a part of the space is now thus occupied—one of the first things which caught my eye was a bronze tablet, inscribed to the honor of Septimus Severus, partly effaced. Near to it was also the bronze foot of a colossal statue, found on a pedestal belonging to the massive pyramid erected to Caius Cæstius, and supposed to have been part of a statue of that personage. If the tablet suggested the first line of the ode from which we have quoted, how much more this ragged relic. This colossus had been set up in the very day of Horace. Of it now only a foot remains. The pyramid, though retaining its full height of 114 feet, shows the deep markings of time; and of Caius Cæstius himself we know almost nothing, except that the pyramid of stone, and the huge monument of brass, were erected to his memory. For my own part, I could

hardly doubt that it was while looking upon this pretentious work, newly completed, that Horace composed the lines so often quoted :

" I have built a monument than bronze more lasting,  
Soaring more high than regal pyramids,  
Which nor the stealthy gnawing of the rain-drop,  
Nor the vain rush of Boreas, shall destroy."

The Capitoline summit, toward the Tiber, was the citadel of the city. Here, upon the Tarpeian Rock, was the central fortress—the very heart of Rome's military power. It was "from the hill-top of the Capitol" that the state was accustomed to—

" Show to a world's applause  
The glorious image of a conquering chief,  
With Delian leaves adorned,  
Who crushed the swelling menaces of Kings."

We find that it is linked with the fate of the Empire in these odes. The ruin of a province was only a wound. The loss of the Capitol was death. It was the objective point of all warfare against the state. Of Cleopatra he says :

. . . . "Capitolio  
Regina dementes ruinas,  
Fumus et imperio parabat."

Thus this one hill bore upon its terrace and double summit the highest exponents of the religion, law, and military power of Rome. To a patriot—and there never was a truer one than this poet—it had a threefold sanctity.

But there are few things sacred to a professed politician. Place-hunters, under the Empire, delighted to become in turn custodians of this hill. According to the barbarous customs of those days, the friends of the administration not only monopolized such offices, but were permitted to do about as they chose in the disposal of the revenues. One of this class, named Petelius, having enriched himself out of the treasures of the temple, was impeached therefor. It was proved that he was a personal friend of the Emperor, and, of course, a verdict of "Not guilty" was rendered. But this

Horace, who had his own opinion of such courts of justice, never calls him by any other name than "the Capitoline thief."

Looking down from the terrace upon which stood the Tabularium (where now stands the modern palace of the Capitol), one would have seen in the days of Horace all the noble *basilicas* and temples, arches and columns, of which but the ruins now remain. The Forum, originally not more than two hundred by four hundred feet, under the Empire, had been practically enlarged to three or four times that size. The Via Sacra, which, in the earliest days, ran upon one side of the Forum, ran through the centre of it as it then appeared. Every square foot was paved with marble or other choice stone. From the beautiful columns yet standing, it is evident that the height of architectural art and skill was here displayed. According to Horace, the Via Sacra must have been to the leisure of ancient Rome what the Champs-Élysées are to Paris. Here was the social exchange of the city. The magnificent porches of the various temples, the noble peristyles and open courts of *curia* and *basilica* were the resort of all men of ease. Libraries, courts of justice, and legislative halls called hither the scholars, lawyers, and politicians. Along one side of the Forum ran a row of shops. The immeasurable palace of the Cæsars overlooked it from the other side. This made it also the focus of fashionable trade and of fashionable display.

The fourth epode gives us one of the scenes which had become common in Rome: that of a vulgar upstart who had won both fortune and rank by fraud and duplicity. Lytton has a spirited translation of this. A part is as follows :

"Thou on whose flank still burns the Spanish whip-cord,  
Thou on whose limbs still galls the bruise of chains,  
Strut as thou wilt in arrogance of purse-pride,  
Fortune can change not the man's native breed.



Mark, as along the Sacred Way thou flauntest,  
Puffing thy toga, twice three cubits wide —  
Mark with what frankness indignation loathes thee,  
Seen in the looks of every passer-by."

The ninth satire, too long to be introduced in verse, gives a life-like and amusing description of a literary parasite, who, meeting Horace in this walk, insisted upon being numbered among the poet's most intimate friends. One of my keenest pleasures in Rome was to read this satire, sitting upon the slope of the Capitol overlooking the actual scene. Horace describes himself as in the habit of spending a part of each day's leisure, walking up and down this favorite promenade. Here a spruce young fellow, known to him but by name, seizes upon his hand with such inquiries as could only be put by one's dearest friends. All the poet's brief answers are of no avail. He winds here and there among the public buildings on either hand, hoping to make some turn where the other will be unwilling to follow, meanwhile wiping the perspiration freely from his face. He longs to tell the fellow his real opinion of him; but when he opens his mouth to speak it, the kindness of his heart forbids the words. Dolefully he imagines his own grave, with the epitaph above it, "Bored to death by a fool." At length he feigns an errand to the Public Gardens on the other side of the Tiber. Nothing daunted, the would-be friend professes his readiness to go even farther, if need be. I used to fancy I could see the two going down that part of the *Via Sacra*, which is now uncovered, the poet "drooping his ears like a surly ass under a double burden," the garrulous young egotist, effervescent with self-praises, and voluble with happy prophecies of his future, could he but once be introduced by Horace to some worthy patron.

The *Via Nova*, by which the ill-assorted pair left the *Via Sacra*, is still in part traceable, and a round church, it-

self ancient, upon yet more ancient substructions, marks quite certainly the site of the temple of Vesta; when the young enthusiast was suddenly reminded that he was under bonds to appear in the neighboring law-court at that hour. But preferring to lose his suit rather than to lose his hold upon a court-poet, he kept tongue and feet in motion. Near to the Tiber, Horace meets a waggish friend, who, seeing the poet's frantic signs of distress, is purposely blind to all winks and callous to all pinchings. When Horace claimed to have an engagement with him, he persisted in denying it; when he asked for a few words in private with him, the friend declined, on conscientious grounds—this was a holy Sabbath with the Jews of the city; and Horace declares that he was only saved from dying outright by the appearance of the callow poet's adversary in law, who dragged him off neck and heels to answer to his charge in court.

A reference to other scenes of the *Via Sacra*, in the seventh epode, is of special interest to all English-speaking tourists. He, deprecating the renewal of civil war, urges that the sword may rather be turned to new conquests—

"That the intact Briton may be seen  
In captive chains the Sacred Way descending."

The Capitoline Mount was not to be trod by captives. The triumphal processions, which entered the city by the Appian Gate, passed through the little valley between the Aventine and the Celian, then following the south base of the Celian, between it and the Palatine, came upon the *Via Sacra* at its northern extremity, near the Coliseum. Then the unbroken procession kept its course straight through the Forum. But when the chariot of the Roman conqueror had reached the turn where the *Via Sacra* ended in the *Clivus Capitolinus*, and the winding ascent began, the captive leaders were ordered to the prisons upon the right, while the hero and the spoils



of war, turning to the left, kept on their way up to the temples that overlooked the Forum and the city.

The "descending" of the captives seems to refer to the part of the way which remained to them, after the Roman General and the army had turned to the ascent of the Capitol—the short way that led from the *Via Sacra* to the Mamertine Prison.

This prison—seven centuries old in the day of Horace—is in part uninjured. It can hardly be doubted, from the description given in Livy, that the prison consisted of two parts: that which was above ground, and that which was subterranean. Speaking of the punishment of a certain traitor to the Roman state, he says that "he was sent to the lower prison, and there died." The place of the upper prison is now occupied by a church; but the cells to which the unhappy captives "descended" are possibly as strong to-day as when first built, twenty-five hundred years ago. They are two in number, one above the other—the upper one itself below the natural surface of the city. The lower cell is about twenty feet in diameter, and about ten feet high in its centre. The only entrance to this lower cell, in the time of the Empire, was an opening in the middle of its vaulted roof, of sufficient size to admit the body of a man. Here perished Jugurtha by starvation. Here Vercingetorix, the Gaulish chief; Cesthægus and Lentulus, the accomplices of Catiline; and Joras, the Jewish General, felt the cruel vengeance of Rome. Sallust says that "the filth, the darkness, and the smell of this place were terrible." If this was a fate that a Horace could composedly wish to the brave defenders of their own English homes, what must have been "the tender mercies" of a Nero and a Caligula?

The home of our poet's great patron was not far from here, on the northern slope of the Esquiline, facing the Coli-

seum. No part of Rome shows more strikingly the changes of its surface and contour than this. One generation would build a lofty house upon some slope; the next would connect the original building with the hill behind it by a series of arches, and then use the whole as the substruction of a still grander edifice. Then, when the high-reaching towers and palaces themselves fell in ruin, the broken mass would form a new surface, and perchance a new hill above the buried house of former years. So Nero treated the lordly mansion of Mæcenas; so crumbled the palace of Nero, and buried the house beneath it. And here, under what appears to be a part of the Esquiline itself, one wanders to-day among chambers, courts, and corridors where Mæcenas was wont to receive an almost kingly retinue. Here is not only a palace, but a garden underground. The pedestals yet remain where statues once stood; the basins yet remain where fountains danced and sparkled. In some of the apartments, opening off from what are now caverns, but were once courts open to the sky, are walls and ceilings elaborately ornamented with the most perfect specimens of mural paintings found in Rome. The arabesques here brought to view were the delight and the study of Raphael.

There can be little doubt that at least parts of these deep-buried halls and gardens belonged to that dear friend whom Horace delighted to call "the gem of Roman Knighthood." There is no more delightful study in Horace than that of the friendship between these two men: to see a wealthy patron without arrogance, a dependent and grateful client that is free from all servility. There was no condescension on the part of the one, no cringing in the other. Here I was glad to believe the two had walked together, discussing the manuscript of many of these odes, before they had elsewhere seen the light. Life was pleas-

ant to them both; and though Seneca might sneer with stoical disdain at such sentiments, Mæcenas expressed the feeling of these two kindly hearts in the words:

"Vita dum superest bene est :  
Hanc mihi vel acuta  
Si sedeam cruce sustine."

The imperial palace, in the day of Horace, was confined to the Palatine, across the Forum from the Esquiline. There is an occasional reference to it in the odes. And in the Secular Hymn there is a mention of the "merciful Apollo" that stood in the centre of the imperial library—an Apollo with the bow lying at his feet, and the lyre and *plectrum* in his hands. In the ruins of the palace, one may see, to-day, the only "fretted ceilings" of ancient Rome that have been preserved uninjured; and I thought, when looking at them, of the "black Care" that Horace said flitted even beneath such roofs. Many of the under-ground chambers are partly filled with the "two-handled jars" that have outlasted the wine that was in them, by—who shall say how many centuries? Many beautiful tessellated pavements are exposed by modern research; but of the whole hill, one mile and a half in circumference, no better description can be given than that in Byron's lines:

"Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower, grown,  
Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped  
On what were chambers, arches crushed, columns  
    strown  
In fragments, choked-up vaults, and frescoes steeped  
In subterranean damps, where the owl peeped,  
Deeming it midnight."

Of the theatres that were existing in the age of Augustus, only one remains in such shape as to give a tolerable idea of what it once was. But this theatre of Marcellus was undoubtedly the resort of all the fashionables of the day. Finished under imperial supervision and named after the imperial heir, supplemented by a magnificent portico, large enough to give refuge to the twenty

thousand spectators of the theatre in case of rain, we may easily know that it was *the* resort of all Rome's notables. It was within these walls, now silent, that the populace welcomed the first appearance of Mæcenas, after his recovery from a dangerous illness, with "a mighty and thrice-repeated applause, which was echoed from the Vatican Mount," beyond the Tiber. It was here that Menas, the vulgar soldier of fortune, selling his sword to the last, highest bidder, excited the indignation of Horace, by taking a seat in the rows reserved for Roman patricians. And they are all gone now—big and little, the fortunate and the jealous; and to-day, stable-boys curry their donkeys in stables built among the arches, and blacksmiths show their smoke-grimed faces where senators were wont to display their august presence.

They are all gone now; and so, when I had explored what remains of their temples, their fortresses, their courts of law, their resorts of leisure, of pleasure, of fashion, and of social delights, there was one place yet to visit, that was—their graves.

Upon what was once the Campus Martius, there stands yet the mausoleum of Augustus. The city has crowded thick about it now; but this circular tomb, 220 feet in diameter and 50 feet high, stood there in the midst of noble gardens and public walks. It was covered with marbles from base to crown. Above it, the gilded statue of the Emperor was beautiful in the sun. By the gateway of its entrance, two obelisks of Egyptian granite kept guard. Horace saw the work of the mausoleum completed, and he also saw that day of Rome's greatest mourning, when it was first opened to receive the ashes of the dead. By some strange reckoning, Murray gives the date of this event nearly half a century out of the way. It is certain that Marcellus died before Virgil, and that

Virgil died before Horace, and that Horace died before Augustus, and that Augustus himself had been dead eight years before the date A. D. 22, which date Murray assigns to the death of Marcellus. So, in spite of Murray, I knew that Horace had here seen to set that "Julian Star" of which he had uttered such happy prophecies; he had here seen the tree fall in its full prime, "the tree that grew to greatness by noiseless increase."

This mausoleum, wherein was first laid the darling of the Empire, is "the newly finished tomb" to which Virgil alludes, in that most tender passage of all the *Æneid*, beginning—

"Quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem  
Campus aget, gemitus! vel quæ, Tiberne, videbis!  
Funera, cum tumulum præterlabere recentem!"

It was easy to imagine that I saw Horace and Virgil taking part in these funeral rites, and (in the language of the latter) "scattering the milk-white lilies from full hands."

Augustus found his resting-place here. Virgil was laid in the solitary tomb, which, from the promontory of Pausilypus, overlooks Naples and its bay. Mæcenas, last of the long line of Etrurian Princes, was buried in his own gardens upon the Esquiline; and within two months after his death, Horace, whom in his will he called "his other self," was sleeping beside him. And when the urn was closed wherein were deposited the ashes of the last of the noble coterie that formed the Court of Augustus, then the Rome of Letters, of Art, and of Empire was dead.

H. D. JENKINS.

## AN EPISODE OF "FORT DESOLATION."

"HOW much you resemble Mrs. Arnold!" exclaimed the Doctor's wife, after an hour's acquaintance, the day we reached Fort —. It was not the first time I had heard my resemblance to this, to me, unknown lady remarked on. A portion of the regiment of Colored troops to which Doctor Kline belonged, and which we met on their way in to the States, as we were coming out, had been camped near us one night; and a colored laundress, who had good-naturedly come over to our tent to take the place of my girl, who was sick, had broken into the same exclamation on first beholding me. Captain Arnold belonged to the same regiment, and was expecting, like all the Volunteers then in the Territory, to be ordered home and mustered out of service, as soon as the body of Regular troops to which my husband belonged, could be assigned their respective posts.

Their expectations were not to be realized for some time yet; and when I left the Territory, a year later, a part of these troops were still on the frontier.

Fort — was not our destination; to reach it, we should be obliged to pass through, and stop for a day or two, at the very post of which Captain Arnold had command—which would afford me excellent and ample opportunity for judging of the asserted likeness between this lady and myself. I must explain why we were, in a measure, compelled to stop at Fort Desolation (we will call it so). It was located in the midst of a desert—the most desolate and inhospitable that can be imagined—in the heart of an Indian country, and just so far removed from the direct route across the desert as to make it impracticable to turn in there with a command, or large number of soldiers; for which reason, troops crossing here always carried water-bar-



rels filled, with them. A small party, however, such as ours was then, could not with any safety camp out the one night they must, despite the best ambulance-mules, pass on the desert.

With most pardonable curiosity, I endeavored to learn something more of the woman who was so much like me in appearance; and I began straightway to question Mrs. Kline about her. The impression of a frank, open character, which this lady had made on me at first, vanished at once when she found that Mrs. Arnold was to be made the subject of conversation between us.

"Is she pretty?"

"Yes—quite so." Ahem! and looked like me. But my mother's saying, that there might be a striking resemblance between a very handsome and a very plain person, presented itself to my memory like an uninvited guest, and I concluded not to fall to imagining vain things on so slight a support.

"What kind of a man is Captain Arnold?"

"The most good-natured man in the world."

"Oh!" Something in the manner of her saying this in praise of Captain Arnold made me think she wanted to say nothing further; so I stopped questioning.

We left the Doctor and his wife early the next morning, and reached Fort Desolation at night-fall. The Orderly had preceded us a short distance, and, when the ambulance stopped at the Captain's quarters, Mrs. Arnold appeared on the threshold, holding a lantern in her hand. She raised it, to let the light fall into the ambulance; and as the rays fell on her own face, I could see that she looked like—a sister I had. The Captain was absent, inspecting the picket-posts he had established along the river, and would return by morning, Mrs. Arnold said; and she busied herself with me in a pleasant, pretty manner. She

could not resemble me in height or figure, I said to myself, for she was smaller and more delicately made; nor had any one in our family such deep-blue eyes, save mother—we children had to content ourselves with gray ones.

The night outside was dark and chilly; but in the Captain's house, there were light and warmth, and it was bright with the fires that burned in the fireplaces of the different rooms—all opening one into the other. I was forcibly struck with the difference between the quarters at Fort—and Mrs. Arnold's home at Fort Desolation. Comforts (luxuries, in this country) of all kinds made it attractive: bright carpets were on the floors here; while at the Doctor's quarters at Fort—, one was always reminded of cold feet and centipedes, when looking at the naked *adobe* floors. Embroidered covers were spread on the tables, and white coverlets on the beds; while at the Doctor's all these things were made hideous by hospital-linen and gray blankets. Easy-chairs and lounges, manufactured from flour-barrels, saw-bucks, and candle-boxes, were made gorgeous and comfortable with red calico and sheep's-wool; but the crowning glory of parlor, bed-room, and sitting-room was a dazzling toilet-set of China—gilt-edged, and sprinkled with delicate bouquets of moss-roses and foliage.

"Where *did* you get it?" I asked, in astonishment—not envy.

"Isn't it pretty?" she asked, triumphantly. "The Captain's Quartermaster, Lieutenant Rockdale, brought it from Santa Fé for me, and paid a mint of money for it, no doubt."

At the supper-table, I saw Lieutenant Rockdale, who commanded the post in the Captain's absence, being the only officer there besides the Captain; and, as he messed with them altogether, I need not say that the table was well supplied with all the delicacies that New York and Baltimore send out to less



highly favored portions of the universe, in tin cans. Lieutenant Rockdale was a handsome man—a trifle effeminate, perhaps, with languishing, brown eyes and a soft voice. He seemed delighted with our visit, and took my husband off to his own quarters, while Mrs. Arnold and I looked over pictures of her friends, over albums, and at all the hundred little curiosities which she had accumulated while in the Territory. The cares of the household seemed to sit very lightly on her; a Negro woman, Constantia, and a Mulatto boy, of twelve or thirteen, sharing the labor between them. The boy seemed to be a favorite with Mrs. Arnold, though she tantalized and tormented him, as I afterward found she tormented and tantalized every living creature over which she had the power.

I had noticed, while Constantia and Fred were clearing off the table, that she had cut him a slice from a very choice cake, toward which the child had cast longing looks. Placing it carefully on a plate, when he had to leave it for a moment to do something his mistress had bidden him, in the twinkling of an eye she had hidden it; and when the boy missed it, she expressed her regret at his carelessness, and artfully led his suspicions toward Constantia. Hearing him whimpering and sniffing as he went back and forth between dining-room and kitchen, his childish distress at losing the cake seemed to afford her the same amusement that a stage-play would, and she laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks. Later, he was summoned to replenish the fire; and, knowing the little darky's aversion for going out of the house bare-headed (he had an idea that his cap could prevent the Indian arrows from penetrating his skull), she hid the cap he had left in the adjoining room, and then laughed immoderately at his terror on leaving the house without it. The next morning, she led me out

to the stables to show me her horse—a magnificent, black animal, wild-eyed, with a restless, fretful air. Crossing the space in front of the house, she called to a soldier with sergeant-chevrons on his arms—a man with just enough of Negro blood in his veins to stamp him with the curse of his race.

"Harry!" she called to him, "Harry, come hold Black for me; I want to give him a piece of sugar." She opened her hand to let him see the pieces, and he touched his cap and followed us. He loosened the halter and led the horse up to us, but the animal started back when he saw Mrs. Arnold, and would not let her approach him. Harry patted his neck and soothed him, and Mrs. Arnold holding the sugar up to his view, the horse came to take it from her hand; but she quickly clutched his lip with her fingers, and blew into his face till the horse reared and plunged so that Harry could hold him no longer. Laughing like an imp, she called to Harry:

"Get on him and hold him, if you can not manage him in that way: get on him anyhow, and let Mrs. — see him dance."

The Mulatto's flashing black eyes were bent on her with a singularly reproachful look; but the next moment he was on the horse's back, the horse snorting and jumping in a perfectly frantic manner.

When Mrs. Arnold had sufficiently recovered from her merriment, she explained that the horse had not been ridden for a month; the last time she had ridden him he had thrown her—she had pricked him with a pin to urge him on faster.

About noon the Captain arrived; and I found him, as Mrs. Kline had described, "the most good-natured man in the world," and, to all appearances, loving his wife with the whole of his big heart. He was big in stature, too, with broad shoulders, pleasant face, and cheer-

ful, ringing voice. The shaggy dog, who had slunk away from Mrs. Arnold, came leaping up on his master when he saw him; the horse he had ridden rubbed his nose against his master's shoulder before turning to go into his stable, and Constantia and Fred beamed on him with their white teeth and laughing eyes from the kitchen door. Later in the afternoon, he asked what I thought of his quarters, and told me how hard his Colored soldiers had worked to build the really pretty *adobe* house in strict accordance with his wishes and directions. But I could not quite decide whether he was more proud of the house or of the affection his men all had for him. Then he told me the story of almost every piece of furniture in the house; and, moving from room to room, we came to where their bed stood. Resting beside it was his carbine, which the Orderly had brought in. Taking it in his hand to examine it, he pointed it at his wife's head with the air of a brigand, and uttered, in unearthly tones:

"Your money, or your life."

With a quick, cat-like spring, she was by the bed, had thrust her hands under the pillow, and the next instant was holding two Derringers close to his breast. Throwing back her head, like a heroine in velvet trowsers on the stage, she returned, in the same strain:

"I can play a hand at that game, too, and go you one better!"

She laughed as she said it—the laugh that she laughed with her white teeth clenched—but there was a "glint" in her eye that I had never seen in a blue eye before.

When once more on the way, my husband asked me how I liked Mrs. Arnold. "Very well," said I; "but —," and I did not hesitate to tell him of the peculiarities I had noticed about her. He himself was charmed with her sprightliness, so he only responded with, "Pshaw! women!" after which I main-

tained an offended (he said, offensive) silence on the subject.

Not quite four months later, my husband was recalled to Santa Fé, and we again crossed the desert, with only three men as escort. I had heard nothing from either Mrs. Arnold or the Captain in all this time, for our post was farther out than theirs; indeed, so far out that nothing belonging to the same Military Department passed by that way. It was midsummer, and the dreary hills shutting in Fort Desolation, and running down toward the river some distance back of the place, were baked hard and black in the sun; the little stream that had meandered along through the low inclosure of the fort in winter time, was now a mere bed of slime, and the plateaux, which had been leveled for the purpose of erecting the Captain's house and the Commissary buildings on them, could not boast of a single spear of grass or any other sign of vegetation. The Captain's house lay on the highest of these plateaux; lower down, across the creek, were the Quartermaster and Commissary buildings (here, too, were Lieutenant Rockdale's quarters); and to the left, on the other side of the men's quarters, was the guard-house—part *jacal*, part tent-cloth.

How *could* any one live here and be happy? Black and bald the earth, as far as the eye could reach; black and dingy the tents and the huts that strewed the flat; murky and dark the ridge of fog that rose on the unseen river; murky and silent the clefts in the rocks where the sun left darkness forever.

It might have been the fading light of the waning day that cast the peculiarly sombre shadow on the Captain's house as we drew up to it; but I thought the same shadow must have fallen on the Captain's face, when he appeared in the door to greet us. Presently Mrs. Arnold fluttered up in white muslin and blue ribbons; and both did their best to

make us comfortable. How my husband felt, I don't know; but they did not succeed in making me feel comfortable. Perhaps the absence of the bright fire made the rooms look so dark, even after the lights had been brought in—there was certainly a change. Supper was placed on the table, but I missed Constantia's round face in the dining-room. In answer to my question regarding her, I was told she had expressed so strong a desire to return to the States that she had been sent to Fort —, there to await an opportunity to go in. Lieutenant Rockdale's absence I noticed also. He did not mess with them any more, I was informed.

My attention was attracted to a conversation between Captain Arnold and my husband. The guard-house, he told him, was at present occupied by two individuals who had made their appearance at Fort Desolation several days ago, and had tried to prevail on the Captain to sell them some of the Government horses, and arms and ammunition, offering liberal payment, and promising secrecy. They were Americans; but as the number of American settlers, or White settlers, in this country is so small, it was easy for the Captain to determine that these were not of them, and their dress and general appearance led him to suspect that they belonged to that despicable class of White Men who make common cause with the Indian, in order to rob and plunder, and, if need be, murder, those of their own race. Of course they had not made these proposals directly and openly to the Captain—at first representing themselves as members of a party of miners going to Pinos Altos; but they soon betrayed a familiarity with the country which only years of roaming through it could have given them. He had felt it his duty to arrest them at once, but had handcuffed them only to-day, and meant to send them, under strong escort, to Fort —,

where their Regimental Commander was stationed, as soon as some of the men from the picket-posts could be called in.

It was late when we arose from the supper-table, and the Captain and my husband left us, to go down to the guard-house, while Mrs. Arnold led me into the room where their bed stood. This room had but one window—of which window the Captain was very proud: it was a *French* window, opening down to the ground. Throwing it open, Mrs. Arnold said:

"What a beautiful moon we have to-night; let us put out the candle and enjoy the moonshine"—with which she laughingly extinguished the light, and drew my chair to the window

From where I sat I could just see the men's quarters and the guard-house, though it might have been difficult from there to see the window. We had not been seated long when I fancied I heard a noise, as though of some one stealthily approaching from somewhere in the direction to which my back was turned; then some one seemed to brush or scrape against the outside wall of the house, behind me. "What's that?" I asked, in quick alarm. It had not remained a secret to Mrs. Arnold that I was an unmitigated coward; so she arose, and saying, "How timid you are!—it is the dog; but I will go and look," she stepped from the low window to the ground outside, and vanished around the corner of the house. Some time passed before she returned, and with a little shudder, sprang to light the candle.

"How chilly it is getting," she exclaimed; and then continued, "It was the dog we heard out there. Poor fellow; perhaps the cook had forgotten him, so I gave him his supper."

Rising from my seat to close the window on her remark about the cold, I stepped to the opposite side from where I had been sitting; and there, crossing the planks that lay over the slimy creek,



and going toward the Commissary buildings, was a man whose figure seemed familiar: I could not be mistaken—it was Lieutenant Rockdale. No doubt the man had a right to walk in any place he might choose; but, somehow, I could not help bringing him in connection with "the dog, poor fellow," for whom Mrs. Arnold had all at once felt such concern.

Soon the gentlemen returned, and we repaired to the parlor, where a game of chess quickly made them inaccessible to our conversation. The game was interrupted by a rap at the front-door, and Harry, the Sergeant whom Mrs. Arnold had compelled to mount her black horse that day, appeared on the threshold. In his face there was a change, too; his eyes flashed with an unsteady light, as he opened the door, and ever and again, while addressing the Captain—whose thoughts were still half with the game—his looks wandered over to where Mrs. Arnold sat. We were so seated that the Captain's back was partly toward her when he turned to the Sergeant; and he could not see the quick gesture of impatience, or interrogation, that Mrs. Arnold made as she caught the Mulatto's eye. Involuntarily, I glanced toward him—and saw the nod of assent, or intelligence, he gave in return.

The Sergeant had come to report that the prisoners in the guard-house had suddenly asked to see the Captain: they had disclosures to make to him. When Captain Arnold returned, his face was flushed.

"The villains!" he burst out. "They had managed to hide about \$5,000 in United States bank-notes about them, when they were searched for concealed weapons, and they just now offered it to me, if I would let them escape. Not only that, but from something one of them said, I have gained the certainty that they are implicated in the massacre of the party of civilians that passed

through here about two months ago: you remember, the General ordered out a part of K Company, to rescue the one man who was supposed to have been taken prisoner. The wretches! But I'll go myself, in the morning, to relieve the men from picket-duty, and select the best from among them to take the scoundrels to Santa Fé!"

When about to begin my toilet the next morning, I gave a start of surprise. Was *that* what had made the house look so dark and changed? Before me stood a large, tin wash-basin—of the kind that all common mortals used out here—and the beautiful toilet-set of China, with its splendors of gilt-edge and moss-roses, had all disappeared—all save the soap-dish and hot-water pitcher, which were both defective, and looked as though they had gone through a hard struggle for existence.

When our ambulance made the ascent of the little steep hill that hides Fort Desolation from view, I saw three horses led from the stable to the Captain's house—the Captain's horse and two others. He was as good as his word; and before another day had passed, the two men penned up in that tent there would be well on their way to meet justice and retribution. A solitary guard, with ebony face and bayonet flashing in the morning sun, was pacing back and forth by the tent; and walking briskly from the Commissary buildings toward the men's quarters, was Harry, the Mulatto Sergeant.

From the first glance I had at Mrs. Kline's face, when we reached Fort —, I knew that the mystery of the change at Fort Desolation would be solved here. Constantia was there, and acting as cook in Dr. Kline's family. She was an excellent cook, and we did ample justice to her skill, at supper-time. The gentlemen leaving the table to smoke their cigars, Mrs. Kline and I settled down to another cup of tea and *méditation*.



From what Constantia had stated on coming to Fort —, it would seem that in some way Captain Arnold's suspicions had been aroused in regard to the friendship of Lieutenant Rockdale for his wife. About two months ago, he one day pretended to start off on a tour of inspection to the picket-posts; but returned, late the same night, by a different road. Stealing into the house through the kitchen, he had, rather unceremoniously, entered the bed-room, where he found Lieutenant Rockdale, toasting his bare feet before the fire. Raising his carbine to shoot the man, Mrs. Arnold had sprung forward, seized his arms and torn the gun from him. In the confusion that followed, the toilet-set referred to, and other articles of furniture, were demolished: but Constantia, who had crept in after the Captain, to prevent mischief, if possible, gave it as her opinion that Mrs. Arnold "had grit enough for ten such men as him an' de Leftenant."

"If you did but know the ingratitude of the creature," continued Mrs. Kline, "and the devotion her husband has always shown her!" And she gave me a brief sketch of her career: Married to Arnold just at the breaking out of the war, and of poor parents, she had driven him almost to distraction by her treatment, when thrown out of employment some time after. At last, he went into the Union forces as substitute—giving every cent of the few hundred dollars he received to his wife, who spent it on herself, for finery. Later, when for bravery and good conduct he was made Lieutenant in a Negro regiment, she joined her husband, and finally came to the Territory with him. In their regiment, it was well known that he had always blindly worshiped his wife; and that she had always ruled him, his purse, and his company, with absolute power.

Before retiring for the night, we debated the question: Should we remain

the next day at Fort —, or proceed on our journey? The mules needed rest, as well as the horses, for the Quartermaster could not furnish fresh mules, which we had rather expected; still, my husband was anxious to reach Santa Fé as soon as possible—and we left the question of our departure where it was, to settle it the next morning, at breakfast. The news that came to Fort —, before the next morning, made us forget our journey—for that day, at least. Captain Arnold had been murdered! The big, true-hearted man was lying at Fort Desolation—dead—with his broken eyes staring up to the heaven that had not had pity on him—his broad breast pierced with the bullet that a woman's treachery had sped!

Before daybreak, a detachment of six men had come in from Fort Desolation to Fort —, to report to the Commander of their regiment that Captain Arnold had been assassinated, and Sergeant Henry Tulliver had deserted, taking with him one horse, two revolvers, and a carbine. Captain Arnold had started out the morning before, with only two men, to call in the picket-posts. An hour later, the two men had come dashing back to the fort, stating that they had been attacked, and Captain Arnold killed, by the two White Men who had been confined in the guard-house. It was ascertained then, for the first time, that the prisoners had made their escape. A detachment of men was sent out with a wagon, and the Captain's body brought in—the men with their black faces and simple hearts gathering around it, with tears and lamentations—heaping curses on the villains who had slain their kind Commander.

Suddenly a rumor had been spread among them that Harry, the Sergeant, had set the prisoners free; and instantly, a hundred hoarse voices were shouting the Mulatto's name—a hundred hands ready to take the traitor's life.

Vainly Lieutenant Rockdale—who, after the Captain's departure, had at once repaired to his house—tried to check the confusion, that was quickly ripening into mutiny: the excitement only increased, and soon a crowd of black soldiers moved toward the men's quarters, with any thing but peaceful intentions. Perhaps Harry's conscience had warned him of what would come, for while the mob were searching the quarters, a lithe figure sprang over the planks across the creek, ran to the stables below the Captain's house, and the next moment dashed over the road, mounted on a wild-looking, black horse.

Could they but have reached him—the infuriated men, who sent yells and carbine-balls after the fugitive—he would have been sacrificed by them to the *manes* of the murdered man: and perhaps this effect had been calculated on, when the fact of his having loosed the prisoners had been brought to their ears.

"How did it come to their ears?" I asked of the Doctor, under whose care one of the six men, overcome with fatigue and excitement, had been placed.

It seems that Mrs. Arnold had expressed her conviction of the Sergeant's having liberated the prisoners, to Lieutenant Rockdale, in little Fred's hearing; and the boy had innocently repeated the tale to the men. In the afternoon of the same day, the detail had been made of the men who brought the news to Fort —; but when the detachment had been only an hour or two on the way, they found the trail of the escaped prisoners. The men could not withstand the temptation to make an effort, at least, to recapture them. They knew them to be mounted, for the two horses which Sergeant Tulliver had that morning separated from the herd were missing; but the trail they followed showed the tracks of *three* horses, which led them to suppose that Harry had found the men and joined them.

But the trail led farther and farther from the road, and fearing to be ambushed, they turned back, leaving the man who had been driven from the companionship of his brethren by a woman's treachery, to become one of the vultures that prey on their own kind.

JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

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### A SHORT STAY IN ACAPULCO.

WE had left New York one snowy March morning, amid all the usual and rather melancholy incidents attending the sailing of a great ocean-steamer. There were the crowd, the noise, the jostling; there were the partings, where people fell into one another's arms and wept, and the partings where "Good-by and God bless you," was gayly spoken, to conceal a little trembling of the lip; and the *bon voyage* with a shake of the hand. Then the bell was rung to warn loiterers ashore, and the leviathan began to tremble and chafe

at her moorings. Finally, she swung out grandly into the stream, when one simultaneous cheer went up from the crowded dock, and a confused flutter of handkerchiefs was indistinctly visible to hundreds of eyes, straining, through the quick tears that parting-shout had called up, to catch the very last look of recognition from vanishing faces ashore.

How cold and dismal it was the first two days out! What a jam of people—some with berths, and some without! Paying for accommodations on board a steamer bound to California, in those

days, did not seem sufficient to secure them. What could be done with two or three hundred more passengers than there were berths for? Let them sleep on the tables and floor, to be sure! Let them eat what they could snatch from an ill-spread board. Ill fared "lone women" in Vanderbilt's time. The wife of an Army Captain, of aristocratic antecedents, once found herself roomless on one of these steamers, and obliged to lie upon the floor with a mixed herd of men and women, and with no opportunities for toilet privileges other than could be begged in some ladies'-room already overfilled. Before I had seen the same thing, I had laughed at her energetic "I have never quite recovered my self-respect since!" Doubtless, the incidents of the war, which made her husband Major-General, have obliterated those lesser horrors from her mind; but I often remembered the expression when on board the *North America*.

Two or three days brought us to warmer latitudes, and lessened our discomfort somewhat, by permitting passengers to keep on deck through the day. Then people thawed, and made acquaintances; sympathized with the consumptive young lady, and the dying soldier, whose mother was bringing him all the way to California only to bury him; gossiped about each other, and grumbled at the officers of the ship; cursing Vanderbilt in the interims. Then we ran from side to side to see a porpoise; exclaimed at flying-fishes; went into ecstasies over a fleet of "Portuguese men-of-war" (*nautilii*); and declared a very ordinary sunset display "gorgeous." So sped the days, ending with card-playing in the evening, or a quiet walk by starlight on deck at night.

Then came the Isthmus. What joyful confusion! To be on shore again; and on shore in the tropics! To eat an execrable breakfast of bad eggs and detestable coffee at an hotel; and go wandering around Aspinwall buying oranges

of native women, and shells of basket-carrying native boys in an abbreviated costume. Two hours of this; then summoned to the train.

How jolly every body was on the train! No more grumbling, no sea-sickness, not the least grudge at Vanderbilt; mirth and good feeling reigning riotously. Some people eating foreign fruit enough to keep the ship's doctor busy for the next week. Some talking animatedly of every thing they saw; some eager to buy all the trinkets, fruits, and animals offered at all the stations. Occasionally somebody closely observant, and enjoying all he saw silently. One, in the seat just in advance of us, making sketches of the orange-venders—beautiful, native women, with round shapes; golden-tinted, creamy complexions; faultless white teeth; and silky black hair, coquettishly adorned with scarlet flowers.

What a delightful ride! I do not remember the fellow of it in all my many experiences of travel. The strange and excessive luxuriance of the vegetable growths beside our way; the brief glimpses of planters' houses nestled in beds of bloom; the curious crowds of natives in holiday dress at every station; the clear, fine atmosphere; the beautiful violet haze hanging over the Andean ridge connecting the two continents; but chiefly the unspecked happiness of being on shore with good health and good weather.

Three hours to Panama—mossy, venerable, quaint, but fever-haunted Panama. Just such square towers pennoned with green vines, as in our country we only find in pictures. We wish to risk our lives to explore a little; but inexorable companies forbid. Therefore, we are placed on board a lighter, crowded to suffocation, and kept broiling in the sun, with the privilege of admiring the lovely Panama Bay, for two mortal hours, while the ship gets ready to receive us.

Every body becomes cross again. As



for me, I am nearly delirious with headache, occasioned by the hot sunshine, which the crowded state of the lighter forbids my escaping. My husband, who left New York with orders to join the *Narragansett* at Panama, learned at Aspinwall that the *Narragansett* had gone up the coast, and was probably at Acapulco. The two hours' delay was very acceptable to him, because by it he had an opportunity to visit the flag-ship, *St. Mary's*, lying in the harbor, and get orders to proceed. Thus, while I had to contend single-handed with the unpleasantnesses of the transfer to the P. M. Co.'s steamer *Golden Age*, I was glad that I was not to leave my husband at this port.

As twilight fell on the beautiful bay, we clambered the ship's side once more, and the struggle commenced for precedence in the matter of rooms. All the Californians on board had perpetually assured us that when we got to "the other side" we should find things improved—plenty of room, plenty to eat, a clean ship, and gentlemanly officers. So much time had been consumed, however, in the visit to the flag-ship, that my husband did not come on board until the last moment, and every body was in advance of him about rooms. It might have been disappointment, or it might have been headache; but I enjoyed a "good cry," after the fashion of weary women, before I received information of "the best they could do for me," and went supperless to bed.

With the morning, affairs really did put on a cheerful aspect. The ship was roomy and clean, the breakfast good, and the sea—oh, the Pacific in the tropics is mildness and serenity itself, compared with the Atlantic. It seems to me, that, if I had seen the Atlantic water those Boston people brought over here, in one bottle, and Pacific water in another, I could have told you which was one and which the other. I am a little prejudiced,

too, against that mixing. I never should have agreed to it, fearing that, like blood, it would "tell" in some wintry gale.

Acquaintances now began to ripen into friendships; some friendships even into loves. It was now possible to tell who was handsome, or agreeable, or desirable. People settled down to ship-life comfortably; were good-humored and happy. Only the poor mother of the soldier, who was evidently dying.

The second night out we watched late for the Southern Cross, with its glory of great gem-like stars. After that, every night we kept on deck until rather a late hour, enjoying the balmy airs, and hushed into repose of soul by the murmur of human life and ocean murmurs mingled. "Steeped in delicious languors," is the phrase for an evening at sea in the tropics.

The days sped on. To rise early, take a cup of coffee on deck, and an orange, became a habit. The late breakfast, lunch, and early dinner, with intervals for light reading and lighter talk, filled up the day. It is astonishing how much idle people can eat with impunity. In fact, their immunity from harm would seem to suggest that people who eat a good deal ought not to labor much—for how can Nature support the double tax? Our little isolated world, representing all classes and professions of people, was having a holiday, while the good ship plowed steadily onward toward the Golden Gate, thousands of miles distant from her starting-point.

One delicious evening, about ten o'clock, we entered the Bay of Acapulco, and cast anchor to coal ship. It had been agreed between my husband and myself, that if the *Narragansett* should not be in the harbor, but off up the coast, I should stop over with him until the next upward-bound steamer. She was not in the harbor. Accordingly, our baggage was sent ashore together, and "an old Californian," familiar with the



ins and outs of this place, as well as all others on the coast, offered to *chaperón* us to a "good hotel." However, while going through some forms at the Custom House, a young officer, ordered to the same ship, and who had some acquaintances in Acapulco, offered to take us to a private house, where he felt certain we could find agreeable entertainment.

To this house we went, taking our Californian along to see what luck we had. It was a strange walk we had that night through the streets of decayed old Acapulco. The moon, nearly full, poured down a flood of light, illuminating the Plaza and showing the *adobe* church to advantage. Late as it was, the people were astir, most of them being down at the steamer with fruit, flowers, and shells, to dispose of to the passengers. The unusual commotion had set the thousand-and-one curs of the town to barking, so that their continual noise was monotonous, like the barking of young seals heard at night in quiet bays.

With a sort of feeling as if in Mexico, one might look for a bandit in every angle of a wall, I looked well at every body I met, and peered sharply into all the black shadows the moonlight threw across our way. Two or three rough-looking fellows followed and watched us—out of curiosity, no doubt, to see where we were going. The house was a little retired, and was larger and neater-looking than most of the houses we had passed, so that I prayed silently we might meet a favorable reception. But my desire was not granted—was not even denied me, which would have been some satisfaction.

To all our knocking and talking no answer came. The great windows and doors were barred; the blank walls shone white in the moonlight; every thing was as silent as a sepulchre. Nothing remained to be done but to retrace our steps, and try "old John's," the "good hotel" of our California friend.

To the chorus of innumerable dogs, we wended our way back across the Plaza, and down the narrow street with its "corridors" on either side, on the cold stones of which some of the laziest vagabonds were sleeping, unmindful of the general excitement.

We entered, at length, a long, large room, of a long, large *adobe* building. In one corner of it was a bar, lighted by a tallow dip. Inside the bar stood a short, rather stout person, of about fifty years—possibly, not so old—in dark-blue, cotton trowsers and coarse, white shirt, with hair cut short.

"Madame Moreno—old John's wife," whispered our guide in my ear. I tried not to stare very much, but fear I failed.

Old John, himself, was a large, finely built man; Spanish, most likely—certainly of a Spanish name; but French when the army of Maximilian occupied Mexico. The Madame was undoubtedly French. They were from New Orleans, and reached Acapulco overland by way of Arizona. It was in this journey that Madame adopted male attire, which, proving convenient, she retained for constant use.

Learning that it was as boarders and lodgers we applied for hospitality, John offered to show us our apartment. Leaving the first long and large room by a door opposite the main entrance, we found ourselves following a corridor around an open space, in which was a garden. On the opposite side of the garden, and elevated a few steps above the saloon we had first entered, was another immense apartment like it, except that it had a row of cot-beds down the whole length of it, making it look as much like a hospital as possible. Seen by the dim light of a "dip," it appeared much like the Mammoth Cave turned to hospital uses. The floor, like all the floors, was of earth, a strip of matting being laid beside each bed. The beds consisted of a thin mattress, two sheets,

and a pillow, each. A small pine table with a tin wash-basin, and a stone water-jug, stood against the end wall. Above it, and up in the peak of the roof, was a large square opening to admit the air, and give a glimpse of the sky. No ceiling, no white walls—nothing but one immense shadow, relieved a little by the white cots. I own that I shivered secretly.

"You can not stay here; you must go back to the ship," said my husband, who seemed to see the place as I did.

"Oh, no; this is a very nice place; the best in Acapulco," interposed our guide and host together.

"*You* will have to stay here until the *Narragansett* returns," I said. "And I can live here if you can, I presume." Still, I trembled a good deal in my secret soul.

Then we returned to the saloon to say good-by to some of our fellow-passengers, who had come ashore to look around. One of them told us the soldier's mother, when she learned that we had left the ship, sent her farewell and thanks after us, for my husband had been kind to her boy. Very much wearied, for it was now past midnight, we sought our cavern and our beds. The young officer who had come ashore with us, had told us so much of centipedes and other noxious creatures, that to an imagination excited by such novel scenes, this dark, mysterious place seemed the fitting abode for them, and I began operations accordingly.

Taking my "dip" in hand, I first examined the two beds selected, nearest the entrance, then the matting; and while continuing my investigations on the wall near where my baggage was placed, came upon the most immense spider I ever beheld, which, finally escaping pursuit, gave me great uneasiness until forgotten in the sleep of exhaustion. My researches, though often repeated, never extended far into the depths of shadow

beyond my couch; in fact, in the twelve days I occupied that room I never explored the farther end of it.

The lesson of my life has taught me never to regret any thing. Our first impressions are by no means reliable. Our most distasteful experiences are good for us; all knowledge, however acquired, is for our advancement. In illustration of which, let me testify that I never had a more delightful waking than that on the morning following my reluctant domiciling in the cave of shadows. Whether it was the cooing of the pigeons in their cote beyond and adjoining my apartment, or whether it was the sudden piercing of my eyelids with the morning beams which shot in at the opening in the gable, I could not have told. But I was conscious that I had never seen such a morning—no long twilight, no clearing away of mists, but a sudden burst of clear, bright day. To a certainty, it must have been the same on shipboard; but by reason of lacking the accessories of that cocoa-palm showing through the gable window, and the roses in the garden in front of my door, it had not the same charm.

John had assured us there was no need to close the great double mahogany doors, as we were quite private and safe, with no access, except through the saloon and across the court, to our apartment; so I was lying in my cot wondering at the glory of the morning, like a new creation to me, when the voice of Madame Moreno was heard in the corridor, announcing "coffee." Ships' coffee is always vile stuff to me, and the promise of a cup of good French coffee, such as I judged Madame could make, brought me quickly to my feet. Nor was there any disappointment: nectar it was to me that morning. And the cakes—those large, flat, light, and very slightly sweetened cakes, which accompanied the sunrise cup, I have never seen the like of anywhere else. Cakes and coffee—that

was all. Madame Moreno had embellished our table with a fresh bouquet from the garden; and in night-robcs and slippers we sat in the corridor facing the court, indolently breaking fast, and comparing our present impressions with those of the night previous.

The furniture of the corridor—our sitting-room—was as simple as that in the sleeping apartment: a long, pine table, a strip of matting, and a hammock. By daylight, I discovered an old moth-eaten sofa in the shadows of the cave, but it was in such a state I never used it. My camp-chair suited the climate and the other furniture. Two or three chairs were imported from the saloon for the use of visitors. Before the breakfast-hour—ten o'clock—my husband had called on the Consul, and been introduced to other gentlemen, so that my receptions began at once; and there was generally some one who preferred the hammock to a chair.

The first day showed me the necessity of making use of the mornings. From ten until four the heat is scorching. At four we dined, having had chocolate, if we wished it, in the middle of the day. I oftener gathered one or two limes from the garden, squeezed them into a glass, added sugar and water, and with a cake, saved from morning, made a more comfortable lunch; for, truth to tell, I could not enjoy warm food at the hours when our meals were served. The dinners were excellent, but my appetite was wanting. Had I ordered the arrangement of meals, I should have eaten the principal one at sunrise.

After the first day, I always went out early—generally down to the old Spanish fort; sometimes in the opposite direction, along the bay to a cocoa-nut grove. In the shadow of this grove was a hut, and a native family living in it. Everywhere we found the people disposed to be polite, inviting us to partake of fruit, or offering a glass of cocoa-nut

milk. To see one of the native boys—little fellows, not more than six or seven years old—climb the perfectly straight trunk of one of these palms to bring down a nut in his teeth, was a sight worth the price of a Blondin performance, they do it so expertly: up like a squirrel, sixty or seventy feet; detaching a nut that would crack in the falling; taking the stem in their teeth, and scrambling down again. Then the smiling mother opened it at the eyes and poured out for us a glass of milk. My drinking was a mere form, for I could not like the raw taste of it: it always seemed to need cooking.

There is nothing in Nature more soothing than the presence of palm-trees. A grove of them is like a cathedral for stillness and grandeur, without the cold and gloom of the stone building. All the ground is carpeted with shreds of the husks of nuts and of leaves; and being sand, too, not a footfall can be heard in them. The round, straight shafts shoot up far, far above us, crowned at the top by an umbrella-shaped tuft of long, slightly rustling plumes. Not a bird haunts them: they do not seem social. Born of the sun and the sea, they have the impressive character their parentage would warrant.

I learned to love the solitary one which stood in a portion of the court walled off from the garden, and whose top I always saw at night as I lay in my cot, with one great star shining between the branches as they moved slowly in the land-breeze. It became to me the type of royalty—of all stately and serene qualities. One day, I saw open a narrow door in the wall separating us from this court, and ran quickly to get a view of the whole tree. What a shock it gave me to find the court a little patch of abominable dust and rubbish, tenanted by a couple of shabby little mules, who were making themselves still more repulsive by rolling in the dirt. "Ah, my palm," I thought, "how often a great soul has stood alone



like you in the midst of uncongenial and repulsive surroundings—its feet in the filth, its brow to the stars!" Then I sighed at the profanation, and ran away from the sight of it.

Going out in the morning, revealed the matutinal habits of the natives. It was quite difficult passing along the street-corridors at this time of day, so many of the male population were breakfasting in bed—that is to say, taking breakfast where they had passed the night, on the earthen pavements. These lazzaroni may be found during the day asleep under trees; by night, they gamble in the Plaza; and, taking a nap on the sidewalk, half rise on one elbow when the market-women come around in the morning with coffee, fruit, and *tortillas*. Picking one's way among them at this hour, was a delicate piece of engineering.

After the morning-walk, came the substantial breakfast of fowls, vegetables, and fruits, of which I ate little; and then lounging, reading, and writing. I was beginning to get over my squeamishness about poisonous creatures, and to rather like the impertinent ways of the gray lizards on the walls, that came down when we were eating and peered at us so saucily, and perked their little heads so curiously, as if doubtful about being invited to take a crumb. A lady who had lived here before me used to invite them to eat with her; but my intimacy with them never extended so far. My husband used to like to frighten them, and see some one of them in the scramble fall to the ground, when its tail invariably broke square off!

They tormented him, too; for every night I would hear him slapping his face with an exclamation, imagining or dreaming that a lizard had fallen from the rafters upon it. My increasing equanimity was one day disturbed as I sat writing at my table in the corridor. Hearing something fall suddenly from the tiles

upon the matting beside me, I started up with one of those instinctive convictions people have sometimes, saying to myself, "A scorpion"—and lo! there it was; an instant stunned by the fall, but making off with great speed almost as soon as I had seen it. I darted after it, and set my slipper down viciously upon a spot on a piece of matting, just under which I knew, by the same blind conviction, it must be. And there it was, crushed to death by my foot. Picking it up on a stick, I carried it in triumph to old John, saying, laconically, "*An alacran?*" "Yes," said John, "you were lucky to kill it."

"It just escaped my shoulder in falling from the tiles. What would it have done to me had it hit me?"

"Stung you. There is a bean grows in Mexico which cures the sting. Every family who has one values it very highly."

I found out afterward from the Surgeon of the *Narragansett* that they had about fifty cases every year among the coal-heavers. The insects hide in the wood and coal, which being handled by the men, exposes them to be bitten frequently. Its poison is treated with ammonia and alcohol; the form of disease is delirium and great pain in the wound. I used, after killing that one, to be careful about sitting under the edge of the tiling.

Among my evening-walks—which were more extended than those of the mornings, because there was no increase of heat to be apprehended—was one out toward the mountains back of town. I liked to go that way, because I always saw the only vehicle in the place—a heavy, two-wheeled cart, long disused. Besides, we had to cross on this road a narrow stone bridge of beautiful workmanship, bearing a date which carried one back to the prosperous days of Acapulco, in the middle of the sixteenth century, when richly laden galleons sailed into her beautiful bay from East Indian



ports, and when she built her splendid fort to keep off rakish buccaneers like Sir Francis Drake. Proud, violent, aggressive Spain! At the bidding of her officers, the native Mexicans transported from the mountains those stones, one by one, which went to build the walls of the fort—about the only memento left of her pride and greatness, in miserable, dilapidated Acapulco.

At the end of our walks, in the direction of the hills, was a fruit orchard and palm-grove. Here we found some bright-eyed girls, who offered us oranges, limes, cocoa-nut milk, and fruits whose names I can not recall, but whose flavor was too rich and surfeiting for my palate. Sometimes we returned by way of the fort, and sat on the low, outside wall, watching the iguana slipping among the rocks, or counted the marks of French cannon-balls on the sea side of the fort. They were the merest dents—not a breach made anywhere.

We were never inside the fort: Mexican discipline was too strict for that; though the Mexican soldiers, uniformless, often hatless, unintelligent in countenance, and sluggish in manner, were not able to inspire foreigners with respect. They were braver than they seemed, and fought well under the Juarez command. Some of their earthworks around Acapulco, thrown up to resist the French, were the most childish affairs—a little bank of clay, mounted with a few small, old-fashioned pieces. Only one of their batteries, situated on the brow of a mountain behind the town, proved effectual, and did some damage to the French fleet. Considerable destruction to property in the town had resulted from the bombardment; but altogether the mischief was not very great, and the Mexicans taught the enemy to respect their fighting qualities.

The French had taken their departure from the harbor not many weeks before my visit, and were expected to return at

any time, contingent upon the successes of the army of Maximilian. This uncertainty deprived me of an opportunity for making a tour into the interior. The invitation came from the family (American) at whose doors we knocked in vain on the night of our coming ashore. It afterward appeared that the gentleman of the house was absent, and that Mrs. — did not think it discreet to open her house on a steamer night. Our acquaintance progressed more favorably after a daylight introduction.

Mr. — was a trader who owned a schooner, taking goods to a port about seventy miles south of Acapulco, there to be packed upon mules inland to the ancient city of Oaxaca. On account of the consumptive tendencies of Mrs. —, he wished her to try this journey over the mountains, but would not take her without some lady to accompany her. The scheme suited me very well. I was willing to run the risk of banditti for the gratification of my curiosity—Oaxaca being one of those cities out of the line of travel, where an American woman had never been seen, and where we had the promise of being greatly lionized by the inhabitants. Such an opportunity (of being lionized) might never occur again; therefore it was with a pang of regret that I accepted my husband's ultimate negative, based upon the ground, that, should the French blockade the port in my absence, it would be impossible for me to return there while the blockade lasted. As I must return there, for various reasons, the plan was reluctantly abandoned.

Wandering about the town on evenings, we were often invited to enter when pausing to listen to the music of the "light guitar." Then we got a glimpse of Mexican ladies, which we never did anywhere else except at church, or in some religious procession, of which there seemed to be one for each alternate day. Black seemed the favorite dress of the

ladies, with a black-lace mantilla for the head. On account of this preference, the appearance of a crowd of them in a procession was rather sombre. The poorer class wore common calicoes, of large and showy patterns, and all marched and knelt together in the dusty streets. In the church we saw the same thing: many women, very few men. In Mexico, as elsewhere, the same custom exists—men do the sinning, women the praying: it is consistent, I suppose.

The present church of Acapulco is a plain building externally, and internally very tawdry. The old cathedral, of which the ruins still exist, must have been much finer. It was thrown down by an earthquake; but in what year, I do not remember. The wonder is, that *adobe* buildings are not always thrown down: the walls, in the first place, being *only adobe*, and connected with so few partitions; there is nothing to brace them, or hold them together; nothing to prevent the heavy, tiled roofs falling in whenever a wall totters just a little out of the perpendicular.

The Bay of Acapulco being entirely landlocked—with beautiful green headlands, and low, sandy beaches, backed by cocoa-nut groves—it is one of the handsomest harbors in the world. Seated in the Commander's "gig" of the *Narragansett*, and being rowed over its shining waters to the rhythmical plash of three pairs of oars, was very inspiring. I have found some old rhymes in my portfolio since referring to "boats" and "floats," and "skies" and "dyes," with hints at "psalms" and "palms." It was quite spontaneous under those circumstances; perhaps, like many spontaneous things, rather mushy.

Next to boating, bathing was the luxury of Acapulco. Often, when old John saw us smuggling our bathing-towels along, as we walked toward the fort, in the evening, he called after us to remind

us of sharks. But we knew better than to feed ourselves to the sharks. Our bathing-places were in among the rocks, where these creatures dare not venture, for fear of scratching their delicate hides. O, the luxury of *warm* sea-water! Your northern bathing is a dangerous and shuddering task; but in tropical seas, where the water is the same temperature with your blood, to move about in it, and feel its soft plashings, is the greatest luxury in the world. No marvel that the South Sea Islanders are so expert at swimming: the water seems another atmosphere, a common element to them.

Acapulco is certainly a miserable place. It has no enterprise, no agriculture, no commerce, no literature, a very poor religion. Yet, because it was so helpless, hopeless, and tormented with factions, and because it had once a more glorious history, I regarded it with a certain tenderness. The days idled away in old John's corridor, and the nights and mornings devoted to rambling about its ruins, still linger in my memory. The people I met there I have (ungratefully) almost forgotten; the *places* I visited are yet bright in my recollection. John and Madame Moreno, nor my native washerwoman, have quite faded out; nor the charming laugh of the latter at my poor attempts with the Spanish ceased to sound in my ear.

We had not been there many days before the *Narragansett* returned to that port, and her officers came ashore daily to call. The American family already mentioned, the American Consul, and the P. M. S. S. Co.'s agents constituted the society for us. It was unconventional and pleasant; but I did not take to the Mexican climate very kindly, and but for leaving my husband to live, perhaps die, in it, was quite ready to take my departure when the *Sonora* stopped to coal, after twelve days of the kind of life I have tried to describe.

MRS. F. F. VICTOR.

## ONE LIFE.

Upon the woven leaf,  
Upon the veined flower,  
I find my life portrayed in brief—  
My life from hour to hour:

A frail leaf fit to die ;  
A young bud fed with dew ;  
The faithful air of heaven by,  
While no wind roughly blew.

All day for my delight,  
From dark to dark my own ;  
One butterfly delaying flight,  
That left me not alone.

A humming-bird to float  
Upon a breath, a bee  
To blow a long, complaining note,  
Invited were of me.

A rill below a rock,  
A pool to revel in,  
A lonely lad, a wandering flock,  
Were all my kith and kin.

A tropic time of growth ;  
A twilight long and mild ;  
Delay, O Autumn ! I am loth  
To meet thee, well beguiled.

Forbid a leaf to fade,  
Forbid a bough to fall,  
Until one perfect bloom be made,  
More beautiful than all.

I know that Time and Death  
Will wither me away ;  
Yet of that perfect flower one breath  
May brighten all the day.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

## WESTERN WOODLANDS.

FOR a long period in the past, the pine forests on the eastern shores of the North American Continent have been the main source from which the civilized world has obtained the majority of timber best adapted for building purposes, wherewith to supply its wants. The demand made upon them is still unabated, and the evil effects of this constant drain are now seriously felt. The extensive forests formerly covering the lands of the Eastern States—the common abode of the savage Indian and the game upon which he subsisted—have entirely disappeared, and in their stead the structures of civilization now stand. To none other of the primitive characteristics of a new country does the march of civilization appear to be as inimical as it is to the forests which may oppose its progress. Its pioneers apparently consider it their first duty to level them with the ground. Not even a passing thought is given to the probably injurious effect their annihilation may produce upon the interests of their followers. It is stated that the State of Maine has already been bereft of almost the entire growth of old trees. Only twelve years ago, the State of New York contained a sufficient area of forest land to enable it to export large quantities of lumber. Since then, the demand upon its resources has been so exhaustive, as not only effectually to stop any further exportation, but also make it an extensive importer from Canada and the West. Hitherto, the Canadian forests have almost exclusively supplied the Old World's wants; and although still covering an extensive area, they are, nevertheless, giving evident signs of rapid exhaustion. Their present extent has been carefully estimated

at about two hundred and fifty thousand square miles. Much of the standing timber, however, is situated in localities so remote from the natural and only existing means of conveyance to the seaboard, as to cause it to be of no practical value as an article of commerce. Numbers of the logging camps located far in the interior, where the best timber abounds, have been deserted, the trees growing within reach of water transit having been cut. Of the red and white pine constituting these forests, only twenty-five per cent. is considered convertible into square timber for exportation; forty per cent. can be cut into sawlogs, while the remaining thirty-five per cent. is waste, being composed of undergrowth and useless or damaged timber. Formerly, the entire surface of New Brunswick was a vast field of timber of the very best quality; but all the fine white pine then existing within reach of the St. John River and its tributaries, has been already cut, and the only timber remaining consists of a coarse pine, used entirely in the manufacture of sugar-box shooks, and a black spruce of large size and fair quality. The forests of Nova Scotia are rapidly diminishing, although still extensive. The northern and western bays only, of Newfoundland, contain any heavy pine; and even in those districts it is limited in quantity. The majority of the timber growing on the island is too small in size for exportation. Prince Edward's Island has been completely denuded of its mercantile timber, and is now compelled to import from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the majority of the lumber consumed in its ship-yards.

The alarming rapidity with which the



forests of the British North American Provinces are being decimated, can be readily conceived from the following facts: The Provinces of Ontario and Quebec yield annually an average of more than one million and a half tons, or about 86,986,352 cubic feet. A third of this amount is stated as being consumed within those Provinces, and the remainder exported in equal quantities to American and European markets. About 800,000,000 feet of lumber, valued at about \$4,000,000, leave the shores of New Brunswick every year, and an average of about 180,000,000 feet, valued at \$860,000, is exported annually from Nova Scotia. When we consider that this enormous drain has been going on for a great length of time, it is somewhat astonishing that a vestige of their forests should yet remain.

And the same process, tending toward ultimate extinction, is progressing with the forests of the United States, as is evident from the examples already given in the exhausted woods of the States of Maine and New York. The days of the timber still standing east of the Rocky Mountains, are already numbered. Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota contain an estimated area of fifteen and a half millions of acres of timber land, which, it is computed, will yield about 32,362,500,000 feet of marketable material. The quantity of timber cut in those States, during 1869, amounted in the aggregate to 1,284,029,355 feet. To obtain it, 833,032 acres of land were entirely denuded. At the present increased rates of consumption, it is believed that the timber now growing will be all cut and marketed within fifteen or twenty years.

In the vast area of country lying between the inhabited portions of the Pacific States and the populated districts of the Mississippi Valley, the growth of timber is exceedingly sparse and small. Extensive tracts of prairie, and even the

majority of the mountain slopes in that region, are utterly devoid of a single shrub.

It is not at all probable that the demand for lumber will diminish in future, and the present condition and future prospects of the Eastern forests incline us to believe that consumers will be compelled, ere long, to look elsewhere for a new source of supply. This exists in the virgin forests of the Pacific Coast, the intrinsic value of which will become more and more manifest as others diminish and exhaust. For several years these western woodlands have furnished large quantities of lumber for the markets of foreign lands.

Already China, Japan, England, Australia, New Zealand, South America, Hawaiian Islands, and even some of the ports of the Atlantic States, rank among our regular customers. This branch of our export trade is steadily increasing. It will be seen by reference to the following table of quantity and value of lumber, shipped from the port of San Francisco during the last twelve years, that an average annual increase in quantity of about 29½ per cent. is exhibited:

Year.	No. of Feet.	Value.
1859.....	3,780,500.....	\$ 86,949
1860.....	3,445,731.....	75,806
1861.....	3,837,839.....	76,748
1862.....	9,197,631.....	175,140
1863.....	6,559,062.....	159,586
1864.....	11,448,610.....	248,951
1865.....	12,091,913.....	255,038
1866.....	7,732,567.....	155,498
1867.....	6,482,693.....	129,692
1868.....	7,660,801.....	172,858
1869.....	8,314,116.....	182,761
1870.....	13,324,990.....	242,112

Although these figures exhibit only a very small portion of the total quantity leaving our shores, they may, nevertheless, be accepted as a fair index of the increase in the lumber exports from other ports also.

Of the manifold resources of the Pacific Coast, not one has been so much despised and willfully abused as that

contained within our woodlands. It has not received that prominence in our consideration to which it is justly entitled. But there is one thing connected with our forests concerning which we have been decidedly at fault. We have been too readily inclined to suppose that they are limitless in extent and inexhaustible in character. This erroneous and unjustified presumption has caused us to be exceedingly prodigal. No effort has been made to economize, but a willful waste has been allowed to progress, regardless of consequences. The inroads already made into some of our redwood forests have proven that their durability is not in accordance with our fabulous estimate. When we confine ourselves to facts and figures, its fallacy is proven beyond the shadow of a doubt, and we readily understand how probable it is that these magnificent forests will soon be numbered with the things of the past. It is generally admitted that an equal demand upon our redwoods in the future, as has been made during the past, will obliterate them from our shores within the course of a few years only. When we consider the probable aggregate area of timber land existing west of the Rocky Mountains, and the actual drain which is going on, we must admit that a similar fate is also awaiting all other forest trees growing thereon.

The majority of the timber growing on this coast exists north of Mexico, as much of that country, although rich in many other respects, is very deficient in timber. No better evidence of this is required, than the fact that stone walls are almost as common there as wood fences are in the United States.

The forests of the State of California are estimated as covering an area of about 40,000 square miles. The famous Douglas fir forests of Oregon and Washington Territory, cover an estimated area of about 65,000 square miles. Idaho Territory is supposed to contain about

30,000 square miles of timber land, and Montana Territory about 35,000 square miles. British Columbia and Alaska Territory are, however, the possessors of the greatest area of forest land upon the Pacific Coast, the former containing about 100,000 square miles, and the latter about 150,000 square miles. Alaska is pre-eminent as a lumber country, and whatever may be the real value of its mineral and other resources, its forests alone offered sufficient inducements for the acquisition of it by the United States. The trees forming the forests of the State of Nevada, which are at best limited in extent, are too scrubby to be merchantable. It would thus appear that about 420,000 square miles of the territory lying west of the Rocky Mountains is covered with timber. But to presume that the whole of this is valuable, or that all of that which is convertible into lumber or other marketable material is accessible, would be erroneous. Thousands of square miles of these forests are composed of trees small in size and of inferior quality, and consequently of no commercial value. Much of it is also situated in localities distant from the seaboard. This will continue to remain untouched, unless other sources of wealth, offering greater inducements for the construction of artificial means of transit, are developed. Accepting, however, the hypothesis that an equal quantity of manufactured lumber can be obtained from every square mile of our woodlands as is obtained on the other side of the Rocky range, the total quantity of timber at present standing on our shores may be estimated as not exceeding 390,791,542,898 square feet. To obtain this result, we must, of course, assume that all the timber growing on the coast can be converted into lumber. We are next led to inquire, How long will these forests last at the present rate of consumption? The present number of saw-mills on the coast are estimated at about

eight hundred. These mills possess the capacity to produce about seven millions of feet of lumber per day of ten working hours. Allowing, however, that the actual quantity manufactured does not exceed two millions of feet per day: by this means of consumption alone, our entire forests will have disappeared, unless renewed, within the short period of sixty-five years.

Six hundred million feet per annum, seems to be a most fabulous estimate; but a careful examination of facts will at once convince us that it is not an excessive one. According to the annual statement of receipts of lumber at San Francisco, during last year, Puget Sound, Washington Territory, alone contributed 101,332,872 square feet of rough and dressed material to this market, and other logging camps on the coast contributed an aggregate of 117,902,028 square feet. In addition to the above, an immense quantity of piles, shingles, fence rails, railroad ties, telegraph poles, etc., was also received, for which no definite measurement can possibly be given. The lumber freights to foreign markets aggregated 44,489 registered tons, the same being 2,948 tons in excess of the shipments of 1869, and 11,909 tons more than the exports of 1868. Of this, 14,205 tons were shipped at Puget Sound, 11,767 tons at Burrard Inlet, British Columbia, and the balance at the various lumber ports of Oregon and this State. More than one-half of the preceding estimate of our annual consumption is thus accounted for in shipments from our lumbering camps on this coast. And the woodman's axe is equally as actively engaged in supplying the domestic demands. Immense quantities are leveled to the ground, and consumed as fuel. The exactions made on our interior woods for material to carry on our mining operations are almost as great, and an increased supply is required each successive year by our railroads. Every

year the railroad system on the Pacific Coast becomes more and more complete, and many of those wooded localities, which are now inaccessible, will soon be penetrated, and the war of extermination against them carried on with renewed vigor. An idea of the great quantity which our railroads consume may be formed from the statement, made by good authority, that the lines at present existing in the United States require 218,100,000 feet per annum of the very best timber for sleepers, requiring the denudation of 150,000 acres of land to obtain the same. A further quantity of 1,925,000,000 feet, valued at \$38,500,000, is consumed every year in the construction of cars and buildings, and in the general repairing connected therewith; and the locomotives running on these railroads burn annually a total of about 3,000,000,000 feet, worth about \$56,000,000. Many of the forests now furnishing the majority of the above material will soon be completely exhausted, and we shall then undoubtedly be called upon to furnish it. This new demand will greatly hasten that complete annihilation of our timber, which is otherwise only too certain to be speedily accomplished. Another agent, equally as destructive as the axe, and against which we have no apparent remedy, is also constantly at work. Not a summer season passes by but what thousands of acres are laid waste by fire, whose origin, frequently attributed to spontaneous causes, is too often the willful work of man. As it is evident that the period of the existence of our woodlands will be materially shortened by these additional demands, independent of the natural increase in the quantity of material required for legitimate purposes, it no longer seems necessary to inquire as to what length of time they will last, but rather, *How soon will they cease to exist?*

The increasing demand for lumber for export, etc., can not now be checked,



without seriously prejudicing our interests. We can not, however, congratulate ourselves on having adopted hitherto the best policy with our resources to insure permanent prosperity. The course we have pursued leaves nothing behind excepting waste and desolation. So far, no attempt has been made to renew it by artificial means, and that which Nature produces herself is exceedingly limited compared with that which is destroyed. But the unwarranted belief in the supposed inexhaustible character of the supply, which has caused our past willful prodigality, can not justify our present neglect to renew a resource which we can ill afford to lose.

The probable effect the total annihilation of our forests may have upon our climate, and consequently upon our agricultural interests also, ought to cause us to halt in our course and reflect ere that result is finally consummated. To a certain extent the influence of human labor in the thinning of forests is considered beneficial; but the true line of demarcation between culture and destruction is rarely maintained. The unfavorable effects produced upon climate by the denudation of the soil is an established fact, and universally recognized. Examples are not wanting. The increased aridity of Palestine, Spain, and the south of France, is well known. In the former country, it has been caused, chiefly, by the cutting down of the olive-trees during the time it was subjected to the ravages of contending armies. In Spain and France, a scarcity of other fuel has led to the denudation of their originally wooded districts, causing a double evil to ensue: First, the humidity of the climate has been reduced to a formidable extent; and, secondly, when a rain-fall, in any unusual proportions, does occur, the absence of the great natural absorbing power of forests allows the entire product of the rain-fall to be discharged at once through the

natural drainage. The immediate exit of the water thus discharged has invariably resulted in those floods which have proven so formidable in their ravages during the last few years within those districts. And no stronger evidence can be adduced to substantiate the accepted theory that trees are moisture-producing agents, than the practical demonstration given on the banks of the Suez Canal, where rain has been produced through the direct agency of plantations artificially cultivated in and around Ismalia. Prior to the planting of trees at that place, the surrounding country was a perfectly rainless and dewless desert, not a shower of rain having fallen upon it within the memory of the oldest living Arab.

The peculiar power thus possessed by forests of producing rain in arid regions ought certainly to be made use of by ourselves, and ought to be ample inducement to encourage their growth by artificial means in the dry portions of this State, where the quantity of timber extant is exceedingly limited. The cultivation of forests in our southern counties would evidently be of incalculable benefit to the agricultural lands in those sections. The probable results of such an undertaking would be the entire removal of the disadvantages of a slight rain-fall under which they now labor. The soil, now worthless through lack of moisture, would then yield to the tiller the products it at present possesses the latent power to generate. The possibility of those evils, which have been the lot of all countries stripped of their woods, befalling our northern districts, ought also to cause us to adopt a new course of procedure with their timber. An effort should be made to renew the trees on those hills now being rapidly stripped, so that those evils may be effectively averted.

Independent of all other considerations, however, the commercial value of timber is too great to allow it to be ut-



terly destroyed. European countries are fully alive to this fact, and profit by it. As the old trees are felled, their places are supplied with nurseries of young ones. France and Germany possess schools of forestry connected with their state service; and in these establishments, men of superior intelligence are trained for the scientific management of this important branch of the national property. The maintenance of their forests not only preserves the equilibrium of the moisture-producing agent, but also sustains an important resource of revenue. The state forests of France cover an area of 2,700,000 acres, from which a net revenue of \$6,200,000 per annum is derived. Bavaria preserves nearly 2,000,000 acres of forest, and Prussia about 5,000,000 acres. Austria is the happy possessor of 13,000,000 acres, and realizes therefrom an annual export value of \$15,000,000.

Britain is at present greatly concerned about the probable exhaustion of her coal-fields, and the injurious effects that would have upon her numerous industries, although that undesirable event

can not be reasonably expected to occur within less than one or two centuries. That which lays an equal claim to the consideration of the United States, is, What shall the next generation do for timber? The necessity of renewing it at once, is of the most vital importance to the interests of the commonwealth at large. The present selfish and money-making generation is given to look at our existing forests as so much stored-up wealth, requiring to be utilized, and whose intrinsic value is only developed by felling, trimming, and shipping. It is now considered too unprofitable an occupation to plant nurseries of young trees in anticipation of the next generation suffering from a scarcity of timber, from the ravages of floods, or from the ruinous consequences arising from drought. The day is not far distant, however, when the cultivation of trees will become a profitable employment; but, in the meantime, does it not seem to be the duty of our legislative bodies to adopt measures that will at least encourage, if not compel, those who destroy our woodlands to replenish the same?

TALIESIN EVANS.

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## A COLLEGE REMINISCENCE.

MY father was a poor clergyman, with a large family, to all of whom he did his best to give a good education. But an older brother of mine having, while in college, verified the old adage, that "the parson's boys are the worst in the parish," the good old gentleman determined that, in my case, "the evil communications that corrupt good manners" should have small chance to contaminate my heart while I was filling my head with "book-larnin'." Knowing full well that the mischief wrought among youth is done in the small hours

of the night, and that "the more the merrier" where college-boys thus congregate, my father secured for me a room in the house of an old Deacon, of sturdy orthodoxy, whose only daughter was too young to fall in love with, whose house was a mile down-hill from the college, and who would no more have admitted an evening visitor to the favorite son of his minister, unless a student of theology in his own Church, than a school-girl would introduce a cat to her pet canary. Hither I moved my scanty furniture; and the sole occupant, on the

third floor, of the great, almost empty mansion, I enjoyed abundance of the virtuous quiet so favorable to progress in Greek Prosody and Mathematics. How well I remember that desolate room! A creaky old bedstead, with its cording of rope, its straw paillasse and husk mattress, filled one corner. Near the window, with the light from the left, stood an old family desk, covered with well-worn, figured baize, with its clumsy superstructure—made by myself in the farm carpenter-shop—for the stand-up work of hard study. A stove, so indispensable in the wintry months of the New England climate, occupied its accustomed corner. A strip of rag-carpet, woven by my mother many years before, extended along the front of the bed; and opposite the foot of that bed, high up near the ceiling, hung a little Dutch student-clock, with its long weight-cords almost reaching the floor—so that its shrill peal of alarm, at cock-crow, could have a full minute's time to save me from a tardy mark at morning prayers. A few text-books occupied their places on the desk; among them a well-used set of "Cambridge Mathematics," "Ainsworth's Latin" and "Donnegan's Greek Lexicon," "Davies' Legendre," "Todd's Student's Manual"—I can remember the names of *some* of them, you see. *Perhaps* I remember, also, something of their contents. Even as a recent exploration beneath Jerusalem discovered the foundations of Solomon's Temple, so might a shaft sunk through the experiences of twenty-five years strike the bed-rock of a college education. But do you ask to count the stones of the old work, to scan its architecture and criticise its plan? The *débris* and rubbish of years have buried it so far beneath the surface that its restoration would cost as much as the original structure. Who is there, at forty-five, who has not forgotten more than he knows? The mind is like a river: its

successive floods may fill the ocean, though its banks contain but one at a time.

Now, it so happened that, three times a day, I had to climb that tiresome "Hill of Science," to attend the customary college exercises. Among the old maxims of education, we were taught that "the early bird catches the worm;" that "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined." So the New England fathers trusted to habits of early rising, formed in youth, to forestall the usually slothful tendencies of professional life. And thus our Faculty fixed the hour of morning prayers at five o'clock, in summer, and six o'clock, in winter. Of course, I was too poor to own a horse. Out of the \$125 per year which I earned at school-teaching and book-peddling, during vacations, and which paid every dollar of my maintenance and education during that four years' course, there was naught to spare for luxuries of that kind. So, winter and summer, my six miles of walking per day, alternating, at suitable hours, with study, and rest, and meals, built up for me a sturdy constitution. When I graduated, there was one, of my class of thirty, whose marks led mine. But I was the only one who could walk forty miles a day, swim a mile without stopping, or row a boat for ten hours on a stretch without blistering the hands. Would that the old gentleman were still alive, so that I could thank him again for that daily walk. Were it not for his inflexible will, I might—like two-thirds of my class—have been long since laid low amid the clods of the valley, instead of enjoying, at forty-five, a fair prospect of living to train my baby-boy in the way my father taught me.

But, at the time, this discipline seemed hard. No other student, out of our hundred or more, had any such burden laid upon him. Sometimes, of course, I enjoyed it. In summer, when the weather was fine—the sun just risen, the birds

in full concert—an early walk was exhilarating indeed. Not so in winter, when I often recalled the refrain—

“Whenever it snows  
And the cold wind blows,  
One’s fingers and toes,  
One’s ears and one’s nose,  
Are almost froze.”

And when it was dark, rainy, windy, or slushy, this getting out of a comfortable bed at such unseasonable hours seemed more and more unnecessary, especially as I became intimate with my fellow-students who roomed in or near the college buildings, and who soon began to crack their jokes at the expense of my filial obedience. So again and again, I besought my father to allow me to change my quarters. But again and again did he refuse. Nothing could change his resolution when founded on his convictions of duty. Compelled, therefore, to submit to his authority, need I say I did so unwillingly, and chewed the cud of many a bitter fancy while fretting over my favorite grievance?

While indulging in this morbid frame of mind, I was aroused one dark, gloomy morning in the fall by the now detested rattle of my little Dutch clock. As had been usual with me lately, my unfortunate situation rushed headlong into my mind. I lay awake for a moment to think of it, before mustering courage to get out of bed. I fancied myself once more on foot for my regular Saturday’s tramp of four miles to my father’s house. There I again pleaded, with my heart in my mouth, for a release from my thralldom. All my arguments were once more marshaled against my father’s resolution. To each he administered its accustomed quietus. But at length, after a long and severe contest, it seemed that the old man’s heart began to relent. Reluctantly, and with many forebodings of the future contamination of his yet innocent boy, he yielded his consent to my removal to the college buildings. Joy-

fully I threw my arms around his neck, promising every thing his anxiety could exact as to the preservation of my moral principles. Rushing from his study, I summoned my younger brother to help me catch the farm-horse, who had for weeks been turned out to grass. Taking the halter and a basin of oats, we sallied out in search of him. But the cunning old fox had no notion of being caught without his usual preliminary fun with the boys. Now we tempted him with the oats, but just as his nose reached the basin and the sly hand moved toward his forelock, up went his heels, and, with tail and ears erect, he coursed at will around the lot, laughing at us as he went. Next we got him cornered in the angle of the rail-fence, and as we sidled slowly up on each side, how deftly he would slip out backward with a wild scream of triumph. In fact, to all our advances his only answer was *neigh*. Finally, we let down the bars, and after a long chase through meadow and corn-field, we drove him into the barn-yard, and thence into the stable. To harness him was the work of a moment. We took the hay-rack off the bolsters of the lumber-wagon, and having replaced it with the box, away we started for the Deacon’s.

Arrived at my old quarters, we soon took down the bedstead, packed the books, limbered up the stove, and having carefully carried all down the three flights of stairs, we packed them in the wagon. I then bid adieu to the good Deacon and his family, who were not a little astonished at my sudden departure. Gay as a lark, we started for the college, and in due time reached the doors of the four-story building wherein I was to fix my future domicile.

All this time I had forgotten that it was now the middle of the term, and that the rooms had all been let at Commencement, some weeks previously. Not having then secured accommodations, what



was my vexation to learn from the Steward that the only room to be had was in the attic, and its roof so much out of repair that it was untenable. In fact, the tin roof over the whole building had been leaky for years, so that the choice of rooms depended inversely on college traditions as to which required the least water to be carried up-stairs. However, like most Yankee boys of the olden time, I was something of a Jack-of-all-trades, and, nothing daunted, I took the room, trusting to my own skill to mend the roof, rather than lose my only chance to gratify my darling wish. My luggage was accordingly carried, piece by piece, up the four steep flights of stairs. The bedstead and stove were set up, the clothes and books unpacked and arranged; and with the bed-cord, some shingle-nails, and a hammer, I mounted to the roof through the scuttle, took off my boots, and in my stocking-feet set about the job of repair.

Now, that roof was quite steep. It was as slippery as unpainted tin could be. It had no railing or gutter at its eaves, and those eaves were at least sixty feet above the stone flagging of the area. So to protect myself from the very unpromising results of a fall under such circumstances, I tied one end of the bed-cord around my waist, held the coil in my hand, and passed the bight of it around an old spike that projected from the ridge of the roof. Rendering the rope around the spike, I began boldly to let myself down toward the place of repair. But hardly had I reconnoitered the job, when, horror of horrors! the rope chafed off. I began to slip, slip, slip, toward the fatal brink. I tried to catch the threads of my stockings in some of the ragged edges of the tin. I

clutched frantically with my fingers at each buried nail-head till my nails were torn and bleeding. All in vain. Slippery as a hill of ice, the treacherous incline offered less and less friction as I gravitated toward its dreadful edge. My whole life flashed through my agonized memory in the twinkling of an eye. A dozen horrified students, who were watching me from the area, stood powerless below, expecting the instant splash of my gory remains on the stony pavement. At last, gathering my feet under me in the hope of saving my head by a well-directed jump, though at the sacrifice of shattered limbs, I reached the eaves. One glance below, one wild death-shriek, a leap desperate with all my dying energies, and I found myself falling backward from the corner under the Dutch clock in my old quarters at the Deacon's, where my head had well-nigh split, from its sudden impact against the wall. I had simply jumped furiously out of bed!

Recalling my scattered senses, my first realization was that I had fallen asleep, instead of rising when the alarm struck, and should now be marked tardy, if not absent from prayers. Hurriedly glancing at the clock, I found that the *dream had occupied exactly five minutes*, counting from the stroke of the alarm at which it had been set. You will say, reader, that the clock had probably stopped; so would I, had I not seen its rapid little pendulum then and there as busy as ever, and had I not succeeded, simply by walking a little faster than usual, in saving my credit for punctuality. What passed through my mind in those drowsy five minutes I shall never forget. It was photographed upon my memory. But that is more than I can say of the recitation that followed.

U. V. M.



## UNDER THE DRAGON'S FOOTSTOOL.

## SECOND PAPER. — ARRIVAL AT PEKIN.

E LATED with the prospect of a brilliant career in China, permeated with the progressive spirit of the age, grateful to my Government and country for the honor conferred upon me as the representative of a new era in civilization, I departed for the Celestial Land deeply impressed with the importance of the part about to be performed in history. Visions of Oriental splendor lent an additional charm to the prospect; and there was something inspiring in the idea of exploring a vast Empire, inhabited by a peculiar and interesting people, of whom the world had hitherto enjoyed but vague and unsatisfactory accounts. Fortune had reserved for me the gracious task of cementing the fraternal relations so happily established between the Occident and the Orient.

If my retinue was less imposing than that of the Embassy from the Court of Peking to the Western Powers, there was at least a republican simplicity about it that could not fail to make a favorable impression upon a people who had furnished the United States with the first practical example of a democratic form of government. The high offices of sub-Secretaries, Marshals, Ushers, Court-Trumpeters, and Guards were centered in my own person. The supernumeraries consisted chiefly of my family, who had already enjoyed some foreign experiences in Germany and Italy, and now wished to extend their researches into Asia. In addition to this imposing *cortège*, I was favored with the pleasant companionship of my old friend and fellow-traveler, Mr. Charles D. Poston, who was unable to resist the impulse recently given to American enterprise in

China. While sojourning in Washington he had become thoroughly imbued with the enlightened spirit of the times. Ever foremost in the march of improvement, a pioneer in California, an enthusiastic explorer in the wilds of Arizona, a daring adventurer through the stormy seas of political life, a skillful navigator amid the shoals and reefs of Wall Street, it was not in his nature to remain passive when a great Empire, hitherto the most exclusive upon earth, was calling upon us, with outstretched arms, for our trade, our inventions, our new civilization; when beyond the dawn was recognized "the blazing day of the international millennium." I was delighted to find so able a coadjutor fired with the sublime rage of progress; I was charmed with the conviction that he realized the grand idea of American supremacy in Asia.

A young gentleman from West Point was also kind enough to join our party, with the intention of offering his services, in a military capacity, to the Imperial Government. The comprehensive grasp of his views would have done honor to a much older and more experienced head. No equivocal position, under provincial control, was within the purview of his aspirations. He desired to take the Imperial army in hand, and remodel the entire military service of China. I was very glad to be of some assistance to my ambitious young friend. A brief correspondence with him, previous to his departure from West Point, had given me a favorable impression of his ability. His views as to the destiny of China, under American auspices, I am free to say, entirely accorded with my own.

In anticipation of the proposed development of the Chinese Empire, I thought it advisable that a geological reconnaissance should be made of the country, so that the extent and character of its mineral deposits should be accurately determined. For this purpose, I was instrumental in procuring the services of the distinguished *savant*, Baron F. von Richthofen, who took charge of an expedition especially designed for the advancement of American interests. The Department of State was duly advised of the important step taken; and, I must confess, I felt some pride in being the originator of a movement destined to produce such valuable results. Baron Richthofen was eminently qualified for the undertaking. As a member of the Prussian Exploring Expedition, he had already traveled extensively in India, and Siam, and the islands of the Indian Archipelago. His reports on the Comstock Lode, and Inquiry into the Origin of Volcanic Rock, had already attracted the attention of the scientific world. I need scarcely say he formed a very agreeable addition to our party. Thus material enterprise, science, and the military spirit of the age were duly represented. That such a beginning would lead to extraordinary discoveries and to consequences of inestimable magnitude, I had no doubt. Indeed, I was already burdened with undertakings having in view the opening up of the country, the importance of which it would be impossible to estimate.

For some time previous to my departure, it afforded me constant occupation to read the various railroad and telegraph projects which poured in upon me. A prominent gentleman was desirous of getting a subsidy for the grand trunk railway that was to be built from Canton to Peking. The map and reports of Sir McDonald Stevenson, showing the feasibility of the enterprise, were matters of historical record. A New

York company, which had already, according to its own representation, secured a valuable concession for an ocean telegraph, wished to extend its operations through the eighteen provinces, thus connecting the inland cities with the sea-ports. To say that the prospectus of this company was encouraging—sustained, as it was, by the indorsement of the whole Eastern press, and fortified by statistics of Asiatic trade and population—would but faintly express the attractive character of the enterprise. A third party, well known to fame, desired to introduce gas, water, and street-railways in the city of Peking, and hoped to obtain an exclusive concession for this purpose from the Emperor. A fourth proposed to farm all the coal-mines, and connect them by tramways with the navigable waters. Another eminent gentleman had a project for the abolition of wheelbarrows and donkeys, and the substitution of steam-wagons; also, for the establishment of steam factories, and the introduction of steam-plows for the cultivation of rice, including a comprehensive system of drainage and irrigation by means of centrifugal pumps. Perhaps the most brilliant scheme proposed was that of a broker, whose means were limited, but whose influence was commanding: being nothing less than the establishment of a joint-stock company in New York, with a directory in Wall Street, to transact the entire fiscal business of the Empire in foreign countries. But these grand schemes and enterprises did not by any means comprise all the lucrative propositions to which my attention was directed. More than a dozen varieties of breech-loading rifles were urged upon me, with a view of presentation to the Emperor, and I was requested to explain their superiority over Chinese arms. A powder-manufacturer wished me to take charge of a small keg of powder, for the purpose of showing his Imperial Majesty that although pow-

der was invented in China long before the discovery of America, yet it was reserved for Yankee ingenuity to make it most destructive to human life. A sewing-machine agent, desirous of securing Chinese patronage in advance of his rival, wished me to offer a model specimen to the Empress Regent, for the use of the Imperial household. I refrain from mentioning the particular patent from motives of delicacy, having once been accused of puffing one of the rival machines by special reference to the name of the inventor. An ingenious gentleman, who had spent his life in perfecting a machine for washing clothes, was exceedingly anxious that I should introduce it into general use in China, on the ground that it was really the great civilizer of the age. No nation could be civilized in the true acceptance of the term without this unparalleled washer. Then there were hay-scales, sugar-crushers, cotton-gins, wool-carders, and other useful inventions without number—all to be brought into prominent notice. As to the pills, balsams, bitters, and cordials, with the presentation of which I was commissioned, in view of the important results to the people of Asia, it would be quite useless to attempt an enumeration. Suffice it to say, the list comprised a variety of compounds sufficient to purify the whole human race. All these, however, were chiefly designed to supply the material wants of man. The Chinese, being a highly cultivated and intellectual people, required mental rather than material aliment. I received, from various literary sources, contributions of books and pamphlets, comprising essays on Political Economy, Metaphysics, Military Tactics, Female Suffrage, and the Conjugal Relations, to be translated into Chinese, and presented, with the compliments of the authors, to his Imperial Majesty the Son of Heaven. The Commissioner of the General Land

Office sent me, with the indorsement of the Secretary of State, a highly colored map of the United States, showing the isothermal lines, the railways, the mineral and agricultural lands, etc., accompanied by an exhaustive essay on the interchange of minerals, seeds, inventions, works of art, books, and pamphlets, between China and the United States. The whole field of civilization and intellectual advancement, from the days of Alexander of Macedon to the reign of Ta-tching, the Heaven-born, was covered by this admirable production; and there were sentiments in it that could not possibly fail to impress the young sovereign with a realizing sense of his obligations as arbiter of the destinies of a third of the human race.

Thus fortified at all points, is it a matter of surprise that I assumed the duties of my mission with a profound sense of the responsibilities imposed upon me?

A summer voyage from San Francisco to Yokohama offers little in the way of external variety, though much that is interesting to the student of Nature. The Farallon Islands, lying some twenty miles outside the Golden Gate, sink below the horizon as our gallant steamer speeds upon her way; and then the pathless ocean stretches before us for five thousand miles in an unbroken expanse. Life at sea, when the temperature is pleasant, the company agreeable, and the accommodations ample, has some advantages, after all, over life on shore. The excitements are less irritating; the social instincts are brought into play more fully; people are, to a certain extent, bound together by a community of interests as well as of dangers, and there is more constant occasion for the exercise of our best qualities, since the less amiable are more difficult to conceal. To the overtaken brain, a voyage to China is the most beneficial of narcotics, for it leaves no bad effects.

The month of August is, perhaps, the



most favorable time in the year for the passage across the North Pacific. At all events, our own experience led us to believe that there could scarcely be a better season. The only part of the voyage during which an open boat could not have sailed over our route in perfect safety, was within a few days of Japan, when we struck the edge of a typhoon, and had rather a severe gale for about eight hours. On the twenty-second day, early in the morning, the bright, green shores of Japan were in sight, with a distant view of the peak of Fusiuma. Native junks and fishing-boats literally swarmed about the entrance, and around the shores, of the bay of Yokohama. In a few hours from the time of making land we were at anchor, opposite the picturesque town of Yokohama.

Through the kindness and hospitality of Mr. Van Valkenburg, our Minister Resident, at whose modest Legation we spent some agreeable hours, and the courtesy of Admiral Rowan, who furnished us with every facility in the way of boats, as also the unremitting personal attention of our old friend, Mr. Eugene M. Van Reed, of San Francisco, we were enabled to pass a couple of days very pleasantly at this port, after which we embarked on board the Company's steamer *America*, and proceeded on our voyage through the Inland Sea to Shanghai.

A cordial welcome from the Americans at Shanghai greeted us. Mr. Edward Cunningham, head of the house of Russell & Co., with his proverbial hospitality opened wide the doors of his princely quarters to us, and for two weeks we had a very pleasant experience of foreign life in China.

It is not my intention, however, in these sketches to enter into the details of our traveling experiences. If I can convey to the reader a correct idea of the state of civilization in China, and of the condition of American interests in

that Empire, my principal object will be attained.

In former years the trip from Shanghai to Peking was in every respect a serious undertaking. It was not until after the war of 1860 that foreigners were allowed to visit the capital at all. The Russians, it is true, had their Legation there since 1725, and missionaries sometimes penetrated as far as the Imperial City; but after the reign of Kanghe (1662-1722), foreigners were jealously excluded. Since the visit of Lord Macartney, in 1793, and the attempt of Lord Amherst, in 1816, to reach the Imperial presence, Peking was practically a sealed book to the *Fankwei*, or Foreign Devils. After the treaty of Tientsin, the American Minister, Mr. Ward, got into Peking by a back-door entrance, and succeeded in escaping observation by traveling in a covered cart—a fact which gave rise to the idea that he traveled in a cage. He was taken care of by the authorities, and placed in a species of durance while in Peking. His application for an audience with the Emperor was treated with contempt. In the language of the Imperial rescript (brought to light for the first time in 1868), “such wild exaltation of himself could only be relegated to subjects which make one laugh.”\* It was certainly rather amusing.

The first regular communication with Peking was inaugurated by the establishment of the Shanghai Steam Navigation Company's American line of steamers from Shanghai to the port of Tientsin, on the Peiho River.

The Peiho empties into the Gulf of Pecheelee, near its northern extremity. At the entrance of the river stand the Taku Forts, famous in the history of Lord Elgin's mission, and likely to become still more celebrated in the future. The distance from Shanghai to the Taku

\* Imperial rescript, in the vermilion pencil, dated August, 1839.



Forts is about 700 miles ; thence, by the river, to Tientsin, 65, and from Tientsin to Pekin, about 75—making the total trip about 840 miles. Short as it seems, however, it is almost equal, in point of difficulty and trouble, to the entire trip from San Francisco to Shanghai.

For the benefit of those who may be desirous of visiting Pekin hereafter, with a view of residing there in a diplomatic capacity, I may as well mention that there is no furniture to be had in that capital, except Chinese furniture, and such stray household articles of American or European manufacture as can be obtained, from time to time, on the departure of some foreigner. I do not mean by this to disparage Chinese furniture. Those who wish to sleep on brick or stone ovens, covered with a mat—sit on hard-bottomed chairs, stools, or benches—walk on concrete or stone floors, and admire the beauties of Nature through paper windows, can be accommodated ; but it requires a little time to get accustomed to these things, especially in winter. All clothing, groceries, and wines have to be purchased in Shanghai or some other treaty-port, and shipped to Pekin—unless the foreigner can accustom himself to the Chinese mode of living, which is economical, if not sumptuous.

The good steamer *Manchu*, Captain Clarke, took us safely up to Tientsin. The voyage occupied five days, including a short detention at the port of Chefoo.

The American Consul, Mr. Meadows—an Englishman who had never been in America—received us at Tientsin. In the absence of pay from the United States, he received pay from the Chinese Government, as Superintendent of the Arsenal at Tientsin. The position was, in all respects, favorable to the success of the new policy. The fees of the Consulate did not pay the rent of the office. Mr. Meadows was an officer of the Chi-

nese Government. He was married to a Chinese woman, and had a semi-Chinese family. He could not possibly be suspected of any leaning toward foreign interests, to the detriment of the Government from which he received compensation. He was an ardent advocate of the policy of conciliation. His devotion to the Chinese was unquestionable ; and his zeal in their behalf so ardent, that, in cases of controversy between American and Chinese merchants, it was but reasonable that he should decide in favor of the Chinese. His defense of the local authorities in opposition to the charges made against them for their participation in the late massacre clearly demonstrates the advantages of a divided responsibility.

At Tientsin, we had the good fortune to meet the young American gentleman already mentioned, Mr. Holwell, who had come down from Pekin to assist us in making our arrangements for the remainder of the trip. The distance, by land, is only seventy-five miles to Pekin ; yet, with a family and baggage, it is no easy matter to make the trip. The only means of land conveyance are rude carts without springs, wheelbarrows, and Tartar ponies. Chairs, carried by Coolies, are sometimes used ; but this mode of conveyance is even less agreeable, for a long distance, than the carts. All things considered, we thought it best to make the trip by means of boats, up the Peiho River. This is a small stream—averaging about fifty yards in width and some five or six feet in depth—running in a tortuous course through an extensive alluvial plain, bounded in the distance by the Mongolian Mountains. Anticipating that we would perform the journey in the easiest way, Mr. Meadows had engaged twelve boats for us, some six or seven of which we found sufficient to meet the requirements of our party. Having paid for the others, and dismissed the clamorous boatmen, who were very much

afraid they would receive nothing for doing nothing, we embarked on board our little fleet, so dispersing ourselves that we had the combined advantages of social life and retirement. A roomy cabin, capable of accommodating three or four persons, occupies the main part of the boat; and a half-deck in front affords a pleasant observatory for the enjoyment of the scenery.

The motive-power is primitive, and not unpicturesque. Each boat has a tall mast, from the top of which extends on shore a tow-rope, hauled by a number of Coolies, who walk along the bank in single file. Their summer costume is quite simple, consisting of a blue, cotton shirt, reaching a little below the waist; sometimes, during the heat of the day, worn over the head or carried under the arm, leaving nothing visible, in the shape of clothing, save a rag around the waist, and sometimes not even that.

It required three days and a half to make the distance of 120 miles, to the city of Tung-chow, fourteen miles from Peking. Arrived there, we were landed on a mud-flat, in a dripping rain, with a rabble of several hundred beggars and Coolies gazing idly on. The means of conveyance for which we had written to the Secretary of Legation at Peking had not arrived—the Coolies having probably stopped on the way to play a game of cards or take a smoke. As the rain grew worse and the baggage was getting wet, to say nothing of the family, I sent my interpreter and card to the Tauti, or head Mandarin of the town, requesting that means of conveyance to Peking might be furnished. The Mandarin returned the polite answer that a body of soldiers had just seized all the carts for public use, and he could only furnish six wheelbarrows.

After four hours' delay, and a pretty thorough drenching in the rain, five chairs and nine mule-carts arrived from Peking.

Such of the baggage as could not be dispensed with was put on the wheelbarrows; the rest was left on the mud-flat. Having seen the ladies of the Embassy securely mounted on chairs, I took my seat in a dilapidated coolie-cart, drawn by two scrubby little mules—charmed with the novelty of the conveyance, and particularly with the novelty of the motion, which kept my mind in a state of pleasing agitation all the way, and on several occasions came very near dislocating my *vertebræ*. But I was assured by my interpreter that this was the Peking fashion, and I felt bound to be in the fashion.

Arrived at the gates of Peking, just as they were about to close, I was stopped by a dirty rabble of policemen, who demanded my passport; but as that was in my trunk, on one of the wheelbarrows which were scattered along the trail some six miles behind, it was not possible to produce it. Fortunately Mr. Poston had a passport, which answered every purpose, since they could not read it; and the American Minister was admitted as a member of the American Embassy; Mr. Poston, with his usual adroitness, representing himself as the Chief Ambassador.

Then came a struggle through dark, muddy, and filthy streets and by-alleys, growing worse and worse, till the gate of the American Legation was reached. There, a solitary old gentleman, with a lamp in his hand, welcomed the new Minister, or what was left of him. The baggage remained out in the rain all night, and it was a week before everything arrived.

Prince Kung had been notified of the approach of the new Minister, several days beforehand; but he manifested no uneasiness on the subject. A formal note was then addressed to him, announcing the arrival; to which he responded, by appointing a day for the reception. At the appointed time, cards were

sent from the American Legation to the Tsungli-Yamen, or Foreign Office, and the Representative of the United States, with his Secretary, proceeded in covered chairs to the Yamen. This is a plain, ordinary building, one story high, and very cheaply furnished.

The members of the Yamen—six venerable-looking gentlemen, conspicuous chiefly for their affable manners and long nails—greeted the “LOWEN TAJIN” with many polite smiles and bows, and ushered me to the door of the inner court, where I was received by Prince Kung, with as much courtesy as that gentleman usually bestows on foreign representatives.

The Prince is a dissipated-looking man, about forty-two years of age; with a sardonic, scowling expression of countenance, conspicuous for ugliness. His mouth is coarse and sensual; his nose broad and thick, and his eyes prominent, coming out even with his brows, which are nearly destitute of hair. His dress is very plain: a long gown in the usual Mandarin style, with the distinctive button on his cap, and no noticeable ornament of any kind on his person. His manners are free and easy, not to say coarse—rather indicating half-savage presumption, than the polite self-depreciation characteristic of the high officials generally in China. His voice is unpleasant, and his manner of speaking sharp and chopping. He blurts out his sentences as if they were fired from a pop-gun. The Prince, however, is rather rough and ignorant than ill-natured. In Peking, he is not regarded, either among the foreign Legations or his own people, as a man of intellect; and but little regard is paid to his views on any public question.

Whatever talent there is in the Foreign Office—and there is undoubtedly a good deal of native shrewdness—is centered chiefly in Wan-siang, Tsung-lun, Tung-sien, and one or two others, prompted by the advice and counsel of

Mr. Robert Hart, an Irishman, Chief of the Customs Service.

Interviews of presentation and ceremony are amusing, rather than imposing. The Minister sits on the left of the Prince. Tea is served at once. A small table, filled with fruits, candies, and confections, is set out in front. After the principal parties take their places, and a few inquiries and rejoinders occur, as to the health of the President and the health of the Emperor, each high functionary present takes his allotted seat at the table.

The Prince, turning suddenly, and gazing steadily at the American Minister, asks abruptly, “How old is your Excellency?” To which, if he be a young man like myself, his Excellency responds politely, through the interpreter, that his age is between twenty-five and thirty.

Then there is a general commotion, with complimentary remarks, such as, “Your Excellency looks much more venerable—should have thought you were older;” and then hot wine, very sour, is poured out of a tin kettle into wine-glasses, and every body says “Hey! hey!”—and there is a great clattering of plates and glasses, and drinking of healths.

When the new Minister makes his little speech, as the bearer of good-will and friendly greeting from the President, sugar-candies are handed to him, and there is another amicable little commotion, winding up with hot wine, and “Hey! hey! We are rejoiced to welcome a man of such renown, whom we have long known by reputation.”

This is a fair sample of their receptions. Even on business occasions, there is a constant tendency to evade and trifle. These people can not argue: they are quick, sharp, and adroit; but their minds are not logical. Whenever they get wound up, they admit that you are quite right, but your views are not applicable



to China; and then further argument is closed with a glass of hot wine or a sugar-plum.

I attempted, on various occasions, to talk to them about railroads, telegraphs, the working of mines by machinery, and other improvements; but never could succeed in getting any intelligent reply, except that railroads and telegraphs were "dangerous and impracticable schemes," and that the equilibrium of the earth would be disturbed by taking out the coal in unlimited quantities. Sometimes, after a particularly lucid explanation of the advantages of modern inventions, there would be a general chattering for some ten minutes, in which my interpreter usually participated; and when I asked, with some degree of triumph, "Well, what do they say now?" the answer was, not unfrequently, "Oh, they assent to all you say; but they are not talking about that now; they are discussing the component parts of the human body: one tells a good joke upon another about getting bald or gray."

This was as near as it was possible to come to any serious business. Evasion seems to be their rule of diplomacy. They are the best triflers in the world. When Mark Twain was bowed out of the Cabinet meeting by Mr. Secretary Seward, his astonishment at the adroit politeness with which the thing was done did not surpass mine, when, after various attempts at business, I found, on reflection, that not a word had been said of the least practical importance. I was welcomed, entertained, and bowed out, in the most complimentary and gratifying manner; but the railroads, telegraphs, and coal-mines were making no progress; in fact, I never could get any satisfaction on any subject. The attributes of the soul, and the peculiarities of the body, were discussed. Nothing tangible was ever said about the acceptance of Western improvements. I finally addressed a formal letter to Prince

Kung, on the subject of reciprocal obligations; to which he returned a very polite reply, thanking me for the information I had given him, and promising that all these things would be attended to in due time, reminding me of the fact that similar representations had been made by the Ministers at Peking ever since 1860. This is what was called "*clapping a pistol to Prince Kung's head, and ordering him to hurry up with his improvements.*" I am sorry to say, he paid as little attention to the pistol or the order, as he did to the observance of existing treaties. Had he paid more, it might have saved him and his colleagues some of the harsh comments to which the press of the United States and England have recently subjected the authorities in Peking.

But if my astonishment was great at the limited influence of the new Minister, my admiration for the sagacity of the "statesmen of China" was unbounded. They had nothing to say; they did not want to say any thing, and they said nothing. It could not have been better said by Bolingbroke or Talleyrand. A pleasing impression was left on my mind that they might have said a great deal if they had chosen. I even tried to draw them out on the Embassy to the Western Powers, referring to its cordial reception in the United States, the importance of the movement, the change of public sentiment in Europe, etc. To which they nodded assent in rather a patronizing way, passed round the sugar-plums and the hot wine, cried "Hey! hey!" and chuckled amazingly over a remark by a member of the Yamen, viz.: that one of the native Embassadors professed to have seen a *live lion*—a *real lion, with tail, hair, etc.*, as if there was such an animal in existence! But the crowning joke was about Sun-Tajin,\* who fell into a canal, and had to be

\* I believe this happened somewhere near Rochester, New York.



dragged out. The fact that he had barely escaped with his life afforded infinite diversion. Every body laughed till the tears rolled down, drank hot wine, and passed around the sugar-plums.

What surprised me most was that when any remark was made, showing the least grain of reason or common sense, it seemed wonderfully profound. As it was always said in Chinese, I could not, of course, understand it until it was rendered into English; and then the time taken to get at it, and the fact that it came from high authority, must have thrown a sort of glamour over it, for upon analyzing it I was never able to discover that a school-boy ten years of age might not have said the same thing in California without obtaining credit for brilliancy of intellect. In fact, I think we are apt to be deceived about what is said in a foreign language, especially if we don't understand a word of the language, and have the sense conveyed to us through an intelligent interpreter. I am sure my little speeches, rendered into Chinese, sounded a great deal more imposing to me in that language than they did in English, and I frankly confess I said nothing profound. It was not worth while, indeed, for it would have made no more impression in Peking than in Washington.

But if these things astonished me, imagine what I felt upon finding the files of the Legation crammed with petitions from American merchants and missionaries, complaining of repeated violations of treaty, disturbances, assaults, and maltreatment of various kinds, and praying that some protection might be given them. Every mail brought information of some new outrage. It is true, there was consolation in the assurance given by the Embassy, that China had joined the brotherhood of nations—that she invited us to come, with our commerce and our inventions; encouraged the dissemination of our religion, and opened

her arms to our people in a fraternal way.\* The facts alone were troublesome. It was embarrassing to have to notice them at all; but I was greatly aided in my arduous duties by the newspaper press of the United States and England. Whenever a missionary was assaulted or murdered, or a merchant robbed of his property, there was a general outcry—not against the perpetrators of the act, but against the missionary or the merchant. No sooner was an unoffending preacher of the Gospel knocked on the head by a brutal mob, than the advocates of the new policy clapped their hands and gave him a figurative kick and a good deal of wholesome advice. We must not offend people's prejudices; the Chinese have their prejudices; their antagonism is all the fault of the missionaries; these proselyting adventurers should stay at the treaty-ports; they should not go among the Pagans until the Pagans are ready to receive Christianity. Even religious journals joined in the hue and cry against inconsiderate missionary zeal, and I was very soundly rated by some of them because I took the part of the missionaries, and held that they were entitled to protection. Lord Clarendon advised those who felt called upon to preach the doctrines of Christ, to make application to the British Minister at Peking, and govern their movements by his advice. Had they done so, they would certainly never have been molest-

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\* "She finds that she must come into relations with this civilization that is pressing up around her. Feeling that, she does not wait, but comes out to you and extends to you her hand. She tells you she is ready to take upon her ancient civilization the graft of your civilization. She tells you she is ready to take back her own inventions with all their developments. She tells you that she is willing to trade with you, to buy of you, to sell to you, to help you strike off the shackles from trade. She invites your merchants, she invites your missionaries. She tells them to plant the shining Cross on every hill and in every valley. For she is hospitable to fair argument."—*Speech at the New York banquet.*

ed again in China, for every missionary in the country would have gone home. Sir Rutherford Alcock was opposed to missionary teaching, and had no faith in the doctrines of Christ. He wrote a book on the subject, which has been pronounced atheistic, though, in truth, it is only opposed to the accepted doctrines of Christianity. Missionaries in olden times did not go to diplomatic representatives for advice as to when and where they should preach the Gospel. St. Paul did not do it, neither did St. Peter; but modern diplomacy is wonderfully improving to our religious systems.

Charles Reade tells a story about a female elephant called Djek, a wonderfully intelligent animal, that was exhibited many years ago in the principal cities of Europe. Mademoiselle Djek was the personification of docility. The public were charmed with her performances. She had a pernicious habit, however, of picking up an *employé* now and then behind the scenes, and dashing him against the wall with her proboscis, crunching him into a mummy in her mouth, or stamping him to death under her feet. Sometimes the crowd, overhearing the cries of the unfortunate victim, or catching sight of the mutilated body, would become excited, besiege the doors, and demand that the brute should be put to death. Her owner, alarmed for the safety of his property, would say to the contractor who exhibited her, "*Tell them he used her cruel—I have bought her off with that before now.*" Whereupon it was immediately proved, by indisputable testimony, that the victim had run a pitchfork into the elephant two years before; that he had been remonstrated with, but in vain; that she had killed him in retaliation for the cruelty inflicted upon her, and to save herself from fresh outrages. This always produced a reaction in favor of the elephant, and against the man. What! "Run a

pitchfork into an elephant! Oh, for shame! No wonder she killed him at last. How good of her not to kill him then and there—what forbearance—forgave it for two years, you see!" So the elephant went on killing the poor hirelings who came around her, not even sparing those who gave her sugar, and devoted themselves for years to winning her favor; and every time a man was crushed, it was proved to the satisfaction of the public that "he had treated her cruel." Tom Elliot, a drunken vagabond, was the only man who could manage her, and the only one for whom she entertained any respect. The evidences of affection between him and the elephant were truly remarkable, and demonstrated clearly how even dumb brutes can be subdued by a persistent course of kindness. Unfortunately for the theory, the secret of Tom's influence was finally discovered: it was nothing less than the pitchfork well administered. All other modes of treatment had resulted disastrously. But it saved the elephant, and comported with the rude sense of justice characteristic of an ignorant and unreasoning crowd, to say that "he used her cruel—he run a pitchfork into her!" How were they to know that it was not so, when the man who exhibited the elephant assured them that it was so?

The parallel seems to me conclusive. No sooner is a foreign merchant or missionary murdered in China by a ruthless mob, under the direction of the ruling classes, than sympathetic theorists at home, overflowing with sentiments of humanity, are ready to exclaim: "Served him right! He used her cruel!"

The objectionable conduct of the missionaries was, to say the least, exhibited in a very peculiar way. They had established at Peking, Shanghai, Canton, and other prominent points, hospitals for the treatment of sick and indigent Chinese. Thousands of suffering wretch-

es were relieved and cured at these institutions every year. The sick, the lame, the halt, and the blind, obtained the best surgical and medical treatment free of charge; and many indigent patients were fed and clothed. At Tientsin the Sisters of Charity not only gave their time to the instruction of native children, bringing them up in the ways of truth and decency, but devoted themselves, with heroic self-sacrifice, to the alleviation of sickness and suffering wherever their services could be of any avail. No

objection was made by the masses of the people to the doctrines taught by the missionaries. As the Abbé Huc says, universal toleration on religious subjects prevails in China; and universal toleration is universal indifference: a fact that I hope will not be held as applicable to the growing spirit of toleration manifested in certain cities of the United States, where men may worship cyprian goddesses, fast horses, the almighty dollar, dragons, or monkeys, without offending public sentiment.

J. ROSS BROWNE.

## AN UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY.

IT is a long time ago—more than twenty years—since the events took place which I am about to relate to you; and before I begin, I must tell you that it can not exactly be called a ghost story, because, though there was noise enough in the house for a legion of ghosts, I never saw one. I could hear something walking about and passing through the different rooms, but I never could *see* any thing during the whole time I remained there.

I was just eighteen, and had only been married a few months, when, having nothing particular to detain us at home, my husband decided to take me for a pleasure-trip through Normandy.

We went by way of the island of Jersey; and I, who had never been away from England before, was delighted with every thing I saw. The weather was beautiful, though it was the month of February, and already the violets and primroses were beginning to peep out, and the leaves to come on the trees.

We stayed two weeks at St. Helier's, and there went on board a little smuggling vessel of about forty tons, called the *Princess*—for there was no better

conveyance in those days—and after being wofully sea-sick for more than twelve hours, we were landed at Granville. We only remained a few days at Granville, which was a small fishing-town, without any accommodation for visitors. I remember I was very much amused watching the women going about in their picturesque costume; and they reminded me from this, and the peculiar-looking, flat head-dresses they wore, of “Massaniello,” the melodrama which I had once been taken to see, after having been a particularly good little girl. Having been present at very few theatrical performances, this had left a strong impression.

From Granville we went on to Avranches—about a day's journey, as well as I can remember—and it was in Avranches I found my haunted house.

I can not pretend to describe Avranches, nor do I suppose you would be particularly interested if I could. It is enough to say that it was dignified by the term “city,” though it was only like a large village. It stood on the top of a hill, and the “diligence” seemed to go round and round the town on a pretty, winding road, for I don't know how many

times, before the place itself was reached. The surrounding country was very beautiful; provisions were cheap; house-rent a mere nothing; and money in those days being decidedly an object with us, for we were any thing but rich, we determined to remain in Avranches for two or three months.

There was only one small hotel in the place, and it was a wretched one, enough to give any cleanly person the horrors. We, therefore, started out to look for a house, determined to try housekeeping on a small scale while we remained there. There was no lack of houses (every second house seemed to be for rent), and many of them were furnished, too, but so dirty, desolate, and dilapidated they looked, that we turned from them, one after another, with unmitigated disgust.

At length, some one sent us to a furniture broker, who, they told us, had a fine house for rent—quite a *château*; it was on the outskirts of the city, to be sure, but Monsieur probably would not mind that, since it was a convenient house, and the furniture was grand, *magnifique*, etc.

We forthwith betook ourselves to the store of the furniture-dealer, who was a snuffy old woman, about four feet high, and who wore a cap nearly as tall as herself—the real old-fashioned Norman-dy cap. These were so curious that before I left Avranches, I purchased one from an old woman who sold *eau-de-vie*. There was no other way of getting it: there seemed to be no shop where they made such things; and others whom I had asked to put me in the way of getting one, refused to do so, from the idea that I wanted to take it to England to make fun of them. This was, at all events, the reason they gave me; if they had any other, I did not find it out.

The furniture-dealer, after hearing what we wanted, put on her *sabots*, pinned a big piece of paper over her cap—

for the day was a little damp—and taking out of a corner an immense red umbrella, announced herself ready to set out with us to show us the house she had for rent.

On the road the old lady informed us that some months ago her house had been rented to two English gentlemen, who kept a great many dogs. They had a man-servant who took care of the house, and who never allowed any woman to go near it, not even herself. They paid their rent regularly, to be sure, but still she had a suspicion there was something wrong about them. Sometimes gentlemen from Paris came to visit them, but nobody belonging to the town could ever get near the house, because the dogs were so ferocious; and that, somehow, when they went away, nobody regretted it, not even she herself, though, as she again repeated, they always paid their rent. They had, however, destroyed some of her furniture, and as they departed without giving her any notice, she was unable to obtain compensation for her losses.

By this time we had reached the house, which was much larger than we required; however, we decided, as we were on the spot, it would be as well to look at it.

It stood alone, though there were other houses within a short distance; those which were the nearest were, however, unoccupied.

On the ground-floor were two large rooms, and a kitchen at the back, which looked into a good-sized garden, full of weeds and overgrown shrubs, with two or three broken stone figures almost covered with green moss, and looking very desolate. The rooms were perfectly crammed with furniture of all descriptions, which the old woman accounted for by saying she had bought some from people who were leaving the town, and not having room for it in her store, she had placed it in the vacant house.



Up-stairs on the first floor the rooms looked quite cheerful. The largest one, which looked on the street, if street it could be called, was carpeted—an uncommon thing for this part of Normandy, where the floors are generally polished—the wood being first stained a sort of brown color, with perhaps a rug before the sofa, and another for the fireplace, but no other covering.

There was a piano in this room, and two large windows with pretty chintz curtains; so that, on the whole, I was rather pleased with its appearance.

By the side of this room, also front, there was a smaller one, which could be used for a dining-room; they, however, did not communicate, the door of the small one opening into the hall. From the back of the large room a door opened into a good-sized bedroom, and this again communicated with a smaller one—a sort of dressing-room, or what the old woman called a “cabinet.” There was no way of getting to these rooms, except by passing through the large one. With the exception of the entrance to the large room, there were no locks on any of these doors—simply the old-fashioned latch lifting up and down.

The windows of the bedroom and cabinet looked into the garden, and far away over miles and miles of white sand—which was called the *grève*—to the rock and fortress of St. Michel, about which the dwellers in Avranches had all sorts of wild legends, and which, they were incessantly informing you, “had never been taken by the English.”

I could tell you how, in the olden time, a certain Count de Montmorenci laid siege to the place, and how he bribed one of the warders to introduce into the fortress 150 men, one by one, through a little portal high up in the wall, which is still pointed out to the curious stranger; and how, when more than one hundred had entered, and had made no sign, the Count began to fear treachery, and

his page begged that before the Count adventured his own life, he (the page) might, by some contrivance, be raised to a loop-hole near the portal, where he could perchance discover what became of those who went in; and how, to his great horror, he saw an executioner standing by the door, who seized upon every man as he entered, and cut off his head with one blow; and how the poor page fainted away, and was discovered by the Count to be a noble maiden, who had followed him to the wars, all for love—all this, and much more, I could tell you, but it does not belong to my story.

Above these rooms were others corresponding with them, but at that time we did not look at them, the old lady being desirous of returning to her shop, as it was Saturday; they, therefore, remained locked up, and the old woman carried the key away with her. The house was much too large, but the rent was so low (some \$20 a month) that we decided to take it, at all events, for a month; and we paid one month's rent in advance, also, for wood and other necessities, with which the old lady provided us,

We resolved to take up our abode in the rooms on the first floor, and leave those above and below in the condition they were at that time, with the exception of the kitchen, which we would want to use.

The next thing to get was a servant; but we found it impossible to do this before Monday, and even then we could not get any who would consent to sleep in the house, their excuse being that they were married, and must look after their own homes in the evening.

The rooms we were going to live in, like the rest of the house, were in a very untidy state, and I felt myself bound to set to work to put them in order; therefore, having obtained a broom and dustpan, I rolled up my sleeves and commenced.

After putting the large room in order, I went into the bedroom, and arranged that to my satisfaction. My husband having gone to the hotel to send up our luggage, and not expecting him to return for some time, the hotel being quite at the other end of the town, I was, therefore, alone in the house. A shiver comes over me, even at this distant day, when I think of these rooms and the mystery which, it is scarcely probable, will ever be explained to me, if, indeed, it should ever be explained at all.

Having finished the bedroom, I made my way into the "cabinet," or little dressing-room. There were only two or three chairs in this room, and a small writing-table; the walls were covered with a buff-colored paper, with here and there small bunches of flowers dotted over it; the room was very dirty, and the floor covered at one end with quantities of sawdust and wood-shavings.

I took my broom, and began to sweep, when I found the floor under the sawdust covered all over with large blotches, which looked like, and which certainly were, blood. This might, I have no doubt, be accounted for without any crime necessarily being attached to it; but what was, and is still unaccountable to me, is a peculiar feeling which shortly took possession of my mind, and which I never got rid of while I remained in the house.

How well I remember the thrill of horror which passed through me as I knelt down more closely to examine the stains—for some peculiar influence seemed to oblige me to do so; how I slowly got up and began to peer at the walls for further traces of a crime, which, by some strange fancy, I felt sure had been committed. No detective could have examined more closely than I did every article in that room, and my search was rewarded by finding spots over the paper and on the inside of the door, and on the frame of the window what ap-

peared like the marks of bloody fingers.

And now the feeling for which I am unable to account took possession of me: a desire to get rid of these signs of, as I really believed, a murder, and to do it before any one could come and find out my occupation. I did not wish even my husband to know of it. If I had committed the crime myself—if crime there had been—my feelings could hardly have been stronger, nor could I have feared detection more.

I set to work hurriedly, and tried to wash away the stains. I succeeded, as far as the door and window were concerned; on the walls they were not noticeable unless one looked for them; but the floor defied me: there the unsightly blotches remained, and, for aught I know, there they are now. I covered them, however, with a piece of carpet, which I found in another room, and when the luggage arrived I had the trunks placed over them.

I had just finished my work when my husband returned; but not one word passed my lips as to what I had seen. My husband was many years older than myself. He had been in many strange countries, and had not one particle of superstition in his composition, nor do I think he knew the meaning of fear. Apart, therefore, from the other feeling which kept me silent, was one of shame that he should know I was a coward under any circumstances. I mention this to account for my remaining a whole month in this house—until, in fact, I thought my senses would leave me if I did not get out of it—and yet concealing my fear.

In Avranches every body seemed to go to bed as soon as it was dark, or, at all events, nobody was seen in the streets after that time; and it was like a city of the dead. There was no gas; but at the corners of each street a miserable oil-lamp might be seen, hooked on to a

chain which extended from one side of the street to the other, and made with every gust of wind a dismal creaking in the still night.

Being very tired, we went to bed early, having, as was our usual custom, a light burning in the room.

We had not been asleep very long when we were rather rudely awakened by the loud ringing of a bell in the hall. It was the bell belonging to the front door, and was almost as large as those used on the steamers, which ring to intimate to passengers that they are desired to step to the Captain's office and pay their fare.

My husband got up, put on a dressing-gown, and going into the front room, opened one of the windows and looked out. I quickly followed.

Standing by the door were two men, wrapped in cloaks, and so muffled up that we could only see the upper part of their faces. They stood perfectly still, and did not speak. Tom spoke to them in French, asking their business; but received no reply, only the bell rang again with increased violence. We spoke to them in English, with no better success, and the bell continued ringing.

My husband was on the point of going down-stairs, but I begged of him not to do so, because he had neither pistols nor any other weapon with which to defend himself if he should be attacked.

While we were consulting as to what was best to be done, the bell, which had ceased for a few moments, rang out another peal; but, on again looking out, there was no one to be seen, and the street, which was dimly illumined by a moon only a few days old, and in the distance by one dismal lamp, contained no living creature.

We did not attach any particular importance to this occurrence, thinking that, as we were strangers, some one had, perhaps, desired to play us a trick;

and we returned to bed, and were soon asleep again.

It seemed, however, that our troubles were only beginning. We had not been asleep an hour before we were again aroused by the peals of that abominable bell. We looked out as before, and there were the two men. "This is too much of a joke," said my husband; "I shall try what effect a pitcher of water will have on these gentlemen"—at the same time turning to go to the bedroom to fetch one.

I remained at the window watching the men, who turned round and walked off down the street. They stood for a moment under the lamp, and I heard a laugh: it seemed to come from them, yet it pervaded the whole house, and echoed from room to room. There was something so utterly fiendish in the sound that Tom and I looked at each other, but could say nothing; we rubbed our eyes, and wondered if we had been dreaming.

In all this, strange to say, the discovery I had made in the afternoon never recurred to me. Again we went to bed. By this time it was nearly twelve o'clock; sleep, however, had departed from our eyes, and we amused ourselves with all sorts of conjectures about the men who had so wantonly disturbed our slumbers. About half-past twelve o'clock, there came through the whole house a shock, which, if it had been in San Francisco, I should at once have said was an earthquake. The doors, which had been partly closed, flew wide open; the windows rattled; and we sat up in bed, staring around us, and wondering what would come next.

"Little woman," said Tom to me, "I am beginning to think this house is bewitched, and that we are not to have any sleep to-night." He had scarcely done speaking, when a noise commenced in the room over our heads, which sounded like people quarreling, or rather fighting.



We could hear no voices, but furniture seemed to be dragged about and tumbled down; and, after awhile, something fell on the floor with a dull thud, like a heavy body, and then all was silent.

After a few minutes, we heard a sound as of some one coming down-stairs stealthily; whatever it was, it passed the door of our apartments, and went into one of the rooms below. Then there was a noise as of somebody falling over furniture in the dark; then perfect silence.

Tom looked at me and said he believed the noise was made by rats. I felt sure he did not think so, but was ashamed to say I was afraid; therefore, I assented that rats did sometimes make very strange noises; and, after awhile, as we had no more disturbances, we fell asleep, having decided that we would get the key on Monday from the old woman, and have a look at the rooms up-stairs.

The next day was bright and sunny, and we began to explore the country around Avranches, and did not return to our domicile until evening. On that night we were undisturbed, except by the noise overhead, which commenced and ended in the same way as on the previous one, and was again attributed by my husband to rats, which we both resolved to rout, if possible, on the next day, when we should obtain the key of the upper rooms.

Monday morning arrived, wet and gloomy; but, nevertheless, I was quite determined to see what these Blue-beard chambers contained, and we set off in a pouring rain for the store of our old landlady, who, after hearing our story, gave us the key without any comment, conditionally that we should return it when we had examined the rooms, which we agreed to do.

Before, however, we had reached home, we were overtaken by the old woman, who told us that as she had not seen the rooms since the Englishmen

left them, she thought she would like to look at them herself, and as she would not desire to intrude upon us another day, if we had no objections, she would accompany us now; therefore, as soon as the house was reached, we all went up-stairs, and the doors were unlocked.

I confess I was disappointed at the appearance of these rooms. There was nothing dreadful to be seen; they were only very dirty and untidy. In the room from which had come the noise, there were seven or eight very heavy cane-seated chairs scattered about—some standing up, others tumbled down—and in the centre a card-table; no other furniture. There was no carpet on the floor; and the windows, of which there were two, had outside shutters, which were fastened on the inside with strong bolts. There was evidently no chance for any one to get in by the windows.

In the room adjoining was a bed which had been left unmade, a wash-basin half full of water, two or three chairs, and two small tables, with a variety of other litter which I can not remember, but which made the room look very untidy and dirty. On one of the tables, which stood in a corner of the room, was a small looking-glass, with a common wooden back to it. I took up the glass, hardly thinking of what I was doing, and began to examine it. Tom and the old lady were talking by one of the windows, and did not observe me. On the back of the glass were the marks of four fingers, in the same red stains as those I had discovered down-stairs, and a thumb-mark on the outside of the frame, which, however, being of colored wood, was not noticeable, except on close examination. It was as if some one had taken hold of it with a bloody hand.

The moment I had discovered this, I had again the same insane desire of concealment, and actual fear that the other people should find out what I was impelled to hide. I put down the glass,



covering it with a towel which lay near, and joined my husband and the old woman at the other end of the room.

The two other rooms had nothing in them but broken furniture, and all the windows were strongly fastened inside. We prepared to go down-stairs again. Before we went, however, I picked up all the fallen chairs in the large room, and placed them by the wall at considerable distances from one another, and the rooms were again locked up, the old lady departing with the key.

Our servant, I had forgotten to say, had arrived, but I was unable to question her much about the house, because I did not speak French very well, and the Norman *patois* was very difficult to understand. In the evening, she left us at six o'clock, and at ten we went to bed.

The night was very cold, and not wishing to have a fire in our bedroom, we closed both the doors, which, as I said before, had only latches. At half-past eleven o'clock, we were awoke by the sort of earthquake-shock before mentioned; and the doors both flew wide open, with a loud clicking of the latches.

Tom jumped out of bed, and, I am afraid, used blasphemous language. We looked into both rooms and into the hall: there was nothing to be seen. Then the noise began overhead, just as before: the furniture was tumbled about, and the fall of some heavy body on the floor was heard very distinctly, and this was repeated at intervals until half-past three, when all was silent; then the stealing down-stairs, and the apparent stumbling over furniture in the room below, which always ended the disturbances. We searched up-stairs and down, in every room we could get into, but could find nothing.

The next day, I determined to investigate thoroughly the two large rooms down-stairs, which, as I told you, were filled with furniture. I took an oppor-

tunity to do this while Tom was away from the house. A set of blue, and white, and gold furniture attracted my attention more than any thing else. It was in what, I think, they called the Louis Quatorze style, and had been very splendid in its day. On the back of one of these chairs I saw the same marks of the bloody fingers I had seen on the looking-glass. This particular chair was upset on the floor, and I raised it up, putting it carefully away in a dark corner, where nobody would be likely to notice it.

These disturbances did not occur every night, but quite often enough to puzzle and annoy Tom, who, however, always thought "the next time he would certainly find out what caused them;" as for me, I found it very difficult to conceal my terror. We had decided, after the first week, that we would not remain in the house any longer than the month for which we had taken it, though at that time I could not make my husband acknowledge that he thought the noises supernatural; and I, ashamed to be thought a coward, did not argue the point, but I longed for the end of that month to come.

The strange influence I have before mentioned grew stronger, day by day. I wandered about the house, whenever I had an opportunity, with a dread upon me that I had something terrible to conceal. I examined every corner of every room, again and again, lest any thing should have escaped my notice which some other person would discover. If I had been under suspicion of any kind, I should undoubtedly have been declared guilty. I should have been supposed to have betrayed myself by my strange manner of acting; and yet I knew nothing.

I tried in vain to tell my husband: I could not force the words from my lips. At length, the month was over, and I summoned courage enough to ask Tom

to take me away from the town: every thing in and about it had grown hateful to me, and I pined for my English home and friends. I told him I should die if I remained in Avranches. He called me a foolish little woman, and asked me why I had not told him this before; but I had no reply to give.

We went home, but it was a long time before I got rid entirely of my nervous fears; and I have never been able to account for the terrible feeling which took possession of me in what I can not help calling the "haunted house."

The reader will construct his own theory. I give but the facts.

MRS. J. J. ROBINS.

## RESOURCES OF NEW ZEALAND.

NEW ZEALAND was so named after the southernmost Province of Holland, by the Dutch navigator, Tasman, who first discovered, but did not land upon it, in 1642, and who also discovered Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land. It consists of a group of islands in the South Pacific Ocean, situated between the parallel circles of  $34\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  and  $47\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  south latitude, and between the meridians of  $166\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  and  $178\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$  east longitude. The three main islands are known as the North Island, Middle Island, and South, or Stewart's Island. They extend in length a distance of 1,100 miles; but their breadth is extremely variable, ranging from four or five to 250 miles, the average being about 140 miles. The North Island is about 500 miles long, and its extreme breadth 250 miles. It is separated from the Middle Island by Cook's Straits, a narrow channel only fifteen miles across at the narrowest point, and is connected with that island by the electric telegraph. The Middle Island is also about five hundred miles in length, and its greatest breadth about two hundred miles. It is separated from Stewart's Island by the Foveaux Straits, fifteen miles across. Stewart's Island is about thirty miles in length, and its breadth twenty miles. There are also several islets on the coast, viz.: Great Barrier, Kawau, and Kapiti,

on the coast of the North Island; and Arapawa and Rangitoto, on the coast of the Middle Island. In addition to the group of islands proper to New Zealand, two smaller groups are connected with it as dependencies upon the Government of the Colony. These are the Chatham Islands, situated about 300 miles to the east, and the Auckland Isles, 180 miles to the south.

The total area of New Zealand is about 100,000 square miles, or 64,000,000 acres. Of that, the North Island contains 44,000 square miles, or 28,000,000 acres; the Middle Island, 55,000 square miles, or 36,000,000 acres; and Stewart's Island, 1,000 square miles, or 640,000 acres. The coast of New Zealand is much broken and very irregular, containing a large number of excellent harbors. From this circumstance, the extent of coast-line is large compared with its actual length and breadth. It may be estimated as equal to that of Great Britain, or nearly four thousand miles.

Both of the large islands are mountainous, the ranges generally running from north-east to south-west through the whole of their length. The highest peaks in the North Island are Mount Egmont, 8,270 feet, and Tongariro, 6,500 feet high—both volcanoes; the latter still emitting smoke and steam, and occasionally flame. In the Middle Island is

Mount Cook, 13,200 feet high, perpetually covered with snow.

From the narrowness of the islands, and the extent and elevation of their mountains, the rivers are generally of a limited length, and rapid in their course. The largest are, the Waikato, 175 miles; the Wanganui, 125 miles; and the Manawatu, 125 miles in length, in the North Island; the Clarence, 100 miles, and the Rakaia, 75 miles in length, in the Middle Island.

The lakes are numerous, but not large, and many of them are the craters of extinct volcanoes; others have been formed by chasms and depressions in the mountains, occasioned by the violent shocks of earthquakes, and through these chasms the rivers afterward forced their course. They are generally remarkable for their great elevation, and for the circumstance that the waters of many of them are of a very high temperature, owing to boiling springs which rise in them, and are connected with volcanic fires not yet extinct in the interior of the earth. The largest is Taupo, situated in the centre of the North Island, and containing an area of about two hundred square miles. It is fed by the river Waikato, and has a number of boiling springs upon its banks. Between this and the north-east coast is a belt of about thirty miles in width, which constitutes one of the great physical wonders of the world, being occupied by a succession of hot lakes and boiling springs, only to be compared in their size, number, and remarkable phenomena, to the well-known Geysers of Iceland. The other lakes of importance are the Wairarapa, Ellesmere, Hawea, and Waneka.

The principal harbors in the North Island, are, the Bay of Islands, Waitemata, Ahuriri, Port Nicholson, or Wellington, and Manakau; and in the Middle Island, Port Cooper, or Lyttelton, Dunedin Harbor, Bluff Harbor, and Invercargill Harbor. Some of these

harbors are among the finest in the world.

The physical features of New Zealand bear a striking resemblance to those of Italy. Its dimensions and configuration are very similar: the Southern Alps correspond to the Apennine chain; the active volcano, Tongariro, is equally lofty and equally isolated with Vesuvius. Like Italy, too, its coast-line is extensive, and abounds with excellent harbors; and, like it, it is watered by innumerable rapid streams and by some large rivers, and possesses a number of picturesque peaks and mountain lakes. It is situated also in a corresponding latitude in the southern hemisphere to that which Italy occupies in the northern; but its climate, though equally fine, and almost equally delightful, is of a colder temperature. In some parts, during certain seasons, strong winds prevail, and rain is abundant all the year round. In the winter (from May to September), snow and ice are prevalent in the southern parts of the islands; but in the north there are no frosts to speak of, and the climate is always mild and salubrious.

Gold, coal, iron, limestone, lead, copper, chrome, lignite, and good building stone are found in abundance in various parts of the country, and in the volcanic districts sulphur is abundant, and many of the warm springs possess valuable medicinal properties. Large tracts on the coast also abound with titanic iron sand, resulting from the decomposition of trachytic rock, the production of ancient volcanoes. Companies have been formed who produce the finest steel from this sand.

The forest-trees and shrubs of New Zealand are mostly evergreens, and furnish to the eye every variety of tint; but native flowers are scarce, and are for the most part small and white. Ferns and mosses abound in great variety and beauty. The timber trees are large, abundant, and valuable. The *kauri* pine is



one of the finest in the world; and besides its value for timber, produces a valuable gum, now used extensively in the British manufactures. The New Zealand flax, a plant of the flax species, is abundant in all parts, and very useful in its raw state, and also when manufactured into rope and cordage. All kinds of vegetation, suitable to the climate, have been introduced and cultivated with great success.

The only native mammalia, besides the human race, were a species of dog and a species of rat. Birds are numerous, but not large; although the *moa*, a bird many times larger than the ostrich, and now extinct, was once common. The rivers and ponds abound with large eels and white-bait, and upon the coast is a great variety of excellent fish. There are no venomous reptiles in the country. Domestic animals, birds, and fish of all descriptions have been introduced, and propagate exceedingly well.

The native inhabitants of New Zealand are called Maori, and are supposed to have emigrated originally from the Sandwich Islands, they being in language and appearance much like the natives of those islands; indeed, many of their words are alike in sound and meaning. The Maoris are a fine, stalwart race, very warlike, and quick in acquiring the arts of civilization. They are polygamists; the number of wives allowed being graduated to their bravery in battle. Many have been to Europe, are well educated, and speak English fluently.

These islands were visited and surveyed by Captain Cook in the year 1769; and having subsequently become a resort for whalers, whose stations were scattered all over the coasts, and of traders from Australia, as well as a field for the missionary labors of the Church of England and Wesleyan Missionary Societies, they became the property of the British Crown, by cession from the na-

tive Chiefs, in the year 1840, through the Treaty of Waitangi, a place in the Bay of Islands. Captain Hobson was appointed the first Governor, by whom Auckland, in the Waitemata Harbor, was selected for the seat of government. In the same year, the three settlements of New Plymouth, Wellington, and Nelson, were established by the agency of the New Zealand Company, a colonizing association organized in Great Britain; and in 1848 the settlements of Canterbury and Otago were established by branch associations of that Company, the latter of them originating in Scotland. In the year 1854, a political Constitution was conferred upon the Colony by the British Parliament, with powers of self-government and representative institutions. The entire country is now divided into the Provinces of Auckland, New Plymouth, Hawke's Bay, and Wellington, in the North Island; and Nelson, Marlborough, Westland, Canterbury, Otago, and Southland, in the Middle Island. In 1864, the seat of government was removed by the Colonial Legislature, from Auckland to Wellington.

The following are all the principal cities of these islands: Wellington, on the south side of the North Island, which has a fine harbor, and was the port of call for the late Panama line of steamers. It is built round the bay, and has a few fine public buildings; but the inhabitants are a quiet, slow-going people, and depend chiefly on the inland produce for trade. Auckland, in the north of the North Island, has also a fine harbor, and is built on rising ground. It is an enterprising town, doing a large business. Its main street, Queen Street, would vie for bustle and business with any in San Francisco. It is the port of call for the present line of Australo-American steamers. Christchurch is located on the Canterbury Plains, in the centre of the Middle Island, about eight



miles from its sea-port, Lyttelton, with which it is connected by railroad, which passes through a tunnel about two miles in length, cut through a high hill separating Lyttelton from the Plains. Christchurch is the handsomest city in the Colony—very like Sacramento in appearance—and has the rivers Avon and Heathcote running through it. A curious thing with these rivers is, that they are liable to be choked up with watercress, which grows in profusion, and the Government has to pay a large sum every year to abate the nuisance. It has a fine college and many handsome buildings, and the railroad is being extended to the north and south of the island. Dunedin, the chief city in Otago, was formerly a quiet little town peopled by Scotch; but since the outbreak of the gold-mining excitement in that Province in 1861, it has become the largest and best business city in New Zealand. All these towns are well lighted with gas, and have a bountiful supply of good water. The other important towns are, Nelson, Hokitika, Greymouth, Invercargill, Port Chalmers, Blenheim, Wanganui, Greytown, Taranaki, and Napier.

As the country is hilly and affords excellent pasturage, cattle and sheep-rearing are the principal occupations of the colonists. The meat is of a very fine quality, and the wool brings good prices in the European markets. Several companies have been formed for this purpose, and are doing well. In several parts of the country, especially on the Canterbury and Wairarapa Plains, agriculture is carried on to a large extent, and every description of grain is culti-

vated, with excellent returns. Butter and cheese are also produced, in large quantities and of excellent quality. The prices of these articles, at retail, generally range from twenty to thirty cents per pound. Eggs per dozen, and prime bacon, are sold at about the same price. In the north of the North Island are large forests of splendid timber, used for ship-building and other purposes, while in the Middle Island there are but few belts of forest land, and consequently coal is principally used as fuel. The Canterbury and Auckland coal is of excellent quality, and is used for steam and household purposes. In 1861, a rich alluvial gold-field was discovered in Otago, and since then others have been discovered in various parts of the Colony, principally on the west coast of the Middle Island, and in the north part of the North Island, causing a considerable increase in the population.

The present population of New Zealand may be estimated at about 160,000, and is still increasing, as immigration continues to be encouraged by some of the Provincial Governments.

The Colony is retarded in progress for want of good roads to open up the interior, by constant petty warfare with certain native tribes, and by a heavy debt; but when regular steam communication is opened up with other countries, when people are able to settle in the interior (where there are millions of acres of splendid agricultural land), and a stop is put forever to the Maori war (which drains the purse of the Colony), New Zealand will be one of the finest and most promising young countries in the world.

G. M. CLARKE.

## THE CONSUMMATION.

The meadow-lands are bare,  
Filled is the drowsy air  
With insect-voices petulantly calling;  
Southward, across the sky,  
Departing swallows fly;  
In every gust the yellow leaves are falling.

The gardens are bereft,  
Not one wan flower is left  
Of all the bloom that summer sunbeams waken;  
The air is raw and chill,  
The forests have grown still,  
By haunting bees and butterflies forsaken.

From out the tangled brakes  
The quail's shrill whistle wakes;  
Pale mists o'er purple hills and russet valleys tremble;  
Through all the sombre day  
The clouds hang dull and gray;  
In gaunt, dead trees the cawing crows assemble.

O, was it all in vain;  
The toiling of the rain,  
That woke the dormant germs to verdant growing;  
The sunshine's loving care,  
The balmy sky and air—  
Each their sweet alms to Nature's want bestowing?

Nay! Heart, so sad and sore,  
Thy summer is not o'er,  
Though winter comes, and joys that lived have perished;  
Though yearning Memory grieves  
O'er faded, fallen leaves;  
Though mocking ghosts remain of love so vainly cherished.

As perfect blossoming  
Shall waiting summers bring,  
And with the budding leaves new hopes shall waken;  
Each joy, each vanished dream,  
The Future shall redeem;  
New friends will come—as kindly hands be shaken.

M. H. K.

## STORY OF A DUCAL MANSION.

APSLEY HOUSE stands at Hyde Park Corner. It was one of England's gifts to the hero of Waterloo. There is no finer situation in London. At the termination of that row of palatial residences that looks across Piccadilly to Buckingham Palace—on the boundary-line between metropolis and country—opposite works of art, whether in architecture or sculpture, cost or fitness, design or execution, unsurpassed in any other part of the modern Babylon—overlooking the hillocks and depressions, ancient oaks and time-honored landmarks, broad avenues and winding foot-paths, Rotten Row and the Serpentine, Kensington Palace and its gardens, and the lakes, forests, lawns, parterres, arboretums, and bridges that go to make, out of eight hundred acres of land, the most perfect landscape garden in the world—and itself, in size, proportions, ornament, and immediate surroundings exactly adapted to the place it occupies—Apsley House becomes, perhaps, sooner known to the traveler, and is certainly more generally admired by the citizen, than any other of the princely mansions that make London, above all other capitals, a city of palaces.

Eighteen years ago, rough, long, two-inch planks, unedged and unplanned, running into every window from sill to cap, and battened above, below, and along joints with coarse laths, marred the beauty of the west front of the house. They had been there for nineteen years—these uncouth reminiscences of the fickleness of popular favor. It was the old Duke's way of taking revenge. In a brief moment of political unpopularity, the mob had smashed his windows. He

made no complaint. Payment for damages, either from Parliament or city, he declined to receive. No one ever heard him allude to the outrage. The unfinished lumber, thrust the day after, for temporary protection and shelter, transversely through shattered window-frames and broken panes, destroyed all symmetry and comfort of the state apartments. It did not matter. Distinguished guests occupied the bed-chambers; royal visitors assembled oftentimes in the breakfast-room, and on every 18th day of June the surviving officers of Waterloo were feasted in the frescoed banquetting-hall. The boards remained. They grew black with age. Seams gaped more and more every passing year. The battening scarcely kept out rain and cold. Oil-cloths, entirely out of keeping, were obliged to be used to protect the velvet carpets. One whole side of the mansion was rendered uncomfortable, unsightly, and at times uninhabitable, by the Duke's persistence that during his life-time the windows of Apsley House should remain as the mob left them. And they did so remain. It was the veteran's way of teaching the populace a lesson. "They shall stay where they are," replied the Duke to Sir Robert Peel, who had ventured to suggest that the time had come for a change. "They shall stay where they are, as a monument of the gullibility of a mob, and the worthlessness of that sort of popularity for which they who give it can assign no good reason. I don't blame the men who broke my windows: they only did what they were instigated to do by others who ought to have known better. But if any one be disposed to grow giddy with popular applause, I think that a

glance toward these old boards will soon sober him." When death at last gripped the old soldier, at the age of eighty-three, and the grand funereal *cortège* filed through the great gates of Hyde Park Corner and under the massive arch of Green Park, on that drizzly November day of 1852, the worm-eaten planks and battened hatches had already given place to the stately windows of Venetian glass which are the chief ornament of Apsley House to-day.

Apsley House, with its tetrastyled, Corinthian portico, rusticated entrance-arcade, and bronzed-metal gates, was added to the £600,000 which Parliament voted to the great soldier when it created him, in grateful recognition of his services, Marquis of Douro and Duke of Wellington. It had been purchased of the Marquis Wellesley, the Duke's brother, at the price of £200,000, and repaired at a further cost of £130,000. Henry Bathurst, Baron Apsley, who died in 1794, was its builder. One fine autumn day in the year 1750, as his Majesty George the Second, surrounded by his escort, was entering Hyde Park on horseback, his eye was attracted by the figure of an old soldier resting on a bench at the foot of the Cromwell Oak, that still stands in vigorous age close by the Achilles Statue. The King, whose memory of faces was remarkable, recognized him as a veteran who had fought bravely at his side in the continental battles; and kindly accosting him, the old man, who was lame, hobbled toward him.

"Well, my friend," said the monarch, "it is now some years since we heard the bullets whistle at the battle of Dettingen: tell me what has befallen you since."

"I was wounded in the leg, please your Majesty, and received my discharge. My wife and I are living on the pension I receive, and trying to bring up our only son."

"Are you comfortable? Is there any thing you particularly wish for?"

"Please your Majesty, if I might make bold to speak, there is one thing that would make my wife, poor woman, as happy as a queen, if she could only get it. George, our son—we named him after your Majesty—is a bright boy, and as we are anxious to give him a good education, we try every means to earn an honest penny; so my wife keeps an apple-stall outside the Park gate. But it is very hard—the sun and dust spoil the fruit, the rain keeps her home, the Park guards sometimes drive her away, and the Ranger says we have no right to be here. Now, please your Majesty, if you would have the goodness to give her the bit of waste ground outside the Park gate, we could build a shed for her fruit-stall, and it would be, I may say, an estate to us."

The good-natured King smiled, and said, "You shall have it, my friend," and rode on.

The title to the estate of Hyde Park then, as now, vested in uncertainty. The Crown claimed it. Parliament had sold it once and again. The heirs of the ancient manor of Hyde, back of the conveyance to Henry VIII, claimed interest in its fee-simple. Undisturbed occupancies for more than a century withstood all attempts at removal. The grounds were public and private—the Crown's and the people's—held by the Church, and disposed by Parliament—occupied in part by prescriptive descents, and used through successive reigns as public domain—a common freehold, in fact, then, as now, which individuals contested, and the subjects at large enjoyed. Who owns it, had not, in the time of the Georges, and has not, in the reign of Victoria, ever been settled.

Of course, the King had no more constitutional power to bestow a rood of Hyde Park upon peer or peasant, at that day, than the Queen has now. But



the second George was arbitrary. Pelham, his Prime Minister, was a tool of the Crown. Parliament seldom failed to do the bidding of the King; and the people, though jealous of their liberties, forgave and forgot usurpations in the splendid successes which crowned the British arms, by sea and by land, during the thirty-three years' reign of George II. Whatever scruples, therefore, that may have been suggested to the monarch's parting with any portion of the public domain, did not stand long in the way. The King's word had been given to the old soldier. It was the Minister's duty to see it kept. In a few days, a formal conveyance of the bit of ground to James Allen, his wife, and their heirs forever, was forwarded to their humble dwelling.

Tradition at the Court of St. James still recounts the story of the apple-stall giving place to a snug cottage—of the house-warming, at which the Countess of Yarmouth danced a hornpipe in cross-gartered stockings before the King—of the presents made by Mrs. Howard and other ladies of the bed-chamber to the old couple—of the King's practice of stopping as he passed and paying always a golden guinea for a pipkin—and of the prosperity that attended, thenceforward, the apple-woman's trade.

Years rolled on. George II, and the veteran, were both gathered to their fathers; but Mrs. Allen still carried on her trade, hoping to lay up some money for her son, who was become a fine youth, and had obtained a situation as head clerk in a large haberdashery establishment. They had rented to a Park gate-keeper the cottage behind the apple-stall, and were living a mile or so out of town. Every thing had prospered. Aunt Betsey, as she was familiarly called, was never absent from Covent Garden Market in the morning, nor from her counter during the day. George, the son, was betrothed to the daughter

of a music-teacher—a Mr. Gray, their neighbor; and "sweet Lucy Gray," as her lover called her, had given her consent. The happy day was fixed when he should bring her home a bride.

One morning of the summer of 1769—nineteen years after good King George had made the old soldier's young wife "happy as a queen" by his gift—Aunt Betsey, arriving from market, as usual, at her place of merchandise, was startled to perceive the space around her fruit-stall and cottage filled with workmen and teams. Excavations were being made in the ground; blocks of underpinning stone were being unladen; bricks and materials for mortar almost hindered her approach; and carpenters, with axes and saws, were ready to demolish the apple-stall and cottage.

"Come, old woman," said the foreman, "move your things out of this! Look sharp! We can't wait all day for you! The men can do nothing till the shed is down."

"My house and stall, that good King George gave me nigh twenty years ago! Tear down my cottage and shed! No, no; there's no law in the land can do that! Who sent you here to destroy my property?"

"Well, well, my good woman," replied the first speaker, "you must settle that with the Lord Chancellor. If you're wronged, he'll see you righted. Earl Bathurst is no tyrant. But your house must come down; so move your things out as fast as you can. There is a palace to be built here somewhat grander than your apple-stall."

The poor woman's tears and lamentations were in vain; her asseverations of ownership were treated with ridicule. The little house and shed were leveled to the ground, and Aunt Betsey returned home, heart-sick and desponding.

Misfortunes, it is said, never come single. That evening George Allen entered his mother's dwelling wearing a

countenance as dejected as her own. He threw himself on a chair, and, without noticing her gloom, said:

"O, mother, I fear we are ruined. Mr. Elliott has failed for an immense sum; there is an execution on his house and goods, and all the clerks are turned adrift. Besides, he has all the money you have laid up, and I fear can never repay a shilling of it. Nor is that the worst; for how is a fellow to get a new place when the city is full of unemployed clerks! I shall have to go into the apple-stall, mother, and give up all hope of marrying sweet Lucy Gray!"

"George," replied his mother, "what you tell me is bad enough; but, my poor boy, I have still worse news for you. Our living is gone. The apple-stall, out of the earnings of which we raised you when an infant, before your father saw the King; the cottage which the King gave us liberty to build, and the ground which he made our own over his own name and seal, are all gone. The Lord Chancellor is building a palace; the cottage stood in the way, and the workmen have torn it down to-day. There is nothing left to us, my boy, but God and the wide world."

"Bring me the deed, mother," replied the son. "The highest in England has no power to oppress the very lowest. Let his Lordship build on; he can not seize that which is yours by the Great Seal of England. Were he ten times Lord Chancellor, I will see him to-morrow."

Henry Bathurst, second Earl of the name—son of the great Lord Bathurst, who for seventy-five years had been the steady opponent of corruption in the Commons and Lords, and who had died only the previous year, at the age of ninety-one, foremost to the last in judgment and integrity among Peers of the realm—had been Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and was now Lord Chancellor, with the title of Baron Aps-

ley. Inheriting great wealth, and conspicuous by talents and learning, he had received by Act of Parliament a grant of the south-east common ground of Hyde Park. Both he and Parliament seem to have been ignorant of any previous claim in law to the land. His preparations had been made accordingly. Architects, builders, and workmen had entered into contracts to erect the palace which a foreigner has since happily called "Number One, London." He had the reputation of being a just man, and to him George Allen resolved to make a personal appeal.

The next day the young clerk presented himself at Somerset House. "Can I see his Lordship?" he inquired of the grave official who had answered his summons.

"Will not his chief clerk answer?" replied the official.

"No. I prefer to see the Chancellor in person."

"But, my Lord is engaged, and can not be seen except on earnest business."

"My business is urgent," replied the young man; "but I will await his Lordship's leisure."

And a long waiting he had. Visitors came and went. Great names have power at palace doors. There came those who were admitted instantly. There came others who tarried a season in the anteroom, were at length admitted, and having obtained a presence, departed. There came a third class, for whom no length of waiting caused the latch to lift. Though George Allen belonged to this last, he resolved neither to show impatience nor lose courage. At length, after sitting in the anteroom for many hours, the door opened for him, and he was invited to enter the audience-chamber. There, at a table covered with books and papers, sat the Keeper of the Great Seal of England. He was a dignified-looking man, tall, and of large

frame—the finest lawyer in personal appearance who ever sat upon the wool-sack—still in the prime of life, with a pleasant countenance, and quick, penetrating eye.

“Well, my friend,” he asked, as George made respectful salutation, “what can I do for you?”

“Your Lordship can do much,” replied the young man; “yet all I seek is justice. You have a grant from Parliament, as the site for your new palace, of a piece of ground which his Majesty, the late King, bestowed on my parents and their heirs in fee-simple forever.”

“What’s that you say?” quickly responded the Chancellor.

“Your Lordship can see for yourself,” replied the other, “if you will take the trouble to read this paper.”

Lord Apsley took the document and perused it attentively. “Strange enough!” he mused to himself. “I never heard of this! So like that scoundrel, Pelham! A pretty mess, indeed!” But then, turning to George, and assuming a manner so kind that it was said to win the hearts even of disappointed suitors, he said: “You are right. The ground is yours. I shall not contest the title, though I have doubts of its validity. If I become tenant for ground-rent to your mother and her heirs on a lease of ninety-nine years, what annual payment will she expect?”

“How much ought she to receive, my Lord? Your Lordship is just as well as rich, and would take no advantage of the poor.”

“You shall not be disappointed. I was offered last month a site, almost equally eligible, for the annual rental of £400. I will give your mother £500. If this is satisfactory, my scrivener shall draw up the papers for your mother to sign.”

It thus came to pass that the stately mansion of Apsley House, up to May 1st, one year ago, was subject to a

ground-rent of £500 annually, payable to the representatives of the old apple-woman. George Allen married Lucy Gray. Their grandson, Joseph Allen, founder of the Society of British Artists, and whose paintings of pastoral scenery, thirty years ago, won the favor of the prize-holders at the Art Union, inherited the lease. His grandson, James Allen, fourth in descent from George, holds the renewed lease at the present time. He is a barrister of the Middle Temple, a man of talents and property, well known as a criminal lawyer on the Northern Circuit, and a competitor for a seat in Parliament from York at the last election.

And here comes in the last link of our story. England is a country of leaseholds. A few thousands of the aristocracy, in common with the Established Church, hold the fee-simple of all lands. London is built, and Liverpool, and Birmingham, and Sheffield, and Manchester, and every town, great and small, within the kingdom, on ground leased for ninety-nine years. The rents on these leases constitute one great element of the wealth of the hereditary land-owners. Upon the expiration of a lease, it is universal custom to renew it, no matter what may be the enhanced value of the land, to the holder, at the same annual rental, for a future ninety-nine years, with what is called a *fine*. Thus the Marquis of Westminster, who holds three-quarters of all the West End of London; thus the Duke of Bedford, whose property includes Covent Garden and all that labyrinth of streets, and squares, and places, and inns of court that surround it; thus Lambeth Palace, residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, that receives its princely revenues from docks and right of ferriage on the Thames, renew old leases, at the same annual rental to the holder, *with a fine*. The amount of the fine, to be paid in ready money, represents the increased

value of the land. To James Allen, the barrister, upon the renewal of the apple-woman's lease, in 1870, the fine paid by the present Duke of Wellington was £70,000. The fee-simple of the ground upon which Apsley House stands, grant-

ed by law or favor under the sign-manual of George the Second, remains in the hands of the descendants of the old apple-woman, one hundred and twenty years after the King passed his word to the wounded soldier.

N. S. DODGE.

## PUEBLO INDIANS.

THE peculiar location of New Mexico—midway between the restless civilizations of the Atlantic and Pacific—has not made her interior life so well known as this fact would seem to indicate or warrant. A region necessary to pass through; a country well enough to visit and acquire some knowledge of, and an excellent place to get away from—such seem to be the most popular phases in which that Territory exhibits herself to travelers. And yet she is not without many and varied attractions—natural and acquired—and only lacks the inducement of profitable commerce to render those who investigate her resources willing to make her their permanent home. There are not wanting experienced men who speak of her mineral wealth as far excelling any thing that has been developed in Arizona, without those geographical difficulties of access which everywhere characterize that country, and render most mining operations of small paying value; and they predict a future for the east side of the Rio Grande similar to that known in the flush times of California: all of which, say they, will occur even before the misty thirty-fifth parallel railroad takes tangible form. Her vast plains of wonderful fertility are the best stock-ranches in America, where thousands of sheep, with hundreds of antelopes, feed in bands and in common. Her climate is so salubrious that the army medical officers have designated the country a sanita-

rium, where scrofula and consumption never originate, and imported cases rarely fail of rapid and permanent cure. The breezes are often violent enough, but they are pure and dry, and, no matter from whence they come, their course has been over hundreds of miles of dry lands; so they are healthy and life-giving to the invalid, who finds there, in a few months, a renewal of that vitality which he had elsewhere thoroughly despaired of.

The inhabitants are few and far between, and readily resolvable into four distinct classes, if not races, each of whom is not only totally distinct from the other, but presents, except in some rare cases, insurmountable obstacles to fusion.

First in importance, though least in numbers, are the American settlers—the pioneers and their descendants, the men of commerce and trade, the Federal and Territorial officers—but these have not been in the past the more durable elements: such are to be found in the native Mexican population, who constitute the second class. The more advanced of these are gradually losing their distinctiveness by fusion of sentiment with the American race, and, having the vantage-ground of consanguinity and nativity, should have an easy task in assuming and retaining the position of leaders; but the larger portion are still languidly struggling with the fetters—soft, but strong—which peonage and super-



stition threw over them in the past, and they are as dark shades yet, clouding the path of progress in their transition state. The Pueblo, or Village Indians—legitimate descendants of the Aztecs, semi-civilized, nominal Catholics in religion, but looking piously for the return of Montezuma, burning his eternal fires, and celebrating his feasts in private—are the third class; while the Navajo Indians—nomads always from choice, but, under pressure, partial cultivators of the soil and tenders of flocks, preferably other persons' property—constitute the fourth. The Pueblos are by far the most interesting inhabitants in an antique point of view. So mysterious and unsettled is their origin, both as to time and place, that the archæologist is under great obligations to the mystery which allows so great a scope for imagination in the premises, particularly in the migratory problem: the doubt being whether these people came originally from Mexico, or the Mexicans went there from the present New Mexico and the north-west region; and the evidence is still sufficiently conflicting, even to the most patient investigators, who are unable to decide—

“Whether the snake that made the track,  
Was going out or coming back.”

I know of no great difference distinguishing the Pueblo from the wild Indian. The Pueblo is generally in better muscular condition, although thereby not so well fitted for the chase, or warfare with his hereditary enemies, the Apaches and Navajoes. But in physiognomy the settled habits of the Pueblo have produced their effects, and he is greatly distinguished by the mild, steady glance and contented visage from that of the wild man, who meets you with a furtive, cat-like glance, and is ever on the *qui vive* for offensive movements. The resemblance of the Pueblo, in physiognomy and feature, to the illustrations given in works on Egyptian antiquities, of that

people, have been often remarked, and forcibly impressed me. I could see in them the same large, mild eye, high cheek-bone, flat face, square head and shoulders, that are there represented; and I no longer wondered at the popular theory of their Eastern origin.

His dress differs more in quantity than quality from the Navajo, but the same fondness for display is apparent: the fringed and beaded buckskin, the coarse, homespun blanket, the rings on the arms and in the ears, and, should he leave the village, the inevitable bow with arrows in panther-skin quiver, show the nearness of the alliance. The dress of their women is modest and becoming. All that I have seen were attired in a long, black, woolen petticoat, woven by themselves of fine wool, and reaching from the neck to the ankle. At either extremity, bands of bright red were tastefully interwoven; the waist was secured with a scarf of similar material and variety of color, while the body of the dress was loosely held at the points of the shoulders by smaller bands. Colored beads adorned their moccasins; their long, glossy hair was seldom without the adornment of gay-colored ribbons; and when the *alamo* put forth its leaves, wreaths of its bright-green foliage seemed their favorite vanity—and very pretty indeed were the glancing tints of light afforded by the reflected and contrasted black, red, and green adornments. In character, these women are irreproachable; their habits are industrious and domestic, and, as the men of the tribe perform all the laborious work, their systems are not debilitated like those of other Indian women, and they possess graceful and well-formed persons, which show to great advantage as they return from the well or creek with the *tinaja* of water balanced on the head—this practice giving them, like the Hindoo women, upright figures.

The employments of the men are sim-

ilar to those of most small communities who have but little ambition and few wants. A little of agriculture, goat and sheep-tending, chicken-raising, carpentering, blacksmithing, and *adobe*-making, divides their time and satisfies their wants. They have no intimate outside connections, except with sister *pueblos*, and utterly refuse to consort with the Mexican population; asserting, that, if they did, they would soon cease to be the people they are—would deteriorate, and be ruled by strangers. So jealous are they of their standing as an independent people, that they refuse to let Mexicans be present at many of their religious feasts, and will stop them until the intruders retire. As this reluctance is not always expressed toward Americans, it is probably the result of traditional dislike—the bequeathment of former feuds. All of the *pueblos* that I have visited are built on elevated ground—generally a large, circular mound on an open plain, commanding uninterrupted view of the adjacent country. Such are Zuni, Laguna, Acoma, Pahuata, Moquina, etc. Some, as San Felipe and Temez, are built on the banks of the Rio Grande, where the elevation is inconsiderable; and they assimilate their position to the first-named, by keeping watch-towers on the nearest eminence. It is impossible to misinterpret these indications: they are the perforce resources of a people living in a chronic state of expected war; and war has been, indeed, their almost normal condition for centuries. The Spaniards, in the sixteenth century; the Mexicans, their descendants, after; the Utes, Apaches, and Navajoes, always: thus have these singularly inoffensive people been alternately persecuted by all the dwellers around them, except the last and greatest—the American—who have steadily been their protectors against all adversaries. A mild exception may, perhaps, be inserted in this last clause, against

certain of their Indian agents; but even these generally super-rapacious and unscrupulous beings have usually discriminated in favor of the mild and friendly Pueblo.

The *pueblo* of Acoma, situated midway between Albuquerque, on the Rio Grande, and old Fort Wingate, eighty miles north-west of that town, has obtained a more than usual notoriety among the *pueblos*, not only on account of its remarkable location and the character of its homesteads, but because of the annual feasts by which is celebrated its heroic and successful resistance of the invading Spaniard in the sixteenth century. These feasts are the event of the country: friends far and near make it a duty to attend them; and as American officers are always welcome guests, though they may not have received a special invitation, the party who left Fort Wingate, on a bright spring morning of 1864, had no fear of being considered intruders, as they urged their horses to a full gallop over the long plains that lie fronting the fort. Crossing the broad, volcanic belt beyond, where the sharp obsidian—Nature's glass—compels to careful walking, we entered the dangerous mountain-pass, between whose huge, unsightly rocks of lava and *scoria* (piled as though some celestial wagoner, having taken a contract to remove the *débris* of a disintegrated comet, had here dumped his loads until space was exhausted) runs the clear, tiny stream known as the Galla, which, spreading out, causes some very fertile spots, where many a bloody Indian tragedy has been enacted on the Mexicans who have endeavored to settle there from the adjacent town of Cubero. Traversing all this safely, we arrived at the mouth of a narrow, sloping valley on our right, and to the foot of a hill—one of a series—on which Acoma is built. We observe that these hills are all narrow to their front, and are separated by rugged, water-worn valleys from other sim-

ilar eminences, all of which have a continuity several miles back; that the sides are precipitous, and that there is but one access to the *pueblo* above—the steep, narrow, winding path, up and down which the residents and their guests are now thronging. We tie our horses near the base of the hill, and ascend this path. It had been originally a narrow cutting, but is now much worn and broader than seems from below. Near the top it again narrows, and is flanked on each side by a tall, much-worn pillar of the sandstone rock formation of the *mesa*, requiring no very vivid imagination to portray them as sentinels keeping watch over the approaches to this citadel. A few hundred yards distant are houses built in parallel rows, exhibiting much uniformity in their proportions and distances. They are mostly two stories in height—a few are three—while all of them communicate by means of inclosing walls and long, low arches. We are invited up one of the numerous ladders which we see placed against every house, constituting the only mode of ingress and egress to these dwellings, and observe that the same low-arch formation prevails in the internal as well as the external architecture, being used instead of doors for passage from room to room, and conclude that facility for defense against aggressors is the object of the ladders, the low arches, and the location of the village. Within the houses, every thing and person were scrupulously clean; the furniture was home-made and scanty; and no adornments graced the smooth, mud-plastered walls, other than a florid picture of some holy personage. The window-spaces were small, and light was admitted through plates of crystallized gypsum (selenite), which is plentiful enough in New Mexico, and forms an efficient substitute for glass where vivid light is not essential. Benches of *adobe* projected from, and were built to, the walls; these, being covered with

thick blankets of their own manufacture, formed comfortable seats by day and sleeping-couches for night. Our hosts placed before us, as refreshments, a variety of cakes, all of which were found palatable; among them was one of blue corn flour, so diaphanous in substance that it might well have been substituted for the gypsum window-lights. This cake seems to have a recognized place at their feasts, where it is frequently distributed to all around, and often flung in sport, as are comfits at an Italian carnival.

The beating of a drum and the noise of gathering footsteps were the signal for our party to descend to the squares of the village; and we followed a party of maskers from place to place, observing their performances, without feeling that we had gained any very valuable items in Terpsichorean movements, or a clue to the mysteries said to be involved. A variety of names was given to the different exhibitions—such as corn-dance, grass-dance, etc.—supposed to be indicative of thankfulness and rejoicing for the fruition of national blessings; but as we were not of the initiated, very little sufficed us, and we wandered forth for other exhibitions. The meaning of these dances is little understood: originally, they were probably symbolical, having a religious signification; but it is surmised they have become meaningless, as such, even to themselves. Lost in the cloudy lapse of time, faded to a dull tradition, they are still retained as a tribal amusement, well calculated to inspire love of *pueblo* home and associations, as are the customs of many more pretentious nationalities. Passing through one of the squares, we observed a crowd gathering, and were informed that an expedition had lately returned from a successful campaign against the Navajoes, during which some of the Acomas had slain their opponents, and, in conformity with the customs of the tribe, were about to undergo the dance of purification.



Some monotonous drumming introduced the performers, one of whom, in all the paraphernalia of paint and feathers with which the Pueblos adorn themselves for the war-path, knelt on the ground; while another, a gayly dressed maiden, holding an arrow in her hand, danced nimbly before him, darting alternately to right and left, and coyly and temptingly holding the arrow toward him, only to draw it back when he essayed to seize it. As a frost was upon the ground, and a keen north wind blowing, the poor devotee, being in fighting costume, with but little more clothing than what paint and feathers constituted, was soon shivering in every muscle with the cold, but he stood his probation, which would only end by obtaining the arrow, like a hero; and we left him kneeling, and her *chassé-ing*.

It was now near midday, at which time we had received information that the dance of the day would be performed; and we followed the largely gathering crowd of maskers, musicians, and others, all of whom seemed to have some decoration of paint, ribbons, or brass ornaments, as they walked toward the edge of the *mesa*, where the path conducts to the valley below. Here they all halted, and the maskers, forming a circle, introduced a number of agile movements, as stamping, sidling, leaping, furious rushes and sudden stops, accompanied by the notes of two very harsh and melancholy fifes, and the independent drumming and gong-beating of a dozen enthusiastic bystanders. The dancers were attired in a complete suit of buckskin, fringed, buttoned, beaded, feathered, and ribboned, completely covering head and face, surmounted with horns, and having only small slits for sight and breathing. Cake, sweetmeats, corn, and fruit were liberally flung about wherever a crowd was collected; and the scrambles for these by old and young, seemed to give as much pleasure as any thing else. The largest of the stone pillars which I have de-

scribed as flanking the top of the path, appeared to be an object of particular regard: ribbons were hung on it; heads of corn and pieces of cake flung up, with an endeavor to lodge them on its flattened or concave summit, and loud exclamations followed any successful attempt.

We were getting very tired of the evident repetition and monotony of the performances, when an old man, the *Alcalde* of the *pueblo*, joined us, and volunteered a narrative of the reasons why these celebrations were so dear to the Pueblo heart, by informing us that many, many years ago, the peace of the country was disturbed by rumors that a large force of armed Spaniards had come from Mexico; that they were hostile and cruel, attacking the Pueblos without cause, and sparing none from slaughter but those whom they reserved as slaves. Runners went from village to village to give warning of their approach, and incite to vigorous resistance; for ruin and desolation marked the Spaniards' path in this most causeless, cruel warfare. But soon these warnings ceased: national emergencies required that each village should watch and defend for itself; and so the young men of Acoma took upon themselves in rotation the office of sentinel, and from the summit of the stone pillar kept vigilant watch upon all the surrounding country. Many days passed; the foe came not; but the watch was unceasingly maintained, for there was much evidence that they were still in the land, working their savage pleasure wherever possible; and the concave top of the pillar was never without an inhabitant, nor bare of provisions, which might in an emergency be useful. Thus the time passed: all were alert, all determined to die in their homes rather than submit to the foe; and their hearts were high, and their spirits hopeful that their well-known preparations for defense had induced the enemy to pass



them by. But one night there was dreary darkness in the heavens, thick clouds filled the air, and rain fell; the wind blew but lightly, so the air was dense, and under its cover the Spaniards, whom necessity had made desperate, for they had of late been unsuccessful, not only gained the valley unperceived, but had nearly scaled the hill, when the sentinel perceived the danger. It was day-break; they were close upon him; in a few minutes the village would be surprised, and in the enemy's power; no time now to descend and give the alarm; the warriors would be massacred, the women and children captive, and the village plundered, if the foe was not impeded for a brief time. Calmly he blew the loud-sounding horn—note of imminent danger to his friends—and resolutely he determined to oppose the foe, and sacrifice himself, that the few needed precious moments for defense might be gained. He was well armed; and with bow and arrows, shield and spear, did such service, without descending from his post, that the narrow path, whose width only admitted of one person passing at a time, was soon blocked with the disabled foe. Yet the contest was soon over, for the invaders were brave and experienced warriors, and in a few moments he sank back in his stronghold, wounded and utterly disabled. But his object was gained: he had detained them long enough for the men of the village to arrive at the spot before more than a few had gained the summit of the *mesa*; and these, exhausted by a night-march and the toil of ascending the hill, were no match for the resolute men who met them in defense of all that can be dear. The contest was short, but decisive; impetuous as a hurricane was the onslaught, and the few who regained the valley and the protection of their comrades, advised a retreat from such formidable opposition. The struggle was over, a glorious victory was achieved.

ed, peace and safety took the place of the long dread and anxiety, that, like some black cloud of death, had hovered over their homes; deep joy filled each Pueblo heart, and each beaming eye glanced the pleasure inexpressible by the tongue: but he, the hero, the self-sacrificer for his home and people—he, but for whom all these peaceful and joyous scenes would have been desolation, misery, and death, where was he?—why absent from the universal rejoicing?—why not giving and receiving congratulations for this priceless happiness? They rushed to the pillar; one climbed it and called to the occupant, who lay there in blood, but no answer was returned to his friendly and cheering tones: the hero was gone—dead at his post! “And for this,” said the *Alcalde*, “we every year on these days have our rejoicings near the foot of the pillar, and by our joy and praises thank the spirit of the hero who so bravely sacrificed himself to save his people.”

We were all much interested in the old man's narrative, and one of us inquired earnestly, as he took out his notebook, “What was the hero's name?”—to which the *Alcalde* replied with a look of doubt, a shrug of the shoulders, and the exclamation, “*Quien sabe?*” Such is fame.

The Pueblo Indian is the most conservative of beings: change of location, laws, or customs is his abomination, and only results from the most absolute necessity. Where there are evidences of their having abandoned some locality, it is fair to infer that a failure of some of the great wants of life necessitated the removal. The celebrated landmark so well known to travelers in that region as Inscription Rock, lying about forty miles west of old Fort Wingate, on the Beale, or thirty-fifth parallel road, is one of these deserted villages; and the scarcity of water, which is now only to be found after rainy seasons, caused its abandon-

ment many years since. Inscription Rock is an isolated, rocky *mesa*, somewhat triangular in form, showing at its well-rounded breast a smooth, perpendicular face, nearly two hundred feet high. Being a soft, red sandstone, it has become the favorite album of passing travelers, who for many years back have with knives recorded their autographs in its soft substance. The autographs are numerous, and include the names of well-known public characters, scientific men, army officers, and others now living, and some who are not. Prominent of the latter is that of a Spanish General from the coast of Mexico, with the date of 1692, which was the era of several expeditions of a mixed character—discovery and conquest—undertaken by the filibustering Spaniards seeking in the north-west for “fresh fields and pastures new.”

The powerful disintegrations by moisture and air have produced some very singular results, graceful and grotesque, upon the soft, sandstone rocks of the vicinity, many of which resemble so perfectly the pointed and spiral architecture of castles and cathedrals, that several have been deceived into imagining they had arrived upon the handiwork of ancient Aztec masons. The *mesa* (Inscription Rock) is a wonderful evidence of the power and fantasy of these atmospheric combinations. Sloping gradually back from its apex for about half a mile, it then merges to a level with the face of the ridge from which it shot forth as an acclivity. There commences a sunken side-passage, a narrow ravine, running forward the entire length and depth of the *mesa*, occupying about one-eighth of its width, and terminating as a circular expansion about one hundred feet in diameter; the inclosure of the inscribed walls so truly simulating the court-yard of a baronial castle, that it is scarcely possible to forbear looking for the donjon-keep, portcullis, and sally-port; and a busy fancy, not well under

control to the desolation around, might easily picture scenes of present feudal life, of knight and lady, squire and retainer, with gazehound, falcon, and pal-frey issuing from those fluted crevices, which seem the carved, pillared portals of a castle-yard. To complete the resemblance, the floor of this enchanted inclosure is a grassy lawn, adorned with trees of various kinds, and fertilized by the drippings of the porous rocks around and above it. It was on the broad, rampart-like tops of these walls we found fallen *adobe* walls and much broken pottery—relics of a deserted *pueblo*, whose inhabitants from this height had once kept watch over the surrounding country.

The Zuni villages, 150 miles west of Albuquerque, and about the same from Prescott, are on the direct line of travel, and, therefore, well known to travelers. While differing in no essential point from the description given of other *pueblos*, it seems to possess a keener and more courageous population, who have been educated to this *status* by the many depredations of their mountain neighbors, the Navajoes. Between these two peoples there is a strong feud, as the domestic and wealth-getting habits of the Pueblo mark him as proper game for the crafty and wandering Navajo; and bitter are the complaints uttered against the *ladrones* who so ruthlessly appropriate the riches of the comfort-loving Pueblos. Prosperity comes to the thrifty and industrious: the Pueblos are keen at a bargain, as many a traveler has found in his exigency, and they have grown rich by their industry. But, alas! they also grow fat, and become dislikers of the mountain campaign and the hardships incident to such; so with growing impunity the Navajo prosecutes his forays, striking quickly and retiring rapidly. They are now hereditary foes. The one is a wanderer, who has loose notions of “mine and thine,” and ranks

stealing as one of the fine arts which will bring him wealth and renown, and he stays at no violence necessary to success. The other is stationary, a builder of, and dweller in, substantial houses, living and dying in the village of his birth—making, in all his habits, a very near approach to Arcadian innocence. There have been, however, times and occasions when the Pueblos, rousing themselves from their habitual lethargy, probably at the culmination of many wrongs, have made successful reprisals; and one of this kind occurred in 1866, when the different villages organized a campaign against a colony of Navajoes, of whose whereabouts they had been informed. The expedition was secret and well-conducted, each band of Pueblos meeting at a given point near the Navajo lodges on the same day, where their forces uniting, a sudden attack was perpetrated; scores of Navajoes were killed on the spot, and a great spoil of sheep, horses, blankets, etc., together with 160 prisoners, led in triumph to the Zuni villages. Arrived, the victory was celebrated with great rejoicings, after which the prisoners were led forth, tied in couples, to the edge of a precipice, over which they were hurled to death. As these prisoners were of both sexes and all ages, it is presumable the benighted Pueblos have not yet comprehended the enlarged and humane modern policy of sparing for future action against their people an embryonic rather than a matured foe.

The knowledge possessed by the Navajo Indians of some of the useful arts; their large numbers, combined with the fact of their being, or having been until late, bad as the worst of the Indian race, make them of necessity occupy a prom-

inent place in the history of New Mexico. It has been calculated, that, prior to 1863, the depredations of this tribe, the expense incurred in campaigning against them, and in the multitudinous treaties consummated in their favor, had cost the inhabitants of the Territory, and the General Government, \$30,000,000. Subsequent to that period, their history is, that fighting them being found unprofitable, and treaty-making unreliable, they were starved out of their mountain strongholds by the military strategy planned by General Carleton, and carried out by the California and New Mexico Volunteers, and were then deported, 9,000 in number, as a condition of peace, to a reservation near the Pecos River, about four hundred miles east of their old residences. Singularly enough, there were a variety of opinions held in the Territory on the policy and justice of this measure, and it met with violent opposition as well as advocacy. They remained at the reservation five years, receiving a large amount of instruction, principally in agriculture, and having their every want supplied; but at the end of that period those who held opinions adverse to the plan of alienating them from their native mountains, or believed that Fort Sumner Reservation—whose history is yet to be written—was an unsuitable place, succeeded in having them all sent back to the mountains from whence they had been forced. It is claimed that they are now peaceful, contented, and improving in many ways; though it seems to be forgotten that the policy which reduced this large band of hereditary thieves and murderers to submission, was the wise but much-condemned system of eviction and migration pursued by the military commander of the Territory.

GEORGE GWYTHYER.



## BALTY.

BALTY came with the rest to Hawkins' in '49. Hawkins' has proved Balty's local destiny. For sixteen years he tried to reach Sonora, only twenty miles distant. Chinese Camp lay seven miles away. Chinese proved for Balty an impassable barrier. There, Phoenix produced the black bottle; Pike, a cut-glass decanter—welcoming drinks for Balty! He always stayed at Chinese. Chinese proved Balty's Delilah. There was he regularly shorn of his dust, his sobriety, his resolutions. Time after time did he leave the river, resolved to be a man, to be strong, to procrastinate the spree he had promised himself until he reached Sonora. Time after time did he fail, retreating back to Hawkins', his buckskin purse depleted of its last grain, and bearing his receipt in full for dust deposited in various exchequers at Chinese, in the shape of two black bottles tied together by a string.

In 1865, there happened to Balty one of those events of a moment, which decide and turn a man's whole future career. Coming, as usual, to Chinese from Hawkins' on a hired horse, the animal ran away with him, carrying him past the Camp, against which he had so often dashed, and up the road toward Sonora. Balty kept on, and accomplished the trip.

It is often thus. We spend an existence in endeavoring to accomplish an aim, to solve a problem; and when, at last, we give it up, Accident takes hold, and in a flash carries us straight to the point. Balty tried for sixteen years to reach Sonora. The man failed. The horse won.

Sonora was benefited. Balty always had dust when he visited Camp. Most of it went, sooner or later, into the sa-

loon-keeper's till. True, he purchased some provisions. His verbal order for a winter's supply, once, ran thus: "I guess, Jones, you may bring me a sack of flour, ten pounds of pork, ten pounds of tobacco, and a bar'l of whisky."

Phoenix and Pike, saloon-keepers, never in their hearts forgave the man who let to Balty the mustang which carried him beyond the charmed circle of Chinese. He never renewed his allegiance there. It was a clear loss of at least a thousand dollars yearly to the Camp.

There seemed a mysterious affinity between this man and gold. He was sure to strike somewhere in his range of the river and bank-diggings a rich deposit once in two years. People at last grew to have faith in Balty's luck, and trusted him by reason of that faith. Balty was lucky; while honest, sober, but penniless Industry stood by and cursed.

Apart from the search for gold, Balty was dull, uninteresting, even stupid. On the trail after a lead, he brightened up. All sense and keenness seemed poured through that channel. The rest were dry. Something led him unerringly to the place in the Flat where lay a "dollar-prospect." Industry and Sobriety sank their shafts through foot after foot of "hard pan" and barren gravel. On the ledge, Industry and Sobriety found half-a-cent-to-the-pan prospect, "fine-flour gold." Fine-flour gold will cover your pan's bottom with a "thousand colors"—so fine that the glass is needed to reveal them; but in weight, they are as the dust on the butterfly's wing.

There was Crane Flat. For years, the river and bank yielding richly, it had



been overlooked. But Balty had ever kept an eye on it. A ragged scrawl on a certain live-oak informed the public, that—

"We, the undersined, clame this ground, and are going to work the same as sune as we have a chance.

"BALTY,  
"GOTHAM."

Such a notice was neither legal nor definite. It was not desired that it should be. Old settlers like Balty and Gotham felt they had a certain feudal right to territory near which they had so long lived.

Miner's law required of them to state how many feet they claimed. That was what Balty and Gotham did not wish to do. Their claim was indefinite. It overshadowed the whole Flat. A stranger might come along and "jump" a portion; but, in so doing, he would incur a dangerous unpopularity with the whole community. Balty and Gotham constituted the whole community. Of the hundreds, yes, thousands, whose rockers crashed and grated the river pebbles in '50; from Red Mountain to Indian Bar, Balty and Gotham now alone remained.

Miner's law in '50 gave thirty feet front to the man. Miner's law in 1855 was expanded. It gave then one hundred feet front to the man. Miner's law in 1865 was whatever Balty and Gotham chose to make it. In 1850, it concerned thousands; in 1855, hundreds; in 1865, two—Balty and Gotham. *Vox populi*, etc.

Out of the fag-end of the Flat, out of a light, alluvial sand, mixed with irregularly shaped gulch bowlders, Balty panned a "two-bit prospect." Two sober, hard-working men, living near by, whose lives were patterns of order and neatness; whose cabin was a marvel of man's housekeeping; whose bread was the lightest on the river, but who for years had never been able to strike any thing better than a "two-dollar-per-day claim" (Balty, in scorn, called such "grub-and-whisky diggin's"), made him a liberal

offer for four hundred feet of this ground. Balty never prospected another pan from that "gouge" in the bank. He was in want of ready cash. He was ever thus. He owned much and indefinite ground above. He accepted the offer. That "gouge" proved the only pay-spot in the claim. Balty's golden instincts always told him not to prospect salable ground too much. Leave well enough alone. When a prospect-hole develops two bits to the pan, leave it in *status quo*. Leave it with the biggest berries on the top of the basket, as does the fruit-dealer.

Balty accumulated stores of whisky in his cabin. He stayed by it, and pursued an industrious life of inebriation. When Hawkins' Bar—once a lively camp of eight hundred souls—was reduced to its last house and its two last residents; when the traveler, on some still, hot summer's afternoon, passed through, hearing only the ceaseless roar of the river over the rattle, seeing only in imagination the life and excitement of '50, he might then be hailed from the last house by one of the last residents in tones of jovial inebriation. This would be Balty, arrived at the afternoon-stage in his cups, when he was desirous of fraternizing with every body. When the domestic whisky was exhausted, when the Chinese in the vicinity would no longer hospitably offer their tea-bowls of "blandy," Balty, half crazed with thirst for stimulant, would go home, discipline by degrees his stomach to its natural food, and restore, day by day, the steadiness of his nerves. In a week, he was at work. In a few months, some overlooked spot in the flat, or bar, some rattle, untouched for years, on which the fine "drift-gold" had been steadily accumulating, "panned out" richly for Balty; and Industry and Sobriety stood by again and cursed.

Balty was the principal owner in the General Scott, a river-bed claim. None save he and Gotham lived near, who, twelve years before, had seen that por-

tion of the bed laid bare. Balty had long waited the chance to work this ground. Year after year had the Franklin Pierce claim, just below, put up their dam, "backing water" over the General Scott riffle. At last, the Franklin Pierce was "worked out." The General Scott people could now "go in." They did so. Fifteen years before, the General Scott Company numbered a dozen persons. One by one, they had dropped off. Hawkins' Bar dwindled from forty houses to twenty, from twenty to ten, from ten to five, from five to one. Only Balty and Gotham were left. They now constituted the General Scott Company.

At the end of the season, when the river rose, Balty stood upon its banks, \$5,000 the richer man. Phoenix and Pike, hearing of Balty's luck, again cursed the undisciplined brute which had borne him once and forever beyond the spell of Chinese Camp. Sonora anticipated. All were disappointed. Balty said he was going East. Every body in secret laughed. As soon should Table Mountain slip its moorings, and go to San Francisco. But Balty was in earnest. He bought a team of mustangs and a rickety buggy. Gotham opened his eyes. Balty had certain ideas as to the style in which Opulence should travel. He dashed around the country for a few days. Every groggery received a new financial impetus. People wondered how soon the team would run away and the buggy become a wreck. They wondered and waited in vain. Balty, after coruscating about Tuolumne for a fortnight, suddenly dashed off at a tangent—gold, mustangs, buggy, and all. The establishment was never seen nor heard of after. Balty was invisible for two months and two weeks. At the end of that period, he dropped down again on Hawkins' Bar, without a cent, and the two bottles tied together by a string—one full, the other empty. Receipt

in full. He had been East. He had seen his native city.

It was a miracle that Balty—for eighteen years not able to get farther than twenty miles from Hawkins'—should weather all the temptations of San Francisco, and go on board the steamer, with a sound skin and a comparatively sound purse, as he did. But the marvel of the miracle was, that he saved money to buy a return-ticket. The miracle was at last partially explained. Balty, in San Francisco, had deposited sufficient money to purchase that return-ticket. Community had not given him enough credit for forethought. Balty knew he was to squander that five thousand East; so he planned not only to keep his communications open with California, but even with Hawkins'. For all the way to Stockton, he had paid even the stage-fare, lodgings, and meals for the return-trip, two months and two weeks in advance.

Beyond the mere fact that Balty had been to the States, the sparse population on the river were not much wiser. He rambled vaguely, at times, about sundry trips between New York and Philadelphia, and a "lady."

Gotham had intrusted him with messages for a mother and brother. Gotham regarded their proper delivery, being dependent on Balty, in the light of a forlorn-hope. But years had passed since any one had gone direct from the river to the States. Balty might make good his promised connections. A few stranger things had happened. Balty promised. Gotham received those promises in silence. He knew Balty could and would promise.

A few months after, Gotham received a letter from his brother. "I saw your friend Balty," it read. "He did not seem quite himself."

"It's easy enough to know how it was with Balty," said Gotham, speaking confidentially on the subject. "He met

Mac, in Philadelphia. Mac, you know, was a 'sport' here in '55. Mac says to himself: 'Here—Balty will rid himself of his cash, as fast as he can. If I don't get some of it, some one else will!' And so, I guess, they worked Balty's lead out as quick as they could, and whizzed him back again to California."

Balty is now working in Doesticks Gulch. He has struck nothing for eighteen months. He knows he must, soon. It has been ordained that he shall unearth a certain amount of virgin gold before he dies. Destiny sent him to the Tuolumne River for that purpose. It matters but little to him whether the "strikes" be near together or far apart. He was born to develop, not to retain wealth. He fully realizes this. It is that which impels him, doggedly, stolidly, to work on. Of what use for him to speculate, or enter on any legitimate business? Once he struck out and invested in hogs; bought a mother with a large litter: he saw himself, in fancy, a

hog-drover, and the whole surrounding country covered with his stock. His hogs brought only trouble: they broke into the miners' cabins, and ate their provisions; bread, baking in Dutch-ovens by outdoor fires—the men being at work on their claims—was polluted by them; infuriated sufferers clamored at Balty's cabin for redress. His hogs disturbed his own rest during the frosty nights: they slept in a pile by his door; the inside of that pile was warm, the outside, cold; the external pig wanted to be the internal, the internal wished to remain so. There was, the long night, a steady squeal, grunt, and struggle. Balty, at last, became disgusted with the pig business. He sold out; the money was quickly put in circulation: that was Balty's mission. He saw it clearly; he sees it now clearer than ever. He holds that it is not for him to accumulate wealth: he is merely a medium, in the hands of ghostly gold-seekers, to find gold, dig it, and keep up the metallic basis of our currency.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

## PICKING HISTORICAL MARROW-BONES.

TO the youthful student who aspires to "climb the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar," no part of that steep looks more difficult than the acclivity of History. It is not its ruggedness that appalls him, but its sheer height. What History would have been if Noah had carried with him into the ark the parchment records of the time, and the conquering Caliph had withheld his torch from the papyrus scrolls of Alexandria—*fuge querere*. It would be as useless to conjecture as it would be to people the globe, in imagination, with the descendants of a pair that had never fallen from their first estate. But when

any other than one of those inscrutable persons, of whom the Chinese say, "If there is any thing he does not know, he is ashamed," contemplates the two catastrophes above mentioned, he heaves an involuntary sigh of relief.

Caligula wished that the whole world had only one neck, that he might enjoy the exquisite happiness of severing it at a blow; so the modern student often wishes the same, that he might be able, if not to cut off its historical head at a stroke, at least within a life-time.

And yet, in exact proportion as time rolls on, and the busy hand of History piles up Pelion on Ossa of the world's

chronicles, the poor span of human life is shortened up, and the scholar is carried earlier to his grave. I have often nurtured a secret and rebellious thought against the historians themselves; for I can not elude the conviction that the labors they impose on us, year by year, are largely responsible for this deplorable result.

Oh, Methuselah and Tiglath-pileser, and all ye long brotherhood of ancients, happy were ye that no Grotes, or Gibbons, or Bancrofts existed in your days, to pester your patriarchal tranquillity! Would that we, their weakling and degenerate posterity, might be dismissed from school as soon as we committed to memory the few vellum scrolls with which those old pioneers of the world whiled away their centuries.

Not many weeks after the great battle of Sadowa, the school-children of Moscow sent an address to Bismarck, in which, with childish frankness and enthusiasm, they thanked him for having simplified for them that part of the geography of Europe which had always given them so much tribulation. When will a Bismarck arise to hew off some of the unprofitably luxurious branches from the "historical trees" which were a terror to our childhood?

We want some one who will write for us the "Spirit of History," as Montesquieu has written the "Spirit of the Laws." There is large and suggestive material for such a work in the historical catch-words found in the literature of every civilized people. Every great crisis in human affairs produces one or more men, its "noblest offspring," who stamp their ineffaceable impress upon it, among other ways, by molding certain apt phrases for affairs; for those epochs that are most prolific in noble deeds—"God's sons"—also nourish the loveliest and fairest generations of "men's daughters"—words. It is those terse, pithy, clear-cut utterances of such peri-

ods that become the heirs of their best endeavors, their hopes, their fears, their ambitions; and, passing at once into the speech of the people, become thenceforth a national possession, traditional and enduring. This Paper is simply an experiment in the construction of such a skeleton history—an attempt to indicate some of the possibilities of the topic.

Passing over all the colonial and chaotic period, when we were no nation, let us begin with the Revolution, when we became such in fact, as later in name.

The Fathers took up arms to defend the imperiled principle of "No taxation without representation;" but were compelled, slowly and with many misgivings, to declare themselves the champions of "the glittering and sounding generalities of natural right, which make up the Declaration of Independence." The war was begun for liberty only—not for independence; and Paine expressed the full extent of his compatriots' complaint, when, adding a word to "Poor Richard's" famous utterance, he said, "Where liberty is *not*, there is my country." Even the impetuous Henry did not aim at independence at the outset, for the burden of his memorable address was, "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

Thus the battle was joined. Having solemnly and dispassionately pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor" to their common defense, and to the achievement of perfect and perpetual independence, they were not dismayed or faint-hearted in the "times that tried men's souls."

Not only in the beginning of the war, but through its whole duration, the authority of Congress was a myth. There was no President with even advisory powers; and many honest patriots were seriously at a loss to know under whose colors they were bearing arms. Some interpreted so imperfectly the meaning of the great movement they were en-



gaged in, that they believed themselves still fighting under the banner of King George—for him, and against his usurping ministers—just as, later in our history, some of their descendants clung to the right of “constitutional resistance.” Accordingly, when the bravest soldier who ever drew blade demanded the surrender of Ticonderoga, his old royalist notions still lingered in his mind; for, though he had repudiated his allegiance to King George, and was himself an infidel, the dogma of “divine right” still hovered over the vacuum, and he issued his summons “in the name of the great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress.” It seems strange to us, yet it was not strange, that the Fathers were so tardy in discovering that “all men are born equal,” and that the source of all Governmental authority is, “We, the People.”

Having no President, and only a shadow of a Congress, they were in sad confusion. Washington was elected to the chief command, to restore order. Repairing to New England to organize the little army he was to command, and finding it in dire chaos, he said, playfully—referring to the Governor of Connecticut—“We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject.” Since that day, a great many people have found “Brother Jonathan” a very helpful relative in time of need.

There were disaffected persons in the country then, as in subsequent times; and many who were as anxious to “take protection” from the British commander in their vicinity, as some in the South were, during the war, to secure “protection-papers” from Union Generals. The “Cow-boys” and the “Skinners” of those days were probably as bad as the modern “Guerrillas” and “Bushwhackers.”

At last the war was ended, independence established, and the nation staggered along as best it could without a

ruler. The Congress, which was a substitute for the repudiated King George, could levy taxes in abundance, but could not collect enough to pay even the cripples who had won their independence. The Tory, McFingal, scornfully, but truthfully, said:

“For what’s your Congress, or its end?  
A power t’ advise and recommend;  
To call forth troops, adjust your quotas—  
And yet no soul is bound to notice;  
To pawn your faith to th’ utmost limit  
But can not bind you to redeem it.”

The Articles of Confederation—that veritable “rope of sand”—were found wholly inefficient, and men began to say of them as poor humpbacked Pope said of himself, “God mend me!” But the wiser ones said, as the link-boy answered his master: “God mend you? It would be far easier to make a new one.” And they made a new one. They also gave the nation a new name. To our ancestors, just emancipated from dependence, and occupying only the edge of the continent, which the rising sun of Empire had barely fringed with civilization, as the morning sun gilds the overhanging cloud, the name “America” probably would have seemed altogether too pretentious; but most of us who have ever traveled in Europe have probably wished that they had taken it instead of the cumbersome appellation we now bear.

To form a national banner to supplant the multitudes of grotesque and undignified devices, copied from objects in the earth, the air, and the waters, that had been carried through the Revolution, they—

“Tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there.”

Trumbull puts into the mouth of his hero the contemptible objection which was made against the flag at that time, that it was—

“Inscribed with inconsistent types  
Of Liberty and thirteen stripes.”

As though, forsooth, the Fathers de-

signed to symbolize the lashes of slavery in its sacred folds!

In choosing a national motto, they were not less felicitous, though the source whence they derived it was not so illustrious. It was a modest metrical composition in Latin, written by one John Carey, of Philadelphia, and entitled, "The Pyramid of Fifteen States," in which occur the following verses:



"Audax inde cohors stellis e pluribus unum  
Ardua pyramidos tollit ad astra caput."

These three words occur as a motto on the title-page of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, published in London in 1731, a copy of which I have seen in the Astor Library; but whether Carey or the Fathers ever saw them, I am not informed.

In 1796, Pinckney, having received a dishonorable proposition of alliance from France, wrote home his great motto, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

Two years later, in the midst of the partisan clamor and dissensions that distracted the country, in sympathy with the wild heavings of the French Revolution, the ringing voice of Hopkinson was heard above the din, summoning his countrymen to concord and fraternal love:

"Firm, united let us be,  
Rallying round our Liberty—  
As a band of brothers joined,  
Peace and safety we shall find."

But suddenly every note of passion and of discord was hushed. There went a voice through the Republic, at the sound of which the stoutest hearts were awed, and the eyes of grim veterans were suffused with tears. All partisans had, for the moment, only one country, and that country only one grave. The "Father of his country" passed to his long home. Before the assembled Congress, Lee pronounced his noble and

beautiful eulogy, "To the memory of the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Already, before the close of the century—such was the strong recuperative power of the country—the Republic had so far recovered from the shocks and devastations of the war, that Timothy Dwight was moved to unpack his swelling patriotism in voluminous poetical compositions. Among all his lucubrations, there are two lines which posterity will not suffer to fall into oblivion, not on account of their poetical value, but for the poetical justice which was then, for the first time, rendered to the great discoverer:

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise—  
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

Immediately after the close of the war, the nation acquired a "Treasury-trough" (though not yet thus named), but had nothing to put into it that was "worth a continental." But as early as 1811, the national finances seem to have reached already really respectable vigor. In a speech made in that year by Josiah Quincy—of which the "Old Man Eloquent" said, "It ought to be hung up in the office of every office-holder in the Union"—he said, "Why, sir, we hear the clamor of the craving animals at the treasury-trough here in this Capitol." In this year, too, Elbridge Gerry taught the nation how to "Gerrymander;" so it was evident that "Young America" was making as rapid progress, both financially and politically, as was conducive to his welfare. He was already hard after the "Almighty Dollar."

In 1809, the French sympathies of Jefferson, as against England, together with other influences, produced the "Embargo," which was odious and ruinous to commercial New England. Upon the news of its passage, therefore, her orators dramatically cried out, as many do in these days, "Liberty is dead!" and

the Boston newspapers appeared in mourning. But "Sam Slick" anagrammatically said, "O, grab me!" put his thumb on his nose, executed certain mysterious gyrations with his fingers, and started off, peddling clocks.

Whether "liberty was dead" at home or not, the people were still stout in their resistance to foreign aggression, and a great part of the Republic sustained the declaration of war with England to resist the pretended "right of search." But "Brother Jonathan" grumbled again, for he "guessed" a war with England would curtail his cod-fishing business; so he had to be displaced from the chief command, and superseded by the less provincial and more genial "Uncle Sam"—a famous old gentleman whom we all know, who was born in 1812 on the banks of the Hudson, and had his name first painted on a Commissary's barrel of beans. It is proper to remark, however, that "Brother Jonathan" is better known in Europe to this day than his young successor, probably because of his antiquity.

Under this new and broader leadership, the Republic made good progress in the war at sea; but on shore there seemed to prevail a "masterly inactivity" (first used by Sir James Mackintosh, and then revived by John Randolph). So sturdy was the opposition to the war in New England, whose commerce it was destroying from the seas, that certain people in the "Land of Steady Habits" (so the Federalists asserted) hoisted "blue lights" along their coast, to show the British smugglers where to land, and thus added another phrase to the vocabulary of treason. So bitter waxed the opposition at last, that in Hartford was raised the fatal cry of "Disunion."

Advancing upon New Orleans, with the (alleged) rallying-cry of "booty and beauty," the English received their last crushing defeat at the hands of "Old

Hickory." With the tidings of this battle came also, from Europe, the news of concluded peace.

With 1820 came the memorable struggle which terminated in the famous "Missouri Compromise," and in the displacement of the old "Mason and Dixon's Line" (latitude 39°), by that of 36° 30'. John Randolph denounced this as a "dirty bargain," and the eighteen Northern Congressmen who helped strike it, as "dough-faces"—an epithet which at once passed into our political vocabulary.

The advocacy of "disunion" had already migrated from Hartford to Charleston. But it had not, in either case, reached the masses, and when Webster (1823) lifted up his clarion voice in behalf of "our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country," his words awakened everywhere, North and South, an approving response.

In the same year, the whole nation—North and South—was gratified by the announcement of the "Monroe Doctrine," which was really originated by John Quincy Adams. The first branch of that doctrine—that is, opposition to *foreign colonization* in America—was enunciated in response to certain reputed meddlings of Russia in the Northwest. The second, and really distinctive branch of it, was formulated somewhat later, with a reference to the supposed plottings of the Holy Alliance, and was clearly set forth in the declaration of President Monroe, that "the United States would view any attempt of the Allied Powers to extend *their system* to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

Re-assured by the valorous assertion of this principle, and temporarily released by compromises from dissensions touching slavery, the Republic now entered on the "Era of good feeling" which characterized Monroe's Administration.



But now, a new fountain of bitterness was opened up in the discussion of tariff measures. Some stoutly defended the "American System," as alone patriotic; others insisted that nothing but the "Foreign System" could protect the financial interests of the country; while Jackson advocated a "judicious tariff." Commercial and manufacturing New England and the Middle States made vigorous demands for "Protection to domestic industry." John Randolph replied to this, in behalf of the cotton-growing South, "I would go half a mile out of my way to kick a sheep."

The persistent opposition of the South to the tariff brought such a weight of reproach upon the predominant party of that section that they deemed it expedient temporarily to relinquish their old name, which they did by changing "Democrat" into "Democratic Republican." Their opponents, also, to render their own consistent with their principles, changed front. They were known as "Federalists;" they now became "National Republicans."

The constantly increasing rigidity of partisan discipline and partisan obligations found at length a convenient and felicitous phrase for its uses. It was furnished by the speech of W. L. Marcy, in the Senate, in 1832, in which he said, "They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils."

The opposition of the South to the "American System" of tariff began, under the leadership of Polk, as early as 1828; and the war of words speedily waxed to threatening proportions, and broadside after broadside hurtled through the air. Hayne fired a great gun never heard before, "A State can commit no treason;" and from Garrison came back the answering defiance, "No union with slave-holders." Calhoun then replied, "Each State has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of the infraction [of the Constitution] as of the mode and man-

ner of redress;" and Garrison again retorted, "The Constitution is a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell." Again the South responded, "Let us alone!" (Davis?) to which Garrison, a third time, made reply, "Our country is the world; our countrymen are all mankind." These shots were making a good many chinks and cracks in the old ship.

In the midst of all these low, sullen mutterings of the approaching tempest, while the red glare of the lightnings was already playing along the horizon, and the heavens were darkened by black and gusty clouds, and the hearts of the mariners quailed with fear, there was heard the steady voice of the Master, the "Expounder of the Constitution," warning his countrymen to stand by the ship, and giving them for a watchword to the end of time, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

But the "sober, second thought" of the South (spoken by Fisher Ames, long before), assisted by the vigorous measures of Jackson, averted for a time the outburst threatened by "Nullification."

Another result of Jackson's energetic and patriotic policy was the restoration of the prestige of the old party appellation of "Democrat." At least, its former possessors were emboldened to resume it (1834); and at the same time the "National Republicans" became "Whigs." Choate gave the latter a popular rallying-cry when he wrote to their Convention, "We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union." With all their changes of name, they had been obliged to remain the "outs" for many years, while the others were "ins." Not only that, but they had been "rowing up Salt River" many years, while the others were snug in the "White House," out of the rain, and were feeding at the "public crib." These, among other reasons, contributed to the procurement for a pair of gentlemen, well ac-



quainted with President Jackson's back-door, the title of "Kitchen Cabinet."

One John Moock, of New York, having invented a "self-lighting cigar," named it, by analogy with *locomotive*, which was then popularly thought to mean *self-moving*, the "Loco-foco cigar." Certain Democrats having carried some of them to a meeting in Tammany Hall, and having used them to relight the gas which somebody mischievously turned off, acquired for themselves the appellation of "Loco-focos."

In the famous "Hard-cider campaign," for and against "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," the country first began to hear of "mass-meetings." (This word *meeting*, it may not be inappropriate to remark, the French and German languages have naturalized in their scanty political vocabularies.) The "Great West" being now fully opened up, the country began to hear, too, in this campaign, of "log-rolling" and "stump-speaking," though New York did the "pipe-laying." When Vice-President Tyler became President, and withdrew his allegiance from the party from which he had accepted place, political drill-sergeants began to revive and re-discuss the ancient Virginia doctrine of the "right of instructions."

In 1844, Polk was elected on the issue of "Annexation," or "Re-annexation," as many preferred to call it, which his party pronounced to be a "political necessity." At this time it was demonstrated to any who had before been incredulous, that this sort of necessity, if the "party-lash" were well laid on, was nearly as imperious as a "military necessity." Texas was annexed; there was war; "Old Rough-and-Ready" beat the Mexicans; and five men in Congress made themselves nearly as celebrated as he, by "firing in the rear." "The Wagoner-Boy" declared, that, if he were a Mexican, he would "welcome with bloody hands to a hospitable grave" every invader of his country.

The thoroughly non-interference foreign policy of Washington, which consisted in simply avoiding "entangling alliances," had so far expanded during the administration of Polk, that it became, "Ask nothing that is not right, and submit to nothing that is wrong." Notwithstanding the great immigration that had been in progress for years, the country had not yet wholly emancipated itself from its colonial narrowness, and attained a cosmopolitan liberality. Foreigners were still regarded with a sort of rural distrust; and the attempt of Bishop Hughes to organize a separate political party of Irishmen not only resulted in failure, but produced a reaction (1844) which filled the land with the cry, "Native Americans;" and subsequently gave birth to "Sam" and "Know-Nothings." Then the Germans had their own sport over the "Say-Nothings." "America for Americans" was heard, in imitation of "Poland for the Poles." Our countrymen seemed to forget that it was foreign men coming to America, and not, as in the case of Poland and Ireland, foreign Governments.

The proposition to admit California as a Free State, and New Mexico as a Territory, again convulsed the country, and threatened to rend it asunder. What might have happened, if the people had not discovered, with Webster, that "there are times when we must learn to conquer our prejudices;" and further, that it was useless to attempt to "re-enact the will of God" concerning the destination of New Mexico, it would be difficult now to determine. Clay, however, invented an "Omnibus Bill," which was so capacious that every body could put his own "little bill" into it; and so the country was saved.

Up to this point in the history, our statesmen had been in a prodigious deal of pother, most of the time, about the wall of compromise between Free and

Slave territory; and they had made a great zigzag, meantime. First, it was on the line of  $37^{\circ}$ , then  $36^{\circ} 30'$ , then it was whipped up again, and at last it swagged away down to the lower end of California. After awhile, they fell to fighting about it again, and then they broke the western end of it all down, and tramped it into the dust out on the Plains somewhere.

In 1848, a handful of men in New Hampshire demanded "Free soil" in the Territories; to whom the "Fire-eaters" responded, "We have a right to take our slaves wherever you take your horses." This was the first exchange of shots, at long range, between the outposts. In 1850, Seward said, in the Senate, that there was a "higher law \* \* \* which regulates our authority over the domain;" but there came back the unanswerable response, "Cotton is King." [Hammond, 1858.] Now the "Little Giant" threw himself between the hosts arrayed for conflict, bearing in his hands the mediative principle of "Squatter Sovereignty" in the Territories. Both parties brushed it aside, and then followed the desolating and protracted struggle in Kansas. The "underground railroad" was hard at work. This was the first armed reconnaissance between the forces, and prepared the way for the battle a decade later. The western end of the wall was now wholly thrown down, but the eastern portion remained intact.

Clear-sighted men saw that the conflict was not far distant. In June, 1853, the "Rail-splitter" declared, "The Union can not exist half slave, half free;" and four months later, Seward announced to a startled and incredulous nation the "Irrepressible Conflict."

The near approach of war oppressed thoughtful men with an indefinable sense of dread; and the timorous separated themselves from the strong. Political parties multiplied on every hand, as the

physicians gather about the bedside of a dying man. In one great encampment were the men on whose banners were inscribed, "Congressional interference in the Territories *against* slavery;" in another, those who bore the device, "Congressional interference in the Territories *for* slavery." These two encampments stood over against each other, a long distance apart; and in the space between them, were other great camps ranged at various distances, bearing on their battle-flags such inscriptions as these: "The great principle," or "Congressional non-interference," or "The Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws." There were a great many smaller camps, whose devices were so small they could hardly be distinguished, as "Abolitionists," "Fire-eaters," "Old-line Whigs," "Old Hunkers," "Barn-burners," "Black Republicans," "Co-operationists," etc.

The election of 1860 was the signal to let slip the dogs of war. As one after another of the "erring sisters" took her departure from about the ancestral hearth, there was one who said, "Let the Union slide!" but the "O. P. F." shed tears. Some called earnestly after them to return, promising to leave their "peculiar institution" untouched; and the people were confounded and distressed, for the far greater proportion of them, North and South, loved the Union well. So great was the alarm and trepidation of many good men that they would have renewed the labor on the old wall of compromise, in the hope that the laborers might thus forget their grievances yet a little while.

All this was brushed aside by the attack on Fort Sumter, which commenced a war on "the best Government the world ever saw." But, in thus "firing the Southern heart," they fired also the Northern, and the result was an immediate resort to the business of "blood-letting."

"Through Baltimore, or over it!" and "On to Richmond!" followed in quick succession. The green and untutored army made a blundering pass at Manassas, and then a voice cried out, "Peace on the best attainable terms." Then for a long time every thing remained "quiet on the Potomac," and the people's heart grew sick with hope deferred. But they amused themselves meantime by listening to the marvelous narratives of the "reliable gentleman" and the "intelligent contraband," who related to their gaping auditors such accounts of the dreadful and diabolical doings of the "masked batteries" of the Rebels as made every individual and particular hair on our heads stand on end.

They had not yet learned in Washington to let head-quarters be in the field: hence "Little Mac" had to "change his base" before Richmond. Lee then changed *his* base from Richmond to Maryland, then changed it back again, and the "Mackerel Brigade" performed some most wonderful and astounding evolutions. Grant was learning how to "move on the enemy's works;" Sherman, how to make "flank movements," and Sheridan, how to "do things." There was a great deal of bad manage-

ment everywhere; a good deal of "shoddy" was distributed to the boys, and a great many saw-dust bombs supplied by contractors for their cannon. Many a poor fellow, who enlisted to do hard fighting—but who was allowed to rot ignominiously in the camps along the James, the Rappahannock, the Tennessee, and the Mississippi—"lost the number of his mess," and was carried out from his "shebang" to his long home. Some declared the "war was a failure," and every body was willing to admit, with the President, that it was at least a "big job."

But there came presently a better day for the nation. Hitherto many men had not been able to decide whether the "war was being prosecuted to put down slavery, or slavery was being put down to prosecute the war," or neither; but all the while "John Brown's soul was marching on" to its goal. At last universal emancipation was proclaimed. A good many friends of the Union found this a rock of offense, and many others were hardly persuaded by the powerful plea of "military necessity." The nation drifted toward emancipation as slowly as we have seen it did, in the Revolution, toward independence.

STEPHEN POWERS.

## GRIZZLY PAPERS.

### NO. III.

**I**T is an Ancient Miner, and he stoppeth one of three. The man who was stopped turned a curious regard upon the venerable obstructive, and noted, in an amused, critical sort of way, that his apparel required rectification, both as to the integrity of the material and the manner of its adjustment. It consisted mainly of the ghost of a hat which had apparently belonged to the Stone Age;

a coat of uncertain texture and dubious hue, evidently boasting some kind of cape, which was, however, of doubtful utility, as, the garment being worn inside out, it was necessarily bunched into an unsightly wad about the neck, giving the wearer the appearance of one of those hunchbacked birds with a ruff. A pair of buckskin pantaloons, with so many patches of varied hue that they re-



sembled a school-map of the United States, gave evidence at several points of harboring somewhere inside a brace of knotty legs that dwelt brotherly together half-way down, differed upon a question of knee, doggedly diverged, and finally expired unreconciled in a pair of sorrel, cow-skin shoes, of unequal antiquity and generally discordant aspect. The face of this being was a problem quite incapable of exact statement, and wholly hopeless of solution. The portion that was visible between the phantom hat and a beard spilled all over the breast in ragged majesty of dirty gray, consisted of a pair of eyes, of dissimilar design, in a condition of permanent and inconsolable grief; a nose that would have reflected infinite credit upon any soil in which it might have grown as a potato; leathern cheeks of a sodden, clay color, looking as if drawn tightly over a pile of broken stones; and a brow that impended threateningly above the whole, as if about to close down and shut out the entire prospect. As to figure, the man resembled the frame-work of a shot-tower distorted by a whirlwind.

Advancing with a tottering shuffle, this unhandsome spectre raised his palsied arm and fumbled weakly for the stranger's bridle-rein, and having grasped it, in a voice like the wheezy cackle of an asthmatic hen, he commanded his victim to dismount and throw up his hands, which was done with grave and deliberate docility. This one being thus rendered incapable of resistance, was left standing while his companions were made similarly helpless. Having settled these essential preliminaries, that aged Pioneer piled himself loosely by the roadside and began to recount the early history of California, from the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill, to the spiking down of the ultimate rail of the great overland road.

Reader, throw up your hands——But, no——stop! I won't. There frowns the

prison, and here yawns the grave; on this side threatens the gibbet, and on that beckons the poisoned cup. Heaven has been bountiful in methods of distress. Let Heaven choose the manner of thy death, for Heaven knows the measure of thy sin.

It is unfortunate that the man who is a more wearisome bore than he who is deeply learned in human nature, has not yet been dragged into the light: he would be a study. While he is still latent, let us strive to rest content with such minor iniquitors as we shall be able to pick up here and there, and get such gratification as we may from the second greatest conceivable fraud in all this habitable world. The man who knows human nature, and libels it in his own, is pretty constantly turning out and standing at arms: you shall scarcely kick over a chip without disclosing at least one of his kind. The highways and by-ways of art, literature, science, and especially politics, are full of him. There are certain specialists in the ancient and honorable profession of Boring, who lurk about with the slinking limp of a suspected *coyote*; some who shamble around with the wild swagger of a tipsy hippopotamus; but your Professor of Human Nature stalks brazenly forward with the stately strut of a knighted turkey-cock. He scorns to impel the Parthian shaft, or lie in wait at the way-side; but advances with honest effrontery, and discharges his ponderous specialty straight at your head, like a rock shot out of a catapult. And yet he is a modest youth withal. True, he has thoroughly mastered human nature; but he frankly detracts from the merit of his achievement by maintaining that his subject is everywhere and under all circumstances the same. Having himself learned it in the stable, in the tap-room, and upon the curb-stone, he is quite competent to apply his knowledge to the



kitchen, the drawing-room, or the council-chamber, indifferently. The Gaul, the Teut, the Celt; the sage, the clown, and the belle; the delver in the sunless mine, the hunter upon the heath, the dweller in cities, the mariner upon the rounded sea, and the hermit shut up in his cell like a toad in a rock—all are equal, all actuated by a common motive, and that motive minutely familiar to his mind, and ever in readiness to be thrust upon yours. That the knower of human nature is a born dunce, is his misfortune; that he is uneducated, is matter for commiseration; that he is vulgar by instinct, and brutal by habit, is to be deplored; that he is usually a politician, may be cheerfully forgiven; but that he is a bore—a tiresome, sickening, and exasperating social nightmare—is an atrocious outrage. I yearn for a law making a knowledge of human nature a capital offense.

CLOSELY allied to this wretch, and, though even more generally distributed, infinitely more harmless in disposition, is the knave whose modest claim—none the less positive because he is unconscious of making it—is, that he has mastered the most intricate science of which the human intellect is capable of a conception; that he has grasped the highest, ripest, and most perfect result of intellectual application: the ability to read character by the face. This man absolutely swarms innumerable: you shall not throw a stone at a dog without hitting him—particularly if your aim have been accurately taken. He may readily be known by his incorrigible habit of being imposed upon and pecuniarily defrauded by the designing stranger within his gates.

THERE is no kind of sense in flavoring a cream or a custard with vanilla, when pine-apple is so much the more palatable and wholesome. I have spent

several years of a busy life combating this baleful heresy by the logic of that secular torture: public ridicule. If it were permitted to me to work my own sweet will upon the believers in the mischievous doctrine of vanilla, I should not hesitate a moment to burn them all at the stake, and fling their accursed cinders into the sea. As it is not, I refrain; but the only way by which I can secure a peaceful sleep is to attentively reflect upon the awful fate in store for them hereafter, when divine vengeance shall no longer be compelled to seek expression through the inadequate medium of human justice. To the besottedly fanatical and intolerant mind, this may seem a brutal consolation; but I assure you it is quite natural, and provokes a peace which passeth understanding. I have always stubbornly contested the right of any man to deprive me of such innocent satisfaction as I may be able to derive from reflections of this nature.

THERE is a singular sort of mental revulsion after what is called a pleasant disappointment, that I do not remember to have seen properly noted down by those who know every thing, but which a recent occurrence has forced upon my attention. It is probably experienced in greater or less intensity at certain times by every one, but it seems to require the soul of a woman for its perfect manifestation. It is like this: You receive a dispatch stating that your husband (pardon the liberty, but I will suppose you are a lady—pardon that, I mean a woman) has fallen off a church-spire, and broken his back. You are plunged into inexpressible heaviness of heart, and take the first train for the scene of the disaster, expecting to behold the writhing unfortunate—whom you never so loved as now—in his last, strong agony, snatching for breath, and twisting himself into a bewildering succession of double bow-knots with the facility of an

oiled snake. He meets you at the door with a tranquil smile of affectionate surprise at your unexpected return. Now you think—do you not?—that you would throw yourself upon him with a cry of keen delight; you really believe that you would. So do I; but my deepest compassion goes out to the cook, the butler, the maid, the dog, the cat, and the canary, who might happen to be about that household during the remainder of the day: they would be tolerably certain to suffer cruelty at the hands of a very singularly irritable mistress. And I would earnestly advise even the man of spinal integrity to pass that evening at the office, as a judicious precaution against possible strife.

Now this is wholly unaccountable, and must, therefore, be stoutly denied. No—that is cowardly; let us construct a theory. Reader, I bow to your superior intelligence—in theory.

URSUS, Philosophus, to the Despised Race—Greeting: It is with unspeakable grief that I observe the neglect into which we have fallen among the sons of men. No more do they worship at the shrine of our wisdom; no longer prostrate their hearts before our altars, nor come thereto loaded with meat for offerings, burn our fires with never so lambent a flame. Our temples are become the habitations of bats and owls, and spiders weave and wander therein. The deserted corridors echo hollowly to the tread of the invading stranger, who is smitten with a nameless dread as his footfalls are repeated in the cloistered obscurity, as if by the tombless dead, walking away the weary cycles of eternity. The carven statue of our deity—the mystic Noumenon—is tumbled from its pedestal, unbuilted, battered, and broken of nose. Here hangs, dust-covered, above the altar, the painted semblance of Absolute Being; there lies the limp Phantasm which once floated so

proudly in yon Void. There, all awry, decay the Forms of Consciousness; here wither the Permanent Possibilities of Sensation. Over all frowns the night of Neglect, and creeps the rank overgrowth of Unbelief. O, Philosophy, Philosophy! daughter of Leisure, and mother of Strife! thy holy places all are desecrate; Ego and non-Ego are become but empty names; cold are thy fires, and thy priests have gone off after Woman Suffrage!

URSUS, Ferox, basking peacefully upon his sunny rock, with his muzzle between his fore-paws, thinketh unto himself after this fashion of thought:

When you meet a friend who embraces you in a transport of affection, and you afterward find your watch safe in your pocket, you may go sell that time-piece for one-half its value, and still justly regard yourself as one of Fortune's favorites.

There is not a more erroneous belief than that one good turn deserves another. In repaying a kindness, you degrade it to the level of barter. Our theory in this respect is extremely sordid: our practice is more in accordance with good sense.

I once knew a man who made me a map of the opposite hemisphere of the moon. He was crazy. I knew another who taught me what country lay upon the other side of the grave. He was a most acute thinker—as he had need to be.

When you find a man starving, the least you can do is to loan him your umbrella. That, therefore, is the proper course.

It is very commonly claimed that we Californians dress with a more correct elegance than the people east of the Rocky Mountains. As this is a question which, on account of the mass of evidence, can not very easily be deter-

mined inductively, let us go impartially to work to prove it by deduction. In the first place, California is a comparatively new country, and new countries are always conspicuous as centres of taste. Secondly, the population is composed largely of wealthy people, who have come here from Paris and Italy to spend their money and find some kind of enjoyment. Thirdly, our original population was drawn by the gold excitement directly from the higher classes of Eastern society, and their early experience here was of a nature to foster the æsthetic principle. Fourthly, they are all rich now, and have nothing to do but wear fine clothes. Fifthly, our population is a permanent and homogeneous one, quite removed from the corrupting influence of foreign fashions—one in which any excellence in any thing is certain to be preserved. Finally, we are gifted with a fine, lively imagination, and a grain or two of self-esteem: the former is stimulating to the eyesight; the latter healing to the judgment. A delicate disregard for the hampering restrictions of a cheap humility is very loosening to the tongue.

AUGUSTIN NICOLAS relates that a poor peasant, who had been arrested for sorcery, was put to the torture, for the purpose of compelling a confession. After enduring a few gentle agonies, the suffering simpleton admitted his guilt, but naïvely asked his tormentors if it were not possible for one to be a sorcerer without knowing it. He was immediately and righteously put to death; and by this instructive example, we are taught the folly of raising irrelevant and vexatious issues, to embarrass the solution of grave and weighty social problems.

WE are tolerably familiar with the fact that a half-inch added to Cleopatra's nose would have had a tremendous ef-

fect upon the destinies of mankind. We are not so familiar with the truth, that only by a subversion of the laws of Nature could a half-inch have been added to Cleopatra's nose. It is certainly amazing to think of the importance of that organ, and to see, in imagination, the stupendous influences radiating from it all over the world; but it is no less inspiring to note the silent, but mighty, forces of the universe converging upon it to produce them.

What a nice nose!

BEING only a philosopher, I am permitted to entertain absurd notions of life, death, and man's responsibilities, and to entertain wiser people by the telling them. Those opinions, which, in a thoughtful, earnest man, would be exceedingly reprehensible, and justly subject him to the rack, are, in a less serious person, not only innocent, but may be made even agreeable, by a sufficiently illogical method of expression. Of course, the case of the Court-fool is accurately in point.

Let us suppose that I have a slave-child. I place him in a room (which may be a pleasant apartment, or a squalid cell, at my option), and saying neither "Stay thou here," nor "Go thou abroad," I depart, and leave the door open. We will now suppose, if you please, that the child is grown to manhood, with a man's reason. He finds himself there, not against his will—for, knowing no other existence, he rather likes it—but certainly not from choice, for he has not been consulted. Simply, he is there. A cheerful fire is burning upon the hearth, but after a time it begins to die out, and a chill creeps into the room. This is unpleasant, but he endures it as best he may. Now the fire is entirely extinct, and there is no fuel. Really, this is growing quite intolerable. He goes to the open door and looks out into the night. What he sees, or be-



believes he sees, or thinks he believes he sees, is known to no one but himself. There may be a warm fire somewhere out there in the gloom; perchance there may be something too much of it; but, at least, this room is infernally uncomfortable. He walks out, and is lost in the black. Legal verdict: death, by his own hand, while laboring under a fit of temporary insanity. Social verdict: cut his throat in a spasm of moral cowardice.

Verdict of Ursus, the Philosopher: served himself right.

WITH regard to that historical interview between the transgressing little George Washington and his aggrieved parent, I have always considered the confessed inability of the former to tell a lie, a most unfortunate moral peculiarity. Had he been able, I have no doubt he would have executed a piece of matchless mendacity, that might have stood as a model for all future generations.

IF I could eat Mount Shasta, I would eat it; if I could not, I would not strew its sides with ratsbane, to afflict a successful rival, but would fall foul of some humbler eminence, and devour that. By this, I should secure an applause commensurate with my merit; and could then, with a perfect tranquillity of temper, contemplate a competitor ingesting an entire Sierra.

You topple à crag into the sea, and it will breed a mighty commotion; a brick pitched into a duck-pond will provoke its ripple. To a giant a mile high, the former would appear an insignificant disturbance; to a pigmy no longer than a match, the latter would seem a stupendous convulsion. A material achievement is great or paltry, according to the length of the skeleton inside the meat of the spectator—a matter which the achiever can in no way control. Swift knew this better than any body. A like rule holds good in the world of mind.

To an intellectual Titan, the difference between Mr. Shakspeare and myself would not be discernible: both would seem idiots. To an intelligent idiot, both would appear Titans, of equal mental stature. Because the average human intellect happens to be so nearly equal to his own and that of his rival as to enable it to note wherein he is the less, a literary man should not seek to degrade the taller mind, and needs not necessarily essay to raise himself: let him fancy that humanity is a mental dwarf, and revel in the dream of an equal superiority. Otherwise, in seeking to exalt his own literary horn, he may chance to provoke a comparison which the world would not else have thought to make.

A MOUNTAIN trail—a narrow, tortuous, difficult path. Two miners, with their estates tied up in ropes and slung across their backs, scrambling wearily up it. Just at the steepest part, the foremost halted short, turned about, deliberately unslung his pack, sat down upon it, and sighed. As he looked across the green expanse of the valley below, to the brown majesty of the opposite mountain range, and over into the fathomless ether beyond, a look not of earth crept into his eyes, informing his face with something of the glory of the Transfiguration. His companion, rough and hard though he was, observed the change and appeared to have some vague and imperfect idea of its nature, for without a word, he grounded his own luggage and sat himself thoughtfully upon a rock. For some time the two maintained a silence which was intensified rather than broken by the just distinguishable murmur of the river a thousand feet below. The wind whispered its eternal secret to the pines, and the sun, flaming grandly above, flung wave after wave of light against the hills, which sent back faint pulsations of heat, as it were an echo.



"Jim"—and the voice of the miner was choked and husky, as if troubled in its lower depths by some struggling emotion—"Jim, we two've been good friends—ain't we?"

Whether it was because he did not thoroughly know what was coming, and so declined to commit himself, or whether he had a delicate consciousness that to reply to such a question would imply a misconstruction of its purport, Jim maintained a grave silence, merely shifting his great hands alternately, the one above the other, upon the vertical handle of his pick. The uncertain light in the eyes of the speaker grew by imperceptible degrees into a positive gleam of intense longing, as he continued:

"Jim, I'm not a feller to ask favors: you know that. Ever since we two've been pardners, you've never knowed me to git a man to hold my dust while I attended to the cards, without my bein willin' to hold his'n the same. Now, pardner, I feel that I can't drift no further on this level, and I guess I've got to go down lower. But 'fore I go, I want you to tell me, honest, who 'twas shot me that night at the *fandango* over to Spanish Camp. The thought that I was fired into by some stranger who wasn't a-takin' no hand, and come near havin' my light snuffed out by some one unbeknowns to me, is not a good thought to die on. When I get down yonder, and they ask me 'who made this yer hole in yer back?' I'd like to tell 'em, so't they could spot him when he comes. 'Tain't no case for human justice: we haven't got nothing invented yet as'd do it right to him. And, Jim, don't you never go for him yourself: that man's too mean for killin'." The dying man ceased, but Jim bowed his head lower and lower over the pick-handle in silence, and seemed struggling to suppress a sob. Finally he asked, in an almost inaudible tone:

"Bill, are you quite sure you're a-playin' out fast?"

"I'm a-coilin' up my *riata*, Jim."

"How long mout you last yet?"

"Not more'n ten minutes at the outside."

Jim straightened himself up on his rock with a jerk:

"Bill, I won't never get after that feller—leastways, not till I commit suicide. I fired that shot that's a-doin' for you!" Then, half apologetically: "I didn't know you then, Bill, or I shouldn't 'a shot without singin' out to you that I was on it."

That extremely moribund miner rose to his feet: more properly, there was a vast upheaval of his frame, which seemed to expand at every point as it finally towered aloft like a blasted cedar:

"Jim," he flamed out, "'board's a fair play; and ever since we two've been pardners you never knowed me to take back a card. But in saying what I did about human justice, I throwed away a queen when I knowed I held a bower. Jim, I take back that play: I'm after your scalp, pardner!"

The spot is still pointed out to the traveler.

HOGARTH used to stubbornly contend that he could paint as good a portrait as Vandyke. I don't know if he could or not; I only know he never did.

MR. RUSKIN, to whom art was already somewhat indebted, has invented an infallible test of excellence in sculpture: If a work creates in the mind of the spectator a desire to see the reality it represents, it is a good work. In looking at the "*Laocoön*," you are expected to feel an intense yearning to behold a breathing man and two breathing children crushed by two living snakes. In talking of art, if you can not always say something brilliantly startling, you need never fail of saying something profoundly shallow.

URSUS.

## OFFERS FOR THE CHILD.

In the dim spaces of a dream, you see—  
Somewhere, perhaps, or else not anywhere  
(Remember in a dream what things may be)—  
I met a stranger with the whitest hair.

From his wide, wandering beard the snow-flakes whirled  
(His face when young, no doubt, was much admired):  
His name was Atlas, and he held the world;  
I held a child—and both of us were tired.

“A handsome boy,” he courteously said;  
“He pleases my old fancy. What fine eyes!”  
“Yes, father, but he wearies me. My head  
Is aching, too, and—listen how he cries!”

“If you would let me take him”——and he spread  
All his fair laces and deep velvets wide;  
Then hid them from my smile, and, in their stead,  
Sweet jewels and vague sums of gold he tried;

Then ships, all heavy with the scents and sounds  
Of many a sea, the stains of many a sun;  
Then palaces, with empires for their grounds,  
Were slowly offered to me, one by one.

“Then take the world. It will amuse you. So,  
Watch while I move its wires.” An instant, then,  
He laughed. “Look, child, at this quick puppet-show:”  
I saw a rich land dusk with marching men.

“This puppet, with the smile inscrutable,  
You call The Emperor; these, Statesmen; these—  
No matter; this, who just now plays the fool,  
Is——” “Not our——” “It is, madam, if you please!”

“Hush!—— Take the world, and move them as you will!—  
Give me the boy.”

——Then, shivering with affright,  
I held the close cheek’s dimples closer still,  
And bade the old Peddler—for I woke—good-night!

MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

## ETC.

THERE are some fruits which never attain their finest flavor until they are touched with frost; and when the mountain-sides are glorified with the flaming maple and the milder tones of beech and birch, we are more satisfied with these later and finishing touches of Nature than with the rank unripeness of early spring. Is the very thing of which we boast to be turned to our disadvantage? Can there be no perfect colors and no maturity with a perfect fruiting in authorship, without a touch of frost somewhere east of the Hudson River? Is there no power in the sunlight under these semi-tropical skies, where the orange and the almond come to perfection, to ripen painters and poets, so that frost can do no more for them thereafter than for the tints which are laid upon the rind of an orange or for the flavor within? We only raise the question without venturing to furnish an answer. We have tried the subacid of grapes which the frosts have mellowed in "high latitudes," and may we be forgiven if we still think the Muscats and the Flame Tokays which ripen on our own hill-sides have as subtle an aroma and as generous juices. But if painters and poets do not often come to maturity here, they certainly get some inspiration under these skies, and they bear transplanting wondrously well. Every one of them, we believe, has found a larger constituency, the more sustaining fellowship of kindred workers, and more satisfying rewards.

If so many as are left were to form here a more perfect bond of union—professional and social—something would be gained; more, we apprehend, than would at first be taken into account. At present, and for lack of a more perfect fellowship, these have been jostled into a social background; and Dives, as he rolls by with flashing wheels, counts them only as "poor relations," at a very great remove from him in either blood or

sympathy. When the artists of New York established their "Reunions," furnishing a common centre for men of genius and culture, there was a fitting and memorable vindication of brains and modest worth, which had been needed for many a day. It was so effectual, withal, that the coarse obstreperousness and loudness, bred of sudden wealth, was not a little toned down; and more than one of this sort was ready to go down on his marrow-bones for so much as a recognition from his "poor relations." Some day it is possible that a guild, comprising artists and men of letters, may be established here. It was creditable to English authors that they did not need the pecuniary benefits offered by the guild which Dickens did so much to establish. Something better was secured in the fraternal intercourse which was fostered, and in the words of cheer, which, uttered at the right time, were better than wedges of gold.

THE plans for a new City Hall, to be erected in San Francisco, have been accepted by the Commissioners; and the fact has since been disclosed that to a New York architect has been awarded the first premium. Whereupon, we have the usual protests that the prize should have been given to "home talent." Certainly so, if that wins in a free competition, and not otherwise. We want no more concessions to the provincial weakness which babbles about the "flavor of the soil," and the necessity of doing something for the encouragement of local genius. If it can not win in a hand-to-hand struggle with the best of any land, then no amount of paternal coddling and warm drinks can help it. We have some good architects—competent, we suppose, to furnish acceptable plans of public and private buildings. If the prizes had been offered for the best design for a City

Hall in New York, possibly a San Francisco architect might have distanced local competitors.

We have not yet accomplished much that is striking or original in the way of architecture on this coast. The most notable fact, save in a few exceptional cases, is an utter failure to adapt architecture to the exigencies of a climate unlike any other in North America, and to the physical features of a country, which, so far as we know, is not a tame copy of any other under the sun. Architecture in Italy has a special adaptation to that country; so also of Spain, France, and England. The art of designing buildings, public and private, has the distinctness of national character. It is an outgrowth of the country—something born of the necessities of climate and the inspiration of mountain and valley. The moment an architect departs from some one of the “orders,” and tries to emancipate his art from the poverty of conventional treatment, there are ten wise men to snub such boldness for one to give him a word of encouragement. He is limited by the caprices of persons who want capers cut in wood, and are satisfied if their houses are more spacious and imposing than their neighbors’. When once we have fully accepted the fact that we have no style or school of architecture in a country where, for the most part, there are no withering heats and no biting frosts, and where often a sunless room is more fatal to health than the fierce heat of the tropics, we shall be ready to put conventional architecture under our feet, and originate something worthy of a people who honor nothing because it happens to be old, and despise nothing because it happens to be new.

It has pleased a part of “our fellow-citizens,” recently, to make a very radical public demonstration of their joy that the armies of one European nation have defeated the armies of another. We do not suppose that a German, a Frenchman, an Englishman, or a Spaniard is ever going to forget his “fatherland;” and we shall find no fault with him that, in a private and decorous way, he rejoices that the bone of his bone gets the best of it in a national fight. But premising that most of these have forsworn all allegiance to their native country, it is not easy to shut

out the obvious fact that these are American citizens. In spite of all casuistry, the suggestion is uppermost: Can American citizens fitly indulge in public demonstrations of joy that the people of one friendly foreign nation have been defeated by the people of another? If a British army had recently defeated a French army, besieged and captured Paris, would it have been just the thing, on the score of fitness, for all citizens of English blood and lineage to engage in a rousing public jubilee on that account? But if these, in a natural way, gathered in private places here and there, and “smiled” over the fact that “blood will tell,” other citizens could justly take no offense. But smiling long and loud—in short, opening the safety-valves of ten thousand pairs of lungs in public, for very joy over that which is a source of profound grief to one’s next-door neighbor—suggests a lack of homogeneousness nowhere so obtrusively prominent as in this country. During all these demonstrations, and in others, the readiness with which fragments of races crystallize around old centres rather than a new one, only illustrates how much remains to be done here for a more perfect national unity. Now, a country which bestows, for the mere asking, lands and citizenship—in fact, has established a national soup-house for nearly all the world—is entitled to a just recognition on the part of her adopted children. It is many a day since we have heard any man boast that he was an American citizen. No other titles or associations ought to have such rallying power as this. It is more than Russian, Italian, French, or—Hottentot. We are looking anxiously for the time when one segment of this Happy Family, who carry the national spoon, shall not slap the faces of another segment of the same family, with the handle.

WE have recently read the principal points in a controversy between a prominent editor and a lawyer, touching professional responsibility in the acceptance of retainers and the management of causes. The points were well taken on both sides, with the odds a little in favor of the editor, until he laid down the proposition that a lawyer was not only responsible for the character of the suits conducted by him, but for the character of



his clients also. There we parted company, with a clear conviction that if the accomplished editor had been bred a lawyer, he never would have ventured to make that statement. The ethics of the profession do not require a lawyer to sit in judgment on the character of his causes. In most instances, he does not know the character of them himself until he has gone into court and there learned all that there is to be known about them. A case may have a very bad look out of court, and a very good one in it. An attorney undertakes to present the cause of his client, and to do his best to obtain justice in his behalf. But if lawyers were to decline the legal investigation of all causes which did not present at the outset clear evidence of being meritorious, justice would be even a greater rarity in the world than it now is; and the chances that aggressive editors would have smooth sailing, would be very much reduced.

Nor is a lawyer responsible for the character of his client. A bad man may have a just cause. But if all clients who can not bring a certificate of character, are to be shut out of court because lawyers—who are officers of the court, and specially empowered to manage causes—will not appear for them, the sooner the symbol of Justice, on nearly every court-house, is smashed, the better.

There are some thousands of people, of whom we can never know certainly whether they ought to be hanged, until the lawyers have done their very best for them. It is rather tough to hang a man and make his attorney responsible for his character afterward. A noted lawyer, not long since, defended a client accused of theft. He was acquitted; and having no money, paid the counsel-fees with the carcasses of seven sheep which he stole out of the lawyer's flock on

the following night. Let us strain the point by affirming that, in all probability, the lawyer *was* responsible for the character of that particular client.

THERE are some trees which do not bear transplanting well, unless a large amount of native dirt is transferred with the roots. The *bal masqué*, for some reason, does not flourish as might be expected here. The acclimating process has been too severe, or there has not been dirt enough to meet all the conditions of growth in a new country. Probably the danger that the license, which is a part of this entertainment, will be abused, is not greater here than elsewhere. But Americans evidently have not greatly excelled, except in the supplemental masquerade, wherein three or four fellows in villainous masks, arranged without any regard for artistic taste, filch a treasure-box from a stage-coach, and occasionally from an express-train. In this serio-comic business "home talent" has never been eclipsed.

But we suspect that the legitimate *bal masqué* (if there is any thing of the kind) will not take kindly to the soil for some time to come. A considerable number of people will affirm just the contrary; and will devise stunning entertainments of this kind, see their names in a newspaper the next morning (if sober enough to see at all), and will be serenely content. But if a still greater number stubbornly withhold the stamp of social approval, for satisfactory reasons—and we can conceive of a number of reasons which might be satisfactory—then, if the "show" goes on at all, it is in an atmosphere just enough chilled, beclouded, and overcast with an indefinable suspicion, to rob it of certain elements of popularity. And this we conceive to be just the condition of the *bal masqué* in this city at this date.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

UNIVERSITY PROGRESS: An Address delivered before the National Teachers' Association. By John W. Hoyt, A.M., M.D., President of the Wisconsin Academy.

Dr. Hoyt's standing entitles him to a hearing. He spoke to a select and stimulating audience—the Teachers of the National Association, at their meeting of 1869, at Trenton. His address was wrought with painstaking and enthusiasm. The published volume presents a very attractive face, and a year's delay has not lessened the public interest in so great a theme.

From allusions on pages 36 and 74, one learns that Dr. Hoyt has been on an extended tour of inspection, and has, therefore, had unusual advantages for handling his subject. He speaks intelligently, and as clearly as can be expected of a man of long sentences. A bit or two of fine writing at the very outset may seem to challenge the reader's criticism before winning his interest; but, after the tour to Finland, the worthy Doctor needed no exordium to put himself in a glow.

Dr. Hoyt gives us three chapters: the University of the Past, the University of the Present, and the University of the Future.

The first portion sketches rapidly the rise of the great European universities, from the Paris, Bologna, Cambridge, and Oxford, of the twelfth century, down to the Berlin and Bonn, the St. Petersburg and Kiev, of the nineteenth. We get pleasant glimpses of the eager throngs of students—20,000 at Bologna, 30,000 at Paris, and (later) 30,000 at Oxford. We see the four "nations" at Paris, and the thirty-seven at Bologna. Before printing was known, the instruction was, of course, by lectures. When so many nationalities were represented, a common speech was needed, and Latin became the university tongue. Lectures in the vernacular were an innovation, introduced by Thomasius, at

Leipsic, in 1687. We may add that our American colleges clung awhile to the scholastic Latin. Dr. Hoyt shows us the transient brilliancy of the universities at Naples and Salamanca; the early insignificance, and the later regal pre-eminence of the German universities; the fluctuations of Cambridge and Oxford; the consolidation of the French universities, under the first Napoleon; the recent development of the university idea in Russia; the enthusiasm and energy displayed at Helsingfors, in Finland. Truly, here is a fascinating history, and we could wish to see it more fully treated. A glance at President Felton's account of the revival of learning in the new Athens, will illustrate the materials within reach of the historian of *University Progress*. Our author's limits did not permit a formal history, but he has found space to group many interesting facts.

The University of the Present sketches the condition of the higher education, as it is now seen. The facts are cheering. Italy has one university student for every 2,200 of the population; Belgium, one for every 2,000; France, one for every 1,900; Germany, one for every 1,500. And the universities in these countries have a higher standard than most Americans are aware of. The courses of study are long and rigid. In Italy, five years are required for jurisprudence, six for medicine; in France, four years for medicine, three for law. In Germany, the gymnasias cover nearly the studies of our American colleges and universities. Their universities are on a different and much higher level. Dr. Hoyt places the German universities far in advance of all others. A good reason for their success and influence is, that they have been fostered with peculiar care. Not excelling in endowments—poor, in fact, compared with the ample foundations of Oxford and Cambridge—they have received

timely aid from the German Governments; and German enthusiasm and pluck have steadily built them up. They have set high standards, and have been true to them. The faculties of Philosophy have held a central place. The system of Professors extraordinary and of *privat-docenten*, has given a stimulus to candidates for scholastic position and fame. And let us recognize the fact that the Germans know how to make haste slowly. They show themselves, just now, not at all lacking in dash; but they are patient of training. They do not try to compress a nine-years' course of study into five; and when the full discipline has been received, they are equipped for their scholarly work.

In Italy, the Government is wisely encouraging concentration. The English universities are becoming liberalized and modernized. We could have wished for a word of commendation of the Scottish universities, which, without attempting to rival their English neighbors, have given facilities for a good and cheap education to so many Scottish youth.

American universities, while holding before them a higher ideal than they have reached, are still far below the best European standards. Harvard and Yale, with commendable modesty, have but just become willing to call themselves Universities. Their scientific and professional schools have not yet attained the higher level; while their academic departments are only German gymnasia. They still lack the higher "faculty of Philosophy," which is the nucleus and the strength of the German university. A great many American colleges and universities are hardly above the level of a high-school. We may note, in passing, how many of these misnamed colleges and universities have sprung from local rivalry and sectarian zeal. For some, at least, of these misnomers, the excuse may be given, that with the hopefulness belonging to the people of a new and magnificent country, the founders of these institutions named them for the expected future, rather than for the actual present. Educational speculation, like that in new towns and silver mines, has usually come to grief; and thus many high-sounding names, to which large success could alone

bring dignity, have become, by failure, painfully absurd. But nothing can excuse the use of the name University for schools of limited scope and an inferior grade.

In sketching the University of the Future, Dr. Hoyt gives prominence to the German methods; but he would have more frequent examinations, and some questioning and recitation, in connection with courses of lectures. His watchwords for university progress are, "Elevation and Expansion." There needs to be a higher standard, never lowered for the sake of patronage or income. State universities should be lifted up, for the good of the whole system of public education. The primary-school, the grammar-school, the high-school, lead up to the university. If this highest link in the series be lifted, it will carry upward the whole chain.

There must be expansion, also. A new central power is wanted, to hold together the cluster of schools—professional, scientific, and practical—which find their proper home in the university. This central power is "a high faculty of Philosophy," for teaching "the science of knowledge," "the philosophy of facts and events;" for "the profound and unselfish" pursuit of "science, letters, philosophy, and art." This want is finding a voice through other men. One of the oldest American universities, through its quarterly organ, and by the pen of one of its prominent candidates for the Presidency soon to be vacant, has called for this higher faculty of instruction. A university must be a growth. In the new community of America, especially in the very new State of California, we can not have at once the "bright, consummate flower" of the highest culture. But we can hold the true standard before us, and work patiently and resolutely toward the ideal excellence. Among the universities of the past, the hegemony has been constantly shifting. Now it was at Bologna or Paris; now at Salamanca or Naples; again at Oxford; once with Immanuel Kant, at Königsberg, on the shore of the Baltic; in this century, divided among the growths of German culture. May not the time come when American enterprise and enthusiasm, sobered and enriched, will win the world's honors for the higher scholarship? And what if not the least among the honorable should be found



gathering its pebbles of knowledge on the shore of our broadest ocean?

THE HISTORY OF PARAGUAY, WITH NOTES OF PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS AND REMINISCENCES OF DIPLOMACY UNDER DIFFICULTIES. By Charles A. Washburn, Commissioner and Minister Resident of the United States at Asuncion. Boston: Lee & Shepard. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The late Minister to Paraguay has produced two large and ambitious volumes, where only one of moderate size would have served all the purposes of veracious history. We have no key to many of the statements in the first volume, which is chiefly occupied with a history of the country. Few references are made to documents, books, or other authorities. If a doubt occasionally arises whether there is any testimony to support certain historical statements, the solution of the doubt can not be found in the book itself.

And yet, whether we call it a history, a political disquisition, an official vindication of the ministerial conduct of the writer, involving, necessarily almost, the writing of the aforesaid Minister up and his opponents down, the work does not fail to interest the reader, while it often challenges his criticism. A book combining so many characteristics may come short of occupying a prominent place as a history, either because too much is attempted, or too little accomplished. The historical accounts which become standard authorities, are those which either show a masterly grouping of facts, or such a calm and judicial estimate of the force and significance of all events that little more could be desired. There are some pages of this history which Bancroft or Prescott might have written, and many more which it is certain that neither would ever have given to the public.

The history of a strange people, who had founded and built cities long before a colony had been planted within the limits of the United States; the mixture of races; the barbarities of a semi-civilization; the almost total extinction of pure Castilian blood; the rule and misrule of the Jesuits; the experiments of more than three centuries in developing a nation of which the world knew little, and

even now does not know much; the Paraguayans before the decimating war with Brazil and the advent of Minister Washburn; the Paraguayans since the war, and since our author has "seen his desires fulfilled on his enemies"—these events constitute the staple of the work. It is a grotesque grouping of great and small facts. The quarrels of the Minister are hardly worthy of so large a place in history, even if he was always in the right; and one can hardly escape the impression that if the author had been more divested of political ambition and partisan heat, many of these incidents would never have been recorded. Nor do we think the author is always just toward Lopez. He was certainly an extraordinary man, or his despotism could not have lasted so long. He was no coward. He marshaled his resources with wonderful skill, and fought with a heroism worthy of a better fate. Moreover, he died game at last, and not an hour too soon for the safety of Brazil.

Considering that Paraguay had a succession of tyrants for rulers—of which Dr. Francia was, in some respects, the most notable one—the people at times prospered wonderfully under their harsh potentates. A wise despotism may sometimes benefit a people more than a lawless democracy. But long before the ex-Minister has put the finishing touches on Lopez, we are quite reconciled to his taking off; protesting the while, that his crimes and abuses lost nothing of their blackness in the act of recording them. But whether the critical reader is altogether satisfied with this history of Paraguay, we suspect that it is the best he will get for many years to come. If many trivial events have been recorded, we are not to forget, also, that in some aspects it is the record of a petty people. Besides, one is reasonably certain that nothing of grave importance has escaped the attention of the writer. It is a healthful indication, too, that after reading this work, the desire is increased to see the strange country and people of which it treats. Mr. Washburn was certainly not an idle man in Paraguay. He has furnished more than a readable history from the notes made during his official residence. If it has some defects, we are sure that the people of whom he writes were not worthy of a better historian.



THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS AT THE SIAM-  
ESE COURT: Being Recollections of Six  
Years in the Royal Palace at Bangkok.  
By Anna Harriette Leonowens. With Il-  
lustrations from Photographs presented to  
the Author by the King of Siam. Boston:  
Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

There are no longer any *penetralia* any-  
where. The private life of the most sacred  
personages is turned inside out, and book-  
wrights and newspaper correspondents pene-  
trate everywhere. If the Grand Lama of  
Thibet still secludes himself within the Snowy  
Mountains, 'tis but for a season. For curios-  
ity of late has cunning grown, and at its own  
good pleasure spies out the secrecy of every  
life. This may be Byron adapted to a mod-  
ern subject, but it is nevertheless true. After  
the New York newspapers have "inter-  
viewed" the Japanese Mikado, and have  
drawn pen-pictures (from the life) of the  
Brother of the Sun and Moon, who rules the  
Central Flowery Kingdom, there does not  
appear to be much of any thing left for the  
ubiquitous and unconquerable book-making  
observer. The mystery which has for ages  
surrounded the existence of Oriental poten-  
tates has been the last refuge of falsehood,  
fleeing from indomitable curiosity. Even this  
has gone at last—rude hands having torn  
away the tantalizing curtains which concealed  
the dread *arcana* from the eyes of the pro-  
fane world—and sunlight has streamed in  
upon the astonished inmates, blinking and  
cowering in their nakedness among the gaudy  
shams of their languid existence.

Most remarkable of all these exposures is  
the simple and graphic story of the life  
which an English governess led for six years  
in the palace of the Supreme King of Siam.  
Who would have thought, years ago, when  
we read of the mysterious, gilded, jeweled  
palaces of Bangkok, the royal train of white  
elephants, the awe-inspiring paraphernalia  
of P'hra Parawendt Maha Mongkut—who  
would have thought that all these splendors  
would be uncovered for us, just as a new  
Asmodeus might take the roofs off the gild-  
ed temples and harems, and expose all the  
wretched contents? But this has been done,  
and Mrs. Leonowens, in her fresh, lively  
way, tells us of all she saw. And the sight  
was not satisfactory. Human nature in a  
pagan palace, burdened though it may be

with a royal ceremonial and covered with  
jewels and silk attire, is a few shades weak-  
er than elsewhere. The swelling domes,  
crusted with barbaric pearl and gold, wor-  
shipped at a distance by the awe-stricken sub-  
jects of the mighty ruler, cover as much ly-  
ing, hypocrisy, vice, and tyranny as may  
have been found in the palaces of *Le Grande  
Monarque* in the days of the Montespons,  
the Maintenons, and the Cardinals Mazarin  
and De Retz. Poor humanity does not vary  
much, after all, whether we find it in hovel  
or castle; and it is edifying to have the tru-  
ism so often and abundantly fortified by evi-  
dence from the four quarters of the globe.

The English governess at the Court of  
Siam had marvelous opportunities for seeing  
the whole domestic and interior life of royal-  
ty in Siam. An instructor of the King's  
children, she came to be on familiar terms  
with the august tyrant who holds the lives  
of a great nation in his hand. A woman,  
she was permitted to penetrate into the secret  
recesses of the harem, and could tell all that  
was fit to tell of the life of the multitudinous  
wives of the oriental despot. So we have all  
the *minutiae* of the Siamese Court, not tedi-  
ously drawn out, but graphically sketched  
by an observant woman, and charming from  
its novelty, if nothing more. There is, too,  
a touch of sadness in all she says of the  
poor women who languish out their lives in  
this splendid misery. The poor child-wife  
of the King, who sang a scrap of "There is  
a Happy Land, far, far away;" the concu-  
bine, beaten on the mouth with a slipper—  
these, and all others like them, are the som-  
bre shadows of the interior life of the royal  
abode. We close the book, heartily glad  
that we are not subjects of his Golden-Footed  
Majesty of Siam.

TALKS ABOUT PEOPLE'S STOMACHS. By  
Dio Lewis, A.M., M.D. Boston: Fields,  
Osgood & Co. San Francisco: A. Roman  
& Co.

Dr. Lewis understands the art of "putting  
things," by which his professional knowl-  
edge is turned to account, as well as some  
that is not professional. If a readable book  
can, at the same time, be made to answer  
most of the purposes of an advertisement,  
then we suspect that the author has achieved

a double success, in a qualified way. When the same author gave to the public *The New Gymnastics*, every body who read the book was tempted to go through a course of remedial antics. People struck out right and left, kicked, poised, turned somersaults, and fought real and imaginary diseases with pugilistic vigor. If the remedy was not always effectual, it was a safe one. The Doctor furnished up a few old truths appealing to the average common sense of the people, and secured as good a return for as small an amount of real knowledge as, perhaps, any of that class of medical men who become publicists in order to draw attention to their peculiarities of practice. Patients rushed to the Doctor, gymnasia were opened, and there was the flood-tide of success. Then our author went after the consumptives, and all who had any hereditary proclivities of that kind, with a book on *Weak Lungs, and How to Make them Strong*. Probably sixty per cent. of the people living east of the Hudson River inherit tendencies more or less strong toward consumption. The book had the negative merit of being devoid of quackery. It appealed to the popular judgment; it was bought, read, and we may suppose that many persons profited by it; but none so much, probably, as the author, who put *ducats* in his pocket.

It is said that all important truths revolve in a cycle, and as the world becomes older, these cycles become shorter. When the world was younger, it might have taken five hundred years for an old truth to come round again. Now, it may be expected as often as once in ten years. Dr. Lewis, in his *Talks About People's Stomachs*, tells us nothing new. But he discourses wisely and aggressively. We are piqued by the slipshod style which continually suggests the medical stump-speech. But this blunt and homely way arrests the attention of the masses, for whose benefit, next to the Doctor's, we may suppose the book to have been written.

He starts out with the radical proposition that "gluttony counts a hundred victims where drunkenness counts one." More than any other people under the sun, Americans are the victims of gluttony and bad cooks. We exhibit the anomaly of an overfed people who do not get enough to eat—that is, not enough of that which is wholesome and

best adapted to develop brain and muscle. Dr. Lewis shows that the average food of the people is not only bad in quality, but it costs double what a more healthful and nutritious diet should cost. He affirms that some of the most wholesome dishes are rarely seen on the tables of the poor, because they are cheap and might be taken as evidences of poverty. The rich man will take kindly to his cracked wheat or oatmeal pudding, his coarse bread, and the joint which makes a good soup, because he knows such a bill of fare is the best, while the poor too often repudiate it lest it might be thought that they really can afford nothing better. An ill-fed people, gaunt, restless, and dyspeptic, ought to profit by the blunt truths set forth in this book. But if we are really to die of gluttony, let the feast be a good one.

POEMS. By Lucretia Maria Davidson. With Illustrations, by F. O. C. Darley. Edited by M. Oliver Davidson. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Fifty years ago, there were few female poets in the United States. Indeed, there were few women who had any place in literature; and literature itself occupied but a small space in the crowding activities of the time. Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, and a few other women whose names now are found only in the ancient catalogues of American authors, were delighting the generation with their works; and the meagre "announcements of new books," made by the slow publishers of the day, read comically now, in the midst of the prodigal outpouring of books of poetry, romance, travel, biography, philosophy, and speculation—good, bad, and indifferent—with which the world is flooded. The vast issues of the newspaper press yet slumbered in the womb of time; periodicals were few and thin; books rare and costly; and a native, original writer was a rare creature; a female writer a greater rarity.

It is pleasant to linger over the pastoral simplicity of that older time—for fifty years is a long period in American history. Upon such a wide and almost starless horizon appeared the phosphorescent genius of a precocious poetess. A child, reared in the seclusion of a village in northern New York, was

writing poems which actually endured the cold immortality of print. At the age of five years, she secretly composed small verses upon scraps of paper, which were carefully concealed from her parents. At twelve, she wrote poems which still haunt the American encyclopedias of early authors; and before she was sixteen years old, she produced works full of originality, fire, and genius.

It is impossible now to say how much of the fame of Lucretia Davidson was due to the then existing state of literature, how much to her youth, and how much to her untimely death. Something must be excused to the partial affection of admiring friends, who thought her a prodigy when living; and something must be allowed to that loving charity which can not justly criticise the imperfect works of a fragile girl, whose life was that of a crushed violet, rather than that of a mature and fully-developed rose, challenging and commanding admiration. And it must be said, that, though the affectionate hand of relationship has done well to revive the memory of the young poetess in this elegant volume, no especial service has been rendered to literature by this revival. To those who have caught some echoes of the old-time praises of the marvelous girl, and have never studied her works, the book will be a disappointment.

One can not bring himself to apply the critic's scalpel to these imperfect works. They are chiefly suggestive of what might have been. They are full of sweetness, tenderness, and imagination; not unmelodious, they are yet crude, but promised much for the future of the young writer, had she lived. This is, at best, but a withered garland; as such, we lay it tenderly on the grave of one who might have taken a noble place among the poets of the world.

VAGABOND ADVENTURES. By Ralph Keeler. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

As Mr. Keeler's subject is one that modern taste demands should be treated humorously, he has shown both good taste and shrewd appreciation, in flavoring these vagabond experiences of his early youth with humor. Fifty years ago, adventures of this sort would have been pathetic, or interwoven with much

moralizing; now, the writer's only excuse for reproducing them is for the sake of the fun or *esprit* that they may contain. The sentimental reader will occasionally fall upon incidents which suggest rather than imply pathos—incidents which would make women, and particularly mothers, say, "Poor fellow!" but we do not feel sufficiently assured of Mr. Keeler's pathetic powers to wish that he had talked of them other than in the vein he has employed. Even here his humor has occasionally a touch of that professional labor which belonged to the fun-making troubadours with whom he was most familiar, and of whom he has written so pleasantly.

In the bright lexicon of youth, there is probably no one word which conjures up so much meaning or such vast possibilities of a romantic future as "runaway." We can imagine that to most young people Mr. Keeler's story of his boyish vagabondage will be very fascinating—none the less so, perhaps, that it "ends well," and leaves the hero in a position of assured respectability. Older readers will be glad to learn something of a kind of American life and character in regard to which good American literature has been unwarrantably reticent, and in which we can not help thinking must be found the true American romance.

REPORT ON EDUCATION. By John W. Hoyt, M.D., United States Commissioner. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1870.

Dr. Hoyt, of Wisconsin, was the Commissioner designated by the United States Government to examine the "Department of Social Science" at the late Paris Exposition, and to report upon the various systems of education there presented. The first great Exposition, to which Dr. Hoyt was also sent, taught the important lesson that the most advanced nations were those in which a knowledge of science and art had been most freely and generously diffused. In organizing this department at Paris, it seemed to be the object of the Emperor to set this great law of development before the nations in the most solemn and authoritative manner, by bringing first in the "Order of Recompenses"



those subjects which most directly promote the social improvement of man.

The number of exhibitors by nationalities was 1,095; and so many new facts were elicited, so many suggestions and new sources of information afforded, that the Commissioner did not close his work until he had made for the third time a personal inspection of the leading, and especially the industrial, schools of all the European states.

The result of this labor is a handsome volume of nearly four hundred pages, whose most characteristic merits are, first, its comprehensiveness, embracing, as it does, every class of educational institutions, from the primary school to the university; and its attempt, by a critical and philosophic discussion of the many subjects embraced, to solve some of the leading and most difficult educational problems.

If any one desires to understand the cause of the steady growth of Prussian power—what it is that has enabled her to convert with ease her immense productive, industrial energy into an irresistible destructive force—we recommend to him this book. To all interested in the new education, and the opinions which are leavening the oldest and most settled institutions into conformity with the

spirit of the present age, it will be a standard book for years to come. To teachers and those who hold in trust the new institutions founded on the gifts of our National and State Governments, it will prove of great value. And it goes far to answer a question more important than all others in California, "What shall we do with our boys?"

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE REVENUE MARINE. By N. Broughton Devereux, Chief of Office. Washington. 1871.

This report embodies a great number of interesting facts relating to the Revenue Service, the condition of marine hospitals, and the improvements made in boats and other apparatus used at life-saving stations. Honorable mention is made of the researches of Captain C. M. Scammon, into the natural and physical history of the Pacific Coast; of the valuable papers contributed by him on the classification of whales, the sea-elephant, sea-otter, and fur-seals. The Revenue Marine is constantly rendering important incidental service by its contributions to the National Museum, illustrating the natural history of the country along the shore-lines on both sides of the continent.

#### BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

THE ENGLISH GOVERNANCE AT THE SIAMESE COURT. By Anna Harriette Leonowens. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

POEMS. By Lucretia Maria Davidson. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

MIDDLE GROUND; or, Between East and West. By George F. Parsons. Sacramento, Cal.: H. S. Crocker & Co.

HORACE. By Theodore Martin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE STUDENT'S OWN SPEAKER. By Paul Reeves. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

HIDE AND SEEK. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

TALK ABOUT PEOPLE'S STOMACHS. By Dio Lewis, M.D. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

PRINCIPLES OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE. By Catharine E. Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

BIRTH AND EDUCATION. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE HISTORY OF PARAGUAY, ETC. By Charles A. Washburn, Minister Resident of the United States at Asuncion from 1861 to 1868. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

KATHIE STORIES. By Miss A. M. Douglas. Three volumes. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION FOR THE YEAR 1870. By John Eaton, Jr., Commissioner. Washington: Government Printing Office.



# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

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VOL. 6.—APRIL, 1871.—No. 4.

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## THE NORTH-WEST BOUNDARY.

IN his late Annual Message, the President made reference to a misunderstanding existing as to the correctness of a portion of the boundary-line between the United States and the British Possessions. This is the third, and in all probability the final, dispute between the two countries concerning the recurring question. The first affected the north-eastern boundary of the Republic. The second—and that with which we have now to do—the north-western. There is no danger of war to-day in the settlement of the Red River line; but, twenty-five years ago, both nations were agitated to the foundation over the title to northern Oregon. England armed for a conflict to decide the issue; and in this country—notwithstanding party divisions on the subject—the popular cry all over the land was, “Fifty-four-forty, or fight.” There was no fight; but Great Britain, though defeated herself, succeeded in wresting from the United States a vast tract of territory, that never, as we shall proceed to show, should have been given up.

Fifty-one years after the landing at San Domingo by Columbus, and eight years after Cortez had taken possession of California—in 1543—an expedition, under the command of Cabrillo, was fitted out in Mexico, to explore the north-west coast of the continent. Cabrillo died on the voyage, and his pilot, Ferrello, succeeding him, became the discoverer of Oregon. He carefully examined the coast, from the Santa Barbara islands to the forty-third parallel of latitude; not, however, landing anywhere to take formal possession of the country. Notwithstanding, he claimed the land espied by him from the deck of his vessel, in the name of the sovereign of Spain. In the meantime the Spaniards ashore were extending their explorations and establishing their colonies as far as practicable up to the thirty-eighth degree. All of the expeditions, whether on sea or land, were fitted out with the express design of enlarging the Spanish dominion along the coast of the Pacific, and of completing discoveries by eventual occupation.

Thirty-four years after Ferrelo's voyage—in 1577—Sir Francis Drake sailed from England, on a predatory expedition against the Spaniards on the Pacific. In 1579 he entered a bay near the thirty-eighth parallel, which may or may not have been that of San Francisco. Here he took possession of the country, and called it New Albion. He then sailed farther north, and reached the forty-third parallel, viewing the coast from his vessel as Ferrelo had done a third of a century before. But he laid no claim to the territory that he saw at a distance; and for two centuries afterward, the British Government had no thought of him as an actual discoverer of it.

In 1592, the Viceroy of Mexico sent a Greek pilot, Juan de Fuca, to discover an imaginary strait that was supposed to connect the Pacific Ocean with the Atlantic. In the neighborhood of the forty-eighth parallel, De Fuca entered the great inlet which bears his name, and in which he sailed, according to his own account, some twenty days. Thus, to the close of the sixteenth century, Spain, in pursuance of a settled purpose, made explorations as far north at least as the forty-eighth degree, which excluded all claim of discovery by others to that time.

In 1603 Vizcaino, a distinguished naval commander, made a careful survey, under an order from the King of Spain, of the coast from Monterey to the forty-third parallel; giving, as he advanced, names to several bays and promontories. From that time to the close of the seventeenth century, no less than seven ineffectual efforts were made by the Spaniards to perfect their title to the entire country northward, by occupation. The persistent hostility of the Indians prevented the accomplishment of the undertakings. In 1697, however, a permanent settlement was at length made. Sixty years afterward, the Jesuits had

sixteen well-founded establishments, between the Gulf of California and Cape Mendocino, one of which was in the Bay of San Francisco. All the while Spain, and no other Power, claimed the right of empire to the whole of the north-west coast.

In 1774 an expedition, under Perez, sailed from Mexico, with orders to reach the sixtieth parallel, and take possession of the country in the name of the King of Spain. He reached the fifty-fourth degree; landed and planted a cross, and then returned to what is now known as Washington, or Queen Charlotte's, Island. Here, and down to latitude 49° 30', where he entered a capacious bay, he remained several months, engaged in trade with the Indians.

In 1775 another Spaniard, Heceta, sailed to the forty-eighth parallel, where he also landed, and planted a cross inscribed with the declaration that the country belonged to his sovereign. In latitude 46° 17' he discovered the mouth of the Columbia River, which, because of the violence of its current, he was unable to enter, but which was named after him on the early maps, and called the *Entrada de Heceta*. During the same year, the coast was explored to the fifty-sixth degree by Quadra (*y Bodega*) and to the fifty-ninth degree by Maurelle, who likewise erected crosses in testimony of their discoveries. In the meantime, some Russian navigators had landed on the territory recently acquired by the United States Government in Alaska.

And now, just two centuries after the buccaneering expedition of Drake, the English appear again on these waters. In 1777 Captain Cook visited the north-west coast, with instructions to take possession, in the name of his King, of territory that had not been claimed by any other European Power. In 1778 he effected his only landing, and that exactly where four years previously Perez had planted his cross and banner, and had

traded with the native tribes. Here, at what is now called Nootka Sound, he remained a month, engaged in refitting his vessel. He did not lay claim to the country, however, nor, during the ten years succeeding, had Great Britain the least idea that it ought, somehow or other, to be hers. Navigators of other nationalities appeared in the vicinity, from time to time, but England's flag was not, in the meanwhile, unfurled anywhere on the extensive shores, nor seen in the neighboring waters—not for ten years after Captain Cook's transient visit. In 1787, Berkeley, an Englishman in the service of the Austrian East India Company, happened along, and merely saw, without attempting to enter, the Straits of Juan de Fuca. At about the same time Meares, also an Englishman, but in the service of a Portuguese merchant, and sailing under the Portuguese flag, landed at Nootka Sound, and left a small party to build a vessel. He leased of an Indian Chief, Maquinna, a piece of ground sufficient for his temporary purpose, with the stipulation that when, in a few months, he should finally leave the country, the Chief "should enter into full possession of the house, and all the goods and chattels thereunto belonging"—John Meares' own language. In the fall of the same year he left Nootka Sound with three vessels, one of which wintered in China, and two at the Sandwich Islands. During the same winter two American vessels, from Boston, the *Columbia* and the *Washington*, entered the sound, and remained at anchor until spring.

Meares, as we have said, was sailing under the Portuguese flag. His instructions were to repel by force any Russian, Spanish, or *English* vessel that interfered with him or his mercantile projects; and if he captured his assailant, to deal with the crew as pirates. Yet the British Government founded its title to Oregon on his erection of the house at the sound.

The next year, in 1788, Lieutenant Meares—at least, so he avers in his "Voyages," etc.—though still sailing under a Portuguese commission, took possession, in the name of the King of Great Britain, of the Straits of Juan de Fuca. Could the force of impudence much further go? An English officer, in command of a Portuguese vessel, engaged in the business of perpetrating frauds on the revenue of China, and instructed to treat British navigators who interfered with him as pirates, taking possession of an inlet named after its discoverer of two hundred years before, and without examining its shores! And not publishing his asserted making of the claim in behalf of the British sovereign for several years after, either! Let us dismiss Meares.

On the 6th of May, 1789, two Spanish frigates, under the command of Martinez, entered Nootka Sound, with instructions to uphold the rights of Spain to the place and the coasts adjacent. Sometime during the following month two British vessels, the *Princess Royal* and the *Argonaut*, entered the occupied waters. They were at once seized by Martinez, whose ships-of-war were the first to enter the sound. Great Britain protested against the outrage, as it termed the proceedings, which led to a rather violent discussion as to the rights of the separate nations on the north-west coast. The result was, the release of the seized vessels by the Mexican authorities, and a treaty known as the Nootka Sound Convention. This convention provided that buildings erected by British subjects on certain islands for fishing purposes, that had been taken possession of by Spanish officers in 1789, should be restored; that the subjects of each nation should have equal right to carry on their fisheries in the Pacific Ocean and the South Seas, and to establish commerce with the Indians; and that "wherever the subjects of either of the



two Powers shall have made settlements since the month of April, 1789, or shall hereafter make any, the subjects of the other shall have free access, and shall carry on their trade without any disturbance or molestation."

As to the first provision, no buildings had been erected by any except Spaniards on the islands referred to, and consequently no British subjects had been dispossessed. In 1792, Captain Vancouver was sent out to receive the property specified in the convention, but no structures were found except those of Spanish erection. The Indians themselves denied that the British had ever occupied the country, or had laid claim to even one foot of the soil. There was not the least trace of a British settlement anywhere along the coast. The temporary huts of Meares, the Portuguese sailor, were the only buildings, not Spanish, to be found; and these, having reverted to the Indians, had gone to decay, and had not been seized by the Spaniards. On the other hand, Martinez and his successors had built and heavily armed a small fort on one of the islands; had made extensive settlements, and had inclosed and cultivated large tracts of land. In 1795, a treaty was entered into between the two Powers, by which the fort was razed to the ground, and the place abandoned by both parties to the dispute. But, in the treaty, Spain did not relinquish her right of sovereignty to the coast, although she renewed the provision of the Convention of 1790, under which Great Britain was to have the right to establish settlements at unoccupied points, for fishing and trading purposes.

From 1790 to 1796, when Spain declared war against England, the latter Power failed to take advantage of her privilege to found settlements on the coast, either north or south of Nootka Sound; and the former Power, in declaring war, annulled the Treaty of 1795:

nor was this treaty, or any part of it, revived by the succeeding one between the two nations—that of Madrid, in 1814.

Now, as to the title of the United States to the territory:

We have seen that Heceta, in 1775, discovered the mouth of the Columbia River, but, on account of its violent current, was unable to enter it. In 1792, when Vancouver was exploring the coast, Captain Gray, of the ship *Columbia*, of Boston, arrived. On the 29th of April, he met Vancouver, and told him that he had passed the mouth of a large stream in latitude 46° 10'. But Vancouver was incredulous. In his report to his Government he said that he "could not possibly have passed any cape, navigable opening, harbor, or place of security for shipping," from Cape Mendocino to the Straits of Juan de Fuca. On the 7th of May, Gray discovered a small inlet, which is now known as Bulfinch's Harbor. He entered it, remained in it three days, and then, on the 11th, found anchorage in what he calls "a large river of fresh water," which he named, after the name of his vessel, the *Columbia*. He ascended the stream twenty-odd miles, and at the expiration of nine days returned to the ocean. He had prepared charts of the river as far as he had explored, copies of which he gave to Quadra, the Spanish commander at Nootka. Quadra, in time, gave copies to Vancouver, who sent one of his officers, Lieut. Broughton, to take formal possession of the important discovery. This Broughton did, but, ascending higher and into a narrower channel than Gray had, he claimed the discovery as his own by right; contending that Gray had only entered the bay into which the river empties. His claim was disallowed, however, and Vancouver himself, in one of his subsequent reports, gave Gray the credit which was his due.

At this time Vancouver was engaged



in a careful examination of the Straits of Juan de Fuca; but the greater part of the waters and the surrounding shores had already been mapped by the Spaniards. Two years before, Captain Kendrick, in the American sloop *Washington*, had sailed entirely through the straits to the north of the Quadra and Vancouver islands, and out into the Pacific: the first navigator who had accomplished the exploration. At this time, too, while Vancouver was making his examinations, two Spanish officers, Galiano and Valdes, were in the same waters, engaged in the same service; and meeting the English party somewhere above Frazer's River, they united labors with it, and together the parties continued the survey of the shores.

Thus, while no discovery was made by Vancouver, or any other person in the British service, on the north-west coast, Captain Gray, in an American vessel, discovered two of the most important openings in the vicinity: Bulfinch's Harbor, and the Columbia River.

In 1803, an expedition was fitted out at Washington, under the charge of Meriwether Lewis and William Clarke, to make an exploration of the Missouri River, and its principal branches, to their sources; and then to trace to its termination in the Pacific Ocean, some stream, "whether the Columbia, the Oregon, the Colorado, or any other, which might offer the most direct and practicable water communication across the continent, for the purpose of commerce." In May, of the following year, the explorers ascended the Missouri, and in the summer of 1805 reached the headwaters of the Columbia, in the neighborhood of the fifty-fourth parallel. They descended the stream; discovered a large branch, which they called Lewis' Fork; then another, which they called Clarke's Fork; and finally arriving at the sea, went into camp for the winter. In the

spring they set out on their return-journey, retracing their old tracks and carefully mapping the country; and in September, with their successful results, reached St. Louis again.

This memorable expedition first gave the world a knowledge of the length and capacity of the great river of the Pacific. It gathered and published the first information concerning the resources of the vast country drained by the magnificent stream. The United States claimed dominion over the broad territory thus discovered and examined, and took pains to let adventurous spirits know the advantages it offered for settlement. In 1809, several American establishments had already been founded on the banks of the Columbia. In 1810, John Jacob Astor organized a company in New York, with the design of establishing a regular chain of posts, for commercial purposes, on the river and the neighboring coasts. In the spring of the following year it located its first establishment at the mouth of the stream, some three miles back from the sea. This was named Astoria. A few months after, an officer of the British North-west Company, with a small party, arrived, for the purpose of forestalling the Americans in getting possession of the mouth, but unexpectedly found themselves defeated in their intention. The American Company then formed two other establishments: one about six hundred miles up the river, and one about fifty miles farther above, on a tributary.

The next year, the war of 1812 broke out; and these posts, in the course of it, passed into the hands of the British. By the Treaty of Ghent, which terminated the hostilities, however, they were all restored, and the United States placed, as regarded her title to Oregon up to the parallel of the headwaters of the Columbia, where she was before war was declared. At the restoration of Astoria, in 1818, Lord Castlereagh, the British

Plenipotentiary, frankly declared that the possession of the territory was in the hands of the United States; and the British Government, while disputing our title, unhesitatingly admitted the fact. And in this connection it may be stated, that invariably England and other European nations had recognized the claim, that the discovery of a river on this continent held the entire region drained by the stream.

In the year 1818, the first attempt was made, at London, to settle the question in dispute between the two countries. The negotiation failed in its object, and then a treaty was entered into, under the provisions of which both parties were to have free navigation of the rivers, and other equal rights in the territory, for a period of ten years. Great Britain, at this time, was offered the country north of the forty-ninth parallel, as a matter of compromise; together with the free navigation of the Columbia. Great Britain offered to the United States the country south of that parallel, *running westward to the north-easternmost branch of the river, and thence down the channel of the stream to the sea.* A glance at the map will show the additional stretch of valuable territory, of which Great Britain would have deprived the United States on this basis.

In 1819 Spain, by what is known as the Treaty of Florida, ceded to the United States all of her right and title to her discoveries and possessions on the north-west coast, north of a line on the forty-second parallel, the northern boundary of California. Her discoveries and claim extended, as we have seen, to territory beyond the latitude of the head-waters of the Columbia. Thus the title of this country to the whole of Oregon would seem to have become conclusive.

In 1824 and 1826, two other negotiations took place at London, with the same conclusion as in 1818. The failures resulted in the Convention of 1827, by

which it was agreed to continue in force the provisions of the Treaty of 1818; with the stipulation, however, that either party could, on due notice of twelve months being given, annul and abrogate the convention at the expiration of the time.

Although the disputed territory was nominally in the joint-occupancy of both parties, with equal rights thereon to each, yet while the British Government fully sustained and protected its subjects in their settlements and pursuits of trade, American citizens were neglected by their Government, and subjected to every insult and annoyance that a powerful and domineering antagonism in the isolated communities could inflict. The Hudson's Bay Company became a monstrous engine of oppression. Invested with partial governmental powers, it exercised its authority—which, in that far-off region, was virtually supreme—with a savage cruelty that was equaled, but not surpassed, by its grasping and unsparing avariciousness. Its *employés* debauched the squaws to an extent that is altogether too frightful to print; it persecuted the missionaries with the zeal of the Infernal; with vindictive hate it pursued citizens of the United States; and in 1842 it had driven the last American trader from the shores.

It was in this year that Dr. Whitman, a missionary among the Nez Percés and Cayuse tribes, hearing that the American Government was about to yield the disputed territory to the British, started, late in the season, to make an overland winter journey, to check the design. It was indeed a hazardous undertaking, but he accomplished it successfully, reaching Washington in the spring of 1843. He arrived barely in time to prevent the ratification of the contemplated treaty. Through his earnest representations he induced the Government to postpone the negotiations until he could demonstrate the feasibility of an overland route to the Columbia. He organized a train, and

that summer conducted a thousand persons safely through to Oregon. That enterprise saved the coveted tract to the United States. In October, the American Minister at the Court of St. James was authorized to renew the negotiations, but to claim fully all that had been demanded at the Conferences of 1818 and 1826.

The memorable devotion of Dr. Whitman to the interests of his country brought him—there is too much reason to fear—to his tragic end. The Hudson's Bay Company, and the British residents of Oregon, were greatly incensed at his success in establishing the new line of travel to the Pacific, thereby opening the gates for an inundation of Americans. The feeling of vindictiveness was of course not allayed when, two years later, at the settlement of the long dispute, the United States secured the precious tract for which both parties had so earnestly striven. Certain tribes of Indians were led to believe, by designing Whites, that the missionaries intended to poison them and obtain their possessions. On the 29th of October, 1847, the massacre, that led to the celebrated Indian war, commenced. A White Man gave the signal, and himself shot Mrs. Whitman. The massacre lasted eight days, during which time twenty victims, including Dr. Whitman, fell. Such as escaped were refused admittance into the forts. No British subject perished. A long, bloody, and expensive war was the consequence. Not only were the missionary stations destroyed, but every attempt was made, though ineffectually, to break up the American settlements. Foreign Whites and Indians struggled together to effect their desperate purpose. Of all the tribes, the Nez Percés was the only one that remained faithful to our Government; and that did so through the influence of the missions established by Dr. Whitman and his associates.

In 1844, the negotiations over the disturbing question were removed from London to Washington. Great Britain again offered the four-times-rejected compromise, by which she was to retain what is now two-thirds of the Territory of Washington, with the sea-board. Again was the proposition rejected.

In 1845, Mr. Polk stepped into the Presidential chair. In deference to what his predecessors had done, he directed a re-opening of the negotiations on the basis of the preceding offers, but without yielding the free navigation of the Columbia. As he afterward said, in his first Annual Message, that so thoroughly stirred up the already excited blood of the nation, "The right of any foreign Power to the free navigation of any of our rivers, through the heart of our country, was one which I was unwilling to concede." The modified compromise being rejected by Great Britain, the President boldly asserted the claim of the United States to the whole of Oregon, the territory extending northward to the parallel of  $54^{\circ} 40'$ . Whereupon England began to make preparations for war, and the people of this country everywhere clamored for a counter-declaration of hostilities.

In the meantime the American citizens of Oregon had organized a temporary Provisional Government, and on June 28th, 1845, memorialized Congress to ratify it, or to give them an Organic Act of its own framing. The memorialists asked for some kind of Territorial Government; for means of defense against the Indian tribes; for agents to regulate intercourse between them and the Indians; for donations of lands to settlers; for navy-yards and marine *dépôts* on the Columbia and at Puget Sound; for a monthly overland mail from Independence; for the establishment of such commercial regulations as would enable them to trade on an equality with non-resident foreigners; and for military protection



to immigrants. The Memorial was signed by Osborn Russell and Peter G. Stewart, *Executive*, and J. W. Nesmith, *Judge of Circuit Court*, with thirteen members of a *Legislative Committee*.

Congress met on the first day of December. The President, in his Message, after briefly reviewing the progress—or rather the lack of progress—of the negotiations with Great Britain, recommended favorable legislation on the Memorial, and on each particular request contained in it. He then urged that the requisite twelve months' notice be at once given to abrogate the Convention of 1827, and that measures be taken without delay to protect American citizens in Oregon until the expiration of that time. "The British proposition of compromise," he said, "which would leave on the British side two-thirds of the whole of Oregon territory, including the free navigation of the Columbia, and all the valuable harbors on the Pacific, can never, for a moment, be entertained by the United States, without an abandonment of their just and clear territorial rights, their own self-respect, and the national honor." "The proposition of compromise," he further said, "which had been made and rejected, was, by my direction, subsequently withdrawn, and our title to the whole Oregon territory asserted, and, as is believed, maintained by irrefragable facts and arguments." "The civilized world will see in these proceedings," he continued, "a spirit of liberal concession on the part of the United States; and this Government will be relieved from all responsibility that may follow the failure to settle the controversy." And he concluded this most earnest branch of his warlike Message—for the Message dealt with the Annexation-of-Texas question also—with an energy, an eloquence, and an exhibition of American patriotism that evinced an extraordinary intensity of feeling.

The memorial was at once presented to Congress, and from that time to the close of June, 1846, there was little of consequence in that legislative body—nothing, hardly, in the United States or England—but "Oregon," "War," and "Fifty-four-forty." Even the anticipated Mexican war was a matter of secondary consideration. Day after day, week after week, and month after month, the galleries of the two chambers at Washington were crowded by an excited throng, to listen to speech succeeding speech on the topic that vividly occupied the thoughts and imagination of every one.

The energetic and aggressive move made by the President served to rouse England to a sense of unwelcome troubles approaching. It had been a matter not for an instant to be thought of—to yield to the United States the extensive region northward and westward of the Columbia to the forty-ninth parallel. But to be required to abandon every thing! All—even up to the parallel of  $54^{\circ} 40'$ ! It was, to be sure, a daring, though just, demand of our Government; but to have the hardihood, or whatever else you may call it, to make it at that late day! No wonder is it that England opened her eyes wide. In her astonishment and consternation she did two things, somewhat inconsistent with each other, at once. She commenced to prepare for war, and commenced to back down from her long-standing north-west pretensions, at the same time. She was now willing to give us all south of the forty-ninth parallel to the sea—the territory for which Presidents Monroe, Quincy Adams, Van Buren, and Polk himself had so unavailingly contended; but rather than give up Vancouver's Island and the country to the eastward of it, she would risk again the uncertainties of a sanguinary contest of arms. The United States might now have the mouth of the Columbia and the navigable portion



of the stream, but the head-waters of it she would hold fast herself, let come what would.

On the 26th of January, 1846, Mr. Crittenden introduced in the Senate a joint-resolution of the two Houses, giving the President authority to notify the Government of Great Britain of the intention to abrogate the Convention of 1827 twelve months after the adjournment of Congress.

All the while negotiations for the settlement of the difficulty were going on, at the urgent solicitation of Great Britain, but apparently without probability of success. Mr. McLane, our Minister at London, wrote to Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Polk's Secretary of State—what every body knew—that England was rapidly and earnestly arming. The fact had but the effect to further inflame this country.

As early as December 13th, 1845, Mr. Buchanan had written to Mr. McLane a communication, in which he anticipated an approaching war between the two nations. On the 29th, he wrote to the Minister again, rejecting a British offer to refer—not the question of title to Oregon, but—an equitable division of the territory, to a third Power for arbitration. On the 29th of January, 1846, he wrote, still again rejecting the offer of an arbitration, saying: "Resolutions of State Conventions and State Legislatures are now in succession being adopted, in favor of adhering to the line of 54° 40' If the British Government intend to make a proposition to this Government, they have not an hour to lose, if they desire a peaceful termination of the controversy." And again, "The President will never abandon the position he has taken in his Message." But he was careful in this communication, as in several others, to say that the question of peace or war, and of the ratification of a treaty, did not rest solely with the President; that the Senate were his constitutional advisers in such matters.

On the 28th of April, he transmitted the notice of the abrogation of the Convention of 1827; and the abrogation was to take effect twelve months after the delivery of the notice.

On the 6th of June, Mr. Packingham—the British Minister at Washington—handed to Mr. Buchanan a proposition for another convention to adjust the disagreeable dispute. It was taken under consideration by the Cabinet, and on the 10th the President communicated it to the Senate, asking their previous advice as to what disposition should be made of it. The Senate, by a vote of 37 to 12, advised acceptance of the *projet*, and Mr. Polk, to his keen mortification, foresaw that the region to the head-waters of the Columbia could not now be secured to this country.

On the 15th, the treaty of partition was made. The provisions of it were identical with those demanded by the American Government from the commencement, and until Mr. Polk came into the Presidency. The vast tract that had been claimed by both Powers—and that, as we have said, embraced two-thirds of what is now Washington Territory—was yielded to the United States. The free navigation of the Columbia was conceded to British subjects. The Hudson's Bay Company was confirmed in its possessory rights of land and other property, lawfully acquired, south of the forty-ninth degree.

Sending the convention, with an accompanying Message, to the Senate, Mr. Polk could not conceal his deep disappointment concerning it. "My opinions," said he, "and my action on the Oregon Question, were fully made known to Congress in my Annual Message of the 2d of December last; and the opinions therein expressed remain unchanged. Should the Senate, by the constitutional majority required for the ratification of treaties, advise the acceptance of this proposition, or advise it with such

modifications as they may, upon full deliberation, deem proper, I shall conform my action to their advice. Should the Senate, however, decline, by such constitutional majority, to give such advice, or to express an opinion on the subject, I shall consider it my duty to reject the offer." But the Senate ratified by the large vote of 41 to 14, and Oregon, as a National Territory, was given an Organic Act.

And now, just a quarter of a century after the quieting of this serious disturbance, negotiations are again opened at Washington—succeeding fruitless endeavors at London—to settle, if possible, other questions of grave import between the two Powers, which seem ever to be inharmonious. And not only the *Alabama* and Fishery imbroglios, and

the misunderstanding as to the boundary-line in the Red River region, but the future tenure to the entire north-west coast, it is probable, may be brought under consideration by the recently appointed Commissioners. A large majority of the citizens now residing in British Columbia are believed to be in favor of annexation to this country. At all events, the subject—with all others relating to matters, on this continent, concerning the two nations—is likely to be touched upon by the Commission. Would it not be somewhat singular, if, after the years of acrimonious strife in the past, the north-west coast should finally pass into our possession; and at a time, too, when all other differences between the contentions of a century should be laid at rest?

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### THE STORMING OF ARNHEM.

IN that strange country, Holland, there is, between the rivers Yssel and Vecht, a low, marshy tract, fertile here and there, but waste and dreary in most parts. It is of alluvial soil, built up during many centuries by the deposits of the powerful Rhine and the less pretentious Ems. Many are the small towns, and populous villages. But dreary and sad was the prospect, where I, a boy of eleven, was traveling with my father, on the road to Gilden Castle. "Is it yet far?" I asked, looking up to him. He took hold of my hand, and encouragingly answered, "Not very far."

At last we stopped before a gate, and entered a stately avenue. A few lights glimmered in Gilden Castle; the barking of watch-dogs brought out some servant-men. "Is the *Fräulein* at home?" asked my father. She was. We entered. My father, depositing his traveling-bag in the hall, was led into the stately

parlor, where he sat down like a weary man, more wearied in mind than in body; while I stood gazing at the old pictures along the wall, and wondered at the rapidity with which the servant lighted the wax-candles, repeating, now and then, "The *Fräulein* will be here in a few moments."

The *Fräulein* appeared: a handsome, stately lady, dressed in mourning, under thirty years of age. Her dark, lustrous eyes looked steadfastly at my father; then extending to him her hand, she exchanged a few words with him. My father called her "Cousin Helen." She took me kindly by the hand, and led the way to our night-quarters. But Cousin Helen never spoke. At the well-furnished supper-table, she took good care of me, but was silent. When we retired to rest, she pressed my father's hand with cordiality, but did not utter a word.

The following morning we were up at break of day. After a hearty breakfast, my father took up his traveling-bag. We were again on the road toward the frontier of Hanover, but I saw no more of Cousin Helen. I had been early taught to refrain from asking "indiscreet" questions. But I was puzzled. At last, when the sun was far above the horizon, and the need of rest was felt, we sat down on the grassy borders of the Vecht. Then I asked, imploringly:

"Papa, *who*, then, is Cousin Helen?"

My father smiled sadly, and, after awhile, said, "Well, of course, she is my cousin, and your aunt."

"But why is she so silent?" I asked, not without some hesitation.

"I'll tell you that, by and by," he answered, while a gloom passed over his face, which kept me from further questioning.

Night came, and we stopped at a modest inn, where the busy housewife received us with more talk in one evening than Cousin Helen seemed to spend in a whole year.

This was fifty years ago—half a century. It is the remembrance of an aged man, who would like, in memory, to take a trip backward. A presumptuous thing in a time like this, when all say, "Onward."

After a modest supper on ham and buttered bread—rather meagre in comparison with the fare at Gilden Castle—I took courage, and whispered to my father, "You would tell me, by and by?"

He smiled sadly. "Well, Leno," said he, "I may tell you as well now as later."

And then he began a tale, which left an indelible impression on my mind. I give it here. It was photographed on my memory, though no such process had yet been invented. I may possibly give his very words, though I can not render the sound of his voice as he narrated:

Six years ago, an officer of the French army was traveling on the road we passed over yesterday. It was the Baron de Greves, first page to the great Napoleon. He was a Dutchman by birth. When Holland was incorporated into the French Empire, his father thought it a good thing to allow one of his sons to be at the Court of the mighty Emperor. From his twelfth year he had attended the would-be Monarch of all Europe. He became attached to him, loved him. While on a few weeks' furlough with his family, the summons came to him to join the Emperor, who, on his Russian campaign, was nearing Moscow. He immediately obeyed the dictates of personal affection and honor, took to horse, and traveled alone through the plains of Holland, Hanover, and Mecklenburg, until he reached his sovereign and protector on the eve of his entrance into Moscow.

But on the road he stopped at Gilden Castle, and took a last farewell of Fräulein Verden, his betrothed, whom he loved with all the power of his manly heart. Baron Verden liked the young man. Though groaning, with many others, under the crushing despotism of the French Emperor, he admired his vigorous affection for the conqueror in a hundred battles.

And on he went through the dreary plains of Mecklenburg and Pomerania, until he reached the Emperor's headquarters. No one knew better how to appreciate personal devotion than the first Napoleon. He put him in command of a regiment; and when the fatal retreat began—inaugurated by the flames of burning Moscow—General de Greves saved many lives by his energy and watchfulness.

The tide had turned. When, in 1814, the German nation, roused as one man against the intolerable despotism of the French, and aided by the Russians, the Austrians, the English, the Dutch—in



fact, nearly the whole of Europe—bore down with irresistible force upon the French legions, the Netherlands were anxious to vindicate their ancient independence. But here and there the French garrisons kept their hold. Arnheim was one of them. Summons after threat summons received the same answer, "We do not surrender!"

The young Baron de Greves commanded in Arnheim. A Dutchman by birth, his devotion to Napoleon made him lose sight of his duty as a patriot. Napoleon had received him on his arrival before Moscow with marks of personal esteem and affection; had decorated him with the badge of the Legion of Honor; had made him a General, and had intrusted to him the stronghold of Arnheim. "No surrender" was his answer to the summons, and his cannons enforced the answer.

Baron Verden led the besieging forces. The Prussian commander, General Von Arnd, urged the siege, as important for the destruction of French dominion in Holland. Baron Verden brought on the siege-guns. The assault was imminent. The next day would be the beginning of the assault—a scene of horror in a small, provincial town like Arnheim.

The night was far advanced. In a gloomy mood the Baron sat in his camp-tent, pondering over the horrible necessity of a Dutchman storming a Dutch city to regain Dutch liberty. It was a gloomy, frosty night of February. Snow was falling in thick flecks; about two inches in depth already lying upon the ground. The entrance-covering was opened, and a lady stood in the entrance. Beautiful and fresh, with flaxen hair, but dark eyes, she stood watching the military chief, who, lost in thought, sat near a small table, his head resting heavily on his arm.

"Father, a word with thee," she said, with trembling lips, and advancing a few steps.

"And so it is thou!" said the Baron, in astonishment. "What in the world brings *thee* here?"

"I pray thee, father," said Fräulein Verden, "do not storm the city. Let *me* try."

"Let *you* try? Child, what dost thou mean? Arnheim must be taken. The allies are near Nimeguen: the French must be *driven* out. What will *you* try?"

"Only this, father: let me see De Greves. Thou knowest he loves me. He will do any thing for me. Let me see him, and I am sure thou art master of Arnheim before to-morrow."

The Baron smiled grimly. "Is it possible," asked he, slowly, and with suppressed anger, "that thou, a Dutch noblewoman, shouldst bear with the foolish freaks of a spell-bound minion of despotism?"

"Do not speak thus of De Greves," said the *Fräulein*. "He has a noble heart; and as he loves him whom he considers his benefactor, he loves me, and more."

"Well, and what dost thou intend to do?" said the Baron.

"Give me a safe-conduct, and I shall arrange matters with him."

The safe-conduct was given; and in a short time Fräulein Verden stood in the presence of the commander of Arnheim.

Joining Dutch obstinacy to his strong sense of military honor, De Greves was just the man to defend his point to the last. Yet that night was a terrible one to him. He, a Dutchman, to keep a Dutch city for the French invaders? For such they were, whatever he might think personally of Napoleon. He, a Dutch Baron, to fight against Dutchmen asserting their national independence? And yet the post of trust was given to him, and him alone, by the noble-hearted Napoleon. Then the forces brought to bear against him were commanded by



the father of his betrothed. *He* was bound by no personal considerations. As a Dutchman, he fought for his country's independence. Baron Verden could see the downfall of the usurper with satisfaction; but he, who had attended Napoleon since he was a boy, who had fought under his eyes, who had been pressed in his arms in view of the imperial staff, who had been decorated by him, promoted by him, trusted by him—he turn a traitor, he break his oath of allegiance? Never, *never!*

The words had scarcely escaped his lips, when the Orderly respectfully announced a lady, who wished to see the General.

Astonished, he looked up. There stood before him his betrothed, the lovely, yet proud and haughty, *Fräulein Verden*. Eleven months of horror and distress had passed since he had pressed her to his breast, on that dreary September night, when he was on his lonely way to Russia—eleven months of frost, and starvation, and cruel warfare—during which he never received tidings from her he loved, nor could send word to her, to assure her of his constant affection. These months of woe and misery had endeared her the more to him, while his devoted affection for the fallen Emperor had become rooted deeper and deeper in his brave and grateful heart.

He looked up in amazement. Yes, it was she, the love of his soul! It was the daughter of the hostile leader, who came to plead for humanity, for love, for pledged faith! He felt the trial was coming. His brave heart was beating with feverish pulse. He looked, and waited.

"Gustav!" said the strong, yet melodious, voice of *Fräulein Verden*—"Gustav!"

"I know it! I know it!" exclaimed De Greves, "but, for pity's sake, do not try my honor."

He paused. Then standing erect, and gathering all the force of his manly heart, he said:

"*Fräulein Verden*, I love you, I adore you, I am ready to give my life for you . . . but not my honor—*never!*"

"Who speaks of honor!" answered the *Fräulein*, in a steady voice. "I have a right to speak of love, of what thou owest me, of what thou owest my father, who joined our hands together. I have a right, indeed! But I do not appeal to love, nor to honor. I appeal to humanity. The breach is open; at break of day the storming column will be ordered forward. Thou canst not hold the town; thou must succumb. What is the use of sacrificing the lives of thy countrymen, of thy own hirelings? . . ."

"Hirelings?" exclaimed De Greves: "my faithful men, hirelings? They fight for their Emperor, and so do I. 'No surrender' has been my word, and by the faith of a Dutchman, De Greves will not surrender."

"Then I must appeal to mercy and pity!" cried the *Fräulein*, giving way to a flood of tears. "Yes, mercy and pity on me, Gustav, who loves thee, admires thee, can not live without thee. O, have mercy! Do not sacrifice thy noble life; do not sacrifice thy own betrothed; do not sacrifice my gray-haired father; do not sacrifice so many of thy brave countrymen to thy exalted notions of honor . . ."

De Greves had approached her. He looked at his beloved with enraptured eyes. For a moment he was fascinated, enthralled; but when he heard the word "honor," he knelt down, took her right hand, held it to his lips, and said, in a low, yet determined voice:

"*Fräulein Verden*, thou hast said the word: honor can *never* be too much exalted. Couldst thou love a soldier who betrayed his trust?"

He paused. The *Fräulein* remained silent.

"Thou knowest," he continued, "that with the fall of Arnhem, the last stronghold of the Emperor in the Netherlands is gone. I have been charged to defend it to the last. Must I betray my charge?"

The *Fräulein* remained silent. Her bosom heaved with sobs. In her noble heart there was a fearful struggle. She could not say Yes, she could not say No!

"*Fräulein Verden*," continued the young man, gathering strength from her silence, and pressing a last kiss on the maiden's hand, "farewell!"

He rose, still holding her hand; and looking in her tearful eyes, he said, "Thou couldst not love and esteem an officer of the great Napoleon who betrayed his trust!"

The noble-hearted maiden laid her head on his breast, quite near the Cross of Honor which the falling Emperor himself had fastened on, and sobbed sorrowfully, while De Greves pressed her in his strong arms, repeating, "Farewell, my beloved: in life or death, we shall be one!"

"We shall be one!" she repeated, in a low tone, but distinctly; and pressing one kiss on his brow, she left.

That night was a busy night for De Greves. The breach was "practicable," as the term is. He knew that nothing but a murderous fight could keep the enemy from entering at once, and occupying the whole fortress. Under his supervision, barricades were erected upon barricades. The cannons were brought to bear upon the endangered point. The small garrison was mustered, ammunition was distributed, and some houses in the neighborhood were barricaded and provided with loop-holes. They were yet busy, when the reveille was sounded in the hostile camp. Soon the bristling bayonets were seen, advancing in serried column. The drums began the storm-march. Now and then was heard the

command, "*Voorwaarts! Marsch!*" Then the enemy's batteries opened on the threatened point. Shot and shell whistled all around. The Dutch tricolor-flag—orange, white, and blue—began to wave. There was a strong, deep-toned "hurrah!" and the storming column advanced, winding its way through intrenchments, canals, and palisades, until it came to the deep and wide ditch. Hundreds of men threw in fagot upon fagot, so as to make it passable. Soon a few attempted to cross, when a terrific discharge of grape-shot mowed them down. Their bodies helped to fill up. On the column pressed. *Voorwaarts!* More grape-shot. On!—always on! At last, the breach was reached. Then, there was a halt. Only for a minute, to square shoulder to shoulder. A blast of trumpets, a rolling of drums, a surging cry of *Voorwaarts!*—and the column was through the breach.

But there was De Greves. "Fire!" "The bayonet!" Man to man they fought, and slaughtered, and pressed, till the column could advance no farther. The dead were heaped up in the breach. They formed a rampart. The cannons made fearful havoc among the storming column. There was a halt, a suspense, a wavering.

The storming column had for a moment lost its moral energy. A panic was imminent, when suddenly there burst forth a blast of bugles, and wild, sounding cries of "*Forwärts! Forwärts!*" Those were the Prussian troops. On they pressed alongside the storming column. "*Hurrah für Deutschland!*" was the cry. While the Dutch column stood a moment wavering, the Prussian column wedged in, forced their way onward, and after a quarter of an hour's bloody struggle, pressed through, and rushed on the hard-fighting Frenchmen.

A terrible yell arose from both camps. On they rushed with unabated ardor, the

two nationalities trying to outdo one another. The French gunners fled, and the picked men around De Greves gathered in serried column. In the blockaded houses they sought not only a refuge, but a point of serious attack. From the loop-holes blazed forth a tremendous fire; hundreds of the Prussians fell. Enraged, they battered down the doors, following up their obstinate enemies from story to story. De Greves fought with his broken sword, and maimed many a Prussian; there was no quarter asked or given.

"*En arrière, Général!*" cried one of De Greves' followers, seeing a musket aimed at his breast.

"*Ha! das ist der General!*" roared the Prussians, and, in their raging fury, they fell upon him, dragged him to the window, lifted him, and threw him out.

The crushed body of Arnheim's defender lay on the pavement. The hostile troops invaded the city. Murder and rapine raged for some hours, until the drum and bugle recalled the exhausted conquerors; the few, very few, prisoners were secured, the wounded removed: and Arnheim was taken.

Here my father stopped. His careworn face was pale with emotion. My boyish mind was full of the battle. I waited a few moments, and said:

"De Greves, father—what about De Greves?"

"Arnheim was taken," replied he, in a mournful voice. Then resuming his narrative, he continued:

It was taken, indeed, and French dominion had an end there—forever, I hope; but Arnheim's defender lay a bleeding corpse upon the pavement. And as if to avenge themselves for the fearful losses which his obstinate courage had inflicted, the Prussian soldiers left him there, in his torn and blood-bespattered uniform, the broken sword

yet in his clinched hand, the Cross of Honor yet on his breast.

I saw him; for I was in Arnheim, to protect a helpless relative in the besieged city. I saw him from a far-off window, and was just reflecting how best to act—for I knew and esteemed De Greves, and was acquainted with his relation to the Verdens—when I perceived a carriage coming slowly down the street. It was followed by six soldiers, wearing the Dutch uniform. The carriage stopped near the corpse. A lady descended, approached, and knelt down; took up the lifeless head, kissed it, laid it in her lap, and lifted her hands on high, sobbing bitterly. Meanwhile the soldiers stood in respectful silence around, cap in hand, and evidently sympathizing with the distressed lady. She arose, stood a moment still, gazed upon the corpse, then at the soldiers, and with the hand gave a signal.

The soldiers approached respectfully, and with care took up the corpse. They laid it on a stretcher, and four of them, lifting it, were about to carry it away, when the lady came near once more, again kissed the marble brow, and taking off the veil she wore, laid it over the dead man's face. As she turned round to enter the carriage, I recognized *Fräulein Verden*.

Slowly the soldiers carried their burden, the carriage following. And that same day they went to Zutphen, the next to Goor, the third to Gilden Castle, where *Fräulein Verden* had the body buried in the family vault. I saw the grave. There is a place left vacant beside it. The inscription is, "We shall be one."

"And *Fräulein Verden*?" asked I, with eagerness.

"You have seen her, Leno," answered my father, smiling sadly. "Since that time Cousin Helen speaks very seldom, or never."



## RECOLLECTIONS OF TIMOTHY PICKERING.

“TIMOTHY PICKERING!—who is he?” will be the exclamation of most of our younger readers, as they see the heading of this sketch. And yet, at the beginning of this century, the subject of this article was one of the leading statesmen of the country, and shared with John Adams the political rule of New England.

In his early day, he had been a friend of my grandfather—leading to associations with him, in later life, which are the foundation of these “Recollections.” The Revolution separated them politically; and it was not until its close that they renewed their intimacy. Their first step then, was, as partners, to engage in a great land-speculation.

My grandfather, returning from Europe in 1784, after an absence of more than eight years, found his early associate one of the most marked men of the day. He first looms up before us, on the page of history—

“On the day of Concord’s fight.”

Then he commanded a company, which he led from Salem as soon as news of the conflict reached there. Henceforth he was a soldier, till the war ended; and he rose to be Quartermaster-General of the army. His portrait, in his Continental uniform, is to be seen in Trumbull’s picture of “The surrender at Yorktown,” in the Rotunda of the Capitol, at Washington. It was taken nearly forty years before I first saw him, as I only knew him in his old age; yet in the line of American officers I easily selected him by his aquiline nose and general cast of features. There is another sketch of him in Stone’s “Life of Brandt,” representing him when Commissioner with

Beverley Randolph and General Lincoln, at Niagara, holding “a talk” with the Indians, in 1793. It is a rough outline, drawn by a British officer; but any one who had ever seen Pickering, would recognize him at once by his Roman nose.

On the formation of the Government, he became a member of Washington’s Cabinet, holding in succession the offices of Secretary of War, Postmaster-General, and Secretary of State. He fully enjoyed the confidence of the first President, and, on the accession of Mr. Adams to the office, he became Secretary of State under him, which position he retained for more than three years. He was also the intimate friend of Alexander Hamilton. “Pickering”—says John Adams, in the “Cunningham Correspondence”—“was so devoted an idolater of Hamilton, that he could not judge impartially of the sentiments and opinions of the President of the United States.” In fact, after Mr. Hamilton’s death, his papers were placed by the family in Pickering’s hands, to write his life. This he unfortunately delayed from year to year, and it was never done.

To return to the landed scheme. They purchased some seventy thousand acres in the south-western part of Pennsylvania. Had they “located” in western New York, it would have made the fortune of both families. As it happened, Pennsylvania was not opened by the internal communication afforded by canals and railroads, and, fifty years afterward, the lands were worth about as much as when they were first purchased. As will be seen from this narrative, Colonel Pickering at an early day got out of the speculation, through the kindness of political friends. Judging from our own experi-



ence, it was fortunate he did so. In my grandfather's case, the investment almost completed the ruin of his fortune, finishing up what the Revolution had left. After retaining the lands for three generations, without any of the family ever visiting them, and after trusting to a series of land-agents for more than seventy years, they were disposed of, in 1854, to the acting agent.

The Pickering family were utterly ruined by the purchase—so much so, that Colonel Pickering, in 1800, on leaving the Cabinet, shouldered his axe and went to live on the lands. He had rather a lively time while there, enjoying but little of the solitude and rural quiet of a backwoodsman. Being appointed a Commissioner, by the Legislature (with Alexander Patterson and John Franklin), to settle conflicting land-titles, he engaged in the work in his usual determined manner. Not liking the movements of his colleague, Franklin, he obtained a warrant against him for high-treason, and with great difficulty and danger caused him to be arrested and sent prisoner to Philadelphia. Then, such a storm arose among the immigrants, that Pickering was obliged, for a time, to withdraw from the country. Venturing back, after awhile, he was seized in his bed and carried off to the woods, to be kept as a hostage for Franklin's safety. After a detention of nineteen days, the militia of the neighboring counties having been called out for his rescue, his captors became alarmed, and released him.

His friends in Massachusetts, however, wanted him as their Senator; for those were the primitive days, in which the office sought the man, and not the man the office. They, therefore, made some financial arrangements which relieved him, on condition that he should return and live there, in order to qualify himself, by residence, for the office. He availed himself of their offer,

settled at Salem, and represented them in the United States Senate for several terms.

In his controversy with Governor Sullivan, in 1808, he himself gives an account of this passage in his life: "Being in debt for new lands purchased some years before, and by the appreciation of which I had hoped to have made an eventual provision for my eight surviving children, and having no other resources, as soon as I was removed from office in 1800, I carried my family from Philadelphia into the country; and with one of my sons went into the backwoods of Pennsylvania, where, with the aid of some laborers, we cleared a few acres of my land, sowed wheat, and built a log-hut, into which I meant the next year to remove my family. From this condition we were drawn by the kindness of my friends in Massachusetts. By the spontaneous liberality of those friends (of whom some were to me then unknown), in taking a transfer of new lands (*for my sake*, not their own) in exchange for money, I was enabled to pay my debts, to return to my native State, and finally to purchase a small farm in Essex, on which I live, which I cultivate with my own hands, and literally with the sweat of my brow. In this retreat, engaged in what with peculiar pleasure I had always contemplated, *rural occupations*. I have found contentment."

During Pickering's senatorial terms, he was so intimately associated with Hillhouse, of Connecticut, that it seems impossible to write of his public career without referring to his friend. They were united in thought and feeling, and in all their political plans. Hillhouse was to Pickering what the Germans would term his *alter ego*.

In the first quarter of this century, a stranger in the streets of New Haven would often meet with one who involuntarily attracted his attention. He was one of those marked men, whom, after

we have passed in the street, we are tempted to turn round and scrutinize. Tall, long-limbed, and broad-chested, with an air even of gauntness, dark-complexioned, with his white hair bound in a queue behind, and evidently belonging to the last age, he seemed utterly unlike the generation with which he was living. He had reached the winter of life, yet his was a green old age, free from infirmities, and which had a massiveness about it reminding us of the days when "there were giants in the land."

That was James Hillhouse, whose name is so identified with his native city and State. Throughout the Revolution he was the leading man of Connecticut—the one to whom the people always looked in any hour of darkness or trial. After having been three times elected to Congress under the old Confederation, he sat for fourteen years in the United States Senate, and then resigned his seat, in the early part of his third term, to return home and take charge of the State School Fund. This he found in a most embarrassed condition, but when, after fifteen years of unwearied and perplexing labors, he left it, its value was \$1,700,000 of solid property.

He always reminded me of Pickering, in personal appearance. They seemed physically cast in the same antique mold, and, as I have said, they were mentally in close agreement. There was an evident congeniality, which produced a friendship lasting through life. The Federalism of both was of the same unyielding character. In Congress they always had a suite of apartments together, and their rooms were known by the *sobriquet* of "Treason Hall." Here the leaders of the Federal party congregated, and here were concocted all the measures in opposition to the Democratic administration of Jefferson.

I have referred to his large frame. He was more than six feet high, while his swarthy complexion, keen, black eye,

and his whole appearance, in physiognomy and walk, betokened an infusion of Indian blood. He always humorously favored the idea, and in Congress was known by the *sobriquet* of "The Sachem." On one occasion, in consequence of something which fell from him in debate, he was challenged by another member. He accepted the invitation, but said, "as the challenged party, he should exercise his right of choosing weapons, and should select tomahawks!" This, not being acceded to by the other side, ended the matter.

Another witticism of his occurs to me. He was once standing on the steps of the Capitol with John Randolph, of Roanoke, when a drove of asses chanced to be going by; these animals being then raised in Connecticut for the South.

"There, Mr. Hillhouse," said Randolph, "are some of your constituents."

"Yes," said Hillhouse, "they are going to be school-masters in Virginia."

Among the plans matured by these two far-seeing statesmen, was one which just now should be held in remembrance. It is becoming each year more deeply felt by thinking men, that the Presidential election is the great evil of the country. Local elections produce comparatively little excitement, but the tornado which once in four years sweeps over the land, demoralizes our people. We scarcely get through one election before politicians begin their plans for the next. Every public man of high standing shapes his actions with reference to his chances for this nomination. Even the President, in too many cases, spends the first four years, not in working for the good of the country, but in strengthening his party to secure a re-election.

This was foreseen; and at the formation of the Government a bill was introduced, providing that the President should not be re-elected. Pickering was not then in the Senate, being a member of the Cabinet, and it is diffi-

cult to tell, therefore, what share he had in maturing this scheme, except that it met with his unqualified approbation and support. The bill was introduced into the Senate by his friend Hillhouse. Its plan was, that one from the names of all the Senators should be drawn by lot, and he should act as President for the next four years, never again to be eligible to the office. The number of the Senators is so great that this would not add much to the eagerness to attain the office, while the fortunate individual, having nothing to expect in the future from popular favor, would have no temptation to act but for the highest good of the whole country. He would not be a party-man, nor be obliged to distribute "the spoils" to "the victors." The proposition was unfortunately rejected; but we think that every year which passes is proving its wisdom. In this age, when it is impossible for really great statesmen, like Clay, and Webster, and Marcy, to be elected; when we are obliged to resort to "available" candidates (that is, men so obscure that there is no political record against them), our chances of intellect would be better in selecting one by lot from the United States Senate.

During my early days, my father was often corresponding with Colonel Pickering, endeavoring to divide their lands. They were not together in one body, but dispersed in sections through a number of counties, thus increasing the difficulty of division. My father never met him personally until 1820. In those days gentlemen often took long journeys in their own carriages; and in 1820, he spent the whole summer traveling in this way through New England, visiting the out-of-the-way places, and seeing the country in a fashion which we never can do who dash through it on a railway. I have his journal of that summer's tour, which extended from New York to Portland, Maine.

Colonel Pickering, hearing he was to visit that part of Massachusetts, wrote, inviting my father to be his guest at his residence in Salem. It was at the close of a summer's day that he drove up to Colonel Pickering's residence. The gate was shut, so the coachman inquired of an old man at work in the field, in his shirt-sleeves, whether that was Colonel Pickering's house. He replied in the affirmative, got over the fence, opened the gate, and conducted them into the house. He then retired, and in a few moments, coming back with his coat on, introduced himself as Colonel Pickering.

He had, indeed, in a large degree, the characteristics of the Roman Cincinnatus: his simplicity and plain, republican tastes. Goodrich, in his "Recollections," thus describes the way in which he traveled to the seat of government: "I have a dim recollection of seeing, one day, when I was trudging along to school, a tall, pale, gaunt man, approaching on horseback, with his plump saddlebags behind him. I looked at him keenly, and made my obeisance, as in duty bound. He lifted his hat and bowed in return. By a quick instinct, I set him down as a man of mark. In the evening, Lieutenant Smith came to our house and told us that Timothy Pickering had passed through the town! He had seen him and talked with him, and was vastly distended with the portentous news thereby acquired."

The next winter after my father's visit to Salem, Colonel Pickering returned it in New York; and from that time he was often our guest. He was fond of "fighting his battles o'er again," and would talk till midnight about Revolutionary times. I was then too young to appreciate what I heard, but I have often, in later life, thought how much I would give to listen to those conversations when old enough to understand them.



He had a particular way of demolishing an individual in a single sentence. For instance: my father once asked him, "What kind of a man was Dr. Franklin?" It seems, for some reason, Franklin was not in the Colonel's good graces; so, straightening himself up, he curtly replied, "He was a man, sir, never found in a minority!"

There was a trifling remark of his I heard, which has always dwelt in my mind, and which may commend itself to our female readers. One morning, at breakfast, on handing his cup to be replenished, he said to my mother, "Half a cup, Madam, if you please!"—and then added: "If you do that, Madam, you will do what no lady has ever done for me in my life. They always give me two-thirds of a cup." The experience of most persons through life will be exactly similar.

It is curious how clearly he predicted our civil war with the South. My father once asked him "how he liked his residence in Pennsylvania?" He answered: "Very much, as far as climate and soil were concerned. But I was glad to get out of it and return to Massachusetts. A civil war with the South one day is inevitable, and I did not wish to leave my descendants so near the border-line!" When, during the war, I read the accounts of Lee and Stuart raiding over this very section of country, this remarkable prophecy came back to me. It was certainly strange as coming from a member of Washington's Cabinet.

He was exceedingly strong in his prejudices, and carried his likes and dislikes into all his political and social relations. His old antagonist, John Adams, in drawing a not very favorable portrait of him in the "Cunningham Correspondence," says: "He is extremely susceptible of violent and inveterate prejudices. . . . Under the simple appearance of a bald head and straight

hair, and under professions of profound republicanism, he conceals an ardent ambition, envious of every superior, and impatient of obscurity. He makes me think of a coal-pit covered over with red earth, glowing within, but unable to conceal the internal heat for the interstices which let out the smoke, and now and then a flash of flame."

Hildreth, in his "Constitutional History of the United States," in commenting on this, says, "This was not so much the character of an individual as of that whole class of athletic, energetic, passionate men, born for action, and hardly comfortable except in the midst of a tumult, to which John Adams and his son, McKean, Chase, and Pickering alike belong." He adds, what I have no doubt is very true, from my general recollection of Pickering's disposition, "It was the want of sufficient flexibility, which was the greatest defect in Pickering's political character."

He most cordially hated the whole Adams family, because he always believed that he had been made, by the elder Adams, a political martyr. The difficulty was, that in 1800, when Pickering was Secretary of State, President Adams differed, on some political points, with him and McHenry, another member of the Cabinet, and requested them to resign. McHenry (as Hildreth describes it) "succumbed like a willow before the blast," and the very next day complied. The stern and inflexible Pickering, however, positively refused, whereupon President Adams dismissed him from office. Pickering's sarcastic comment on the notice is said to have been, "It would have been better for me to have remained until the next fourth of March, and then we could all have gone out together!"

He never forgave it, and to the end of his life waged war against President John Adams and his son. He always declared that he did not know why it



was done. In 1808, in his controversy with Governor Sullivan, in referring to it, he says: "I had held the office about a year and a half under General Washington, and three years and two months under President Adams, and until ten months only remained of his own term of office. For what did he remove me? He never told me. Was it for any dishonest or dishonorable act? He will not say it. Was it for British attachments? He will not say it. Was it for my incapacity? If that were the cause, and it be well founded, a statesman of his experience and discernment ought sooner to have made the discovery."

The truth is, that now, looking back upon it through the vista of seventy years, when all the strifes and rivalries of that period have long since gone down to the tomb, we can not but feel that Adams was right. Turning over the political pamphlets of the day—the surliest guides to public feeling—we see in how many points, particularly in that of our relations with France, Pickering entirely differed with the President. The Cabinet should certainly be in unison with him, and be his confidential advisers, or public business must suffer. This was a relation in which Pickering could not stand, and, therefore, as he would not retire of his own accord, the President removed him, and appointed John Marshall in his place. The manner in which it was done may have had more of the *fortiter* than the *suaviter* about it. The elder Adams, when he had any thing to say, generally used very plain Saxon, and talked right on. We never find him speaking in parables, or using French paraphrases. Yet, for the act itself, we do not see why Pickering should have considered himself so much aggrieved. It was a political necessity.

I remember Colonel Pickering was accustomed to dwell with great *gusto* on the Adams family, and relate amusing stories of their meetings in after-

years in Boston, when their mutual friends seemed terrified at the idea of bringing them together in the same room. On one occasion, a gentleman about to have a social gathering, came to him and asked "whether he had any objection to meet Mr. Adams?" "Certainly not," said the old statesman; "he will not eat me, I suppose, and I am sure I shall not eat him!"

There were three citizens of Massachusetts whom Jefferson has made the special object of his attack. These were Pickering, Lowell, and Higginson. On Pickering he is particularly emphatic, and the charge is, "plotting to subject his country to British influence." This was not entered by Jefferson in his journal till twenty-five years after the alleged transactions, on which he founds the charge, had taken place; and it is a manifest absurdity to make such charges against one who is described, by a contemporary, as "a man who might be selected as a model of republican simplicity and directness."

The truth is, Pickering was a perfect type of the old-fashioned, high-toned Federalists—a race which is now extinct. At the close of the last century, he looked at the Union from a very different stand-point from what we do in this day. Now, it has stood the trials and storms of nearly a century. Then, it was regarded by many politicians as a loose confederacy, the permanency of which was very doubtful. Men were then accustomed to "calculate the value of the Union." This was particularly the case in New England, which, at that time, was relatively a much more important portion of the country than it is now, since the Valley of the Mississippi has been settled, and "westward the Star of Empire takes its way." In these feelings Pickering undoubtedly shared, though the idea that he for a moment dreamed of again establishing British influence in this land is absurd.

The celebrated Hartford Convention, in 1814—a meeting which ended in the most harmless way—was the result of this feeling, when New England was so generally arrayed against the Federal Government on the subject of the war then going on with England. Pickering was not a member of this body, though his friend Hillhouse was, but its proceedings met with his hearty concurrence. Without understanding the temper and feeling of New England in that day, to which we have before alluded, it is impossible to account for the anxiety of Madison and his Cabinet at this meeting. It is wonderful to us that twenty-six respectable gentlemen getting together should have produced such an excitement through the land. It was looked upon as the preparatory step to the secession of New England.

Pickering was a large, imposing man. He had a most athletic frame, cast in a mold which Nature nowadays seems not often to use. There was about him, too, an air of sternness, which seemed to have been a characteristic of most of those men of the Revolution whom I have seen. He gave the impression of one who was a stranger to the physical weaknesses “which flesh is heir to.” And in confirmation of this, he once stated a fact with regard to himself, which few persons can relate as a part of their own experience. During one of his visits at my father’s, he remarked at the dinner-table, that it was his birthday (he was then about eighty), but that he had never been ill in his life, and had never taken but one dose of medicine. During the siege of Yorktown he was Quartermaster-General, and his duties were very arduous. One day he felt a very peculiar sensation, and, on describing it, his friends told him he was ill. So they gave him some medicine. “That,” said he, “is the only dose I have ever taken, and it did not interrupt my duties or confine me to my tent: and since

then I have never experienced any return of that peculiar feeling.”

When prostrated by his last illness (which was also his first), the doctor, who saw nothing could be done for him, as he was dying of the *Anno Domini*, with extraordinary politeness asked him what medicine he would take. “Why,” said the old man, “let me see. The last medicine I took was when I was at Yorktown, forty-five years ago, and that was Glauber’s-salts. I think that will do.”

Colonel Pickering died at Salem in 1829, at the age of eighty-four, leaving sons, some of whom were distinguished for their literary acquirements. He was one of the last survivors of those distinguished men who had gathered around Washington in the dark and gloomy days when “men’s hearts were failing them for fear, and for looking for the things which should come after.”

Since then, the last of these venerable men have gone, and a new generation, which knew them not, is reaping the fruit of their labors. But the full influence of this change we are not accustomed to realize. It is not merely the withdrawal from our view of these relics of the past whose names had become historical, but it is the loss of a pervading spirit which accompanied them, and which, as long as they lived, had its restraining, conservative power over those about them. I remember this being beautifully set forth in conversation by John Quincy Adams.

One evening, in the spring of 1833, at the house of Judge Cranch, in Washington, a gentleman discoursing in the inflated American style, about the political destinies of our country, said, that “we had demonstrated the grand experiment of a republican government.”

“No,” affirmed Mr. Adams; “it is not so. We have not demonstrated that problem. We have not yet even tried the experiment. We are only beginning

to do so. We are in the situation of the Israelites described in Scripture, when they were living under the Theocracy. We are told—‘Israel served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the Elders that overlived Joshua, and which had known all the works of the Lord, that he had done for Israel.’ But as soon as all that generation died—the men who carried with them, as it were, the atmosphere of the Wilderness—then the experiment began, and failed. It was proved that they needed a more earthly government. So it is with us. We still have many of the men of the

Revolution with us, who have borne its trials and are living witnesses to all that took place. As soon as these pass away and a new generation arises, which knew not ‘the times that tried men’s souls,’ then we shall begin to test the experiment whether, or not, we can live under a Republic.”

A generation has passed away since this conversation took place, and we are now in the midst of the fearful trial it predicted. But it seemed to me that these words of “the old man eloquent” were worthy of record and of being kept in remembrance.

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SOMETIME.

Unto the earth the Summer comes again ;  
 She has, to quench her thirst, the dews and rain ;  
 She has glad light about her all life’s hour,  
 And love for gracious dower.

She makes the valleys pleasant for the herds ,  
 Her seeds and berries ripen for the birds,  
 And cool about their nests she deftly weaves  
 A screen of tender leaves.

Her soft, delicious breath revives the land ;  
 Her many flowers she feeds with lavish hand ;  
 Clothes the bare hill, and to the rugged place  
 Gives comeliness and grace.

To all things else she cometh, once a year,  
 With strong, new life, with beauty and glad cheer—  
 To all things else : Ah, sometime, it must be  
 That she will come to me !

## UPOLU

IT was on a morning of July that we made the island of Upolu, the principal of the Samoan, or Navigator's Islands, after a sail of thirteen days from Tahiti. The day was extremely warm, with hardly a breath of wind, and a long, round swell rolling—which gave us rather more time to study the land from a distance than we desired. Toward the southern extremity of the island we could see the neighboring and much higher island of Savaii. The first thing which one observes in coming hither from the more eastern islands of the South Sea, is, that these islands are altogether wanting in the picturesque ruggedness of the Marquesas, or the peaks and curious outlines of most of the Society Islands.

Owing to the light wind, our progress was somewhat slow, but by degrees we drew nearer the harbor of Apia, the principal settlement. This port, at present, possesses some interest for Californians, as being a possible coaling-dépôt for the steamers of the new Australian mail-line. We could see the masts of several vessels while still some miles from the entrance to the harbor; and now and then, when a larger wave than usual lifted our little vessel, white houses and stores could be seen along the beach.

We got a little closer, and a whale-boat put out from the shore with the pilot (an American), who took charge of the schooner, and conducted us safely through the passage in the reef. This harbor, like all others in the South Sea, is a natural one. It is formed by a coral reef running, for almost the entire distance, across the mouth of a large bay, leaving only a narrow entrance, and forming a breakwater against the waves, which otherwise would make the bay

very inconvenient for shipping, and at times unsafe. Another reef runs out from the shore for a considerable distance into the bay, dividing the harbor into two compartments, in the most northern of which we came to anchor. This is the part most used by large vessels: the southern portion, having less water and a rather more difficult entrance, is used only by the smaller vessels engaged in trading among the islands in the neighborhood.

To the extreme left as you enter, is the American Consulate. Near it is a large, well-built frame store, with a red shingle-roof, forming quite a conspicuous object on the beach. This is occupied by the agent of an Australian house, which does a large business among this group. Between the Consulate and this store are one or two small stores, devoted altogether to the liquor business. Farther along the beach is the English missionary church, resembling a large barn painted white; next to it, the British Consulate; then the house occupied by the English missionaries, and a church with a spire, in which the French missionaries hold their service. Toward the right-hand corner of the bay are a number of buildings used by Mr. Weber, the German Consul, and agent for a Hamburg house, as stores and offices. The intervening portions of the beach are filled up with native huts and a few small stores, where a brisk retail trade appears to be carried on with the natives. These buildings are almost all faced toward the sea, and the road along in front of them is lined with cocoanut-trees.

Behind the settlement for some distance the ground is level and well wood-



ed, but almost entirely in the state in which it was when discovered over a hundred years ago. Beyond these woods rise the hills: I can not dignify them with the title of "mountains," having just left Tahiti, which attains an altitude of some eight thousand feet. But Upolu has one advantage over the latter: namely, that it is capable of cultivation from beach to beach, whereas a great portion of Tahiti is decidedly more ornamental than useful. Apia has certainly a beautiful harbor, but it wants the distant peaks of Moorea, the little island with the cocoanut-trees, and the high background, to give the finish to the scene which Papeete possesses. About half-way up the hills there is a water-fall, which can be seen at sea for a distance of ten miles from the shore. The river finds an entrance to the sea through a small valley near the middle of the bay. There is no bridge over this river at the beach, and at the ford it is several feet deep; so that to get across one has either to take an impromptu bath, or wait for the chance of a passage in a canoe.

We discovered on our arrival that Apia was one day ahead of us in time, though in west longitude. Against this we protested strongly, maintaining that our reckoning was correct, as we felt a vague sense of injustice at being robbed, as it were, of twenty-four hours of our existence. The cause of the mistake is, that their time was established many years ago by the missionaries, who came from Sydney; and as their principal trade is still with Australia, the mistake has never been rectified. We subsequently found that the Harvey Group, though in about  $158^{\circ}$  west longitude, take their time in the same way, as also all the islands in the South Sea between them and the meridian of  $180^{\circ}$ .

Business at Upolu, though not so extensive, seems to be carried on in a more energetic and successful manner than at

the head-quarters of the commerce of the South Sea—Tahiti. This is attributable, in a great measure, to the French rule at the latter island, which is much too military in its organization, and frequently throws little obstacles in the way of commercial enterprise.

Upolu is under native government; and, at the time I was there, a war was going on between those natives who occupied Apia and the northern portion of the island, and the natives of the southern part, who were assisted by Savaii. The latter, in point of numbers, was the stronger party, but the Apians have got the best fighters and chiefs. This war has been carried on for some two years. What it is all about I could not exactly discover, but there are two claimants to the crown: something like—only a little less complicated, I presume—the Franco-Prussian difficulty. At first the Southern—*or*, as they are there called, the Large party—were altogether successful, driving the natives out of Apia, and taking possession of the town and land in the neighborhood belonging to their opponents. The latter retreated to the northern portion of the island, and eventually made a successful flank movement, attacking the Large party from the south. Since then they have been gradually fighting their way back, with varied success, and at the time of our arrival they were within twelve miles of Apia, where they were brought to a stand by a fort which had been erected by their adversaries. The Small party were not strong enough to storm this fort, and were trying to get its defenders out of it, so as to have a fair stand-up battle in the bush. Both sides were well armed; the Navigator's Islanders regarding muskets—which Society natives consider quite good enough to shoot each other with—as engines of death altogether out of date. The majority of them had rifles, principally Enfield's, but Snider's, Sharp's, and Henry's were also used.

I felt a curiosity to see how they fought. Being assured that neither party would fire on Whites, "if they did not get in the way," I was determined that nothing should induce me to get in the way; and after carefully examining myself in a glass, for the purpose of ascertaining whether three months' exposure to a tropical sun would preclude me from passing for a White, I made arrangements to go out to the front; but subsequent events rendered this expedition unnecessary.

Some of the natives act as missionaries; and they appear not to be interfered with. There were very few natives in Apia when I saw it first, the male population being confined almost altogether to the missionary class, as the soldiers had all gone out to the fort before-mentioned; but occasionally a troop of five or six were to be seen, going out and coming in with canoes, for the purpose of obtaining supplies of arms and ammunition. These were easily distinguished from their ecclesiastical brethren by their arms, dress, and the manner in which they wore their hair, which is never cut, but kept long, and—as they wear no head-dress for the purpose of protection from the sun and rain—is extremely thick. A string is tied round the hair close to the back of the head, leaving a large bunch—may I be permitted to designate it *chignon*?—which portion is dyed, or rather burnt with lime, for the purpose of making it a tawny (golden-brown) color, the remainder being left the natural black. In this *chignon* is often placed a number of bright scarlet flowers, as ladies sometimes wear dahlias. In fact, the only differences between their mode of arranging their hair and the way it is, or has been, worn of late by White ladies, are, that they only dye one-half, and that the hair is invariably all their own. It might be supposed that this would give them a somewhat effeminate

look; but this idea is at once dispelled by their manly bearing and fine physical appearance. Their arms consist of a rifle, and their uniform is a sort of mat made from grass or the bark of a tree, which is tied round the waist, and reaches to about the knee. Round the waist is also worn a military leather belt, containing their ammunition, etc.

The war-canoes are not made in the way the smaller ones used for fishing are constructed: namely, by taking the trunk of a tree and shaping it into the form of a boat, and then digging it out. When they wish to build a war-canoë, they go about it very much as an ordinary boat-builder would do, with the exception that, instead of using nails for the purpose of fastening the planks, they bind them together with cord made from the bark of the *boorow*-tree, which is very strong, and does not seem to be affected by the action of the salt water, as hemp or cotton would be. I saw one of these canoes capable of holding as many as one hundred men, and I understand that when going into action, they fasten them together with poles, over which a sort of platform is laid, on which they can stand while fighting.

Several days after my arrival I arranged to go out pigeon-shooting, which is about the only sport to be obtained on the island. Accordingly I started one morning, accompanied by two native boys, who acted as guides, setters, retrievers, and cooks. Our path, at first, led through the grounds attached to the house of the English missionaries, and then we struck out into the bush. Here there were a great many large trees, and the underwood was very thick, but we were enabled to make our way along the paths. On these high trees the pigeons are found. The boys made a noise resembling the cooing of a pigeon, which the birds answered, and we were thus enabled to find them; but the foliage was so thick, that, to obtain a shot, I

was obliged to get immediately underneath where they were, and even then I could never see more than a small portion of the bird. My first shot brought down a fine, large one directly on the head of one of my guides—evidently, much to his amusement. I did not find the pigeons by any means so plentiful as I expected, and only succeeded in getting in all six; but I was amply repaid for the walk by the beauty of the scenery.

The climate being a great deal more moist than that of the Society Islands, the vegetation is more luxuriant. It reminds one somewhat of the woods on each side of the Panama Railroad, but I have no reason to believe it is so unhealthy. Bread-fruit, tamanu, cocoa-nut, banana, and a great many other trees, whose names I have forgotten, grew all over the lower lands, and ferns were growing in great profusion and variety everywhere, from a small species no bigger than one's finger, to a giant fern with leaves from ten to fifteen feet high. I was informed by a gentleman who had resided for many years in different parts of the South Sea, that the Navigator's are the richest in ferns (as the Fijis are the richest in shells) of all these islands. Parroquets and beautiful butterflies I saw in every direction; and as regards food, it was to be had in abundance at every step.

We had been some hours out, and had got about six miles from the beach, when the rain, which had been threatening all the morning, began to fall. The boys at once began to build a temporary hut. One of them had with him a small axe, with which he cut some poles about eight feet long, and drove them into the ground; across these he laid others, which he fastened with *boorow* bark, and over these were laid banana leaves, four or five of them being quite sufficient to cover the *extempore* house. This was all done in a few minutes, and I was

in good shelter before the rain began to fall heavily. During this time the other boy had climbed a cocoa-nut-tree, and returned with an armful of cocoa-nuts and some bananas and bread-fruits he had picked up close by. A fire was then lit, and two or three pigeons cooked with the bread-fruits, so that in a very short time we had a capital luncheon; after which we waited patiently for the weather to clear up, as by this time the rain was coming down in torrents.

While we were here, one of my guides—who spoke a little English, and whose name was Kamotoi—expressed a desire to “have shoot” with my gun. Having obtained leave, he proceeded to load one of the barrels by first putting in a handful of gunpowder. He then picked up a newspaper which I had been reading, and, tearing off about a quarter of it, rammed it down on the top of the powder, seeming to be entirely ignorant of the utility and convenience of wads. A large handful of shot was added, then another large piece of paper; and, having capped it, he directed his companion to hang a cocoa-nut-shell on a branch about thirty yards distant. After taking very long and deliberate aim, he fired; the simultaneous effect of which was that the cocoa-nut disappeared, and Kamotoi was seated precipitously on the ground. When he had regained his feet, he returned the gun to me, remarking, “Welly good gun; him shoot too much.”

After waiting for about two hours, there was a partial lull in the storm, and we started for the beach. I could not help envying my companions as we were returning. They had scarcely any clothing on; and as we pushed our way through the woods every bush we touched brought down a heavy shower-bath, which ran over them like water off a duck's back, while I was by no means so fortunate, each step making me feel a pound heavier.

The next morning I was on deck at



seven o'clock, and observed quite a number of natives on the beach; but I did not think any thing of this, supposing they had come in for supplies. Presently the report of a rifle attracted my attention, then another and another, till they followed each other in such quick succession that I could not distinguish any interval between them. This was accompanied by fearful yelling. On looking toward the shore, I saw at once that there was a sharp engagement going on just abreast of where we were at anchor. In a few minutes one of the parties began to beat a very hasty retreat, most of them running along the beach, and some into the sea. The other party did not cease firing, but kept shooting at the natives who had taken to the water. These were swimming as fast as they could, and at intervals diving for a considerable distance under water; but as soon as a head would appear on the surface, splash-splash went the bullets all around it. We were not quite close enough to see if any of the shots took effect. By degrees the swimmers got directly in a line with us and the firing party, and as the balls began to whiz uncomfortably close past us, we considered discretion the better part of curiosity, and took refuge behind our galley till every thing was quiet, and the victorious party had disappeared into the bush. We learned afterward that seven hundred men of the Small party had come along the foot of the mountains and made a raid on Apia. The other party had discovered their absence, but had not time to get a sufficient number of their men back to successfully resist the raid. Ten of the Large party had been killed, including two in the water. One of the swimmers was wounded in five different places, but eventually managed to escape. Why the Small party did not follow up their victory and march into the town—which really belonged to them—I do not know, but I presume they had some good rea-

son for not doing so, as their chiefs understand military science perfectly, and did some very clever things during our stay. As I before stated, the Large party occupied a large and very strong fort. All around this fort quantities of bananas, bread-fruits, and yams grew. Inside, they had a number of hogs, chickens, and cattle, and close by the walls ran a fine stream of water, which came from the mountains. The Small party first began by making raids at night, for the purpose of destroying every thing in the shape of food outside the fort; but this they found too slow a means of accomplishing their object, so they set about half the army—three thousand men—at work some distance above the fort, and turned the stream into another channel, which carried the water several miles away from its original course, thus forcing their opponents to either come out and fight, or die of thirst.

Eventually, I have no doubt the Small party will get back to Apia; and then rather a serious question will arise in this way: When the others took Apia, they sold the land and houses to certain persons—who assisted them with arms and ammunition—for some very small sum. If the Small party get back, they will naturally claim what before belonged to them. My informant on this matter—who was an American—complained very much of the course taken by the United States Consul, who, he states, has from the first assisted the Large party, who are in the wrong, and whose King is very much opposed to any step which will benefit the White population. Certainly, as regards Consuls, I think that the English have very much the advantage of us at this place, whereas at Tahiti it is just the reverse. The English Consul at Apia, Mr. Williams—son of the late John Williams, the well-known missionary, who was murdered many years ago by the natives of one of the Line Islands—seems extremely pop-



ular with all classes and nationalities on the island.

During our stay Upolu was visited by the Russian gun-boat *Almaz*, and the United States gun-boat *Resaca*; the latter an emaciated-looking craft, which seemed both at Apia and at Tahiti to be very unfavorably compared with its predecessor on this station: the *Kearsarge*, now lying at San Francisco. The *Almaz* had a very good band, which the officers kindly permitted to play on shore almost every evening, and the natives returned the courtesy by dancing on several occasions before them. The war-dance is performed by three or four chiefs, who have their bodies smeared all over with cocoanut-oil, and who manage to make a great deal of noise, and get through an immense amount of exercise, in a very short time. Their music consists of singing, accompanied by a noise made by clapping the hands.

The war has interfered with the exports of the island for the last year or two. Formerly Upolu exported a very large quantity of cocoanut-oil, but we found that this trade had been entirely abandoned. They then exported the dry cocoa-nut, which is manufactured into oil at Sydney and Hamburg; but it is generally supposed that when the war is over, the natives will return to their former practice of making oil, as the dried cocoa-nut—*coborah*, as it is called—takes away the nuts too fast.

The Germans have the only steamer at the island: it is little better than a launch. It was imported from Hamburg when the war broke out, with a view of selling it to the natives at a handsome profit; but they utterly failed to see the utility of it when it arrived, and it is now employed for the purpose of bringing *coborah* from Savaii to Apia. Savaii possesses few harbors in which large vessels can anchor with safety.

The great difficulty with which White settlers have to contend at present is the

want of labor. Consequently, slavery—or what amounts to very much the same thing—is carried on here, as it is in many other parts of the South Sea: not under a black flag, as one might suppose, but under the flags of England, Germany, France, and the United States. Schooners and other small vessels are sent off for the purpose of procuring labor, and they proceed to some out-of-the-way island, where the natives are brought on board under the pretense of trading, and a few articles are placed in the hold for their inspection. When the crew consider that a sufficient number are below, the hatches are slipped on, and the unfortunate Islanders carried off to some plantation, where they are sold at a pretty high rate. If they can not be induced to go on board, the crew go ashore at night, well armed, in boats, and carry them off by force. The slavers evade the law by drawing up an imaginary form of agreement between the natives and the proprietor of some plantation, the latter pledging himself to pay them a small sum monthly and to send them back in a certain number of years; but this payment is not generally made, nor are the natives sent back at all, as they are much too ignorant to understand the nature of the agreement, even if they were aware of its existence. There was a schooner fitting out for this trade, at Apia, when we left. The slaves are there worth about \$80 per head. The crew receive the usual pay of sailors, and in addition \$3 each for every man they catch. The feeding of the natives during the voyage costs very little. This trade pays vessels better than any freight they could obtain. I have no doubt that cases do occur, where the workers are paid and sent back at the expiration of the time agreed upon; but this is certainly the exception, rather than the rule.

Almost all the islands of the South Sea are capable of producing quantities

of sugar, sea-island cotton, coffee, maize, cocoanut-oil, and many other tropical productions. Native government is by no means good, and French government can not be said to be at all better, regarding it from a commercial point of view. If the United States and England would assume a protectorate of some of the groups, such as Harvey's, Navigator's, or the Fijis, business would at once improve. As it is, there are millions of acres on which might be grown some of the most valuable productions, only requiring the energy and enterprise of a

White population to make them a benefit to those who cultivate them, as well as to the world at large. The inauguration of a regular line of steamships between this port and Australia, calling at one or more of these islands, will tend, in a great measure, to bring about the desired change; and I have no doubt that before this line has been long in existence, their utility as coaling-dépôts will be regarded as a secondary consideration to the amount of patronage which the line would obtain from them directly.

### COTTON EXPERIMENTS IN CALIFORNIA.

**A** DOGE of Venice, who, for some imputed offense, was compelled to go to Paris, and abase himself before Louis XIV, was asked, what in all that magnificent Court struck him with most wonder. "To find myself here," was the reply of the indignant Lescaro. With no less sincerity, though far different emotions, the writer can say, that nothing which California offers to the inspection of the stranger of the rare, the novel, and the beautiful, strikes him with so much wonder as to "find himself here," engaged in cotton-planting. Letters come to me daily from the Cotton States, in each of which the question is asked, "What induces you to plant cotton in California?" The same question has often been propounded to me by citizens of California. It seems strange that a planter from the most fertile region of the world-famed "cotton-belt" should select California as a locality in which to prosecute cotton-culture for profit.

Early in 1870 the writer sent to Mr. J. M. Strong, of Merced County, several varieties of cotton-seed for planting in California. That gentleman had pro-

duced two crops of cotton in the Mississippi River bottom, as manager for the writer, in the years 1868 and 1869. He reported the results of the planting from time to time, expressing the opinion that it would yield at least one and a half bales per acre. Planted on the 20th of June, the first open bolls, gathered the 5th of September, were sent to me at Memphis. While at the city of St. Louis, in November, I received an urgent request, by telegraph, to "come and see the crop." The visit thus prompted resulted in the personal inspection of an actual yield of *four bales per acre*, under the disadvantages of late planting and by no means perfect culture. In ten days after my arrival I had secured three hundred acres of land on the "Gwin Ranch," near Snelling, for cultivation in cotton the present year.

The "Gwin Ranch" lies on the Merced River, seven miles below Snelling. It is owned by the Buckley Brothers, who are extensively engaged in sheep-breeding. When, after repeated efforts, I had failed to secure land for planting, these gentlemen, hearing of my trouble, promptly tendered the number of acres

specified. A better selection could not have been made in the State. The soil is a bottomless alluvium, naturally irrigated by the river. It yielded the past year an average of sixty bushels of corn to the acre. The *rancho* embraces 960 acres. A contract was made with the proprietors for the cultivation of the land, planted in cotton under the direction of the writer, or his brother, J. M. Strong. This contract comprises breaking the land to the depth of eight inches, thoroughly pulverizing with the harrow, planting, cultivating twice with the cultivator, and hoeing twice, if necessary. The price paid for the entire work is \$10 per acre. A money-rent of \$5 per acre is paid.

By way of comparison, the following statement is extracted from the "Plantation Account Books" of the writer for 1869. One-half of his plantation, near Memphis, on the Mississippi River, was cultivated by Negroes hired, at \$10 to \$15 per month, the other half on the "share-system:"

Aggregate labor account from Jan. 1st to	
Sept. 1st, 1869.....	\$1,220 10
Board of laborers for same time.....	661 00
Interest at 1 per cent. per month on cash	
value of team and tools.....	276 00
Cash value of corn and hay consumed....	548 40
Repairs and blacksmith-work.....	50 00
Half-salary of manager.....	500 00

Total for 200 acres..... \$3,255 50  
or \$16.27¾ per acre as the cost of cultivation.

A difference of \$6.27¾ per acre in favor of California planting, or \$1,255.50 in the cost of cultivating the same number of acres. A further difference would be shown by an estimate of the damage to stock and tools during the year.

Lest it should be said that this is an exceptional contract, I state the terms of a second, entered into in Los Angeles County, for a similar purpose. The Los Angeles and San Bernardino Land Association have furnished to the writer the free use of six hundred acres of land on the "Stearns Rancho," for the

cultivation of cotton, sharing the expense of cultivating one hundred acres. The following contract has been made for the preparation and cultivation of one hundred and forty acres near Anaheim:

	Per acre.
Breaking new land, first time, eight inches deep.....	\$2 50
Breaking same land, second time, if necessary.....	2 00
Harrowing thoroughly.....	25
Marking off in checks for planting.....	50
Planting.....	50
Hoeing twice, if necessary.....	2 00
Cultivating twice with cultivator.....	80
Total cost of production per acre.....	\$8 55

The lands of the Los Angeles and San Bernardino Land Company selected for planting, and the lands on the "Gwin Ranch" near Snelling, will yield not less than one bale of five hundred pounds per acre. In the face of an actual yield of 5,860 pounds of seed, or 1,980 pounds of lint cotton, per acre, on the Merced, the past year, this can not be characterized as an excessive estimate. The Merced lands, it will be remembered, produced an average yield of sixty bushels of corn per acre. Lands adjacent to those selected for planting on the "Stearns Rancho" yielded 140 bushels of corn per acre the past year, *without cultivation*. Mr. Nathan Sears informed the writer that he gathered seven hundred measured bushels of corn from five measured acres, and that the corn was planted and allowed to mature without further molestation. It may be said that cotton is an experiment in this region. I have received the statement from numerous sources, that cotton of fine quality and large yield is annually grown for domestic consumption near Los Nietos and El Monte, without irrigation or cultivation. There is no perceptible difference in climate between the point selected for planting and the two localities named, while the soil of the former has the advantage of virgin fertility.



I have been offered all the labor I can use for picking at seventy-five cents per hundred pounds, or \$11.25 per bale. I make the following additional extract from my "Plantation Account Book" for 1869:

Total amount paid for picking 100 bales of cotton ..... \$2,050 00  
or \$20.50 per bale.

A difference in favor of the California crop of \$9.25 per bale. These comparisons are made with the crop of 1869, because the crop of 1870 throughout the entire South has been produced upon the share-system. Let us examine that system for one moment. The number of acres allotted to each "hand," or laborer, throughout the Cotton States, is ten, eight of which are devoted to cotton, and two to corn. Granted, that he cultivates the whole in cotton. Deducting the cost of labor and food, the expense of the planter is the same as in the case of hired hands; he furnishing, under this system, land, team, tools, and feed for team. Thus his expense for the production and harvesting of fifty acres—his share—would be \$1,874, or \$37.48 4-5 per acre, against \$36.77 1-5 per acre with hired labor, supposing production under the two systems to be equal, which is never the case. Comparing these several statements, we have the following results:

With wages at \$12.50 per month and board furnished to the laborer, and picking at prevailing rates, it costs the planter in the Cotton States to produce and harvest one acre of cotton, yielding half a bale, or 250 pounds of lint cotton..... \$36 77 1-5

Farming on the "share-system," it costs him to produce and harvest one acre of the same yield..... \$37 48 4-5

In California, it costs him to produce and harvest one acre of cotton, yielding one bale of 500 pounds lint cotton, paying \$1.25 per day for labor, \$12 per month for board of laborer, profit on the use of team and tools hired, and for picking at contract rates..... \$21 25

A difference to the California farmer—first, in expense, of \$16.23 per acre, and

\$15.52 per acre, respectively; and, second, in yield, of 250 pounds per acre of lint cotton, valued at fifteen cents per pound, of \$37.50 per acre more; or an aggregate difference of \$53.73 per acre in the one case, and \$53.02 in the other.

If it be asserted that this estimate is unfair, in that it assumes as the region of production the Merced and Santa Ana River bottoms, which may be of exceptional fertility, I can only reply, that I have taken the average yield of the Mississippi River bottoms as the basis for the Atlantic States, thus opposing alluvium to alluvium. If we take the average yield of the Cotton States, we should have—on the authority of the Bureau of Agriculture—as the average for the three years of 1868, 1869, and 1870, 196¾ pounds per acre—in the opinion of the writer, an excessive estimate.

Let us examine this question in the light of other authorities. In May, 1869, the "Southern Commercial Convention," composed in part of the leading planters and cotton factors of the Southern States, assembled in Memphis, Tennessee. In the published "Proceedings" of that Convention, page 153, will be found a "Memorial" addressed to the "Cotton Supply Association of Manchester, England, and the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers and Planters of the United States." On page 164, it is stated, that "*three bales to the hand is a high average.*" In a note on page 166, the statement is made, that "the average of the Liverpool Cotton Brokers' Association is adopted by the memorialists, viz.: 443 pounds per bale." Thus it was estimated by the Convention that 1,329 pounds of lint cotton per hand, or 132 9-10 pounds per acre, was "a high average yield" in the Cotton States. The estimate of the Bureau of Agriculture for 1868—the year preceding the assembling of the Convention—



is an average yield of 200 4-5 pounds per acre, or for every ten acres—the supposed average cultivated—2,008 pounds per hand.

Governor Alcorn, of Mississippi, extensively engaged in cotton-planting in the Mississippi River bottoms, delivered an address before the same Convention, in which he ably and elaborately reviewed the position of the Cotton States with reference to immediate and prospective production. On page 188 of the published "Proceedings," he says: "Our uplands will serve us in the battle of prices with averages of from two to five hundred pounds [of seed-cotton] per acre. If fought on these grounds, I need hardly tell you, with all I have said on the subject, that in my judgment, our cotton industry is destined to utter defeat. We must fall back—fall back, gentlemen, to a stronger position. On the rich prairies and in the valleys of the interior I would leave nothing undone that the individual or the state can accomplish, to fight this European combination; but the true position in which to receive the brunt of the struggle lies behind the high yields of the prolific flats of the Mississippi. The yields of fifteen hundred to three thousand pounds to the acre which these rich soils average, will enable us, in a few years, not only to fill all those market vacuums that tempt rivalry, but to make that rivalry forever after impossible, by breaking down the present prices, under cover of which they now seek to obtain a permanent footing." If we analyze the Governor's statement, we shall find that the estimated average of the uplands is 350 pounds of seed-cotton per acre, and it would be wholly unsafe to claim any thing above the lowest product stated by him for the Mississippi River bottoms, or fifteen hundred pounds of seed-cotton per acre. We have, then, assuming that three-fourths of the crops are annually produced on the uplands, and one-fourth

on the river-bottoms, 637.2 pounds of seed-cotton as the average yield of the Cotton States—equal to 182 pounds of lint cotton per acre, or an average product per hand of 1,820 pounds. In the opinion of the writer, based upon five years of close observation and practical experience in the Mississippi River bottoms, the average annual yield of that region does not exceed 250 pounds of lint cotton per acre. It certainly has not reached that figure annually for the past five years. I should say, then, that the estimate of the Memphis Convention is, in my judgment, the nearest to correctness of the three. Acting upon the results of my own experience, I have thought a difference of \$53 per acre, or \$10,600 in a crop of two hundred acres, sufficient inducement to plant in California.

It is a well-established fact, that the finest staple of Upland cotton is produced in those regions where there is scarcely any rain-fall during the growth of the plant. Lyman, in his work on "Cotton Culture," page 72, says: "On the Guadalupe (in Texas), it is remarkable how little rain gives a crop. I have seen six and seven hundred pounds of ginned cotton per acre produced, without a drop of rain on the plants after they were six inches high. The quality of the staple thus grown is superior to that of a wet season; but corn is an impossible crop under such circumstances."

A sample of the cotton produced in California in 1866 has been submitted to the Memphis Board of Brokers for classification, and that produced in 1870 was subjected to a rigid and careful analysis under the microscope in New Orleans. The crop of 1866 was pronounced by the Board of Brokers equal in other respects to our best Tennessee and North Mississippi Uplands, the staple a little finer and softer. Dr. Nagle's report on the product of 1870 was pub-

lished in the *San Francisco Evening Bulletin* of November 11th, 1870. Compared with the cotton products of the world it was pronounced superior to all but the Sea-Island.

A sample of Mr. Strong's crop, produced on the Merced the past year, has been forwarded to Liverpool by Messrs. Rodgers, Meyer & Co., of San Francisco, to be classified and valued. Another sample has been forwarded by the house of Hong Yune & Co. to their correspondents in Canton, China, for classification and valuation. Thus we shall know its value at an early day, in both the Asiatic and European markets.

Reverting to the statement of advantages, we find, as the result of economy in production and increase of yield, \$53 per acre, estimating the yield in California at one bale per acre. Adding the \$15 difference in price, the profit over that of the planter in the Cotton States is increased to \$68 per acre. This estimate of difference in profit holds good only upon the presumption that the crops produced are of the same grade. As we know that there are five different grades of cotton marketed in the Cotton States, in consequence of the effects of rain and frost; and as we also know that these causes do not operate to the damage of the crop produced in California, we may easily perceive that the profit here is still further increased by this radical difference in climate. The writer predicts, that the cotton of California will command a higher price in the Liverpool market than the best "Orleans Middlings." It will furnish the basis for a class of goods differing in quality from any now placed in the market. It is susceptible, from its fineness, of supplying the place of Sea-Island to a great extent, for spinning into threads, and for the manufacture of laces. Of the Medium Long Staple variety, it can be cleaned by the saw-gin without damage to the staple; and thus, at a price ap-

proximating Sea-Island, is a much more profitable crop.

If there were no home-market for it, the leading market of the world, Liverpool, is reached at a saving of \$2.50 per bale in freight, if shipped by steamer, over cotton shipped by steamer from New Orleans, and thirty cents per bale, if shipped by sail, over cotton shipped by like conveyance from New Orleans. The moment the cotton is placed on shipboard, the shipper can draw a sterling-bill against it with bills of lading attached, for three-fourths of the Liverpool market-price; and the difference in exchange between San Francisco and Liverpool will cover the costs of transportation and sale. He thus receives, in effect, the Liverpool market-price in San Francisco.

Recapitulating the advantages enumerated, we find the comparison between production in California and in the Cotton States to show the following results:

## CALIFORNIA.

Yield, one bale per acre, the crop of a single grade, worth at present prices in San Francisco .....	\$89 37
Deduct cost of production .....	\$10 00
Cost of harvesting .....	11 25
Ginning and baling .....	3 00
Freight .....	1 00
Cost of seed (Petit Gulf) .....	5 00
	<hr/> 30 25
Net profit to producer .....	\$59 12

## MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Yield, one-half bale, 250 pounds, the crop divided into five grades, worth at present prices in New Orleans .....	\$35 50
Deduct cost of production, harvesting, and preparing for market on the "share-system" .....	\$37 48 45
Freight to New Orleans, never less than .....	50
Charges incident to sale .....	2 00
	<hr/> \$39 98 45

A net loss to the planter of about \$9 per bale, aside from the damage to team, tools, etc. Reduce the yield to the average stated by the Bureau of Agriculture, and his loss increases in proportion to the reduction. Increase the estimate

of yield to the same as that produced by the California farmer, and there is still a broad margin of profit to the latter. A bale of cotton, of the average produced in the Cotton States, is worth to-day in New Orleans,

Say 500 pounds, at 14 1-5 cents.....	\$71 00
Cost of producing, harvesting, etc., on share-system .....	39 98 4-5
Net profit to planter per acre.....	\$31 or 1-5
Net profit to California planter per acre..	59 12
Difference in favor of California planter..	\$28 10 4-5

per acre, supposing the same yield, or, on two hundred acres, of \$5,622.

This comparison between the cost of production in California and the Atlantic States has been made at length, to convince the reader that we have nothing to fear from American competition in the markets of the world. Nor is there ground for apprehension from any other source. The low prices at which American cotton now goes into consumption, has, to use the language of Governor Alcorn, enabled them "not only to fill all those market vacuums that tempt rivalry, but to make that rivalry forever after impossible, by breaking down the present prices, under cover of which they now seek to obtain a permanent footing."

Such are the advantages presented by California to the planter from the Cotton States. Let us consider, briefly, the inducements it offers to the grain-farmer of California, to adopt it as a paying crop. The Report of the Surveyor-General of the State gives, as the average yield of wheat, seventeen and one-half bushels per acre, while that of the Bureau of Agriculture places it at sixteen. Adopting the home report as the correct one, and thus giving wheat the benefit of all that may be claimed for it, we will compare the value of cotton and wheat products. For general comprehension, it is better to limit the comparison to the production of one hand, or laborer:

## WHEAT.

Number of acres, 100; average yield, 17½ bushels; average product per hand, 1,750 bushels; average value per 100 pounds on farm, \$1.37½—total value ..... \$1,443 75

## DEDUCT EXPENSES.

Rent of land, \$3 per acre.....	\$300 00
Harvesting 100 acres, at \$1.50 per acre.....	150 00
Thrashing and putting in sacks, 10 cents per bushel.....	175 00
Forty-five days' labor putting in the crop, at \$1 per day.....	45 00-
Forty-five days' board for laborer, at \$12 per month.....	18 00
Sacks for grain, at 6 cents per bushel	96 00
One hundred bushels of seed-wheat at \$1.37½ per 100 pounds.....	68 33
Feed of team employed .....	135 00
	<u>972 33</u>
Net profit per hand, or laborer. ....	\$471 42

Three crops of cotton, grown by J. M. Strong on the Merced River, resulted in an average yield of 933½ pounds of lint cotton per acre, or nearly two bales of 500 pounds each. I think it fair to assume that a yield of one bale of 500 pounds' weight will result from planting on soil of average fertility, if properly prepared and cultivated. Basing an estimate on this yield, we have the following results:

Number of acres per hand, 20; average yield per acre, 1 bale of 500 pounds; average product per hand, 20 bales; value per bale on farm, \$75, or fifteen cents per pound—total value.....\$1,500 00

## DEDUCT EXPENSES.

Rent of land (same as wheat), \$3 per acre.....	\$60 00
Labor of preparing, planting, and cultivating.....	36 00
Board of laborer, at \$12 per month	14 00
Seed for planting, first crop (Petit Gulf), \$2.50 per bushel.....	50 00
Picking entire crop, at 75 cents per 100 pounds of seed-cotton .....	225 00
Ginning and baling, at \$3 per bale	60 00
Feed of team.....	18 00
	<u>463 00</u>
Net profit per hand, or laborer.....	\$1,037 00
Deduct profit per hand or laborer on wheat	471 42
Difference in favor of cotton.....	\$565 58
Net profit per acre on cotton on farm..	\$51 85
Net profit per acre on wheat on farm..	4 71 42-100
Difference per acre in favor of cotton..	\$47 13 58-100



It may be asserted, that the estimate placed on the value of wheat on the farm is too low. I have assumed the price stated as the average value throughout the State. The same is true of the value placed on cotton. If there is a margin between given localities and San Francisco, the difference in favor of cotton will be still further increased, as that staple gains decidedly in transportation. One hundred pounds of wheat are worth \$1.37½. One hundred pounds of cotton are worth \$15. The cost of transporting the respective crops is therefore as 10.9 to one. To illustrate more clearly: The cost of transporting the production of one laborer, of each crop, from Stockton to San Francisco, would be as follows:

52½ tons of wheat, valued at \$471.42 net, at \$1 per ton.....	\$52 50
5 tons of cotton, valued at \$1,037 net, at \$1 per ton.....	5 00
A difference in favor of cotton, in transportation, of.....	\$47 50

The same argument holds good with reference to exportation to distant markets. The Report of the Surveyor-General for 1868-69 states that 1,118,891 acres were devoted to the production of wheat, yielding 19,681,984 bushels. Let us suppose that one-half of this product was exported. It represented to the producer on the farm, as we have shown, a net profit of \$4.71 42-100 per acre, or for the whole crop \$2,637,226.08. If we further suppose that only a sufficient quantity of wheat for home consumption had been produced, and the surplus acreage devoted to cotton production for export, we should have, as the net profit on 559,445½ acres, \$30,033,475.92. If moved from the farm, the transportation added 10.9 times the cost to the same value of wheat that it did to cotton, and the same heavy expense if exported to foreign markets. Does it not clearly appear, then, that if we devoted our surplus acres to the production of cotton instead of wheat for export, we should

not only realize higher prices for our grain products, but that great Pactolus of the world's wealth, the Pacific Ocean, would waft to San Francisco the annual tribute from Europe of \$30,000,000 profits to our farmers, instead of \$2,600,000?

Suppose we should state to the miners of California that, on every acre of good land, there would be found, at a depth of eight inches below the surface, four twenty-dollar pieces and one ten-dollar piece of gold; that it would cost one twenty-dollar piece to get the five pieces; that in one year he could plow up ninety pieces, and after paying all the expenses attending it, have sixty pieces left. What would be the result? Should we not have every body looking for twenty-dollar pieces? This is the Cotton Question in a nutshell.

Gold and jewels, "the types of ignorance and barbaric pomp," are useless, compared with this last great material of national industry and commerce, of human comfort and support. Nothing on earth is so nourishing to trade, or so impulsive to human progress, as this precious product of our soil.

Paradoxical as it may sound, the agriculture of California is both her glory and her shame. Engrossed in the production of a single article for exportation, which has been in great demand, it has given us a prominence in that one branch of industry, conferred on us much influence in the Union and the Society of Nations, and greatly magnified our apparent wealth. But at the same time it has impoverished our soil, diminished our domestic enjoyments, narrowed our minds, and greatly retarded our progress in other fields of labor, whose culture is indispensable to the real independence, true wealth, and dignity of a State. The demand for wheat has enabled us to realize large pecuniary rewards for its production; but when we count what its production has cost, and will yet cost, we will find that the real balance in our



favor is not so great as the apparent ; that if we have made large present profits, it has been at the hazard of large future losses ; and that, like a neglected orphan heir, we are wasting our inheritance in riotous living and delusive speculations ere we have attained manhood.

Nature has prescribed limitations to the enjoyment of every earthly pleasure, and the exercise of every power of man. Excessive indulgence of the appetite is followed by satiety, disease, and death. Long-continued and inordinate application of the mind impairs its faculties, and sometimes produces fatuity and madness. The constant and changeless cultivation of any plant will exhaust the earth, till it ceases to give forth its increase. The history of grain-culture in California and the Eastern, and of cotton culture in the Southern, States, is a complete illustration of the folly, if not iniquity, of man's violation of this inexorable and immutable law of Nature. Desolation and depopulation mark the progress of the cultivation of single staple crops, as they did that of Attila, the Hun, of whose horse it was fabled, that the grass ceased to grow where he had trodden. Even now we can attest its truth in California, in the periodic ruin that attends the efforts of the farmer under careless and slovenly cultivation, and reliance upon a single staple crop.

If the planters of California would prevent the shameful decadence of agriculture, so palpable in the older States, they must banish the wild illusion, which holds them spell-bound to the changeless, artless, exhausting culture of grain crops. They must abandon a system which is at war with Nature and condemned by experience, and adopt such improvements in their modes of tillage, and such restoratives of their exhausted lands, as science may suggest, and skill may devise. They must learn the physical fact, that all Nature loves a change,

and diversify their field labor by the introduction of other plants.

Men are not more dissimilar in their forms and faces than in the character and powers of their minds ; and the public policy which would encourage but one pursuit for all the people, is as irrational as that of Procrustes, who stretched the short and cut off the long, to make them fit the same bed.

All the intellect and all the energy of the community can not be elicited in a single field of exertion. Advancing civilization is ever multiplying the wants of society, and varying the demand for new comforts, new luxuries, and new pleasures ; thereby stimulating all the powers of the human mind to their utmost tension. It is to the illimitable increase of human wants that we owe all the discoveries and inventions which have elevated nations and ameliorated the condition of mankind. The spirit of Progress and Reform is the mania of the age. Individuals, societies, nations—all torn loose from their moorings—are borne onward by its irresistible tide. It demolishes institutions, and defies the barriers of time. If we would not lag behind the age, or sink in the scale of States, we must offer rewards adequate to draw forth all the dormant faculties of our people. We must diversify our labor. We must encourage manufactures and commerce, as well as a greater variety of agricultural products, among our citizens. We must cease to depend upon others for those things which we can produce ourselves—on the manufacturers and ship-masters of other States and nations, to take our raw products from our own sea-ports, and bring them back to us at the enhanced value imparted by foreign labor and skill. We must develop the great and various bounties which munificent Nature has provided. Blessed with a mild and genial climate, with alternate highland and lowland, mountain and plain, of fertile and various soils,

admirably adapted to the growth of grasses and grains, and the rearing of stock, why should we want for food? I write from the southern portion of the State: the home of the orange, the lemon, the walnut, the vine—of all the tropical and semi-tropical fruits. We can weave, from the products of our own soil, silks as gorgeous as are sent forth from the looms of Lyons, and as durable as those of China and Japan. In the midst of our plains may be woven fabrics that will rival the muslins of Decca, and the laces of Brussels. "The sweet rose of Pæstum" blooms perennially here. The fig of the Romans attains a perfection that would have been the envy of Virgil, and the despair of Horace. Gold glistens on the sides of our mountains, and sparkles in the sands of our rivers. In short, we are blessed beyond all the regions of the earth with the elements of prosperity and wealth, if we will but utilize and develop them.

In this money-loving age, when men would dam up the fountains of Helicon to turn a grist-mill, and banish all the roses from the vale of Cashmere to grow grain, it would perhaps be vain to expect any change of habit, or the adoption of any new pursuit, that did not promise quicker and greater profits than are now realized. I think, however, I have satisfactorily proved by "figures which do not lie," that the development of the cotton industry promises larger profits than can be realized from the production of grain. This is true of many others which must follow in its track. Grain is the dearest of all exportable products. Upon it no great industries can be founded, multiplying employment and concentrating capital in the State. It is labor in its rudest form, exported to buy labor in its most complicated and dearest. It is the virgin fertility of the soil, sent to distant markets, to bring back those things which lie around us in boundless profusion. It is a com-

modity produced everywhere, and hence it must compete with all the nations of the earth in their own markets, burdened with expensive transportation.

Gold and grain! They are the staple productions of California. Look around you and see what they have done for this State. Of the \$900,000,000 of the one which has been extracted from our mountains, and the vast productions of the other that have been harvested from our plains, what remains? The miner wanders about our villages, watching for the announcement of new discoveries, cursing the Chinaman who has extracted the cream of the old, and dispatched it to the "Celestial Kingdom." Do we find the grain-farmer surrounded with the pleasures and luxuries of life—those aids to contentment, which he might enjoy, if he would only shake off traditional habits of thought and action, and improve the ample means which he possesses? If he owns a hundred lowing kine, he has no pasture for his cow, or dairy for his milk and butter. Seeking his subsistence from the earth, he has no plat that deserves the name of garden. Often he does not even grow the character of grain that will feed his family. Holding in absolute fee thousands of acres of land, he neither builds nor plants for posterity. His dwelling is put up in haste, of the cheapest and most accessible materials, and without regard to taste or comfort. He plants no vineyard or orchard; no trees or flowers. Depending upon his mother Earth, he does nothing to improve her condition, but, with matricidal hand, robs her of her wealth, exhausts her energies, and finally destroys her vitality. He is a parasitical murderer, taking the life of the friend on whose bounty he feeds. He has no time to embellish his home, or add to the value of his "ranch;" no time to build houses or plant orchards, vineyards or hedges; to ditch, drain, or manure his land; to improve his stock

of hogs, sheep, or horned cattle; to tend his garden, or graft his trees; to indulge in any agricultural experiments, or embark in any enterprise, however cheap the hazard or promising the return. All his efforts are concentrated upon the production of his grain crop. His lands deteriorate under, and he is periodically ruined by, his artless culture; and yet he struggles on without diversification or change.

What the production of cotton will accomplish has been already stated by the writer, in the following language:

"Now observe—first, that the cotton crop is produced and harvested with White labor, at the same rate of wages as is now paid to that labor on the grain farms; secondly, that it is produced from one-fifth the land required by grain for one hand, and returns a profit from that one-fifth more than double that yielded by the grain crop, at the present depress-

ed value of the staple; thirdly, that it gives employment to the same quantity of labor employed by the grain crop *for double the time*, or to *double the quantity* of labor for the same time.

"The conclusion follows, that the production of cotton is a necessity to California: because it can be produced here cheaper than at any other point on the globe, and manufactured with the same economy; because cheap cotton goods enable her to compete with the East for territorial trade, and with all nations for that of Mexico, Central and South America, and the Pacific islands; because it contracts the area now cultivated per hand, leads to a more thorough cultivation of the soil, and prevents that system of 'land-killing' which results from the production of a single staple crop. Witness the condition of the uplands of the South, and many grain districts of California."

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## HOW AND WHY WE TOOK SANTA CRUZ.

I HAD known the Major for nearly twenty years. Together we had experienced the vicissitudes of fortune, seen the various phases of life in California, and stumbled over the ups and downs of Hoadley's grade, when a San Franciscan was obliged to climb flights of stairs, descend into mud waist-deep on the other side, and plunge along blind-fold over and under people's porches, with the pleasing illusion that he was traveling over a side-walk. Together we had seen the place grow from a few scattered tents, and fewer *adobe* houses, to become the third commercial city of the Union. Twice had it burned down under our anguished gaze, destroying all the little earnings of our industry; and twice had we seen it rise from its ashes with renewed splendor and increased

vigor, conveying every assurance of well-founded permanence. We remembered when Crooks put in his bid to light the streets with oil; when wagons and horses disappeared from sight under the muck and mire of Dupont Street; when the Plaza was a grand gambling arena; when Commercial Street was a continuous arcade of blackleg saloons, furnished with bands of music, and tricked out with meretricious surroundings. We had worked side by side on the same journal, shooting events as they flew, and chronicling the successes, stupidities, and crimes of our fellow-men, at a time when a slashing article made the writer liable to a very sudden and unexpected introduction into another world, where newspapers are not supposed to exist. With what special avoidance we abjured



the "fighting-ground" on Montgomery Street, between Washington and Clay, it is not necessary to expatiate upon: the timid reader is respectfully referred to his own sense of precaution. We had been shot at, stabbed at, cursed, and ill-treated by an ungrateful crew, who could not, would not, comprehend that we were their best friends, and only chastened because we loved them. It is all over now: a fresh invoice of "humans" has relieved and displaced the old. The Major and I have seen it all; have been part of the programme; have staked heavily on the game of life, have lost, and are content; but our mutual friendship, that Bohemian tie which is indescribable, has never been unloosed. My companion had seen, suffered, experienced much. He was genial, and my friend.

It was on a blustering December night, in 1869, when the news arrived of important Mexican successes in Sonora and adjoining States. After canvassing the merits of Maximilian's betrayal, the Major asked:

"Did I ever tell you how we took Santa Cruz, and what came of it?"

"No; nor have I ever heard that Santa Cruz, or any other Mexican place, was taken by American troops since the celebration of peace between the two countries."

"Very few, except the actual participants, know any thing about it, especially as Head-quarters have kept the occurrence most carefully quiet; but, if it will not bore you, I would like to relate the affair just as it happened."

"I have plenty of time to spare; and as the relation will be entirely novel, it will afford me much pleasure—so pitch in, old fellow."

I had command of a battalion of cavalry—four hundred men—excellent, brave fellows, but sadly demoralized by relaxed discipline under their former

Major. I soon rectified mistakes, and taught them a lesson or two, which they have not forgotten to this day. We were ordered to report to Colonel Charles Lewis, at Fort Mason, Arizona, near the Mexican frontier. The several companies were marched one after the other, with two days intervening between each detachment, because the route did not afford water in sufficient abundance, except along the Gila, to meet the requirements of more than one company at a time. I followed with the last detachment, and in due season reached Fort Mason. Imagine my surprise at finding every officer in the garrison, with two exceptions, sick in bed. There was no one to receive me—no one to give me the slightest indication of where I should quarter my men or myself.

Dismounting, I gave my horse to an Orderly, and asked him to point out the Colonel's quarters. With a faint and sickly gesture, he indicated a small stone structure at the head of the parade-ground. Entering, I found Colonel Lewis stretched on a couch, inclosed by four stone walls, half of a thatched roof over his head, and looking terribly wan and ghastly. We had never met before; but when I announced myself, the Colonel held out his poor, wasted hand, and said, "Major, I am more delighted to see you than I would be to see my brother." I found that of the 860 men and officers composing the garrison, 435 enlisted men and every officer except the Adjutant and one Captain of cavalry were on the sick-list. The post was 3,500 feet above sea-level, and subject to rigorous winters, with abundance of snow and ice. It was then September; the men were not "hutted in;" the officers were quartered in tattered tents; the hospital was a most wretched shelter for not more than two dozen patients; the Quartermaster and Commissary were almost without supplies; little medicine suitable for the treatment of bilious, remit-



tent, and intermittent fevers remained on hand—and these were the disorders that raged epidemically. Day after day, the funeral march, performed by a sickly band, ushered some fresh victim to his grave; and many other miseries surrounded us, which it is not necessary to relate.

Just then Pesqueira, Governor of Sonora, came fleeing across the border, asking the protection of our flag. He had been driven out by the French and Mexican Imperialists. After careful investigation, it was ascertained that he had no armed troops, and possessed no munitions of war. He received the hospitalities of Fort Mason, such as they were, and soon betook himself to the Henriquita Mine, where he made his abode for months. Pesqueira's functions had devolved upon General Garcia Morales, who became Civil and Military Governor of Sonora. Soon afterward, we learned from several Mexican officers, who came seeking refuge, that Morales had been completely routed at the Cerro Carnero by Tanori, an Opatah Indian Chief of much renown, who had received the commission of Colonel in the Imperial Mexican army. He was assisted by Francisco, commonly called Pancho, Gandara, a son of Manuel Gandara—who has cut such a remarkable figure in the politics of northern Mexico—and both acted under the orders of General Garnier, of the French army, then commanding in Sonora.

But a few days elapsed before Morales, with some forty men, paid us a visit, of the same nature with that of his predecessor, Pesqueira. I conceived a warm regard for Morales, and advised him not to abandon Sonora; but to locate himself at a place known as Los Posos, or The Wells, situated about two hundred yards south of the dividing-line, and a mile and a half from the little town of San Gabriel, on the American side. If attacked, he could immediately cross into

our territory; but by remaining in Sonora, he retained the Governorship and military command of that State. Morales acted upon my advice, and in two weeks had collected some four hundred men—wretchedly armed, half clad, and nearly starved, but patriotic, and determined to try again, although they had been so frequently whipped that their courage had oozed away like that of Bob Acres. Their commander was lodged in a little brush house, about six feet square, open to the weather, with only one blanket, and literally without provisions or money. I opened my poor purse, and supplied his wants with liberality. No one could be more deeply grateful, nor exhibit a keener sense of the unexpected kindness of which he was the recipient from many of our officers. Freed from the annoyance of providing for his personal wants, Morales dedicated his whole time and zeal to augment, arm, provision, and clothe his force. By some means Garnier had received information that Morales was becoming formidable, and he dispatched Tanori with seven hundred men—most of them Opatah Indians—to capture Morales, if possible, but with strict injunction not to lose sight of him. The town of Santa Cruz, in Sonora, was twelve miles from Los Posos. It contains about 3,000 inhabitants, and is the gate-way to the interior of the State. For this reason, it became a place of importance, which it was necessary to hold, and was garrisoned by three companies of Imperial troops. Morales sent me information of Tanori's arrival on the frontier, and a duplicate copy of the orders he had received from Garnier. How he got possession of them, I never knew. Of course, any interference on our part was entirely out of the question; but that did not prevent us from feeling deep interest in matters transpiring so close to our frontier.

About eleven o'clock one night, a Mexican courier entered the apartment of

Colonel Lewis, and handed him a note from the *Alcalde* of San Gabriel, announcing the fact that Tanori had crossed the line with his force, and fired upon the inhabitants, wounding two severely. The chance was too good to be lost, and I immediately besieged the Colonel to send me across the mountain, to San Gabriel, with 150 men—all I could obtain for duty. Lewis hesitated a long while, until I showed him a written order, so carefully worded that it screened him from reprimand, while it afforded me all the pretext I required. He finally signed the order, and by ten o'clock next day I was *en route* with 150 of my best troopers, admirably armed and mounted, and five selected officers. The distance to San Gabriel was twenty-two miles, over a rugged, wild, and almost impassable mountain, up which we were compelled to halt and rest our horses every ten minutes, for more than five miles. This rendered our progress slow, but we arrived at the Mowry silver-mine about half-past two P.M., where we unsaddled and refreshed men and horses for an hour. A little after dark we reached San Gabriel, where General Morales had taken shelter with his men.

The *Alcalde* waited upon me and related that about ten o'clock A.M. of the day previous, Tanori made an assault on Morales, who, without firing a shot, retreated to the American side and entered San Gabriel, closely pursued by Tanori's forces, led by himself. The *Alcalde* immediately hoisted the American flag; but, instead of recalling them to their senses, this only excited their rage, and they commenced firing indiscriminately upon Morales' men and the inhabitants, until stopped by Pancho Gandara, whose superior intelligence rendered him fearful of the consequences. They then reluctantly retired, swearing vengeance on every American they should find within Mexican territory. Two citizens of San Gabriel

had been severely wounded in this unwarrantable attack. Our Surgeon examined the men in my presence, and attended to their wounds, while the *Alcalde* drew up affidavits, which, having been properly witnessed and signed, were turned over to me.

Being armed with all the necessary documents, I requested Morales to recross the frontier and go back to Los Posos, as I desired to correspond with him officially. He hesitated, but acceded when I detailed the Adjutant, Mr. Coddington, with fifty men and another officer, to escort the General to the line, and remain there to prevent the Mexicans from again violating our neutrality. In the meantime, Tanori's camp-fires were distinctly visible about a mile south of the line. Adjutant Coddington was furnished with a letter to General Garcia Morales, Acting Governor and Military Commandant of Sonora, Republic of Mexico, detailing all the facts, and asking that suitable redress be made for the insult offered to our Government, and the injuries inflicted on our citizens. This missive was accompanied with a copy of the order received from Colonel Lewis, and duplicates of the affidavits procured from the civil authorities of San Gabriel. In about two hours I received a reply, to the effect that the charges contained in my communication were, unhappily, but too well founded; that the Republic of Mexico had always chastised those of her bad citizens who violated her laws, but that, unfortunately, it was just then unable to exert its proper authority; and, under the circumstances, he, as Governor and Military Commandant of Sonora, empowered and authorized me to enter that State, and adopt such measures as I might deem proper to prevent a recurrence of the outrages of which complaint had been made. That was exactly what we wanted.

At the first streak of dawn, we crossed the Mexican frontier in search of Tano-

ri. He was nowhere to be seen. He must have decamped early in the night. I resolved to follow him without delay, and our horses' heads were turned for Santa Cruz, whither he had gone. We arrived about half-past nine A.M.; but no Tanori, no troops, were to be seen, and even the local garrison had departed. Information soon reached me that they had marched for Imurez, fifteen leagues distant, having set out at five o'clock that morning. I detailed Mr. Coddington with ten men, to ride fast, overtake Tanori, present him my compliments, and ask him to halt until I came up, as there were some matters of grave importance to be settled between us. In the meantime, we kept on his line of march until two o'clock, when Mr. Coddington rejoined us, and reported that he had failed to see Tanori in person, that gentleman having taken a few men and ridden forward with speed; but that Gandara assured him they were under stringent orders from Garnier to return to Ures without delay; adding that he, Gandara, deeply regretted what had occurred, but they would soon return to the frontier, and the difficulty could then be arranged satisfactorily. We reluctantly retraced our steps, reaching Santa Cruz by night-fall. We kept possession of the town two days longer, in the hope that Tanori might come, thinking the coast clear; and then we returned to Fort Mason, having been absent six days.

That is how and why we took Santa Cruz; and although full reports were sent to Head-quarters, not a single syllable has been suffered to reach the public ear. Now, if you are not too much bored, I will tell you what came of it.

You see, Morales was much the ablest and most indefatigable opponent the Imperialists had to contend against in north-western Mexico. He was a man of culture and refinement, a meritorious officer, and a skillful soldier. When Gandara

said that Garnier had ordered Tanori back to Ures, he falsified, for information soon afterward reached us of a most severe reprimand he gave to the Indian Colonel for deserting his post. He even threatened to hang him, should such a thing ever occur again. And it was that very circumstance that lost them the States of Sonora, Sinaloa, and Guerrero, resulting in their complete abandonment of northern Mexico, the success of Corona, and the death of Tanori.

Finding himself suddenly and unexpectedly relieved of his persecutor's presence, Morales had an open field for operations, which he improved so well that in less than a month he marched upon Magdalena with eight hundred men, decently armed and equipped; captured that place without a struggle; took Arispe, adding to his strength and resources; moved upon and took Ures, the capital; and operated with so much success that fresh spirit was infused into the Republicans all over the State. His exploits cleared the way for General Angel Martinez, who had been lying *perdu* in Sinaloa with some eight hundred men. Their forces joined near Alamos, an important town, and then marched on to Hermosillo, which surrendered after a severe struggle. In the meantime the French troops, finding themselves deserted by the Mexican Imperialists, became thoroughly disgusted, and retreated, in fine order, to Guaymas, where they soon after embarked for Mazatlan. There, Corona had caught the spark of patriotic ardor from the torch lighted by Morales, and kept the French garrison closely invested. It was not his policy to meet them in the field; but he wore them out by incessant attacks and a thousand annoyances. Their only safety was in the two French men-of-war stationed at that port. To the interior they had no access, and their supplies were running short. No soldiery ever received an or-

der to embark and retire from their position with more pleasure than those gallant veterans.

The war was inglorious. Its results were discouraging. Neither honor nor promotion were to be hoped for in such a conflict. Their enemies were intangible, would not come up to the scratch, but harassed them continually. The successes of Morales had emboldened other leaders, and animated the people generally. His example induced others

to imitate. Having reconquered Sonora, Pesqueira returned and resumed command of the State, Morales remaining as Military Commandant. His old enemy, Tanori, was finally captured, and shot, by order of Pesqueira, Morales having vainly pleaded in his behalf. You know how rapidly the Empire fizzled out after northern Mexico had been abandoned by the French; and that abandonment is what came of our taking Santa Cruz

### TO AN EVENING ROSE.

Your tears, my evening rose,  
 Speak for you. I can almost hear them say :  
 Day cometh all too soon into the close —  
 My sweetheart maketh haste to be away :  
 Ah ! not for all my weeping will he stay.

This blessed morn of grace —  
 The memory still my pain almost deceives —  
 He lapped his yellow locks about my face,  
 And kissed and kissed me deep among my leaves :  
 Is it a wonder such forsaking grieves !

Nay, my lamenting flower,  
 But for sad solace, hear me tell you this :  
 After the lapse of just a little hour,  
 There cometh ending of all earthly bliss,  
 No matter howsoever dear it is.

I had a sweetheart too,  
 And loved him with a love surpassing thine ;  
 But when my life was gone out of the dew,  
 And lost the blushes that did make me fine,  
 His mouth with smiles for me did cease to shine.

And when my poor, sick heart  
 Had burned itself to ashes, and was dead,  
 So that no ruddy drop might ever start  
 And run into my cheeks, and make them red,  
 My soul and I took counsel, and we said :

If not on this low earth,  
 Then somewhere — in the heavens, and in the sky —  
 This life-long travail surely must give birth  
 To love too vital, with God's grace, to die :  
 And we got comfort so, my soul and I.



## A RIDE WITH THE APACHES.

[The following sketch has been prepared from the unpublished Narrative of José Mendivil, who was a captive of the Apaches, and became by adoption one of the tribe, remaining with them seven years.]

THE Apaches are in the habit of making, about once a year, a grand visit to the Zuñi Indians, for the purpose of trade and talk; to hear and tell stories; occasionally, to get wives, or see a sweetheart secretly. This visit to the Zuñis is an event in the Apache calendar—like a journey to some renowned city or great natural wonder—and for it they make much preparation. Their horses are fattened in advance until their coats are glossy and sleek, and they are trained daily, like racers for the race-track, with the utmost care. Each Indian strives to make the greatest impression on his Zuñi friends, by the quality of his horse, his fleetness and strength, the splendor of his trappings, and the magnificence of his rider, as well as by the value and beauty of the presents he carries with him.

The trappings of a single horse sometimes have the value of hundreds of dollars. If they can obtain them, by theft or purchase, they have the richest Mexican saddles embossed with silver, and sometimes even set with gems, their bridles of the finest wrought leather, resplendent with silver ornaments, and all the adornments which the Mexican, in his luxurious taste, lavishes upon a favorite horse.

A half-dozen horses are sometimes killed in the training, before one is found of sufficient bottom and fleetness to satisfy the fastidious savage. The horse is shod with rawhide, and many extra pairs of shoes are carried along, lest the hoofs of the favorite should become tender before the home-journey. The Indian him-

self dresses in the best style that his circumstances will permit. He wears the garments of any nation, or of any class of Mexicans or Americans that he may have recently robbed and murdered on the highways of travel. The Mexican garb, with pants open at the sides and garnished with silver bells, pleases him the best; but, if all else fail, a red or gray shirt taken from a murdered soldier will do, in addition to his national costume of paint and the *thchlacah* (waistcloth, worn around the loins), which constitutes their only raiment in warm weather.

Every body in the encampment manifests the greatest interest in the intended expedition. Nothing else is talked about. They no longer speak of the *gente* (the generic term applied to all civilized people, their hereditary enemies); no one goes out to see whether there is a distant cloud of dust—the sign of an immigrant train; all interest is lost in deer, antelopes, wild turkeys, or bears: they talk of Zuñis only—of what presents they shall take, what articles of barter, what presents they probably will get in return, etc. A list of the articles desired is talked over until it is impossible to forget it. An Apache, however, never forgets what his wife, or sister, or sweetheart, and especially his mother, tells him to do. He first remembers and obeys the latter.

There is no duty more binding on the Apache warrior, or more willingly performed, than that of pleasing and providing for his mother. The longest life does not release him from the duty of

obedience and respect to her. For her all else must give place—she takes the precedence of all other relations—her wants are paramount to those of self, or wife, or child. If she commands it, even an enemy is spared for the time, though when she is out of sight vengeance again takes its course. These bloody and remorseless savages possess singular virtues, in contrast with their extreme cruelties.

At length, the long-looked-for morning of departure arrives. The day has hardly dawned before the encampment is all awake, and out of its lodges. Old and young, women and children, are standing around, and all talking. The children are playing all sorts of pranks, to catch the last glance of the departing braves: they run foot-races, play leap-frog, stand on their heads. All is mirth and hilarity. All prophesy success and a speedy return. They supply themselves with an abundance of the choicest provisions, such as dried meats, wheaten bread, and sweet-cakes made of flour and sugar. The wheat is of their own raising, as they often grow large crops in various places remote from their dwellings; and it is ground into flour by their women, in the same mode used by the Mexicans. They carry, on this journey, no water or beverage, but only gourd-cups to drink from; also, no one accompanies them a part of the way and then comes back, as in their hunting and marauding expeditions. They take extra horses for presents to their Zúñi friends, and others for barter. They also take with them presents and goods for exchange: Mexican saddles and bridles, finely wrought *lomillos* (*lomillo* is the crouper-cloth or bear-skin attached to the saddle behind), *lariatas* of excellent make, and splendid *serapes Saltilleros*—a kind of blanket, in which are interwoven gold and silver threads, so fine and soft that one can be put in the coat-pocket. These *serapes* are

made in the city of Saltillo, Mexico, and bought or stolen by the Apaches in their forays.

They also take with them fine swords and curiously wrought javelins and daggers, which have been stolen from Mexico, or stripped from travelers. In short, all curious or remarkable things, for which they have no use themselves, they carry to their æsthetic friends, the Zúñis, who have boundless tastes for articles of luxury and ornamentation. Finally, having applied the last touches of paint to their faces, until they are so masked that their friends will hardly recognize them, the journey begins; first at a gallop, amid shouts and cheers, and, after they are out of sight, slackening to a slow pace, and making the pilgrimage in an easy, leisurely manner, resting at every spot where there is good grass for their horses.

The distance from the place occupied by the Apaches to the Zúñi villages is about three hundred miles, over a country diversified with mountains, low hills, broad valleys, and some desert spots. One comes suddenly upon an island of trees, in the midst of a plain or valley verdant with waving grass. Again, a narrow belt of cotton-wood and willows, winding along for miles, indicates the place of a water-course, which, however, contains running water only during the rainy months of the year. A tuft of green willows and rushes intermingled with flowering grasses, marks the site of a spring low down on the mountain-side. Around these verdant places the painted savages gather, and while one runs to the nearest eminence to keep a lookout against a surprise from some lurking foe, the others tether their horses in the grass, and then throw themselves on the ground for a moment's sleep. The more restless young men practice shooting arrows at small game, or engage in a game of cards with a well-worn pack, saved from the sack of an

immigrant's baggage, or purchased in the town of Chihuahua. In this manner the five or six days' journey is passed. When within a few miles of the Zuñi villages, a final halt is made. The horses are fed and rubbed; the gallants paint themselves anew; packs are seen to; presents are talked over and arranged in the most attractive manner. Now comes the full-dress charge of this barbaric cavalcade. Their long, plaited hair streaming in the wind as they gallop in full career toward the entrance to the Zuñi towns; their plumes and gay-colored *serapes*, jingling spurs, and the gaudy trappings of their glistening steeds, with the crowds of Zuñis running to meet them, and shouting their welcome after an absence of a year; the lofty mountains of the Sierra Madre in the near distance; the quaint, immemorial architecture of the Zuñi buildings, and their strange occupants—sole remnant of the ancient races who lived in the Golden Age of centuries past—all unite in making a panorama, which for natural, scenic splendor is rarely surpassed.

The Apaches now dismount, and mingle with their hereditary friends—friends with whom, for a thousand years, they have never broken faith; and who, in their turn, through the ages have been friendly with the Apaches. Their language being the same, differing only in accent, intonation, and cadence, they understand each other without difficulty. The Zuñi, or Apache, language is very flexible and *suave*, and may at some time have been the Court language of the ancient races. It is often as expressive of fine shades of distinction as even the Greek itself. It preserves—in the *adyta* of its wonderful radicals—the traditional duality of the human race: its dual, as well as singular and plural, forms of speech.

Groups of Apaches and Zuñis may now be seen in different places in front of the houses, and in the public places

under the trees. Meat is brought, and bread with wild fruits is spread in profusion before the hungry guests. The children gather round to see the painted strangers, and the beautiful horses, with their gaudy trappings. After the eating, which is always in the morning (that being the time the Apaches select for entering the Zuñi city), the packs are opened and presents distributed with grave solemnity to the principal men of the city; for the Zuñis have high and low, rich and poor. They have Judges and Justices of the Peace, as well as a sort of High-court of Appeal, in which all questions of equity are settled; they have also Policemen and officers like our Constables, to arrest offenders and bring them before the Judges. To these men of influence presents are given, without any definite expectation of an equivalent. If the Zuñis give presents in return, it is well; if not, the Apaches are equally well satisfied. If the Zuñi presents are more or less in value, it is all the same: no questions are asked, no remarks made either to their friends or to each other.

Next comes the trading. This is carried on with much spirit, and with mutual concessions. When it is over, both parties are satisfied: they never accuse each other of cheating or attempting to cheat, and there is no manifestation of anger on either side. It is not uncommon for them to decide a question of value by a wager. The Apache and the Zuñi agree that the one who can run and jump a longer distance at a single leap, shall have the price he has asked. In such wagers the Apache is almost always the winner, owing to his greater agility from long training, as well as from the difference in modes of life.

It sometimes happens that an Apache becomes stricken with one of the Zuñi beauties. In that case, if the woman is unmarried, unengaged, and willing to marry him, the arrangement of details



with the Zuñi chiefs is not impossible. The Apache names the number of horses, or the amount and kind of other goods, he will give for the damsel; and, if the patriarchs are willing, she returns with her husband. If it should afterward happen that she is treated cruelly, or that he neglects her, then by the terms of the contract she is free, and may return unmolested to the home of her ancestors, who receive her back with tenderness and love. It is, however, very rare that a woman ever leaves her Apache husband. Even Mexican female prisoners, who have become wives and mothers, would not accept of liberty, were it offered to them. José Mendivil, who narrates these things, says that he has seen many of them refuse to escape when it was perfectly easy. He has known them, while in the neighborhood of Mexican towns, when all the Indians were away hunting, to refuse to walk into the towns and ask protection, preferring the life of a savage to the affection and affluence of the homes of their girlhood.

When at length the trading, feasting, and perhaps love-making are ended; when the sports and story-telling are finished, then the Indians begin to prepare for their return to their mountain fastnesses. In an instant, all is haste and enthusiasm. Like children, hurrying and talking of their return, they immediately forget every thing but their families waiting for them hundreds of miles away. Slowly and cautiously they had made the outward journey, so as not to weary their horses, in order that they might be fresh and fleet, to excite the admiration of the Zuñis. But now, even the horses seem to know that they are expected to go like the wind on the return career. The Apaches being mounted, a score or more of young Zuñis, on their fleetest horses, escort their friends out of the great gate of their walled town, and also many miles on

their homeward way. Not unfrequently horses are exchanged, in token of friendship, in the last moments of parting; but the generous Zuñi will never exchange unless he is quite certain his horse has more speed and bottom than the other, lest his friend should fall behind in that terrible homeward race.

This race soon begins in earnest. There is no more quarter for horse or rider: the three hundred miles must be made in two days and nights. On dash the cavalcade, each far from the other, the wild horses snuffing the clear air of the mountains; on—on—swifter and swifter, increasing their speed constantly. The ruins of Aztec cities and fields seem to fly past like clouds driven by the blast. There are deserts of sand and salt, along the green margin of which these demon-steeds sweep with the clatter and noise of a thousand charging horses. The lips of the Apache are firm-set; his limbs almost encircle his horse; he leans forward nearly to his neck; his hair streams out, like a sheet of darkness, above his painted, swelling shoulders. The eyes of rider and horse are like fire, and their mouths dry as ashes; but no water is allowed to wet their lips until more than a hundred miles have been passed over at this terrible speed. Herds of antelopes see the demon-chase, snuff the air, turn to run, wheel and gaze again, while the whole band of savages have passed like meteors out of sight down some precipitous wall of rocks. In a moment their tossing manes and streaming masses of black braids are seen waving, still at a gallop, as they mount up the opposite cliffs and along the crest of the mountain summit, that seems a dark line drawn against the morning sky. A yell and a wild shout, and down they go into the depths of the forest, whose dim paths only they and the wild beasts have ever known. Streams are passed like dry land, even while the horse and rider are famishing



with thirst: they dare not stop and taste, lest their terrible energy for one moment should diminish. On—on—thunder these weird wanderers, looking not to right nor to left, but ever onward toward the turrets and domes of those distant mountains, in whose shaded vales their swarthy wives and kindred are watching for their return.

And now the savages take a few hours of sleep while their horses are grazing; again they mount, and for a few leagues ride slowly; then is heard a yell and a scream that echo among the hills, and away they dash in full career. The pebbles and stones fly behind them, the plains sweep round them as the horizon around a flying train, and the mountains echo with their screams. Their horses are spotted with foam, like waves in a storm; their nostrils are wide and red as blood: if they should halt now, they could never start again. One more hill, and one more plain, and the curling smoke of their lodge-fires will be seen against the distant sky. But what is that thick cloud of dust coming directly toward them? Higher and higher it rises; now the line of horsemen can be seen, rising and falling like a far-off bark on the waves; nearer the coming horsemen speed, but the home-bound Apaches stop not, nor turn to right or left: they ride, as if to the charge, right into the faces of the approaching band. They had seen and recognized each other long ago; their keen vision discerned the riders as friends when first they rose, a faint black line, on the horizon. They, too, are Apaches from the camp, mounted on fresh horses, and come to meet

their friends for fifty miles, well knowing their reckless speed, and that their horses will drop dead if not exchanged at the end of the race. All cast themselves from their panting steeds, as if by word of command; and sooner than it can be told, horses are exchanged, the tired ones released from their loads and driven at speed in advance, while on they go toward the distant smoke in the aisles of the hills. At last appear the well-known paths; and now old men, women, and children are seen grouped among the lodges of the tribe. The braves dash wildly in, and leaping to the ground, stretch themselves upon the sward. Their horses are unladen by willing hands, meat is brought to the famishing men, and water is offered. Then the whole story of the journey is told. They boast their own superiority over the Zuñis in all athletic games, in the speed of their horses, and the utility of their women for getting food and cultivating the fields. This pleases their women, and, if no husband has returned with a Zuñi wife, all are happy.

The presents—of inestimable value to the Indians—are distributed as impartially as possible. Soon may be seen Apache women clad in the shell trinkets and the gaudy sashes of the Zuñis. Savages walk proudly folded in the splendidly colored blankets of the friendly dwellers in the walled towns, although but Indians like themselves. Thus a day or two is passed, and then all return to the usual routine of hunting, eating, starving, feasting, stealing, and passing life away in savage indifference.

## FOOT-NOTES OF HISTORY.

THERE lives in a rural parish in Wiltshire, England, a poor curate, preaching Sundays and doing parochial duties week-days upon a stipend of £100 per annum, who is the grandson of Lord Nelson, through Lady Hamilton. Ten years ago, the writer knew this parson as a private tutor, and received whereof he affirms from the good man's lips. It is a family story, not unlike that of Louis Napoleon's parentage; or Prince Salm-Salm's reason for fighting, a few months ago, with desperation unto death, a French Marshal at Gravelotte, whom his Mexican experiences had given him small occasion to love; or the dethroned Isabella's cause of scorn toward the assassinated Don Juan Prim. History becomes incredible because its writers do not tell the truth. The *suppressio veri* is of very doubtful morality. If one historian may conceal, the next may misrepresent, and a third distort. Each has another end in view than telling the truth; but unlike the Scotchwoman of 1745, each does not avow it. "God stand by the right!" said the minister in the kirk. "God stand by Hamilton's regiment, right or wrong!" responded the old lady.

Nelson received his death-wound during his attack upon the combined French and Spanish fleet, off Ushant, in 1805. It was the crowning victory of Trafalgar. His loss was irreparable to his country. He had made Great Britain mistress of the sea. From Midshipman to Admiral; from subaltern's pay to a pension of £5,000 a year; from a citizen to a peer of the realm, to whom thanks of Parliament, gold medals, freedom of cities, and public ovations were awarded—he had risen by sterling merit. He died

at the age of forty-seven, full of human fame. Not Marlborough, nor Chatham, nor Wellington received greater honors in burial. His remains were deposited beneath the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral; his brother was created an Earl, endowed with an estate purchased at the price of £100,000, and granted £6,000 a year; and his sisters each received during life a pension of £10,000. So much for the text of history. Now for its foot-note.

A few hours before going into his last battle, Nelson added a codicil to his will, in which he left Lady Hamilton "as a legacy to his King and country," and his "adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson," to the beneficence "of his country." "These," continues the document, "are the only favors I ask of my King and country at this moment, when going to fight their battles." After receiving his wound, a few moments before his death, he turned to the Chaplain and said, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter, Horatia, as a legacy to my country." They were his last words. He enforced them by every means in his power. The persons to whom they referred were of all the world the only ones on his mind. And yet neither King nor Parliament gave heed to the request. Not a penny, as gratuity or as pension, was ever voted in behalf of one or the other. If objections were felt on account of the moral character of Lady Hamilton, such would not lie against her daughter. And yet not only was the mother permitted to die in poverty, but the daughter and her descendants have been left ever since to struggle with adversity unaided. No more glaring instance of national ingratitude.

itude probably ever existed. Let us glance for a moment at such facts as are known of Nelson's attachment to Lady Hamilton.

At the age of twenty-nine, Horatio Nelson, when quite unknown to fame, had married, at Nevis, Mrs. Nisbet, a widow with one child. They appear to have lived happily together during the five years previous to the French Revolution, before the then Lieutenant was ordered to sea. Between 1793 and 1798, he was promoted, through every grade of the service, to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and created Baron Nelson of the Nile. It was immediately after this—during his employment in the Neapolitan seas—that he became acquainted with Lady Hamilton, wife of Sir William Hamilton, English Minister at Naples, and was led through a course of intrigue that exhibited one of the most extraordinary cases of the power of woman on record. Lady Hamilton not only damaged the great seaman in the matter of morality, but her influence cast the only blot upon his fair fame as a British officer.

Sir William had been Equerry to George III., and went as Ambassador to Naples in 1764, when he was only thirty-four years old. He remained at the same post thirty-six years, being seventy when he returned to England in 1800. His first wife died in 1782, when he was in his fifty-second year. Her loss was equally injurious to society and to her husband's subsequent conjugal fame. Placed amid the most corrupt society in Europe, she preserved a virtuous dignity, overawed the profligates with whom she came into contact, and possessed unbounded influence over her husband. He was a man of eminent taste in the fine arts. His house was, of course, the rendezvous of artists, all tainted with the loose manners of the Court in which they mingled. The King was a worn-out Bourbon, whose words and deeds par-

took equally of that exhaustion of bodily and mental power, or rather of that incurable imbecility, which has marked the race for the last hundred years.

At such a Court, a man like Sir William Hamilton—not old, a good liver, of strong constitution, and a devoted worshiper of real as well as ideal beauty—was not likely to remain always a widower. The second Lady Hamilton, a remarkably fine-grown woman, had been a servant-girl in Wales. She removed to London, where she lost her virtue. Afterward she sat as a model to artists, and became the kept-mistress of an officer in the army, nephew to Sir William. Calling one day during a visit to England upon his relation, the Ambassador was greatly struck with the girl's fine figure, and paid her much attention. She was then twenty-two, above middle height, with a perfect figure, well-formed bust, queenly neck and head, and beautiful hands and feet. Sir William declared—and no man was ever better judge—that she was a perfect fac-simile of the antique—her form pure Grecian. In a little time, becoming enamored of her, he determined she should be "his Grecian," as he used to express it.

But the young woman had begun to learn the power of her charms. As in after-life no one ever used the female-artillery of voice, expression, manner, and movement with more effect, so now she manœuvred so well that Sir William, to secure her person, married her and introduced her at the Neapolitan Court. There her low extraction was not known. No one was acquainted with her previous history. She had learned to read and write at a charity-school in her childhood; possessed plain, good sense, which her husband cultivated; had picked up ideas about art from artists to whom she had sat, and knew how to make the best use of her new advantages. Her ambition had no bounds; and having tasted of luxuries, to the pos-



session of which she had unexpectedly been raised, she determined to enjoy them to the fullest extent. It does not seem that she added avarice to her other failings, for she sent over money in regular installments, for many years, to the humble family in Wales that had once befriended her.

Upon her introduction at Court, Lady Hamilton's uncommon beauty made a great impression. She became a favorite with the King, and lost no means of increasing her influence over him. For such a Court, it can not be denied that her previous life and easy manners supereminently qualified her. She had great tact, and knew how to apply it to her own purposes. She cultivated, likewise, that smooth hypocrisy which is a passport to favor in royal circles, and soon became an accomplished *intriguante*. The Queen found her own counterpart in Lady Hamilton's morals; while the Ambassador employed his wife in worming out the secrets of the King and Queen, and playing his political game, when no other agent could have served him. The most secret correspondence of that stupid monarch thus became known to Sir William. Destitute of morality herself, Lady Hamilton was in a congenial atmosphere. No one gave her credit for observing her conjugal vows, where the observance of them was of no consequence in any sense, and where public opinion cast no shame upon the most dissolute actions. If the testimony which unpublished diaries and Court traditions give is to be relied upon in ever so small degree, the corruption of the best society in Naples toward the close of the last century could hardly have been worse in Pompeii at the time of its burial.

It was to such a Court that Nelson, in 1798—then forty years old, little acquainted with the great world, maimed and disfigured by the loss of an arm and an eye, but covered with honors, the hero

of naval fights, personal friend of Pitt, and pet of his country—was introduced. His position placed him in intimate relations with the British Ambassador, then approaching the age of seventy. Lady Hamilton was hardly thirty-four, and in the prime of her beauty. Seven years' residence in an almost tropical climate had served to change her Grecian figure into a form that was voluptuous. In the art of pleasing she had been an apt scholar. The defects of early life had been outgrown. Scandal of other days, if it had ever reached Italy, was forgotten. In the *boudoirs* of the Embassy all traces of early *gaucheries* had been sunk in elegant refinements. In luxury a beautiful woman learns from a single lesson, and Lady Hamilton had had thousands. No queen of the drawing-room ever more completely united wit to personal blandishments, deference to persuasive manners, station to apparent contempt of mere conventionalities, or consummate art to the sham of natural sincerity, than did the reigning beauty of the Neapolitan Court when the English fleet was moored, seventy-three years ago, in that unequaled bay.

Nelson became a frequent visitor at the Ambassador's: Lady Hamilton threw her spell around him. She took credit to herself for her husband's success. She dazzled the straightforward sailor with the glitter of a Court; she affected a secret passion for him, which she concealed from observers; she played off upon him the Queen's game of vengeance, by which the British flag was dishonored; she flattered his vanity; she knew Nelson's attachment to his profession, and persuaded him that she was rendering invaluable services to his fleet; she wiped her eyes at the execution of the good Caraccioli, with an artful assumption of pity for the victim her influence alone had betrayed. The royal family had fled from the revolution; but Cardinal Ruffo and the royal troops had



nearly reduced the insurrection when Nelson entered the bay. He annulled the capitulation which had been almost concluded, and on the recapture of the old chief, Caraccioli, had him tried and hung the same day. All the steps in this business point to the power of the infatuation that was over him. A spell was upon him. "You are ignorant of half the talk it occasions," wrote honest Trowbridge. But what good? Nelson was under the power of Delilah, and her art was consummate to insure the conquest she had made. She sat in Nelson's ship, amid her triumph, with her husband on one hand and her lover on the other. After seeing Caraccioli hung, she sent twice to know when the brave old Admiral would be cut down, that she might write to the Queen "that even the ashes of her Majesty's enemy might be seen no more."

This infatuation of Nelson continued for two years, without disturbing the relations between himself and his wife. With Sir William, familiar for years with the loose morals of southern Italy, dependent upon Nelson for his standing at home, and approaching seventy years of age, there was no over-scrutiny into the conduct of his wife. Then the child, Horatia, was born. Southey, in his biography of Nelson, denies this. But there seems to be no good reason to doubt it. She called it hers. It was styled an adopted child, to conceal the truth from her husband. Nelson believed it to be his; and, acting upon this belief, he went to England, separated formally and forever from his wife, and returned to Naples the acknowledged lover of the wife of the British Ambassador.

We naturally desire great men to be as blameless as possible, but history must portray naked fact. It is not wonderful that the splendor of a Court, and the arts of a woman of the world, should dupe a man like Nelson. He was dazzled by unaccustomed attentions. It

was human weakness. Southey, in his history, skulks the whole affair. He knew the truth, but acted in the modern mode by evading it. History now presents us dry details of political events, not the manners and customs of men. Who of the present day learns from the history of the reigns of Georges Second and Third the religious bigotry of those days, the strong superstitions, the absence of social comforts, the deplorable want of taste, and the vapid childishness of intellect prevalent in highest circles? Who is told that Earls Grey and Windham, in the midst of the offscourings of society, attended cock-pits, dog-fights, and brutal pugilistic encounters? That women, half throttled to a stake, were burned alive for coining? Of the ferocity of public executions, when scores were hung at a session, all suspended together, some for the value of a few shillings? When Mr. Walter, the great-grandfather of the present proprietor of the *Times*, was fined £100, and imprisoned a year, for stating that the Duke of Clarence had quarreled with the King? Or, coming to our own country, who ever has been told of the social motives that often influenced the conduct of Washington; of the remote secret that occasioned the duel of Hamilton and Aaron Burr; of the family cabals that perplexed and threatened to ruin the administration of Madison; of the cause of that drain of purse that perpetually swallowed up the fees and gifts to Daniel Webster, or of the real reasons of the lifelong jealousies existing between him and Henry Clay? It has been said that the destruction by fire of the Alexandrian Library was of greater good to the world than evil. It swept out of existence more pernicious than useful literature. But that surely is no reason why history should be false to fact, or misapplied to unworthy purposes through the partiality of its writers. Truth, which Lord Bacon calls "the naked and open day-

light, that shows the masks, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world," is what we want.

Sir William Hamilton returned to England in 1800. His wife accompanied him. The fortune he had at one time possessed had been squandered. His accounts for unauthorized disbursements of public moneys, made necessary by emergencies, were disallowed by the Ministry. Old, broken in spirit, harassed by creditors, without employment, destitute of friends and credit in a country from which he had been absent nearly forty years, and suffering in health from the rigor of a northern climate, he lingered out an undesirable existence for three years, and died in 1803. The intimacy between Nelson and the lady remained undiminished. The subsequent time of Nelson in the world was short, and principally passed at sea; but their intimacy to the last was unbroken. Had a legal divorce ever taken place between the great Admiral and his wife, he would undoubtedly have married Lady Hamilton. Why he did not provide more liberally for her out of his large income, has never been explained.

The account of that journey home has been recently portrayed in graphic lines by Percy Fitzgerald. The Queen of Naples, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and Nelson, made up the party. At Vienna, the Admiral was dragged through a series of *fêtes* at the skirts of the woman to whom he was enslaved. Prince Esterhazy entertained the party with barbaric honors. Haydn set Miss Knight's ode on Nelson to music, and he accompanied Lady Hamilton on the harpsichord, while she sang it in public. The various relations of the party were strange enough. There was the old, infirm, and tottering husband, blind to what was going on, full of senile admiration of his wife, and forever doting on her charms; there was Lady Hamilton, thirty-six years old only, *embonpoint* in figure, but

still graceful and beautiful, proud of the captive she was leading, and glad to exhibit her power; there was Lord Nelson, only too willing and abject in his subservience, and there were the satellites in keeping, bold, forward, coarse parasites and flatterers. After one of the sumptuous feasts, two ladies sang songs in Nelson's praise, while he sat at Lady Hamilton's feet. At the breakfast given to the party by the English Ambassador, when wine had rapidly circulated and bumpers been drained in honor of the Queen, Nelson called for songs in his own praise, and at the *ta-ventelle* of Lady Hamilton in "Nina," roared out, "Siddons be ——!"

After Nelson's death, Lady Hamilton's history runs in downward descent steadily to the end. Sir William left her the remains of his own splendid fortune and his claim on the Government. The latter, though pressed with all the influence of the great Admiral's friends, came to nothing. If the truth must be told, the better part of the nation, even while glorying in the successes of its naval hero, and looking to his prowess still for victory, were disgusted at the infamy of his private character. Seven hundred pounds a year was all that the Ambassador's estate yielded to the widow and her child. Nelson, had he survived Trafalgar, intended to have settled upon both his whole estate. He died, as we have seen, leaving her nothing.

"I often saw her," said the father of the curate who introduces this story—himself also a clergyman of the Church of England, and the subsequent husband of Horatia—"when I thought any one, who knew nothing of her history and supposed her virtuous, might easily have been led captive by her. She was then a staid woman, with all that skill in her bearing—so much of good manner, acquired by the aid of her intercourse with a Court—so much mistress of those little arts which captivate with-

out being suspected as intended for captivity, that I never saw a woman conduct herself more majestically—not even Mrs. Siddons. She had acquired a good stock of antiquarian knowledge from her husband, and was well acquainted with the histories of Greece and Rome, and with all of their knowledge of art that has descended to us; and she knew upon what occasion to display this knowledge. At the time to which I refer, she was personifying Cleopatra at a private theatrical. No heroine could have represented better the voluptuous woman who loved only from ambition, and knew no passion save that which compassed her own greatness. Her beauty, even in middle-age, was marvelous, and her movements as classically correct as if for every motion she had studied the figures on the walls of Herculaneum. She dazzled the eyes of the spectators, perplexed their judgment, and bewitched their fancy. She did every thing but feel: which she could not do, for her whole life was spent in intriguing and acting.”

Nelson outlived Sir William Hamilton nearly three years. Part of this time was spent on shore. He supplied the object of his mad idolatry with money to indulge in the dissipations she could not abandon—installed her at his place in Merton, where her extravagance knew no bounds—and evidently waited with impatience the release that would enable him to make Lady Hamilton his wife. His devotion—in spite of reputation, the entreaties of friends, revelation of the early history of the lady he loved, and the innuendoes and rebuffs of society—was marked by increasing infatuation to the last.

A miserable descent followed—from bad to worse—from waste to debt, from

debt to dishonorable shifts, from shifts to beggings, borrowings, and straits, and from these to the sale of Nelson's presents, decorations, and medals at public auction. Gifts from Lloyds' followed, affording temporary relief. As Parliament would do nothing, the Trustees of the Patriotic Fund made a liberal grant in aid of her necessities. It did no good. Extravagance that had no limit created a rapacity that could not be satisfied. Then came tipstiffs and bailiffs, arrests, confinements in the King's Bench Prison, publication of Nelson's love-letters, release (through the aid of a stranger who cared for the memory of the deceased Admiral), escape to Calais, years of struggle with the meanest poverty, and an outcast's death. While the brother of Earl Nelson of the Nile enjoyed his title, and, with his two sisters—for none of whom the dead Admiral had cared—were living in splendor on the £120,000 voted his heirs by Parliament, the injured wife, through some defect of law, eked out a miserable existence to the end, and the mistress died in a French hovel. Ten years and three months after the military *cortège*, reaching from Piccadilly to Temple Bar, had followed the remains of Nelson to their resting-place beneath the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, an Irish half-pay officer read the burial-service over the body of Lady Hamilton. She who had been the wife of an English Ambassador, the friend of a Queen, the heroine of *fêtes*, the loved of the hero who had made England great, the most beautiful woman of her time, and the centre of a circle into which lords and bishops were proud to be admitted, received the honors of sepulture from six poor fishermen, and her place of burial in a timber-yard.



## HEARTS OF OAK.

## IN FOUR PARTS.—PART FIRST.

## THE ADVENT OF PAUL ROOKH.

IT all happened in the middle of the night, under the secret tribunal of the stars.

A great house in a dark street, and the place as still as death: that was the Rookery, and there begins this story. A single generation of Rookhs had inhabited it for many years: a solemn, solitary pair. I know nothing of the ancestry of these Rookhs, and think they knew as little themselves. Each was pretty certain of a grandfather (who had left them nothing but a silent “h”—see ROOKH on the door-plate as soon as it gets light). “Why,” asked Mrs. R., “hunt up any thing that can be of no use to us?” So the long line of ghosts, reaching back to some noble soul out of the flesh for centuries, pace forgotten in the dim cloisters of the past.

A legion of low-voiced zephyrs haunted that midsummer night; they moaned in the deep windows now and then, filling the curtains as if they had been sails. It was too warm for sleeping, yet the head of the household slept heavily, aided by a mixture of two liquids, one of them at the steaming point, infused with strips of tropic rind: this, with a clear conscience and sound health, seemed reason enough for a continued and well-pronounced eulogy upon sleep. The partner of Rookh’s bosom neither slept nor bore with her usual sweet patience this accustomed music, but, as day-break approached, roused her lord from his heavy slumber. Then a brief colloquy below the breath, an interrogation, an exclamation, and two or three impera-

tives followed; and P. Rookh, though not fully awake, nor carefully dressed, was soon after seen moving silently along the street from one melancholy beacon to another, then back again, with an accompanying shadow. There was a whispered consultation at the door of the lady’s chamber, and then, to Rookh, some moments of oblivion. Meanwhile, the canopy of heaven was drawn over toward the west, and a star dropped out of view: a common occurrence, surely, but I am the faithful chronicler of things celestial as well as terrestrial. At this moment a faint piping was heard from the great chamber of the Rookery. Man that is born of woman comes into the world complaining, as one suddenly awakened from a deep dream. Realities begin early and remain late. There was a new reality beginning; and it began in that soft complaint.

The delighted M.D., the anonymous companion of Rookh—whom I may now, with sufficient reason, call paternal—turned to congratulate that bewildered gentleman, who could only exclaim fervently, “It is all right!—all right!”

It is possible, when the youthful Rookh mated with the young and lovely object of his choice, that in that exciting moment of his triumph there were dreams of ambition, visions of future greatness, added to the blushes and nervousness occasioned by his impending bliss. Not for himself alone, but rather for the prop of his declining years, did Rookh invest so much of his time in castle-building on Spanish claims. It is likely, also, as his years continued to decline without any prop whatever, that Rookh settled



himself in his well-feathered nest with becoming resignation. They may have prayed for the one treasure that should perfect their joy; for who is satisfied till his cup runneth over, or even then?—prayed earnestly, and waited the long answering of their prayer. If they were praying people, they probably did so. If they were not, I wish they had been, so that this answer might have come in at the right place! I do not know whether a prayer ever anointed their lips, but I do know that the drowsy Rookh took that small atom of puckered and red humanity, poised it in the hollow of his hand with a look of curious surprise; kissed it in some absurd spot or other; returned it to its prostrated, but ecstatic mamma; looked twice or thrice at his watch without being in the least enlightened as to the hour, and finished his morning-nap, without further disturbance, in the spare-room.

They put a name to that little, flickering life before breakfast. They called it Paul—Paul Rookh. They called it Paul, because there never had been a Paul in the family, and it was a name they had decided upon twenty years before, but had never had a chance to use until this fortunate hour. "Paul" was so short and pretty, they said. Short as it was, it was almost longer than the hero of this tale, and very much prettier.

Then how could they know that he was to have a story and a life of romance and passion? Had they foreseen his career he should have been Pelham, Harold, Bertram! But Paul was all they aspired to. Had he died young (he was found unsuited for that purpose), the name would have just fitted: Two square feet of daisies, a little out of the city, in the nice lot with ROOKH on the granite stair-way. A very white block of marble set in the fluttering grass, upholding a little, dusty lamb crouching in

its carven fleece, and upon the face, in slim, raised letters, this legend:

"OUR DARLING PAUL,  
Æt. — days, — hours."

That is a story, also, long and sad for some of us.

I said a star fell in the west, when Paul entered his first protest: a star did fall, the belated evening-star; but at that epoch a new star brightened its flame in the forehead of the morning sky—a clear, steady, earnest-looking star, with clouds beside it and before it; dark clouds between it and the freshening glow of the zenith. I read in it the trouble and vexation of spirit, the struggle for life, the triumph over sin and death, and a career for that handful of delicate, half-wakened flesh, and for the small spirit that quickened and purified it, making it worthy of sympathy and love.

#### IN ARMS.

One thing was certain: the Rookery no longer opened its vacant chambers to the sun, hopeless of an heir. From the darkened rooms poured the shrill voice of infancy. Two sound lungs made the halls of the old homestead ring again. The quality of the voice was good: clear, voluminous, loud, and prolonged to an indefinite extent, but inartistic and without modulation. Meanwhile, the infantile Rookh balanced himself on the arm of his worshipful mamma, striking out manfully with all-fours, but evidently in opposite directions, as he made no particular progress in any given line. The child throve in the healthful atmosphere that surrounded him. He absorbed rapidly the life-giving magnetism of his mother, and she, sweet martyr, offered herself a living sacrifice to the satisfaction of his covetous life. There was one who could forget the fluctuations of stocks, and turn with interest to the young gentleman in long-clothes. An interminable course of nursery gymnastics was instituted, all of which were

doubtless suggested by the beneficent Creator for the better development of man while in the india-rubber state, before the shell forms, though the process is not completed until it has worn out layers of mamma and nurse.

Paul was a perpetual and never-wearying delight to his estimable sire. He made the baby an object of continual and enthusiastic study: A child so short in every direction, yet capable of opening so much mouth and yawning to such an alarming degree, could hardly fail to be a subject of much interest to a newly made papa. A child who cared so little which end was uppermost, and who never got redder in the face under any circumstances whatever, because, were it even possible, he could only have become a deep and dreadful purple; that could hiccough from the hour of its birth; that oozed at the mouth, was rather damp generally, and moreover, entirely destitute of backbone, was a perpetual wonder and puzzle. That dear, little head throbbed and throbbed till its bump of benevolence or veneration, or whatever it is that crowns our faculties, seemed quite uncertain whether to be small or great, but continued to beat like the breast of a robin. Those plump little bandy-legs, with odd little toes spreading out in all directions, but mostly turned up in a Chinese fashion, were eternally kissed by Mamma Rookh; whereupon Baby Rookh bawled lustily, and refused to be comforted unless gagged with a pear-shaped bottle, having a queer india-rubber stem to it, and something which looked for all the world like a straw in an egg-nog. No wonder he was such a moist little fellow, when he was always soaking in mild milk-punches.

O, budding life!—fed with love, and watered with tears—do you forgive them for all your misery, your short rations now and then, your crippled cradle-life, your imprisonments within-doors, when

Nature was calling you out with her thousand voices, so familiar and simple to you? Will you bless them when the day of strength comes and you slay the adversary, knowing at last the glory and the pride of manhood? Well, I suppose you will!

There were times in the first age of little Paul when it was feared that the child had been called by the inexorable Fates to the boisterous sports of the hippodrome. These apprehensions were awakened by the discovery of an unnatural appetite for pins, hooks, and other murderous implements used in feminine handicraft. If the child should, at his tender age, prefer pins and buttons to some milder diet, and choose to swallow beans through his nostril—keeping it loaded apparently for that purpose—might it not become necessary, in after-years, to substitute some more substantial articles of diet than pins and buttons, say cobble-stones—or anvils? It did look as though he were destined to end his days in a side-show; and it was a subject of much debate between the elder Rookhs, and the source of no little anxiety to them. I am glad to say, here, that Paul reformed at a later period of his career, and even exhibited a decided aversion to any thing so unpalatable as a pin, a hook, or a button.

The child was not backward; for no one of his years could have taken the measles as easily as he, or so many of them. His cough was accompanied by an unrivaled whoop. He had all the ailments a child can have, and got through with them as few children are capable of doing. I may add, on behalf of the unsuspecting father, whose surprise was only equaled by his delight at the discovery of his tardy parental honors; and of the mother, who was as grateful at the eleventh hour as she could possibly have been at a quarter to one, that the infancy of Paul Rookh was a complete and unqualified success.

## A FORESHADOWING OF FATE.

It was when Paul had grown into the liberty of eating what he chose whenever he felt like it—which was nearly equivalent to devouring all things without intermission—that he paid, for the first time, the penalty of remorse. He wore his pants in those days without much embarrassment, and had assumed the dignity of boots with copper-toes; he was almost looking ahead to the suspender that lured him on to youth. He still walked under the eye of a nurse, and was subject to some restrictions, though none of a tyrannical nature.

As he was walking one day, this nurse led him into a public garden, where he fell in with a companionable infant of his own age, also under the eye of a nurse. These two young gentlemen had formerly been on good terms; had lent each other much personal property (without security of any sort); had sympathized with each other's trials, and enjoyed good times together. But they had made a temporary transfer of a Noah's-ark and a jumping-jack. The ark returned after forty days in great distress, only a small part of Noah's family having survived; and those were standing on their heads in the cabin. The jack came home minus his spinal cord, and, of course, was no longer able to jump. This dual misfortune could not be easily overlooked by the individual proprietors of the said damaged articles. Revenge burned in their breasts as they once more beheld each other; and they began, in apparent playfulness, by discharging small showers of gravel in all directions. They then closed in earnest, and had several impromptu rounds, just to get warmed up, but were speedily separated by their seconds, the nurses, who settled matters amicably by treating the gladiatorial youths to pea-nuts and lemonade. The affair of the ark was not again referred to. It was then, proba-

bly, resting on the top of some forgotten Ararat, while the unfortunate jack was consigned to some imaginary infirmary for the rest of his days.

The little group was presently joined by a young lady aged four, and her companion, nurse number three. This diminutive specimen of femininity was known to Paul, but a stranger to his companion. Paul gravely introduced them, and proposed a game of tag. The proposal being acceded to, the game was played, and pronounced delightful. It was followed by several courses of assorted candies, and the rehearsal of that ever-charming, ever-changing comedy of domestic life—matrimony. The plurality of husbands in this case caused a momentary disturbance, but one of the young gentlemen kindly consented to become a brother to the little bride—though it proved an unsatisfactory arrangement. Paul was this miracle of generosity. He conducted himself nobly for a time, and the moments flew upon the wings of love. He would have ended his part with *éclat* but for the discovery, at an unguarded moment, of some sly amours between his little friends. He had resigned all claim to the small beauty as husband, upon condition that as brother he should be treated with the same consideration as the husband. But, "Frailty, thy name is woman," no matter what the age may be. There he beheld his rival quietly stealing away with the loveliest of her sex, leaving him quite in the cold. The boldness and indelicacy of this proceeding filled him with disgust. He stood aloof, covered with the gloomy shadow of remorse. Why did he ever bring them together, feasting them with popcorn and taffy, to be thus jilted? He could not for the life of him find out; so he set up a howl of rage, which so startled the Lilliputian lovers that they shrieked in chorus. The three nurse-maids returned in a body at a double-quick from the dulcet beguilements of a select



squad of police, whose acquaintance they had quite recently formed. There was an immediate and terrible leave-taking. Three nurses bore three lovers with streaming eyes homeward.

It did not strike Paul then, nor the lovers, nor the three nurse-maids, nor the detachment of police, that this stormy climax was but the foreshadowing of Paul's after-life; and, indeed, when I come to think of it, I do not see why it should. But it was an experience in those young lives, whose combined ages numbered fourteen—too brief and happy years. And in proportion to the magnitude of their desires and disappointments, there was something in it pitiful and prophetic.

A COURSE OF TRUE LOVE THAT RAN  
NOT SMOOTHLY.

There was joy in the heart of the senior Rookh when he perceived some decidedly mercantile propensities cropping out of the childish play of Paul, in his seventh year; he facilitated them in every way; fancying a new merchant-prince had risen upon the earth, whose name was Paul Rookh. Paul had constructed a small saloon—formerly a packing-case, I believe—where were to be had drinks in endless variety, as far as nomenclature could vary them; though the connoisseur would be apt to discern a similarity in the flavor of these beverages. It was a retail establishment, doing a magnificent business. Perhaps the secret of its success was the cash principle, rigorously adhered to by Paul Rookh, merchant.

By reference to his business-card, I find a glass of molasses and water could be had for the sum of five pins; but water and molasses, a new brand, was booked at six pins, while there was a certain delicious punch concocted of pure molasses, mixed somewhat with water, so choice as to be held at twelve pins per glass. So little of this last seal

was called for that Paul was obliged to drink most of it himself.

But a beaming star of hope dawned upon the monotonous horizon of Paul's life. It was a star of Love. Next door to Paul lived Stella, the daughter of a gentleman of the Exchange. Stella's brilliancy was not all monopolized by the bright crimson of her gaiters. She was usually seen in a cloud of web-like embroidery—a pink-and-white cherub, glorified by a halo of amber ringlets, bound with a nimbus of pink ribbon. She often rose above the myrtle hedge which seemed to little Paul the outline of the antipodes, and he was perceptibly agitated whenever the fair vision appeared. By and by she grew familiar; she even descended from the ideal empyrean, and approached the bacchanalian haunts where Paul presided. A new story of a lost pleiad! On such occasions the young Americans—who were rapidly becoming dissipated, but as rapidly reformed whenever the pins gave out—were advised to retire as quietly as possible, while he, Paul, entertained the gentle goddess.

O, those sweet, passionate moments!—wine and women, watered molasses and small girl, aged eight! His costliest nectar, twelve pins per glass, he freely poured and she as freely imbibed. She abandoned herself to riotous drinking, till the rich syrups flowed from the little puckered lips over the cloud-like embroidery of her garments, even to the very bright morocco of her wee gaiter-boots. Alas! they were discovered in the debauch. A cruel governess, catching the wild refrain of their Horatian lyrics done into lispng English, took them by strategy. Paul remonstrated with the Amazon. For a moment he contemplated a Rape of the Sabine, but his wrath was turned to wailing by a rude separation, more terrible to him than the loss of his custom and the annihilation of his entire establishment. The young pleiad was preemptorily restored

to her proper sphere, while Paul was left desolate and disconsolate, for it was the sudden nipping of his first love—or one of his loves, at any rate—while yet the bud was freshest and most tempting.

#### HIGH TREASON.

Paul, doomed to his trundle-bed, resolved upon immediate action. He knew that the vine-clad window across the garden from his own was very often the fitting frame for the lovely head and shoulders of his guiding-star, forming a vignette of surpassing beauty. Now, could he contrive to attract the notice of the forlorn maiden incarcerated in that cruel tower? That was the question. Paul was under sentence, also, for his late orgies. Could he not convey to her some token of his deathless love? His large heart was fired with sublime passion—that same heart being rather combustible at all times. The thought-laden brow of the young prisoner rested upon his slender and somewhat sticky hand. Sticky! Everything seemed to bring back to his distracted soul the image of his lovely star; his closed-out saloon; his ruined prospects. Could he never forget those happy, happy hours! A bright thought suddenly illumined his gloomy mind. An elopement was decided upon. He rose hastily from his supperless bed, tore a fly-leaf from his little Bible, and traced upon it this startling telegram, "*Pick out a piller and jump—so ill I—PAUL.*" He seized a statuette of little Samuel at prayers, and, twisting this treasonable document about the neck of the devout youth, flung the whole over the garden, straight into Stella's window. It was but a brief moment after, though it seemed cycles long to the impatient Paul, when there fell at his feet the fragments of a medallion of Stella's great-grandmother, which noble lady's profile was the propelling power of this ponderous reply, "*i kant—STELLA.*"

In the solitude of his chamber, which no longer contained a kneeling Samuel with an angelic countenance—a little soiled, perhaps; surrounded by the alabaster fragments of Stella's great-grandmother; his last hope vanished, and his glorious designs at once and forever defeated—Paul yelled. In an interval of his spasmodic cries he heard the voice of his Stella, accompanied by the quick and sharp explosions of a palm. What was it? A terrible thought struck horror to his soul. He rushed to the window. Stella was in deep disgrace. Her mamma, stung at the loss of her treasured medallion, was even then administering a severe reproof, and Stella, in the agony of that moment, cried pitifully to Paul, who was an unwilling witness of her dishonor, yet powerless to save. He could, however, join her in her bewailing—and do a little on his own account, too. He began not a moment too soon, for just then the venerable Rookh entered for a settlement with his son and heir—the late liquor-merchant, and the more recent *roué*, aged nine—who was developing altogether too rapidly to suit the old gentleman's views.

Two tender hearts bled that night with the crushing disappointments of childhood. Two soft pillows, ruffled and fluted, were moistened with hot tears of despair; in fact, two despairs, aged respectively eight and nine.

Perturbed spirits, rest yet a little, and your time shall come for heavier woes, and griefs more terrible than these!

#### THE CHANGING SPIRIT OF A DREAM.

When boys begin to get too troublesome about the house, it is suddenly discovered that they need a more thorough schooling than they are then getting; and off they go to some academy or other. For the first time in their lives they awaken from a dream to a reality, and find that dreaming was the pleasanter of the two.

There was a great purchasing and packing of garments, branded with Paul's name. The natural supposition was, "school"—off somewhere, and immediate dispatch thither for Paul and his luggage. At first there was a pleasing novelty in the prospect, which speedily wore off, however, and every thing about home had a sort of Saturday feeling, as the time of departure drew near.

There was a shadow over the face of it all. I think Paul would have decided to abandon all thoughts of boarding-school, if the matter had been left to him; but it was not even discussed in his presence. So he went about feeling sad and unsettled, with a choking sensation just behind his collar-button. He thought it might be his dinner that was out of place, or perhaps a slight attack of fever had occasioned it. He said as much to Skillet, the cook, who gave him a very large dough-nut in reply. He grew more uneasy and unhappy; it seemed as though something dreadful were going to happen. Paul did not know that every thing in Nature is affected precisely in a similar way. It grows to its place, and adapts itself to its surroundings: to transplant it is to destroy its ease and naturalness.

Paul parted from his mother like a man. He was a little dizzy, to be sure, but that he laid to Skillet's dough-nut; he said a few patronizing words, notwithstanding, to the good creature, who would be well rid of a little pest in her kingdom. He might have remarked something about virtue and happiness: I have heard him express such sentiments more than once. Skillet wept in half an acre of soiled apron; not, I trust, at thinking of the steep and thorny way to heaven which Paul had recommended, but rather at the retreating form of the poor, little fellow, staggering under a weight of suppressed misery, yet who could not, on any account, be persuaded to betray it. It would have

been all well enough but for Floss. Floss was waiting on the steps—wistfully watching, and very sad. Floss knew in her wisdom that Paul would learn what bitterness was before she could again put her two paws on his shoulders, and look in his handsome face; and she shook like one in the ague when she thought about it.

Floss rose as Paul passed swiftly toward the gate; she followed him a step or two and then paused, sorely hurt that her young master should slight her thus. She did not have to wait long. Paul turned and saw her, and at that moment he lost his grip and broke down entirely. Floss' face was worshiping in his presence. Floss' eyes melted with tenderness—pleading eyes, with two great tears in them. A fervent soul implored him in those brown, beautiful eyes. She lifted her glossy head; her long, silky ears flowed back, listening for a syllable with intense and breathless earnestness. Her sleek neck swelled and throbbed with emotion. O, why was speech forbidden her! She almost knelt before him with that yearning gaze, and finally she conquered him; for he fell upon her, he hugged her tightly to his breast, kissing her long, soft ears. "O Floss! Floss!" he cried; and the rivers of his sorrow were broken up, and flowed abundantly. How came he in the hateful coach? He hardly knew; but the rumbling wheels hurried him away from his blessed home, and the last familiar voice he heard—seeming to bring him back to consciousness—was the desolate wail of poor Floss, struggling in the hold of her keeper, and breaking her dear heart for him who was gone from her.

#### THE YOUNG IDEA'S FIRST SHOT.

So Paul, in his twelfth year, found himself abroad, at school. Some children are impressive at this period. Paul was not. He was too thin and too long for beauty; he was decidedly uninterest-



ing, and remained so for two years or more. It was doubtful once or twice during those years whether Paul would survive the great change he was undergoing. His prospects were certainly dubious enough; so many things happened to him, and he himself was so spiritless and indifferent. Thus Nature tries the mettle of her children before endowing them with the graces and dignity of manhood. The critical period comes in the lives of all, but of longer duration with some than with others. We run up, as it were, under the parental shadow; we feel the need of sunshine, wind, and rain, without which we are crippled for life. Too tall, too slender, too delicate, with little vitality, we are at the mercy of the slightest opposing element. It is not so with the less fortunate (in one sense), who are left to themselves. Ruddy, lusty, and strong, they wrestle with the wind, shake off the pelting shower, and despise the tender shoots that succumb to the storm. Paul had these new experiences to undergo, and very trying he found them. How he longed for some one to fly to in his loneliness and sorrow! He found such an one as was good for him, and devoted himself to her. She was his landlady—a friend in need, who gathered the puny chicken under her capacious wing. This was just what the chicken wanted; he was very grateful, and in return fell desperately in love with his warm-hearted protectress. In so doing, Paul achieved the wonderful feat of embracing (metaphorically) nearly half a ton of female loveliness, about four feet in diameter, whose smiling countenance seemed always on the point of sinking into a boundless sea of neck. It was Paul's idea of true womanhood to be short and thick, and have several layers of chin. It is just possible that the motherly element in this mass of landlady was what comforted and won the bereaved heart of the fragile boy. There was an atmosphere

of sympathy and protection wherever the good woman happened to be, and Paul's effeminate and receptive nature turned to it as naturally and as gratefully as some delicate flowers turn toward the sunshine, and wither without its warmth and nourishment.

His shooting teacher was of a different, a vastly different kind. She was massive in architecture, of flinty hardness and rough finish. Much coarse material seemed to have been consumed in her structure, though none of it had been applied to any ornamental purpose. This person was the one chosen to lead Paul into the green pastures of knowledge. Those pastures seemed horrible stubble-fields as she drove him through them, and the still, clear waters of Wisdom were embittered and darkened by the harsh, uncongenial nature of the priestess who presided over them. She robbed him of the little interest he naturally felt in books; they became dreary and forbidding indeed when associated with her. The wonder was that Paul did not fade away entirely under the keen and watchful eye of his teacher, who seemed to regard all young people as special objects of suspicion. She sprang upon unwary whisperers, lay in wait for misspellers, and seemed to take special delight in torturing those who were found faulty in their repetition of whole pages of stuff, of no use to any one out of the school-room, and apparently designed expressly for the amusement of those crucifiers of children, the metallic school-teachers.

The afternoons of Wednesdays and Fridays were set apart for various public exercises, and were seasons of special mental agony to Paul, who sat hour after hour in that sort of suspense which is supposed to precede a public execution. He momentarily expected to be called upon to perform some impossible feat, or to respond to questions whose answers had never, and could never, by

any natural course of Nature, occur to him.

Miss Whacker, the Minerva of this temple, seemed to understand fully his sensitive organization, and to take calm delight in jerking him up, now and then, leaving him to dangle for a few moments in horrible suspense, and perhaps letting him down easy after all. As soon as Paul's name was mentioned, he began to swallow violently something that rose in his throat; his ears moved involuntarily at their roots; he could feel the blushes crawling all over his face like a swarm of red ants—and Whacker was satisfied.

Often had Paul listened to the clear voice and admired the self-possession of young Rivers, a fellow-student at Miss Whacker's, and the height of his ambition was to make Rivers like him a little. As the early weeks of the term passed by, how hopeless this seemed to Paul! Rivers never looked at him; Rivers walked arm-in-arm with some good-looking fellow who did not need any thing so comforting as his patronage, while Paul stood by, wondering to see how careless of his good fortune one boy may be, while another is envying the least of the favors he takes so calmly.

On one occasion, when the large school-room was well filled with "the parents and friends of the scholars," the spelling-class having been called, a long line of boys of various ages and shapes arranged themselves across the end of the room, facing the audience. The situation was somewhat embarrassing to most of them, and especially to those who felt a doubt at times as to the propriety of doubling the *l*'s and the *s*'s in certain words. Now, spelling never was Paul's strong point; but Rivers was standing only two removed from him, and the very presence of his idol seemed to give him unusual confidence. Paul seemed quite happy, and awaited his turn to spell with great composure. It came at last. "Paul Rookh," said the

Whacker, as, Saturn-like, she devoured him with a look, "spell 'Neighbor.'" Paul thought of his noble Rivers, gave one look toward where he stood, lifted up his voice and spelled, "K-n-a-b-o-r." A shout of derision followed, and Paul recoiled as the deafening thunder crashed upon his head. But he recovered his ground, half blinded as he was, when he saw that Rivers was not laughing. He always thought Rivers the best fellow he had seen in his life, and now he was perfectly satisfied of the fact. He wanted to go down on his knees to him, and worship him as he had never worshiped any one before. He wondered if Rivers would speak to him now, and if he might call him friend and walk with him, as the other boys did. He passed the remaining half-hour of that orthographical inquisition with thinking of Rivers, and thus forgot his terrible blunder and the disgrace consequent upon it. Whacker asked no further favors of him during the rest of the class-exhibition. It was for her own benefit to refrain from any thing so risky.

Paul waited for the kind word from Rivers, when the class was over and the whole school rushed to the play-ground. He really thought that a word of sympathy was his due, since Rivers not only had not laughed, but had actually looked quite serious and concerned. Yet Rivers held his peace, and Paul went hungering and thirsting with his forlorn hope till evening, when he talked it all over with his landlady and had a good cry, though it was a very girlish, stupid thing to do.

Rivers thought to himself: "It was a pity that boy was so stupid, when he seemed to be pleasant enough in other ways; he wished he would spell a little better, especially when the school was crowded with visitors. He wished he wasn't so sickly-looking, and that he was a little bit wickedder than he was: good boys were so milk-and-watery, he really

couldn't endure them." So Paul made his first shot, and as far as Paul was concerned, a splendid shot, too, but unfortunately it missed.

#### FELLOWSHIP.

The air at four P.M. of a sunny Saturday was warm, and conducive to bathing in the brook. The little week-day prisoners of Miss Whacker's academy had a day of it, when they could throw the physic of the class-book to the dogs, and breathe, as God intended they should breathe, without a shudder—a free, glad interval of uninterrupted license, improved to the uttermost. A vote for brook-bathing was passed unanimously; and the boys adjourned in a body across lots, and stripped to the skin in about three minutes, under the willows by the stream. The grassy bank was set with living statues, very white, and for the most part very slender; for a continual head-pressure, and a lack of lung and limb-training, are apt to crowd most of the breathing apparatus back of the neck. It is moral and physical murder in the guardian who permits this distorting of the body, and gradual suicide in him who heedlessly indulges in it.

But there was one youngster in the group, whose *poses* were a study and a satisfaction to the observers. Modesty, without shame, was the characteristic that seemed to clothe him like a mantle. His chest was full and well cushioned with muscle; thighs, plump and sinewy; hips, not too broad nor too narrow; knees, small, and of that fine mechanism so different from the clumsy joints of the many imperfect creatures born into the world denuded of the grace and strength which should be their birthright, and would be the birthright of all but for the sins of the fathers which are visited upon the children from generation to generation. It was he who was the living light in Paul's world of school, and all that Paul could find to love and respect in

the motley crowd surrounding him. Of course it was young Rivers; and Paul was absorbed in watching him, as he stood there like a youthful Hercules among a rabble of satyrs. He was almost jealous of the presence of the others; he valued the calm, indifferent glance of Rivers more than the continual demonstrations of one or two who had become violently attached to him on his first appearance among them, and tracked him wherever he went.

Paul would have given more to tell Rivers one tough answer in the class than to know the whole of his own lessons; even the terrible Whacker sank into utter insignificance when Rivers was near him, and his dark hour was brightened with a hope of some day being able to render him a service. They were nearly of an age, but of very different temperaments. Paul's mind veered with the wind, and quartered with the moon: he was passive, joyous, and downcast in turn; usually longing for something out of reach, and wondering why he could not obtain it. Rivers was evenly cheerful; not easily persuaded nor dissuaded, but having a mind of his own that spoke for itself. He had, moreover, the great and almost godlike gift of self-control, and that is equal to the control of others. Paul felt the power of his will, and submitted to it as patiently as the lamb to the shepherd. In fact, he would rather obey Rivers than be his own master.

All sorts of swimings were accomplished that afternoon; and the hard crusts that formed over the fresh young hearts during their week of distasteful study seemed to melt and dissolve in the delicious stream that baptized them in the ever-renewing life of youth.

The boys were "following the leader," and, naturally enough, Rivers was champion of the day. Boys are your truest readers of character; and boys among boys will as surely find their level as the particles of matter settle into their prop-



er sphere in Nature. So the boys followed their general in every possible sort of feat that could be devised; if dangerous, so much the better. They leaped far into the stream; they dropped from overhanging boughs, and were altogether reckless and dissipated in their sports. At last, it was proposed that they should cast themselves headlong from the heavy limb of an oak, and fathom the mysterious depths of a certain well-like cavern, where the dark waters slowly eddied at the bend of the stream. Several attempted it—not altogether successfully, however. Paul, strong to emulate his graceful leader, plunged, in the sudden madness of enthusiasm, and sank in the shadowy pool. It was a magnificent effort, boldly essayed, and it called forth exclamations of wonder and delight from his companions, who had given him little credit for skill in any thing, and least of all looked for it here.

But the dark waters were not parted again: there was a dreadful silence, and then a cry of fright from the younger boys, as they began to apprehend terrible things with that half-interested, half-recoiling sensation of a newly awakened fear.

"Caught in the roots!" cried Rivers, as he drew back to gain velocity, and with a sudden bound dived for the lost boy.

How they peered into the gloomy waters, those other lads, pale, trembling, and excited; a few of them sobbing at the thought of death, which was new to them, yet something indescribably sad! So they gathered about the fatal spot. There was a hushed stillness; the sun was setting, and the chill of the evening crept over them. Still they watched, shivering in the shade of the willows. Those few moments seemed to be hours, and the nameless terror of the poor lads increased with every second.

Slowly a pale form rose at last from the deep blackness of the "hole," part-

ing the waters with a strong arm, and clasping closely the motionless form of the drowned boy. Dead, they all thought, as they laid the insensible body on the bank, while some of the elder boys made efforts to restore it. The little fellows dressed rapidly, while the tears would come spite of all they could do to restrain them; and they thought how awful a thing it was to be drowned, and wished they were home, and had never seen that poor, pale face. Presently the fixed eyes seemed to soften and grow natural; the languid lids opened wide, and a look of earnest, bewildered inquiry greeted the sad faces that encircled him.

Slowly returning consciousness animated his numb limbs; and Paul found himself lying in the nervous arms of some one, his cheek resting upon a heaving breast, while kind, loving eyes looked strength and gladness into his. He could hardly realize it. He tried to comprehend it all, but it seemed as though he had yet to waken out of another dream: this was more than he could hope for in reality.

It was Rivers, who had adopted him, and felt from that hour as though he had a personal interest in the little comrade he had brought back to life. Had Paul died the next moment, he would have felt that he had accomplished all that was worth living for. The boys—finding, to their infinite relief, the matter less serious than had been at first supposed—quickly dressed themselves, and hurried back to the village to tell the news. Paul and Rivers were at last alone; and as they turned to leave the cluster of boughs that overarched the scene of their late adventure, Paul tried to thank the hero of his dream, who had in very deed proved his heroism, but Rivers gathered his little self-elected charge in his protecting arms, and held him so closely that his lips touched Paul's, sealing a friendship that was to prove enduring.

## AN EVENING WITH THE GRAND MUFTI.

OUR sojourn in the grand old city of Cairo had extended through several weeks, yet within that time we had failed in all our endeavors to catch so much as a glimpse of the Viceroy. We were even unable to console ourselves by a visit to the College of Howling Dervishes—that learned body having suspended performances during *Ramazân*—and the time for departure was drawing near, without our having seen more than the usual sights common to that ancient city. To be sure, we had climbed the Pyramid of Cheops, and in company with the shadows of forty centuries, looked down upon the plain below. We had gazed in awe upon the silent Sphinx, and had soothed and refreshed our tired senses in the cool and shady Gardens of Shoobra; but our souls longed for something less commonplace—for an adventure that contained more of the marvelous. It was, therefore, with the liveliest feelings of gratitude that we heard, one evening, that, if we were so inclined, we might visit the palace of the chief ecclesiastical functionary of the kingdom, and witness some religious rites peculiar to the Mohammedan faith. Glad to avail ourselves of any thing that promised to break the monotony of our every-day tourist life, we procured the services of a guide, and set out from the Hôtel de l'Orient to realize, as we hoped, the accomplishment of our dreams.

The night was beautiful—such an one as can be experienced nowhere save in the land of the Arabian Nights. The moon, which hung in the western sky among the palm-trees, illuminated the sleeping City of Victory with her silver rays, glistening from the white walls of mosques, and paling the flames of the

lanterns which encircled the tall and tapering minarets; flooding the broad streets with a mass of mellow light, and shrouding the narrow ones with a mantle of shadows that rendered them all the darker by contrast. Although it was yet early, scarcely a human being was moving in the streets, and the only sounds breaking the stillness were the unmusical yells of hundreds of dogs, who infested every quarter of the city, and made night hideous by their baying.

Our party, consisting of eight gentlemen and one lady, occasioned considerable excitement among the audience who had assembled at the palace. Although the gentlemen were not regarded as great curiosities, Mrs. Smith was subjected to much annoyance; for being arrayed in a costume differing most essentially from that worn by their own women, the Arabs seemed at a loss to discover who or what she was. Some of them, being pervaded by a spirit of inquiry, examined her dress, ornaments, and even *chignon*—the latter of which seemed to perplex them greatly. So unpleasant did their investigations become, especially as they propounded a variety of unanswerable questions, that we were debating the expediency of a retreat, when the arrival of the dervishes attracted attention.

After the wonder consequent upon our appearance had in a measure subsided, we seated ourselves as best we could, and prepared to enjoy the performance. The place allotted for the services was the court-yard of the palace: a square inclosure, surrounded by the walls of the house, and roofed over with matting, through the interstices of which we could catch glimpses of the beautiful moonlight without. The audience consisted

of Turks, Egyptians, Nubians, Copts, and ourselves—all habited in the various garbs peculiar to the different nations, and by a variety of costume and color presenting an interesting sight. At one end of the court, seated upon mats, were the dervishes, clothed in coarse garments of sackcloth, and wearing upon their faces most disgusting expressions of fanaticism and stupidity. The performance simply consisted in swaying the body backward and forward, grunting at the same time *Allah, Allah*, in a deep, guttural voice. As they became more excited, the motion of the body was increased, till they seemed in imminent danger of cracking their heads together, and the cry of *Allah* was ejaculated in a sharp, quick manner, almost resembling a wail, which was caught up and continued by most of those present.

At this stage of the service, Mrs. Smith and myself discovered that we had been entirely deserted by the remainder of the party; and on looking for them, observed that they were sitting in one of the rooms of the palace, most uncomfortably squatted upon divans, and engaged in puffing tobacco-smoke through the long stem of the Turkish *chibouque*. Seeing a number of sandals at the entrance of the room, and not knowing that Oriental etiquette demanded the removal of the shoe before entering a room, we were at a loss to discover the reason of their presence, and for a moment entertained the design of putting them on over our shoes, and thus marching boldly in. Fortunately we did not carry our idea into execution. We neglected, however, to remove our own foot-coverings, and thus made our entrance without form or ceremony, and seated ourselves with the remainder of our party.

Upon looking about us, investigation proved that we were in a long room, oblong in shape, most luxuriously fur-

nished, and in a manner peculiarly Oriental. The floor—one-half of which was elevated like a dais—appeared to be carpeted with Persian mats of various devices and hues, and of such fineness that the foot was almost buried in the rich fabric; the walls, which were pierced by a few small windows filled with stained glass, were tinted with soft, warm colors; and the ceiling, with its rafters, was richly variegated with arabesque patterns of red, and blue, and gold. Around three sides of this elevation ran an elegant divan, of yellow silk, with cushions of apparently downy softness. These divans, and a couple of little coffee-stands of sandal-wood inlaid with silver, constituted the entire furniture of the apartment, with the exception of a singular wooden tripod, upon which hung a kerosene-lamp. This latter seemed to indicate that, even in this remote quarter of the globe, the products of the New World were recognized and utilized.

Seated on the central divan was the Grand Mufti, arrayed in Turkish costume, with a green turban twined about his head, proclaiming to all the world that he was a lineal descendant of Mohammed. His appearance was that of an ordinary man, with a dull, sensual face, and with an expression upon it which could not be regarded as perfectly friendly to the Franks whom he had invited to partake of his hospitality. On the divan, to his left, were some half-dozen persons, Beys and men of distinction, who, awed by the mighty presence into which they had been ushered, maintained an abject and respectful silence. The other one was occupied by our party, who seemed little at their ease, plainly indicating that the situation was to them a new one. Some had their hats off, and others were most awkwardly attempting to retain a squatting posture on the cushions; while one or two, seeing that they could not so suddenly accommodate themselves to Orient-



al customs, had resumed a natural position.

Immediately upon seating ourselves, the Grand Mufti waved his hand and made a signal to a couple of Nubian slaves, who stood with folded arms, ready to execute his bidding. They instantly vanished, much to the consternation of a young lad of our number, who imagined that my thoughtlessness in bringing a lady into the apartment was to result in a general massacre. His fears were not much abated by the observation of one of the gentlemen—an English nobleman, I believe—who asserted that the slaves had gone for two polished cimeters, with which they intended to cut off our heads, and afterward serve them up, dressed with parsley, to appease the anger of our host. His agony was soon over; for on their return, instead of cimeters, the Nubians brought silver cups of the size and consistency of an egg-shell, containing the most delicious draught of Mocha coffee that it has ever been my good fortune to enjoy. Having removed the cups, the attendants now presented us with long pipes, known as *chibouques*, the bowl of which, resting on the floor, was filled with aromatic Latakia tobacco, the perfumed smoke of which ran to our lips through stems of jasmine-wood, richly studded with gems, and ornamented with filigree-work.

Our English friend—perhaps emboldened by the manner in which we had been received—exchanged his divan for that occupied by the Mufti, and endeavored to open a conversation with him, addressing him in French, Italian, German, and English; to all of which interrogations our host merely replied by a negative shake of the head, maintaining the utmost dignity, and hardly seeming to recognize the fact that the audacious Frank had encroached upon the limits of sanctity that surrounded his person. After an animated conversation, in which the Englishman had spoken in as many

tongues as he could command, besides having invented several dialects for the occasion, without eliciting the least articulate sound from the stolid Turk, we arose to go, much to the joy of our interpreter, who, during our visit, had been in great fear lest something uncalled-for should occur.

Etiquette demanding a recognition of the favor that had been conferred upon us, our voluble English friend composed an address, which was translated by our guide, shorn, it is to be hoped, of the lofty flights of rhetoric and the eccentric combination of adjectives that characterized the production of our spokesman. Then, having made our *salâms* to the green turban, we withdrew to the open air.

Our interpreter there informed us that we had been in the presence of the Grand Mufti, the chief ecclesiastic of Egypt, who heads the procession of pilgrims, both on the journey to and from Mecca, and who, on the return, makes his entrance into the city by riding on horseback over the prostrate bodies of fanatical believers. Shortly before our visit, he is said to have been very hostile to Christians, and had assisted in persecuting them in every manner; but recently, perhaps for political and state reasons, he had changed his policy, and had become quite tolerant—so much so as to admit us under the shelter of his roof: the first instance of Franks being so highly favored.

When, reaching my apartment in the hotel, I looked out upon the silent square of the Esbekiyeh, and saw the pale light of the new moon shining through the branches of the palm-trees that border the Nile, lighting the tall minarets and white buildings with a ghastly glare, and resting upon the solid tops of the Pyramids, which, although miles away, stood out boldly against the horizon—and recalled the strange scenes of the night—I felt almost transported to the days of

Haroun al Raschid, and would scarcely have been surprised by the apparition of an enchanted horseman flying from Gizeh, and circling over the sleeping city of Cairo. Even in my dreams these

scenes haunted me; and my slumbering fancies were a confused mass of green turbans, Mocha coffee, Nubian slaves, twanging bowstrings, and garrulous Englishmen.

## PETE.

PETER advised me to apply for the position of District School-master at Jamestown. Peter and myself had long been co-miners on the river. But, one day, Peter was made a Member of the Legislature; and so, when, in the fall, he left Swett's Bar for Sacramento, he gave away his claim, his cabin, his blankets, and his mining tools, to his poorer constituency; and in the spring, when he returned, he had in his pocket \$10 in cash, and on his back a blue coat with brass buttons: which was all he did bring back from that winter's legislative campaign at Sacramento. Yet he maintained that it was the star-winter of his California career. Peter was too good a man for our little society at the Bar to lose; and so, merely to keep him there, he was hired on the Menken Claim, at \$4 per day. But Peter's experience at Sacramento had imbued him with a taste for official life. He wandered off to Jamestown, and there became a News-agent. Only one thing was lacking to him: that was myself. Separated, we pined for each other. We had been the David and Jonathan of the Tuolumne: wherever Peter went, there I was sure to go; Peter rested in me, and I in Peter. Finally, he wrote me thus:

"You had better quit the claim. Come up here. I can get you a situation as teacher of the district-school. There's not much to do, except to teach the children their letters and the multiplication-table. Of course, you must be a little more decorous than at Swett's Bar. There's a very clever set of boys here.

"PETE."

I went. The rust of ten years had

accumulated on my learning; so I hunted up grammars, geographies, and arithmetics, and crammed for the coming examination by the Jamestown Board of School Trustees. The terrible day came, and in an upper room I was ushered into their presence. The Board was composed of K—, a saloon-keeper, the camp blacksmith, and Doctor D—. I felt strong in geography, but weak in arithmetic, especially fractions.

The saloon-keeper and the blacksmith delegated the entire work of examination to Doctor D—. He was an imposing man, and he glared at me through a fiercely scientific pair of spectacles. I felt that my time had come. The trio sat around a table, and on it there lay one book—a blue-covered, thin, slabby sort of book. It looked like a primer. It was one. Doctor D— took up this volume, opened it, peered into it through those scientific spectacles with an air of fierce profundity, glared over its top at me as if, already, he had mentally stewed me down to a cipher, and exclaimed, in a monotonous voice, "Spell 'Cat.'" I obeyed: "C-a-t." "Spell 'Dog.'" I spelled: "D-o-g." "Spell 'Rat.'" "R-a-t." "I beg your pardon, Doctor D—," said I; "but I believe I am competent to spell words of one syllable." "Spell 'Man,'" said the Doctor, in the same dreary monotone. "M-a-n." "Spell 'Can.'" "C-a-n." And in this way he exercised me for fifteen minutes in words of one syllable, then shut the book, threw it on the table, and said:

"Young man, you'll do to teach our school. I pity you from the bottom of my heart. For my part, I wouldn't teach a district-school for \$5,000 per month. Come, take a drink."

The truth was, the three Trustees were a part and parcel of the "clever boys" spoken of by Pete. Doctor D—— was the predominant, incarnate spirit of mischief, resident in the camp. Life with him was a huge and continual practical joke. The chief end of man was to extract all the fun possible out of every thing. There seemed nothing serious in Jamestown. Even the funerals terminated in a general scuttling, racing, scrambling, and upsetting of buggies on the return-trip from the graveyard.

The school-house was the church. My scholars sat in the pews; I governed from the pulpit. Sixty children daily rendezvoused at that church, half of them being under six years of age. I found myself in reality a sort of pedagogical dry-nurse for Jamestown. The little church was very hot in summer. I realized for the first time the trials of mothers with large families of children. The youngest of my flock were sometimes taken sick, being overcome by the heat and the confinement. I found it necessary to keep a small stock of medicine on hand for their use. Indeed, there came to me great and novel trials and experiences. This occupation not only brushed up anew my arithmetical, grammatical, and geographical knowledge, but forcibly inducted me into a perception of all the complaints incident to childhood. Sometimes, I sent sick children home in charge of the larger scholars. But they were generally returned ere the close of the day. The parents washed their hands of all mental or physical responsibility in the matter until after four o'clock P.M.

This was before the days of systematized school-teaching. The children

came to my University, bringing all sorts of text-books. There were Pike's Arithmetics, with the introductory pages gone, Pike's Arithmetics, commencing at vulgar fractions, Pike's Arithmetics, which for forty years had with the American immigrant been steadily moving westward, until at last over the Plains, they had entered California. There were maps and geographies, which had apparently sailed around Cape Horn, and bearing marks of usage on ship-board. Every pupil brought a different grammar. In this matter of text-books, especially grammars, my school became an educational Tower of Babel. At last, I rose equal to the emergency. I captured all the grammars, stacked them in a pile, hid them away, and taught the science orally.

Several parents in Jamestown were ambitious, and particular as to the education of their sons. One wished his boy taught Latin; another, in the mathematical education of his oldest olive-branch, wished vulgar fractions ignored entirely: "Cos we don't make any use of 'em in business, now, you know," said he; "when we make change, any thing that's over half a cent goes for a cent, and any thing under we don't make any account of it at all. But I want him grounded well in tare-and-tret."

I said nothing in reply to the paternal request, although I opined that mathematically the father was "grounded" and stranded long before arriving at tare-and-tret. However, the son was nurtured arithmetically without fractions, and still lives. They sent me also a boy who stammered, with orders to cure him. I sent word back by his brother, who did not stammer, that the remedying of lingual defects did not as yet come within the province of a common-school teacher's vocation. The parents were indignant. They sent me Mexican children guileless of any knowledge in the English tongue. There was work enough



daily laid out for me in that hot, little church to have kept busily employed the whole faculty of Yale College.

Sturdy, muscular, fast-growing boys, the sons of ranchers, would drop in two days in the week to be educated. The importance of regularity in attendance did not seem to be realized at Jamestown. Two days in the week will not tone down a farmer's boy to the repose necessary for the school-room. They were restless: their nerves overflowed with rough vitality—vitality of that sort which comes into play in the fields, behind the plow, on the mustang chasing cattle, or on the driver's seat. In school, they could not keep quiet: they turned, and twisted restlessly on their seats; they plowed their grimy hands into their copy-books; they upset ink, and involuntarily rubbed it on and in their faces; they twisted their limbs in snake-like contortions about their desk-legs; when writing, their tongues protruded from their mouths, and followed the curve of every letter with involuntary and painful effort; in class, they stood first on one leg, then on the other, and trod on toes, and fell over each other. They were prolific in spit-balls; they infected the whole school with their atmosphere of restlessness, and generally capped the climax of their unrest by bringing a bull-terrier to school with them.

The very common dog constituted another great annoyance. Dogs, my pupils would bring with them to school. Dogs of high and low degree, curs, mastiffs, Newfoundlands, and terriers swarmed on the outside of the University, and at every opportunity sneaked in to lay themselves lovingly under their masters' desks. To drive them out involved disturbance and confusion, for the brutes took the longest route possible to the door, scuttling around under the desks, and receiving gratuitous kicks from hostile boys, while my harassed, pedagogical soul anathematized Noah

for ever having allowed the chosen canine pair to enter the Ark.

There was one little girl, five years of age. I could never teach that child the alphabet. Four times a day did I agonize with her through the twenty-six signs. At the expiration of eighteen months, she could not be relied upon for a single letter after A. Her parents of course were not satisfied, and held her up to the community as a bright and shining example of the school-master's inefficiency. Her eyes were bright, black, and bead-like; and in my daily alphabetical wrestlings with her, they looked at me as if innocently wondering what I was taking all that trouble for. That child will never realize the pain and anxiety she cost me. After two years' labor at the Jamestown Institute, I left her uncertain as to the identity of B. I left her, a legacy of infantile stupidity, to my successor. She was ever willing to be taught. She ever came dutifully to my call. That proved the most discouraging feature of the case. Her stolid docility exasperated me. Month after month did she repeat those twenty-six letters after me, as if it were a labor of love. She liked it. Once in a great while, she went through the whole correctly. A load would be lifted from me. I would not test her again that day. I rejoiced in the thought that, for twenty-four hours at least, she was alphabetically perfect. Alas! invariably the next morning the fogs had gathered over her little brain, and she gave out at D.

My geography classes became wonderfully proficient. Owing to the geographical drill and discipline, my children would stand before the large outline-charts of the world, and correctly name thereon all the continents, oceans, seas, lakes, rivers, islands, capes, sounds, bays, the countries and their capitals, the zones and their characteristics of climate. Visitors, who came occasionally and witnessed these exercises, re-

tired humiliated at their own geographical ignorance. Yet it was a sham. Most of those children had no very clear idea of what the map meant. They were liable, at times, to define an island as "a body of land surrounded by land." Before visitors, I always trembled at the possible terminations of such definitions. How could it be otherwise? They had been born and brought up in an inland country. The miners' reservoirs were the largest bodies of water they had any knowledge of. I could not lead my flock to one of these and say, "My children, behold on a small scale the mighty ocean!" The thing was too small, too muddy, and there was no surge. So, geographically, I was obliged to be content with imparting to my flock much shadow instead of substance.

It was even so, if not more so, in grammar. After months of drilling, I produced a grammar-class able to define nouns, verbs, adjectives, and all other parts of speech; able to repeat all the required rules; able to parse fluently. This grammatical battalion was exhibited before parental visitors, who retired awe-struck at their children's learning, and ashamed of their own ignorance. This was another sham. The whole exercise was mainly due to a parrot-like proficiency of memory. When the drill was neglected for a week, the whole battalion showed signs of retrograding into grammatical darkness. It was my patience and perseverance that kept them bolstered up in the upper regions of grammatical light. I was to them what, in civilization, the superior race is to the inferior. One originates, the other copies; one leads, the other follows. Snuff out the Caucasian, and in a generation those who borrow from him, those who shine by his reflected light, will go back to their native barbarism. When my pedagogical candle was snuffed out at Jamestown, all the lesser grammatical lights went out with it.

My young-lady scholars proved great trials. They entered society early in Jamestown. At fifteen, they were acknowledged feminine powers in the community, attending balls and parties, being whirled about on the dusty roads of Tuolumne in dusty buggies, and having received more or less offers of marriage from miners, old and young. These were difficult subjects to discipline. They were disposed to laugh to scorn the control of any single man—even a school-master. I was then a young man, a single man, and a school-master. There were different methods for reducing to subjection a refractory boy of fifteen or sixteen, but all such doors were closed with a mischievous girl of that age, already perhaps a reigning belle, with half a score of pistoled and bowie-knifed admirers ready and glad to resent any fancied indignity put upon her. I did not like to have these elderly young women come to my school. The chivalry of Jamestown were always congregated about the nearest saloon-door when the University was dismissed, to see the bevy of beauty pass on their way home. The feminine element was still scarce in the mines, and the growth of the native stock was watched with eager interest. Most of my young ladies were snapped up in the jaws of matrimony at sixteen. I saw them so depart without a murmur. Indeed, I was rather glad than otherwise, knowing that at last they had a master.

As Peter had said, there was a very clever set of boys in Jamestown. They were from all portions of the Union. They owned quartz-ledges which were laying for buyers; they had held office or intended to. Just then, they had nothing in particular to do, and they did it. That was twelve years ago, before the golden dreams of California had settled into the stern realities of the present. These clever fellows soon found me out. I was congenial; teaching

school was an exhausting, devitalizing occupation; after four o'clock, I felt withered in nerve and muscle. The school-teacher's brain does double duty: it must, at the same time, govern and teach; it must keep one eye open to check a dozen small mutinies, liable at any time to break out. The moment your back is turned, you feel that the juvenile chiefs of rebellion are fermenting mischief. This strain, for six hours daily, frets and tires, and the teacher needs rest. The clever boys welcomed me, and gave me rest.

The "Owls" were a midnight society of Jamestown, composed of these clever fellows. They dressed in black gowns, cowls, and hoods with white crosses on the back. Doctor D—— was at their head. I became an active member. The "Owls" turned night into day; and indeed the soft, balmy air of midnight, in the foot-hills, is far preferable to the hot breath of high-noon. Too often I sought my pedagogical couch, warned by the morning streaks of dawn; and heavy settled the somniferous weights on my eyelids during the long afternoon school-session, while Billy Smith halted, stuttered, and stammered through his reading-lesson. His voice, to my sleepy ears, at times merged into the buzz and rustle of the school-room, and then I would pinch myself, and walk about the hot University to keep awake. In the dead of night, the "Owls"—every grocery and saloon being closed in town—would enter my room, and seat themselves silently and impressively in the centre of the apartment. In one corner were two bushel-baskets full of old books and papers pertaining to the Sheriff's office, during its occupancy by Jim S——. Jim S—— was an "Owl." These baskets would be solemnly dragged into the centre of the circle, their contents poured on the floor, and the "Owls," as they informed me (a spectator to these proceedings, lying on my bed in the cor-

ner), would commence examining the accounts of the county for the fiscal year; and then deliberate among themselves as to the propriety of removing me, bed and all, to the piazza, while they should confer concerning some intensely private and important county matters. It was funny, and pleasant. I liked it. But among the more quiet and sober people of Jamestown, it became at length rumored that a noise, as of revelry by night, was too often heard proceeding from the school-master's room; which was caused mainly, I suppose, by the arguings and special pleadings in the great divorce-suit brought by Tom Scott, a Virginian, against Tom McDonald, a Bowery butcher-boy, and which case, for three consecutive nights, was tried at my chambers, before Judge H——. Tom at length recovered \$10,000 alimony, just before the hour that he should open his shop, and slice steaks for the early breakfasters of Jamestown.

One day Ah Sam, a gifted Mongolian cook, came to me with a note from Bob G——, then living at Swett's Bar, stating that in Ah Sam's case, as in all other cases, the course of true love had not run smoothly; that Ah Sam loved a maiden countrywoman at Chinese Camp; that this countrywoman had been forcibly torn from him by villains, and was supposed to be in durance at Jamestown. Would I help Ah Sam recover his stolen bride? I would. The "Owls" were summoned together. It was one function of this association to see that justice was done, though the heavens tumbled. I stated, also, the case to Lawyer C——; and he, without my knowledge, contracted with Ah Sam to restore him his missing bride for thirty pieces of silver. We hunted half the night through the Chinese quarter, and found the maiden stowed away in a hen-coop. We rescued her, bore her to Lawyer C——'s office, locked her in, and went in quest of the groom. He was at last found,



stupefied with opium, and indisposed just then for matrimony. But Lawyer C—— was an ornament to his profession: he was full of fire and energy; he had predestinated that couple to be married that night. Ah Sam was borne to his bride at two o'clock in the morning. Wherever a candle could find foothold in Lawyer C——'s office, one was placed and lighted. The ceremony was performed, as the Oriental couple were informed, in the American fashion: the "Owls" in full regalia, and headed by two Virginia fiddlers—to whom drawing the bow came as natural as drawing a bead on a buck—marched around the couple several hundred times, marched them all over Jamestown, to all the airs that ever were fiddled on American soil; and finally they were legally united by the Justice of the Peace, and the ceremony terminated in a wrangle between the Lawyer and the Justice in the matter of fees; C—— paying the expenses of the ceremony, as he had contracted to find, deliver, and marry the bride to Ah Sam for the round sum of \$30.

Any one may see from this sketch the difficulties attendant on a pedagogical career at that time in Jamestown. I could not afford to lose my share of participation in these stirring scenes. Yet it was hard to carry such a load, and at the same time train the young idea to shoot. The soberer people frowned, and said that the school-master should conduct himself with more decorum, even if it were in California.

The office of the teacher is a noble one, and the recital of any juvenile brain-grinder's story should be given free from

these follies. But for Jamestown and a Jamestown school-master, this is quite impossible. For the hot, little church was only two hundred yards from the Bella Union Saloon, and the school, the school-master, the "Owls" (many of the "Owls" having owlets under my tuition), pistols, knives, fun, and fights were at that time so mixed up that it is impossible to extricate them separately from the tangled web of my recollection. I surged through this sea of pedagogical troubles for two years. I could have held the post longer. The "Owls" controlled the election for School Trustees, and always in my time appointed "Owls" for such positions, who of course saw that none other than an "Owl" became school-master. But I felt my health giving way under the strain.

And poor Peter went away. He went the long, invisible journey, and there were many serious days in Jamestown. He was kind, gentle, easy, and droll; and in the bitterest period of the Rebellion, when Jamestown was angrily fermenting and working with its opposed Northern and Southern cliques, Peter's News-office became the neutral ground for either party. The tender spot in the hearts of that wild, reckless crew was touched, and all were mourners who saw Peter laid away in a grave dug in the rock of the red hill-side. For eight years the grass over it has grown and withered; the hillock is sunken and almost effaced; there is no carved stone;—but in one heart there is a green spot, ever sacred, ever fresh; there, the tender buds of recollection and association often blossom for my old partner, Pete.

## TELLING A SECRET.

While I was happy with the spring,  
For whose fresh charms I ever long,  
Two merry maids refused to sing,  
Though I had begged a song.

They told me that the well was dry,  
And brought the bucket, with a look  
That seemed to question whether I  
Would fill it at the brook.

I cried, "No water in the well?  
You can not mean the half you say!"  
They had a secret they would tell,  
And I was in the way.

The sod was spongy in the walk,  
A shower was scarcely over yet,  
While in a half-shut hollyhock  
The bees began to fret.

I sought the waters with delight;  
The wild birds' secret haunt I knew;  
The killdeer rose in nervous flight,  
And whistled as she flew.

The plowmen turned the mellow mold;  
I breathed a breath of sassafras;  
And as I strolled, the cricket told  
Long stories in the grass.

The doves sat in the oak-tree tops;  
The agile hares began to run;  
Two snakes sailed swiftly from the copse,  
With brown heads in the sun.

About me, grouped in small platoons,  
The dandelions seemed to stare,  
While, now and then, their light balloons  
Swam off upon the air.

I heard a gush of golden trills.  
The maids were mocking my delay;  
Down through the green seams of the hills  
An echo swooned away.

I saw two faces at the door;  
I knew the solemn truth was out:  
For one was merrier than before,  
And one began to pout.

I said, "O Love! how blind you are,  
And rude, to treat a lover so!  
You know the brook is rather far,  
The well is not so low!"

The swallows swung from roof to gate,  
And swung as they were mad with glee;  
A plaintive lark cried, "Wait, O wait!"  
An owl said, "Stay with me!"

I answered, "Nay, but in a year  
My marriage-eaves will shield your nest.  
Then two of us will not be here:—  
Now, need I tell the rest?"

### A BIT OF EASTERN EXPERIENCE.

FOR many years a visit to the Eastern States had been contemplated by Joe and myself, but something always prevented. This something had as many phases as a kaleidoscope: Firstly, it was deferred because stocks were rising, and Joe did not wish to lose such an opportunity for favorable investment; secondly, stocks were down, and we could not afford unnecessary expenditure; then Howard, our one ewe-lamb, had a succession of infantile diseases, which threatened, from one season to another, to terminate his existence; for scarcely did this fretful sufferer recover from measles, before whooping-cough fed on his already damaged constitution, and there seemed no escape for this animated target of juvenile ailments until he had exhausted the entire category. So between Howard's illnesses and Joe's speculations, fortunate and unfortunate, we passed the greater portion of the first decade of our married life, without accomplishing our cherished plan of visiting our Eastern friends. But the advent of the railroad renewed the ardent desire; and we agitated the subject more frequently, until at last we were to test the sincerity of the oft-repeated invitation to "come for a good, long visit; we do so long to

see that darling boy," etc., etc. So after renting our pleasant house, furnished, to a satisfactory tenant, for an indefinite period, we started, one charming September morning, *via* Western Pacific Railroad, for New York, which was just ten years older and greater than when we left it. The trip was attended by no particular incident—no hair-breadth escapes—only the delightful experience of hundreds who have luxuriated in Palace-cars: strangers to fatigue, and feeling as fresh upon reaching the terminus, as if we had but made the few hours' excursion from San Francisco to Sacramento.

For weeks after our arrival we were *fêted* and feasted at dinners and tea-drinkings, family reunions, and social gatherings; we visited every place of note, and were surfeited with attentive hospitality, until Joe declared he was heartily tired of it all, and longed for a quiet home of his own. At this period amateur farming was the prevailing mania, and Joe had an attack in its most aggravated form. The only cure is experience. He descanted daily upon the charms of a winter in the country, especially the sleighing: the attractions were visible, tangible; detractions, there were none.



"Think," said *mia cara sposa*, "of the sleighing, the poultry, the fresh eggs, the delicious cream, the beauties of a landscape dressed in its pure mantle of snow, the fireside enjoyment of nuts and apples, and every thing in such contrast to our San Francisco winters!"

The picture was always painted in such glowing colors, that any argument antagonistic to the fulfillment of the pet project was silenced by the declaration, that he would advertise immediately for a small farm, well stocked, and a competent assistant. I think every county in the State had just the farm we wanted; and the letters Joe received in answer to the advertisement equaled in number the correspondence of Mrs. Jellyby on the subject of the Borrioboola-Gha Mission. To select from the many eligible situations presented; to reduce the hundred answers to a unit; to make an unerring selection, consumed weeks instead of days. The model farms we inspected, the disappointments we encountered, the fatigue we endured, in pursuit of this hobby—are they not all chronicled in memory forever?

But the paragon was found, approved, and taken. The house had been remodeled, save the kitchen, into the cocked-hat style of architecture called Gothic; there was the required gravel-walk, lawn, croquet-ground, garden; and all the appointments of a modern country summer residence. The owner was as equally desirous to go to the city for winter gayeties, as we were to leave them for the novelties of rural life. Mac and his wife being well recommended by both master and mistress, we consummated a bargain on the spot; and they proved as fine specimens of the Emerald Isle as ever cried "*Erin go bragh!*" Mac understood the management of all out-door work, which certainly was beyond Joe's experience; and as for Ann—

"She could brew;  
She could bake;  
She could make a johnny-cake."

Indeed, as she could do any thing and every thing, I looked forward to a season of unalloyed freedom from care and vexation, and was only too glad to yield the household engineering into her skillful hands.

Early in November the fitting commenced, and we were soon pleasantly domesticated in our new home. The winter set in unusually early: the first snow-storm came on Thanksgiving night, and fell steadily, noiselessly, many hours. The trees and shrubbery seemed laden with powdered sugar; so light and sparkling was the beautiful snow. Directly after breakfast, Joe and Mac began the operation of shoveling paths: this occupied till dinner-time. Even Howard caught the spirit of manual labor, and exercised a small shovel; but soon came in with rosy cheeks, and aching hands and feet, saying, "I'se *so* cold, and all my ears friz but one!" Toward night the wind arose, and the following morning found master and man again clearing the paths, filled during the night by the drifted snow.

The weeks passed slowly along, when one day a man from the village stopped to rest and warm himself, and have a chat with Mac: he exhibited with pardonable pride, a string of fish, caught in the stream a mile or so distant—the result of an hour's labor. Joe thought this must be rare sport, besides an agreeable variety to the amusement of clearing away snow, although he would not acknowledge the monotony of his employment; so upon a day when the snow did *not* fall, he and Mac started on their fishing-excursion. To have seen Joe accoutered in heavy overcoat, high top-boots, fur-cap, tippet, and muffler, one would have thought him bound for the arctic regions; and he presented rather a ludicrous appearance, as he and the "competent assistant" trudged down the road, with fishing-rods, basket, and a pickaxe for cutting a hole in the ice.

Not having been a participator in the piscatorial expedition, I can only give Joe's version of their exploits, which he narrated in the evening:

"Well, we were half-way there, when Mac declared he had left the bait on the kitchen table; but a countryman of his had a cottage near the stream, he said, and we could easily procure it there; yet when we reached the place the house was shut up, and no one at home. We were in a quandary, you may imagine; to turn back, and come *home* would only subject me to your ridicule, when, as good luck would have it, in searching his pockets for a match, Mac found the missing bait. When we arrived at the brook, I used the pickaxe till I grew tired, and Mac then labored for dear life ——"

"And the fish!" said I.

"And the fish," said Joseph—"confound your joking—and cut so deep down, that he gradually grew less and less visible, until I feared I should lose him altogether. The pickaxe came up regularly in the air, so I knew he still lived; but after cutting three or four feet of solid ice, and finding neither water nor fish, I proposed an adjournment, to Mac's unspeakable joy. Had it not been for an unlimited supply of cigars, the end of my nose would certainly have been frozen. And next time I try my luck at fishing, it will be in summer."

One Sunday, Mac and his wife requested leave of absence to visit a relative residing several miles from us; and soon after dinner they started, leaving the family trio in undisputed possession. When Joe came in from the barn at nightfall, he reported it *snowing*. It was a pleasure, as well as occupation, to prepare our cozy little supper; and anticipating the return of the handmaiden, I piled the dishes we used in the sink. After Howard had retired to his solitary crib, Joe thought we might taste the reward of other people's labor; and light-

ing a tallow candle, and taking a basket, descended to the cellar for the fruit and nuts. I could hear him fumbling among the barrels, and finally ascend the stairs; when near the upper step, I heard an exclamation (*not* pious), and the bump-bump of the apples and nuts as they returned to the cellar. Joe came into the dining-room, with an empty basket and an extinguished candle. The wind had blown out the light, as he came up the stairs, and while he tripped in the dark, he had upset the basket, and a projecting beam had given the poor farmer a black eye. Instead of cracking nuts and feasting on apples, we spent the next half-hour in attempting to relieve the pain and reduce the swelling of the suffering organ. Meanwhile the fire had gone out, to our sorrow; and as our bedroom could only be heated by a register from the stove, retirement from the scene of cold and disaster was our only alternative.

The next morning, Mac and Ann not having made their appearance, Joe suggested that I should remain ensconced beneath the warm blankets until he had constructed the fires. It was still snowing, and the morning was bitterly cold; the water was frozen solid in the pitcher, and ablutions could only be performed below-stairs. Joe donned his overcoat, tied his fur-cap under the chin, and, putting on a pair of buckskin-gloves, was ready for action. I was aroused from a semi-somnolent condition by a suffocating realization that the house was on fire, for the room was blue with smoke. I thought only of escape; and seizing Howard, rushed down-stairs barefooted, to ascertain what had become of Joe, and to learn the cause of the supposed conflagration. The picture he presented is photographed indelibly on my memory. He was on his knees before the kitchen stove, blowing the smoldering paper and shavings, the smoke puffing into his face and filling the room, while

his unsuccessful efforts in dining-room and kitchen had aroused his wrath fully.

That there was no draught, was self-evident; that there existed a cause for it, was also an axiom; and immediate investigation and removal of the obstruction were imperative. Upon opening the kitchen door, a bank of snow fell in; there was nothing but a fire-shovel to send it out again; this being done, Joe discovered that the chimney-tops were covered with snow. The ladder was found in the wood-shed; also, a spade; and with this latter implement he mounted to the roof, and began pushing the mass down the chimney, when, with a terrible thud, the fireboard gave way, from the pressure of snow which filled up the fireplace. In the meantime I had dressed Howard and myself—a feat not easily accomplished in my half-congealed state. There was not a drop of water in the house that was not frozen; and until fires were made, it were useless to attempt even a “rinse,” as Sam Weller said. Joe declares he carried seven bushels of snow from that kitchen on that eventful morning; but I think his statement somewhat exaggerated. Finally, the fires were built, and we began to turn our attention to breakfast. Seizing a pail, Joe waded through the deep snow to the pump for water; but not being familiar with the internal machinery, he pulled the chain the wrong way, and it snapped short! Now the only resource was the old-fashioned well, across the road, used for supplying the cattle. The wind blew with all the fury of a north-easter, and seemed a blast direct “from Greenland’s icy mountains;” and when this amateur farmer returned with the water, he was “scudding under bare poles.” “Why, where’s your fur-cap, Joe?” “Down the well,” was the laconic answer; and sure enough, the ear-tabs having become untied, the playful gust had added a foreign substance to the watery element.

By this time Howard was crying lustily with the cold; and thinking to warm him by activity, I sent him to the cellar for eggs. He slipped, at the first step, on one of the apples upset the night previous, and went down to the cellar-floor, with evolutions that would have astonished a gymnast, and with a jar that led us to suppose he had broken every bone in his body! To go after him, pick him up, and bring the unconscious child to the dining-room, was the work of a moment. Application of hartshorn and camphor partially restored him to his senses; but, from his screaming so loudly when touched, we knew surgical aid was necessary. The nearest surgeon resided in the village, three miles distant; but with numbed hands and aching feet, Joe went hastily to the stable, using Mac’s old cap as substitute for the one lost; sinking to his knees in the unshoveled path, he harnessed a horse, and got the sleigh from the shed with marvellous rapidity. Breakfastless and half-frozen, he started for the medical practitioner, of whose skill we were ignorant, having been in a state of rude health since our exodus from the city.

Every thing was forgotten in maternal anxiety for Howard. Unaware of the extent of his injuries, I dared not move him from the lounge, where he lay with ghastly pallor, faint from pain; and oh! the time seemed interminable before the return of his father, accompanied by the surgeon. Examination revealed a broken arm, and fractured collar-bone—as if one was not enough, without the infliction of the other! The screams of agony while Howard underwent the torture of bone-setting were heart-rending; but the gentle and firm manipulation of the skillful operator, and his kind, assuring words, soothed the frightened boy, and he soon slept from exhaustion.

It was during our hurriedly prepared breakfast, that the truth flashed upon Joe that the cow had not been milked,



nor the fowls fed; neither had "his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his" been attended to. By this time it was high-noon, and the pigs were squealing with a vociferation sufficient to arouse the Seven Sleepers. The snow-storm was over, and the sun came out once more, full and clear. The cattle had their daily wants supplied, and we quietly and patiently awaited the return of Mac and his wife.

Toward nightfall the tinkling of sleigh-bells announced their welcome arrival. They had been storm-stayed, as we conjectured. Their grief at the fearful accident which had befallen Howard was expressed in the most tragical Hibernian manner; and soon, to our intense gratification, order was restored from the chaos we had unintentionally created during their absence.

The weeks following the battalion of accidents passed tediously, and "dragged their slow length along;" our anxiety and watchful care of Howard absorbing our entire interest, making us selfishly oblivious to the world beyond our own fireside.

The snow fell with periodical precision, and Joe and his co-laborer accomplished their regular task of shoveling paths; but as the snow invariably drifted during the night, they had to renew the work the morning subsequent. One week was a history of the other; the kind and sympathizing neighbors certifying, for our benefit, that there had been no such winter since '36—or some date beyond the powers of our memory to recall.

It was with joy inexpressible we hailed the letter that advised Joe's immediate return to San Francisco, business demanding not only his attention, but his presence; and the Ides of March found us repacking with astonishing alacrity.

And what was the result of our experiment? We had more snow and sleigh-

ing than fall to most people during a natural term of existence; we were isolated by our folly from tested friendship and loving hearts; we were three miles from a post-office, and our papers and letters came spasmodically, half the time failing to reach us; and as for economy, it was a pleasant fiction. Every egg cost twenty-five cents, every chicken \$2, owing to mismanagement. Our expenses, in comparison with those of previous winters, were not only duplicated, but quadrupled; the sum received from the agent for renting our house did not, after deducting commission, more than pay our "competent assistant" and the other exile from Erin; the winter being so unusually severe, we froze and thawed all the season; we were ridiculed by our neighbors; we were pitied by our California friends—and pity is the most contemptible sort of sympathy; we exposed our ignorance every time the topic of farming was introduced; we exhausted a year's income, and gained only—experience: Joe honestly confessing he knows more about stocks than farming. The verdict of the initiated was, "Served them right; might have been contented with the goods the gods provided, and remained here."

I can not express the intense satisfaction with which I once more mail my letters from San Francisco, perfectly resigned to summer winds and showers of sand. I even treat the pestiferous flea with marked attention; but the winter—with "ye gentle rain," the lovely flowers, the balmy atmosphere, not unfrequently leading one to think

"There comes a day astray from Paradise,"

and above all, the *absence of snow*—makes us perfectly contented with our Pacific home; and never, while I have force of will left to oppose such a proposition, will I consent to go East for the unqualified enjoyment of a winter in the country.

## GRIZZLY PAPERS.

## NO. IV.

THE most intolerable satire of any age were the life and writings of my lord Bacon. For two centuries and a half, to shield ourselves from the power of this magnificent ridicule, we have sought to read it awrong and misinterpret the unwelcome significance of its moral. This man Francis Bacon—the basest soul that ever disgraced its encasing clay; who was not merely the “meanest of mankind,” but meaner than *all* mankind—has affixed a lasting stigma upon all moral teaching by showing the moral poverty from which it may spring. While with one hand he tore the golden jewels from the neck of Beauty, or wrested the sweaty silver from the clutch of Toil, with the other he flung contemptuously among mankind such priceless jewels of the heart and intellect as all antiquity had striven in vain to fashion. I can imagine this monster grinning grimly as he tossed his mental wealth among his betters, or pushed it toward them with his dainty foot, as if he said, “Here, swine, fight for this garbage, struggle for these husks, and leave me undisturbed to plunder your granary of its garnered corn.” The man is an immortal gibe—an eternal sneer! Through him the Spirit of Mischief preaches his solemn sermon of good-will toward men, and the grave irony has proven too subtle for detection by the stupid many, too humiliating for confession by the discerning few. As the vulgar tricks of the modern *prestigitateur* have belittled the miracles of the ancient *magi*, so have the superior teachings of this illimitable scoundrel cast reproach upon the good and great

of all ages and peoples. In a night arose this beggar, and reared alongside the palaces of kings a stately pile that overtopped them all, and dwarfed them into squalid hovels by comparison; and at his high window he displays his devilish face to mock the wondering multitude below.

SOMEBODY, whose name is of not the slightest consequence, inasmuch as I have forgotten it, has said, with equal truth and boldness, that, in art, the question of morality is a question of the second rank. Rightly understood, the same is true in equal degree of literature, the test of excellence in which is the pleasure it carries to the more cultivated and discerning of the class to which it is addressed. Clearly, unless a work be moral, according to the standard of morality in vogue at the time when, or at the place where, it is read, it may be justly accounted as deficient in one particular: in that it is not adapted to all ages and countries. But this standard is neither so infallible nor so stable that it need be very scrupulously regarded, inasmuch as there is no method of determining how soon it may change, and condemn the work created with special reference to its requirements. Much excellent literature, though moral when written, is immoral now, and the French novel of to-day is to-day immoral in America—where it is extremely popular.

ALL people are not pleased by instruction, any more than all are instructed by pleasure. If a writer may not both entertain and teach, let him entertain. If

he can not, let him resign the pen for the plow, and become a benefactor of the cows by making two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before; for though he write until he crook double, yet shall no one open and read him. It is painful to note the misdirected zeal of certain authors in spoiling an excellent conceit to make it teach some lesson which, after all, does not impress the reader; not necessarily because he does not perceive the thing taught, but because he knew it before. So great is this modern mania for preachment, that even those who have no taste for it are compelled to be accessory thereto. There are always a number of acute minds employed in discovering in an author's work some occult meaning, which, in the hurry of composition, he had himself overlooked. However, authors are not quick to disclaim the result, if the process has been sufficiently ingenious to produce a creditable one. I know not a purer pleasure than the having one's own wisdom explained to him: it is a well-spring of delight, the waters whereof are as honey; and I hereby declare that wherever the reader shall detect in these present Papers any obscurity of thought or ambiguity of expression, there may he search diligently for a profound meaning. And may heaven smile upon his industry, disclosing unto him the treasure he seeks.

SIX thousand years ago, when, according to the learned and traveled Dr. Mustipastt, Adam was repelling, single-handed, the incursions of the barbarous hordes of western Asia, the Apache had attained to a state of refinement verging closely upon the elegant. ("Hist. Ap. Civ.," XLVII, pp. 19, 370 *et seq.*) The lively Greek afterward surpassed him in the arts, when, stung with envy, the Apache flew to dissipation, gambled away his self-respect, and has now fallen so low as to become a pensioner upon

the heirs to the virtues of his successful rival, who have magnanimously burdened themselves with his support in the style to which he has become accustomed. Great store of nutritious arms and ammunition is annually forwarded to him in United States wagons, and fine edible clothing upon the backs of United States soldiers. Comfortable horses, and even intoxicating beeves, are dispatched to him by United States Quartermasters and Commissaries of Subsistence, and generous piles of nice fuel are erected by United States engineers, that he may warm his toes withal. Nor does the national charity find only official expression: private enterprise is unceasing in its efforts to ameliorate his unhappy condition. Productive ranches and mines are gracefully yielded up to his cupidity, and invoices of assorted merchandise laid at his feet, that he may engage in trade. He is supplied with a comely White matron to his slave, and eke a blooming damsel to his wife. He may decorate his pate with a nice blonde scalp, and in the finest of human skins array his own. There is no happier lot than that of the nation's *protégé*, the pampered Apache in Arizona: in all essential felicity it quite excels that of his Great Father in Washington. But lo! there is one dash of bitter in his cup (which latter, by the way, is deftly fashioned from a baby's tender skull)—his *habitat* is but a sorry *habitat*: an angry wild in which a White Man can not live!

ABOUT the time of the vernal equinox, at a point somewhere south of Borneo, the sea commences to rise and expand. A circular swell is thrown off, and radiates with astonishing rapidity, but with constantly decreasing volume, until it has traversed one-quarter of the earth's circumference in every direction. It then begins to close in upon the antipodes of the initial point, and gathering strength



as it narrows (precisely as it had lost it in widening), it comes together with terrific force, piling itself into a vast mountain of water, and shooting an enormous column upward to the very clouds. Its subsiding is accompanied with frightful aqueous, atmospheric, and probably electrical disturbances, the precise nature of which, for obvious reasons, has not been determined. It would be natural to suppose that the obstacles to this roller's advance—the continents, islands, and whales—would materially retard its progress in certain of its parts, destroying its symmetry, if not actually breaking it up; but this is not the case. I have been unable to find anywhere a satisfactory explanation of this remarkable tide, and I shall be infinitely obliged if some one well versed in similar phenomena will make it clear to me. If I may not be enlightened upon this point, I would still wish to know what there is impossible about it. If all the world believed it, you would probably say it rested upon the most unimpeachable evidence. That all the world does not believe it, is purely accidental: owing entirely to the fact that we chance to have the means of disproving it—a fact in no way connected with the phenomenon in question, for that would or would not occur precisely the same if we were all in the moon. Anyhow, we all believe scores of things quite as improbable as this, for the sole reason that they please us, and nobody can disprove them. For my part, being a landsman, I shall stick to my tide-wave with a clinging faith, happy in the confidence that nobody can demonstrate the falsity of my belief without taking me to sail upon the sea; and I won't go.

Is it not a trifle disgraceful that we moderns, and especially we republicans, submit with so unquestioning a faith to public opinion? While with certain large limitations, it may be true that popular instincts are right, with much less qual-

ification it is true that popular belief is wrong; or, if occasionally right, is seldom so for very long at a time. It is continually shifting this way and that, in obedience to all sorts of variable causes, among which may be pretty constantly reckoned imperfect and erroneous information. I think it is Mr. Mill—possibly Mr. Buckle—who says, "Public opinion, being the voice of the many, is the voice of mediocrity." If it were possible to divide the intelligence of any community by the number of individuals, the quotient would represent the intelligence of the average man. Plainly, it would be of a very low order. Yet it is to the judgment of this arbiter that so many appeals are taken by those so well able to form much better judgments of their own. In the proportion that men of the creative faculty free themselves from this blind and blundering guide, there are invention, discovery, better methods of living—in a word, there is Progress; and by this, public opinion is itself elevated and instructed. It is one of those growths that are best nourished by disregard. To quote again, "Progress depends upon change, and it is only by practicing uncustomary things that we can discover if they are fit to become customary." But action depends upon thought, and it is only by thinking according to uncustomary methods that we can be brought to the practice of uncustomary things. And, finally, it is only by daring to hold and to utter uncustomary opinions that men can force Man out of an eternal moral and intellectual stagnation.

SUCH is the social and political organization of modern civilized society, that where public opinion can not command deference by reason of its wisdom, it will usually exact submission by reason of its power; and as it is somehow natural to associate with the idea of might the idea of right, men frequently believe

themselves bowing to the latter when they are really cowering before the former.

THERE is nothing so infallible as the judgment of one's contemporaries. Upon the man who first ate an oyster, it was that he would eat any thing; upon him who first shaved the beard, that he marred fair Nature; upon him who first got himself astride a horse, that he was a raving maniac; upon him who first parted his hair upon the side of the head, that he was a fool—and as to this latter, I see no good reason to reverse the decision.

I KNOW not a more detestable bigotry than intolerance in trifles. To crush your neighbor's head because he prefers a snipe to a spring chicken, marks you at once as a person of disgracefully narrow and illiberal views; for the snipe is really the better beast.

IT is unfortunate, doubtless—at least, so it has been said—that there is no less offensive word than “I” to indicate the first person, singular, nominative; and if there were, it would be equally unfortunate that its use must soon bring it into the same disgrace that is now endured by the word we have. For my own part, I find that in writing my own opinions—and I should be extremely sorry to have them considered as those of this respectable magazine—this much maligned pronoun is singularly useful, and I wish it were oftener employed by others. I regard the modern fashion of seeking to give great weight to one's opinions by cloaking the writer's individuality, instead of making the opinions heavier, as a most unhealthy deceit; and as to the question of modesty, one would naturally regard him as more unassuming who should write, “I think it is true,” or, “It seems to me true,” than him who should write, “It is true.” As

for any of the circumlocutions by which the pronoun is commonly avoided—such, for example, as “The writer of this article,” “The author,” etc.—they are simply abominable, and tend to the vitiating of style, without at all accomplishing their purpose. However, it is but fair to state that my views as to directness of expression are not those of the critics; and for the benefit of those of them who may wish to know how often the despised word occurs in these Papers, I will here state that I do not know, and will be grateful if they will go carefully through and count. As Mr. Disraeli has pointed out to them their failure in literature and art (a service for which I fear they will never exhibit a proper gratitude), perhaps—— But I dare not pursue this *badinage*, lest they fall foul of me, and destroy the sale of my wares—as they did that of “Lothair.”

I HAVE never seen in any city directory the name and occupation of the person who is able and willing to more keenly afflict his race, than the man of “splendid oratorical powers.” From this I infer that 'he lives in the country—a fact for which the owners of city property ought to be deeply grateful; for should he remove to town, real estate would sink like a stone. The man of “splendid oratorical powers” (if I have occasion to mention him very often, I shall abbreviate by calling him the man of s. o. p.) is entirely distinct from his slightly more tolerable brother, him of the “fine conversational ability,” though they may both be classed among the major exasperations. Whereas the latter will afflict you only in a mild and gentlemanly way, after the method of Bolingbroke or Coleridge, the former will set you limp and helpless before him, train his mouth upon you, and explode upon your head his bomb-shells of rhetoric until you go clean daft. One burst of eloquence will succeed another

and precede a third, until your supposed opposition to his views is completely overcome. True, you do not accurately gather the nature of the opinions to which he is pleased to infer your hostility; and in this regard you are like a man suddenly assailed from a covert: you are overthrown without apprehending the cause of quarrel. I have endured the torment of this barbarian for hours together, without understanding a word of his discourse; but had always the consolation to know that he labored under a like disadvantage, being in equal ignorance himself. But this kind of mutual misfortune—this community of grief—is not of a nature to establish a bond of sympathy between the two souls concerned in the sharing it; at least, not between any two of which mine is one.

To the man who has not a better recommendation than his wealth:—You could not have a better.

IF people who do not think—and but few have been blessed with any adequate appliances for that business—knew how they are mentally analyzed, and morally dissected, by those who do, you could get never a word out of them. But they are always at the same disadvantage as the insect in the microscope: while their faults, ignorances, and meannesses are being minutely inspected, they are in that state of simple unconsciousness most favorable to the examination.

I AM confident there is strength enough in the arm of a child to have overturned the tower of Babel. There is no such thing as rest. Every particle of matter, in even the densest body, has a vibratory motion with a fixed period of oscillation, and the mass, as a whole, has *its* vibratory period, independently of those of its atoms. To perceptibly move any heavy body, it is only essential to ascer-

tain the direction and period of its oscillation, and apply any impulsion, even the most infinitesimal, at precisely the right instant for the proper length of time. The time required bears some definite proportion to the power applied: it is likely that it would require a hundred years for an ordinary man to move St. Peter's, and two hundred and fifty to upset the Great Pyramid. A popular error is a still more stubborn matter than a material body, but the difficulties in the way of removing it are of the same nature: you can not accurately determine when to apply the power, when to ease up, nor in what direction to operate. The difficulty is considerably enhanced by the fact that it has no period: it vibrates, but not regularly. Nevertheless, a popular error may be overthrown.

THE error of putting Madeira into turtle-soup—and I know not a more mischievous one—was once as widespread as the belief in witchcraft. It is now seldom practiced, unless the sherry is too old and precious for the purpose; and that is hardly conceivable, if there is enough of it.

IF Genius is to be encouraged in comportsing himself like Mediocrity; if he is to be permitted to divest himself of his greatness, and hang it up on the hat-rack along with his overcoat, then there is an end of all good reading about his "inner life." His right to do so must be stubbornly contested, and the fact of his doing it bitterly denied. The public taste must be respected; and the public taste requires that he should habitually execute mild hearth-stone heroisms, and expend an occasional outflash of his great soul upon a tough beefsteak. We must cut him a hole in his roof, that he may stand in the family circle with his head in the clouds. He must sneeze high philosophy by day, and snore in hexameters at night. Otherwise (for



that the public will swallow no great man's "inner life," unless it be prepared after this method) the blessed biographer whom Providence has raised up to chronicle these peculiarities, may go get him a shovel and apply himself to the material development of the country. And it must be confessed that he might be made extremely useful in cutting a canal.

UNSWADDLED of all sentiment, a baby is not eminently inspiring: it is the exact reverse—tame and unimpressive to the last degree. I do not mean this as a cowardly attack upon Incipient Man—for whose family I entertain a profound respect—but as the simple statement of a fact in natural history which has been skillfully concealed by previous investigators. Besides, a baby is not pretty—your pardon, but it certainly is not, as I shall put you in the way of proving. Magnify your naked innocent as many diameters as may be necessary to bring her up to the stature of the woman—whom, of course, we will suppose to be chiseled in marble—or, say, the Venus de Medici. Now look at them both together! By the aid of certain ingenious apparatus, I have made this, or at least a practically similar, experiment, and nothing could induce me to repeat it. The effect is appalling! The babe appears a frightful monster: a great, lubberly, hideous deformity, with the look of an idiot! From this I judge that a baby is tolerable only by reason of its minuteness—like a spider; endurable only because there is not much of it—like atheism. But by virtue of what quality it is accounted pleasing and desirable, I am wholly unable to determine. I know the reader will fling into my

teeth the customary retort that I was once myself a baby; but I beg to remind you, Madam, that abuse is not argument.

It is more than a little singular that the passions, which burn with a lawless flame, and the imagination, which flies with a free wing, should find their largest liberty in confinement; in other words, that these unruly qualities should be best expressed in the measured and exact diction of verse—language cut up into determinate lengths, and fitted together like mechanism. I will admit that I can not at all comprehend this, and all that has been written upon it has seemed to me very superficial and unsatisfactory. Of course, it is easy enough to understand why verse is pleasing to the ear; but why our most spontaneous and tumultuous feelings go voluntarily into harness, is a very different and very much more difficult question. Pending its final solution, I would not advise the reader to batter the edge of his wits upon it, for it may not be a problem of vital importance.

IN writing, it is not unusual for the pen to misform some letter, or make some eccentric blunder in writing the commonest word. Now, if you shall copy something previously written upon another sheet, and shall do it carelessly, it is ten to one that your pen will make the same blunders, at precisely the same places, as upon the first sheet. Every one must have noted this singular trickery of the fingers; but it is not likely that every one can readily account for it. Perhaps the best that can be said about it, is, that it is very human to go on repeating old errors.

## ETC.

It happened that nearly at the same hour in which the telegraph announced the death of Alice Cary, we were looking over a manuscript poem contributed by her to the *OVERLAND*. We do not know whether the poem, "To an Evening Rose," is the last ever written by her. But there is such a felicity of expression, and such a prophetic tenderness, as we might expect from her when consciously on the boundaries of the other world.

It is more than twenty years since the two sisters—Alice and Phœbe—changed their residence from a small town in Ohio—a few miles from Cincinnati—to New York. They had at that time something more than a local reputation, for the poems and prose sketches contributed by them had been extensively copied into the leading newspapers of the times. The sisters went to New York to try the experiment—then a hazardous one—of living by literature. There were no magazines at that time published in the country, save the heavy quarterlies and two or three monthlies devoted to fashion-plates and trash. But the sisters set themselves resolutely down to work. If the community of discriminating readers was much smaller than now, it was also true that the number of noticeable female writers hardly exceeded a dozen, all told. Alice and Phœbe were not only able to live, but for years their house was one of the notable literary centres of New York. Authors, editors, artists, and men and women of genius were ever welcome to their hospitable home. Without ostentation, and with no desire for notoriety, these noble women received under their roof, with a gracious benediction, all who were drawn thither from the commonwealth of letters and art, which is bounded neither by class nor country. There were social graces, high discourse, and a rare fellowship. And this was their triumph, achieved without wealth or any adventitious aids. They toiled daily, for that was a ne-

cessity. If there were others among women who made a more brilliant record as authors, there were none who reigned so unconsciously and with such a royal grace in the notable circles which found a common social centre at the house of Alice and her almost inseparable sister.

THE relative advantages of impersonal and personal journalism have been discussed recently with more than usual interest. Editorial writers for French and other continental journals originally appended their names to articles, not so much because of the greater freedom allowed, but rather as affording a convenient way of fixing the legal responsibility of the writers. This plan, which was born of necessity, and under the pressure of police regulations, has since been more widely adopted. The other extreme is where the editor or contributor is kept wholly out of sight, and the journal is brought into the foreground, to be accepted for what it is in itself, irrespective of any personal knowledge which the public may have of the journalists who make it up from day to day. In the one case, the prosperity of the journal is based upon narrow and insecure foundations. The editors may die or retire. And that value is wholly fictitious which is made to depend upon such contingencies. One after another of the leading editors of the times will drop out of their places. But the great journals will survive, and increase in circulation and influence as certainly as that they have any inherent vitality. A journal which is to continue for many generations, must always be greater than its founder, and greater than any of the writers which it can marshal in its service. The advantages which editorial writers may derive from a more personal and direct way of dealing with the public are, at times, very great. But even where the editorial individuality is

merged into an impersonal fraction of a journalistic unit, sooner or later he becomes known to the public, and more favorably, perhaps, because that publicity was not of his own seeking, but resulted naturally from the excellence of his contributions. Personal journalism can do little for weak men, save to make their weakness more apparent. Editorial talent is so rare at present, and the field for its exercise is so large, that whatever there is of it will sooner or later be known and accepted for pretty nearly what it is worth.

How little is really known about the Islands and World of the Pacific! Who has ever numbered or named these little rims, with a circle of coral and a fringe of cocoanut-trees, rising out of the ocean? An article in this number is devoted to the description of one of these islands (Upolu), of which few ever heard. There is a wilderness of islands unclaimed. Now and then some adventurer tells us strange stories of peoples who live in these enchanted isles, and know how to roast a pig, and can do a White Man to a turn if he is not too tough, in a way to confound our notions of civilization. Skip-pers who have committed barratry, fugitives, pirates, and rovers thread these intricate channels, but the story of their going and coming is not known; in fact, many of them, to the great comfort of former friends, never come back to tell the story. But what a field for exploration and discovery! A six-months' cruise in a staunch yacht would be fruitful of strange adventures. There are islands just coming to the surface; others which in some great convulsion have been forced to "duck under," with no prospect of coming up all right in our times. Some there are, thank heaven, where the diabolism of Dr. Faust is not known, and where the revenue tax is honestly paid, in shells, at par value. The Empire of the Sea will one day be organized from a thousand isl-

ands, which, as yet, have not so much as a name.

THE recent discussion growing out of certain reported abuses at West Point, has suggested the inquiry whether that institution is relatively as important as in former times. No university or other institution of learning in this country has been able to survive the management of politicians, for any great length of time. West Point has only been an exception, because it is sustained wholly by Government patronage. But the control of this patronage is largely by men who use it for partisan purposes. This has been notoriously true during the last four years. The young men sent to be educated at the Government expense, receive their appointments, not on the score of merit, but, in nine cases out of ten, as a reward for some party service rendered by the father or friends of the cadet. A selection made through political caprices may not embrace the worst; but it is certain that it will never include the best. Competing examinations may be a step in the right direction. But, in that event, technical scholarship may triumph over greater merit. Within a few years, great progress has been made in the establishment of scientific schools. In some of these, the curriculum is far superior to that established at West Point, although the physical training may be quite inferior. The Government undertakes to furnish instruction to a certain number of young men in military science. But if these were to be turned upon the world at the end of four years, their prospects, certainly, would not be as good as those of the same number of young men who had been trained in any one of the best scientific schools of the country. Whatever may be thought of the propriety of permitting the cadets of West Point to rule that institution, the fact that they did this, without rebuke, is evidence that the mediocrity of the cadets is much more hopeful than that of their instructors.



## CURRENT LITERATURE.

SUBURBAN SKETCHES. By W. D. Howells, author of "Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys." New York: Hurd & Houghton.

More than any other living American writer, Howells has both the gift of insight into common things, and the genius to describe them; so that, without extravagance of statement on the one hand, or a lack of affluence on the other, all the details are worked in with such finish, that, seeing all there is in the picture, we wonder that so much is disclosed where we had before seen so little. There is, withal, a warm tint—a poetical mellowness—which charms without weariness. We neither want more nor less, but are content with what the master has set before us. If the wine is good, we do not care to ask for an analysis of the soil, nor does it concern us to know on what sunny slopes the grapes were ripened. If the soil was thin and poor, a more subtle and exquisite flavor was taken up into the fruit.

How much of prosaic poverty is suggested in "By Horse-car to Boston!" But then how much is extracted from so common an event. "A Day's Pleasure" is found in a little journey, which begins nowhere in particular, and ends nowhere. Nothing happens of any great moment. But all the little happenings are wrought up without the least straining for effect; so that the most is made of them, and yet not more than is contained in them—only it required a master to give us the measure of these events. When we read *Venetian Life*, we expect all manner of riches from so suggestive a subject. But "Mrs. Johnson" and a "Door-step Acquaintance" suggest hardly so much as we should expect to find at the bottom of a dry well. It is only given to one here and there to so smite the rock in the desert that living water shall come forth. The smallest facts are significant enough, if we can only uncover them and

get at their hidden meaning. Thoreau, if sometimes lacking breadth of vision, had a wonderful insight into Nature, and even beyond. But he lays on no warm tints. He is as clear and colorless as the water which he drew out of Walden Pond. This educated savage knew little of poetical pigments. His description of common events is wonderfully realistic; but when he gets beyond the realm of Nature, his grim philosophy is never set aglow by any genial warmth which is infused. A multitude of particulars cluster in and about his hut at Walden Pond. But when he has told us all about his life there, and given us the scanty number of his kitchen utensils, his bill of fare, and the cost of subsistence, he does not invest that kind of life with any beauty, so that we should care to repeat the experiment. Nevertheless, there has never been, in our time, another more noble priest of Nature than Thoreau; and not another in this generation who had such sharpness of vision for whatever there is in this outlying realm, and for some things possibly in the realm beyond. Not only does Howells give us the sharp outline of common things, but all the filling up is mellow and genial. The qualities of poet and humorist blend so finely that we never care to separate them. It is this double flavor which gives more than a temporary vitality to these sketches. If they do not rank with *Venetian Life*, we are certain that only he who wrote the one could produce the other.

MY STUDY WINDOWS. By James Russell Lowell, Professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard College. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Of the thirteen essays which comprise this volume, the three which we have passed to a second reading, and shall some day pass to a third one, are, "My Garden Acquaint-

ance," "Chaucer," and "Emerson, the Lecturer." Most of these essays have appeared at one time or another as contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*; but, making their second call in a new dress, they are as crisp and fresh as when first given to the public. And what is better, they will ripen on one's book-shelf; so that any time within the next twenty years, reaching up for this particular book, there will be something for an odd hour which it were better to have than a summon to a more pretentious and costly feast. While the dust was gathering on the Professor's chair during a summer vacation, we can imagine that the first of these essays — "My Garden Acquaintance" — was written. There is no affectation of learning; and we are never offended by that pedantic way, so much in vogue, of stopping to give the scientific name of every bird, plant, and tree which comes within observation:

"The robins are not good *solo* singers, but their chorus, as, like primitive fire-worshippers, they hail the return of light and warmth to the world, is unrivaled. There are a hundred, singing like one. They are noisy enough then, and sing, as poets should, with no after-thought. But when they come after cherries, to the tree near my window, they muffle their voices, and their faint *pip-pip-pop!* sounds far away at the bottom of the garden, where they know I shall not suspect them of robbing the great black-walnut of its bitter-rinded store. They are feathered Pecksniffs, to be sure, but then how brightly their breasts, that look rather shabby in the sunlight, shine in a rainy day against the dark green of the fringe-tree! After they have pinched and shaken all the life out of an earth-worm, as Italian cooks pound all the spirit out of a steak, and then gulped him, they stand up in honest self-confidence, expand their red waistcoats with the virtuous air of a lobby member, and outface you with an eye that calmly challenges inquiry. 'Do I look like a bird that knows the flavor of raw vermin? I throw myself upon a jury of my peers. Ask any robin if he ever ate any thing less ascetic than the frugal berry of the juniper, and he will answer that his vow forbids him.' Can such an open bosom cover such depravity? Alas, yes! I have no doubt his breast was redder at that very moment with the blood of my raspberries. On the whole, he is a doubtful friend in the garden. He makes his dessert of all kinds of berries, and is not averse from early pears. But when we remember how omnivorous he is, eating his own weight in an incredibly short time, and that Nature seems exhaustless in her invention of new insects hostile to vegetation, perhaps we may reckon that he does more good than harm. For my own part, I would rather have his cheerfulness and kind neighborhood than many berries.

"For his cousin, the cat-bird, I have a still warmer regard. Always a good singer, he sometimes nearly equals the brown thrush, and has the merit of keeping up his music later in the evening than any bird of my familiar acquaintance. Ever since I can remember, a pair of them have built in a gigantic syringa, near our front door, and I have known the male to sing almost uninterruptedly during the evenings of early summer till twilight duskened into dark. They differ greatly in vocal talent, but all have a delightful way of crooning over, and, as it were, rehearsing their song in an undertone, which makes their nearness always unobtrusive. Though there is the most trustworthy witness to the imitative propensity of this bird, I have only once, during an intimacy of more than forty years, heard him indulge in it. In that case, the imitation was by no means so close as to deceive, but a free reproduction of the notes of some other birds, especially of the oriole, as a kind of variation in his own song. The cat-bird is as shy as the robin is vulgarly familiar. Only when his nest or his fledgelings are approached does he become noisy and almost aggressive. I have known him to station his young in a thick cornel-bush on the edge of the raspberry-bed, after the fruit began to ripen, and feed them there for a week or more. In such cases he shows none of that conscious guilt which makes the robin contemptible. On the contrary, he will maintain his post in the thicket, and sharply scold the intruder who ventures to steal *his* berries. After all, his claim is only for tithes, while the robin will bag your entire crop if he get a chance."

From birds in a garden to Emerson on the rostrum, or in the seventh heaven of philosophy, is a long way. But next to hearing the "Sage of Concord," we should prefer to hear what Lowell has to say of him:

"The bother with Mr. Emerson is, that, though he writes in prose, he is essentially a poet. If you undertake to paraphrase what he says, and to reduce it to words of one syllable for infant minds, you will make as sad work of it as the good monk with his analysis of Homer in the 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Vironum.' We look upon him as one of the few men of genius whom our age has produced, and there needs no better proof of it than his masculine faculty of fecundating other minds. Search for his eloquence in his books, and you will perchance miss it, but meanwhile you will find that it has kindled all your thoughts. For choice and pith of language he belongs to a better age than ours, and might rub shoulders with Fuller and Browne—though he does use that abominable word *reliable*. His eye for a fine, telling phrase that will carry true is like that of a backwoodsman for a rifle; and he will dredge you up a choice word from the mud of Cotton Mather himself. A diction at once so rich and so homely as his I know not where to match in these days of writing by the page: it is like homespun cloth-of-gold. The many can not miss his meaning, and only the few can find it. It is the open secret of all true genius. It is wholesome to angle in those profound pools, though

one be rewarded with nothing more than the leap of a fish that flashes his freckled side in the sun and as suddenly absconds in the dark and dreamy waters again. There is keen excitement, though there be no ponderable acquisition. If we carry nothing home in our baskets, there is ample gain in dilated lungs and stimulated blood. What does he mean, quotha? He means inspiring hints, a divining-rod to your deeper nature. No doubt Emerson, like all original men, has his peculiar audience, and yet I know none that can hold a promiscuous crowd in pleased attention so long as he. As in all original men, there is something for every palate. 'Would you know,' says Goethe, 'the ripest cherries? Ask the boys and the black-birds.'

In the "Library of Old Authors," there is a heaping up of classical and poetical quotations; and some choice bits of criticism give piquancy to the whole. The sarcasm in the essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," has the healthy undertone of one who loves justice too well to point a single remark at its expense. The genial humorist makes, here and there, a deep incision, but he is no morbid anatomist, and if he should chance to inflict a wound, it is little more than a gentle cupping, which is good for any local inflammation. This volume and its companion, *Among my Books*, will have a place on the most accessible shelf of not a few well-furnished libraries.

OUT OF THE FOAM. A Novel. By John Esten Cooke, author of "Hilt to Hilt," "Hammer and Rapier," "Fairfax," etc., etc. New York: Carleton.

The conscientious critic is sometimes puzzled to decide how much evil there may be in a book that is merely trashy in itself; how nearly innocuous may be a work which has no vicious tendency in its purpose, nor direct bad influence, and no literary, artistic, or other merit to recommend it. But, on the general principle that any thing in this world of book-making not positively good, is positively bad, we may justly condemn such violent invasions of the domain of fiction as Mr. John Esten Cooke's last work. This writer is one of those who take by force the honest implements of the novelist's art and raise such a clutter and clatter withal that we are at a loss whether to admire his trick or his impudence. He belongs to that race of modern novelists who have engrafted upon the Rad-

cliffian school of novel-writing the society phases which form the overlaying features of such writers as Trollope and Charles Reade. This gives us the admirable confusion of mediæval castle and railway trains, gliding panels and the opera, the fashionable belle and the skeleton in armor. It is Miss Braddon, James De Mille, and Ann Radcliffe rolled into one.

Is the game worth the candle? Is such an utterly ridiculous book deserving a paragraph, even? Current literature, such as it is, is made up of these, among other books; and, though nothing more wildly improbable as to plot, and vapid as to style, can possibly be written, this belongs to the literature of the day.

Mr. Cooke's heroes are all alike. The aristocratic Delamere, who has an odd habit of coming out of the foam and disappearing therein, like a melodramatic jack-in-the-box, is one of those extraordinary and wholly impossible persons who excel in every art and accomplishment; are endowed with sinews of steel, and more than mortal powers of endurance; can swim, ride, fence, sail a ship, skate, dance, draw, sing, box, wrestle, and, in fact, do every thing but fly. He is the adored of the ladies, a terror to evil-doers, the idol of the pirates and rough sea-rascals, a brother among gypsies, an accomplished courtier, and the expertest sailor that ever trod deck. Of course, his adventures and superhuman contests with the powers which seek his overthrow are the warp and woof of Mr. John Esten Cooke's story.

Opposed to this sea-foamy Admirable Crichton is a certain Sir Murdaugh Westbrook, an unhandsome nobleman, who has an odd fancy for dissecting dead people, and whose retainers have an unhappy time of it, engaged in body-snatching for this horrible ogre, whose yellow tusks and charnel-house country-seat are unpleasantly prominent in the whole novel. He has a unique way of imparting his secrets to his trusty resurrectionists (whenever the reader is at a loss to account for his actions), and, at rare intervals, is troubled with violent remorse of conscience which only confirms him in his badness, and in a settled belief that he is possessed of the devil—a belief which is shared by the candid reader. This fantastic horror kills a great



many people in his time, for no other apparent purpose than to amuse himself and furnish other men with "subjects" for dissection. Of course, this wicked person is finally overthrown, and all owing to his foolish whim, that, instead of quietly killing his enemy from the Sea Foam, the matchless Delamere, in the secret room of his own private charnel-house, it would be much more cheerful to shut him up to die in the tomb of Sir Giles Maverick, an earlier victim of the anatomy-haunted baronet. A mad dog, the faithful blood-hound of the defunct Maverick, slays several persons, and his last victim is Sir Murdaugh, who takes the rabies from one of his "subjects," wounding himself with the dissecting-knife. And the anti-climax is, that "The gallows was spared the trouble. Hydrophobia ended all."

Can any thing be more ridiculous? But there are other things in the book quite as absurd. And, after all the plots and counterplots, the document-stealings, the sea-fights, the midnight encounters, and the trap-doors, and hidden recesses in the walls, there is enough of unexplained mystery to show how completely improbable a story can be made. The characters are continually coming down to the foot-light, and telling who they are, what they have done, and what they mean to do; but, in spite of all their self-explanatory soliloquies, the curtain falls upon a maze of tangled threads, which the bewildered novelist could not unravel.

ITALY: Rome and Naples, Florence and Venice. From the French of H. Taine, by J. Durand. Third edition, two volumes in one, with corrections and indices. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

M. Henri Taine is by far the most reliable and honest writer upon art now living. Without any of Ruskin's violence of prejudice, and Ruskin's abstruseness in technics, he has all of his accuracy and closeness of observation, and more of the habit of generalization than falls to the lot of most critics. Nobody need take up this volume upon Italy with the expectation of finding a traveler's record of his observations and experiences in that much-traveled land. He will be disappointed if he does. To be sure,

he will find grave and rational conclusions and philosophic deductions drawn from what M. Taine saw in Italy; but these are only incidental to the general plan of the work, if such an ambitious phrase can be given to a mere record of impressions.

M. Taine is not exactly *dilettant* in his tastes, but he is excessively sensitive to the unhappy influences of falseness in color, poverty in material, and lack of truth in form. All Nature and all Art appear to him good or bad accordingly as they minister to that pure æsthetic enjoyment which all poetic natures feel. To say that a city purlieu is unclean, is not enough for him; disgustful though it be, he must analyze his impressions and discover why squalor, poverty, and dirt so profoundly affect him. Of Civita Vecchia he says: "No sponge has ever touched the window-panes, nor a broom the stairs; they are fairly impregnated with human filth; it oozes out; and a sour, putrescent odor greets the nostrils. Many of the windows seem to be crumbling, and disjointed steps cling around the leprous walls." And the forceful language of the traveler instantly suggests to him, as well as to the reader, why all this unpleasant picture exists, and why it is unpleasant. But when his impressionable nature is absorbing the gracious, healing influences of Nature in her loveliest mood, the artist relaxes his grim disfavor, though the critic is never lost in the passionate admirer. M. Taine is not the man to take the gifts the gods provide without duly analyzing their characteristics, and giving each tint, and quality of tone, and form its own proper designation. At Castellamare the water is "transparent emerald, reflecting the tints of topaz and amethyst." Again, it is "a liquid diamond, changing its hue according to the shifting influences of rock and depth." But it must not be understood that our art-critic and traveler describes like a color-merchant's catalogue. Only, his never-failing desire to know why he is pleased, and how he is pleased, compels him always to observe the qualities of every thing which affects him.

But we have said that M. Taine is a philosopher; accordingly, we find that he is constantly drawing comparisons between art and the requirements of life; between the

purely æsthetical and the purely practical; between the idealism of the Past and the realism of the Present. Not always to the credit of the latter, we may be sure; but, nevertheless, with sensible and rational conclusions. Art, abstractly considered, does not satisfy him; with Nature, as developed in the lovely hues and forms of southern Europe, he is enamored. But in one of Pietro Lorenzetti's grand frescoes our art-critic sees chiefly "an anchorite roosting in a tree; here one preaching with no other clothes than his hair." And he indignantly says, "The trees are feathers, and the rocks and the lions seem to belong to a five-franc menagerie." But in architectural art he finds more to console and satisfy. And with his predisposition to analysis, he discovers that as the world has progressed and man no longer surrounds himself with great crowds of attendants and courtiers; when even royalty and regal wealth choose a certain simple independence of life and manner, so the age of great and gorgeous palaces, costly royal edifices, and patiently-built piles of architecture has also gone. He is satisfied to know that the race gains materially where it loses æsthetically, but laments that, shut up in drawing-rooms and encased in black coats, we neglect corporeal life and bodily exercise. The nude figures of the amphitheatre, and the half-draped limbs seen on the public street and at the bath, gave us the mighty works of sculpture and of painting which are among the world's treasures. But who of the present day comprehends the action of a muscle except a surgeon or an artist?

M. Taine gives us picturesque Italy; not only the pictures and other works of art stored in Italy, but the landscape, more or less beautified by art, does he see and describe. He believes, however, with Byron, that a picture is always something less, and a landscape something more, than imagination paints it. Hence his out-of-door views are best. He finds an artistic flavor in every thing. Rome reminds him of nothing so much as an artist's studio: it is that of a bankrupt artist, living in his own ruins, and consoling himself with *souvenirs* of the glorious exhibitions in which he once figured. You must see the place, but not to remain in it.

We have said enough to show the *motif* of the work. It is graphic to the last degree, pure and transparent in style, and, for a French work, surprisingly candid in its simplicity.

MECHANISM IN THOUGHT AND MORALS: An Address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, June 29th, 1870, with notes and after-thoughts. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

It would be quite unusual for Dr. Holmes to give any thoughts to the public which would not be worthy of their attention. His circle of readers is so extended, and there are so many admirable qualities in his writings, that each might stand as the reason for their friendship and admiration to many different classes of mind. We suppose there are many who hold as a choice book his little blue and gold volume, yet who do not altogether appreciate the wisdom of the "Autocrat," and many who have found pleasure in the "Guardian Angel," who do not altogether comprehend the full wealth of the Professor's "Table-Talk." And here again this last little volume, while it will hold a considerable audience of his old admirers, will yet have no attention from that larger circle whose favorites are his earlier and more popular works. This volume is at most an oration, with a few notes and after-thoughts; and in his preface Dr. Holmes meets the criticism which early intrudes itself, that the interest of the reader, once excited, is not here satiated, reminding us that, after all, it is only an oration. He warns us that he intends to give only "some considerations on the true mechanical relations of the thinking principle, and a few hints as to the false mechanical relations which have intruded themselves into the sphere of moral self-determination." He considers "that part of mental and bodily life mechanical which is independent of our volition."

He has taken this opportunity to offer nothing exhaustive or complete touching his subject, but hints and suggestions, with which, apparently, being scientifically or metaphysically disposed, you may differ or not. At times he fortifies his position by the names of celebrated authors. Sometimes he ad-

dresses you from his own personal experience, when he freely tells you so; and from that he measures, shapes, and localizes human thoughts according to their different character. He likens the act of intelligence to that of vision, and suggests that, as we have a "field of vision," so also have we a field of thought. "Pictured" thought he perceives as "a transverse ellipse, its vertical to its horizontal diameter about as one to three," fixing it "in seeing persons a little in front of the eyes." "Worded" thought, he says, "is attended with a distinct impulse toward the organs of speech; in fact, the effort often goes so far that we 'think aloud,' as we say;" and the seat of this he believes to be "beneath that of pictured thought." The primary seat of "modulated or musical consciousness" seems to him behind and below that of worded thought; but "it radiates in all directions, calling up pictures and words in endless variety." The seat of the "will" seems to vary with the organ through which it is manifested.

These are the curious suggestions, having an air of quaintness and originality, in which Dr. Holmes delights. But after saying these things, he remembers that he is of the regular school; and lest there be too earnest a suspicion that he is adding a possible stone to the foundation of the reputation of believers in special bumps, he adds, quietly, "This is my parsimonious contribution to our knowledge of the relations existing between mental action and space," and "my system of phrenology extends little beyond this rudimentary testimony of consciousness."

Thence the orator runs into a calculation as to the relation of mental action and time, and quotes from Dr. Hooke, the famous English mathematician and philosopher, his astounding estimation that the number of separate ideas the mind is capable of entertaining is 3,155,760,000. He puts the question, whether we ever think without knowing that we are thinking, and gives some happy in-

stances of "work done in the underground workshop of thought;" of how ideas we are in search of come all at once into the mind, when no mere effort of the will can reach them; of the "long interval of obscure mental action in old persons before the answer to a question is evolved;" of how the brain holds an important problem and produces the solution after an obscure and troubled interval—it may be in dreams or during unconscious sleep. He comes to the conclusion that "the more we examine the mechanism of thought, the more we shall see that the automatic, unconscious action of the mind enters largely into its processes." We know not how we get from one idea to another, but he believes in "a creating and informing spirit which is with us and not of us," "who chooses our brain as his dwelling-place, and invests our naked thoughts with the purple of the kings of speech or song."

He examines briefly the problem of memory in its intimate alliance with the material condition of the brain, illustrating it by the case of a poor woman, who, having been injured in the street, on coming to herself asks her whereabouts, then relapses, and recovers only to ask over again the same question.

While he has curiously and suggestively given out these "considerations on the true mechanical relations of the thinking principle," we recognize more vividly his hand in his whilom character of the Iconoclast, when he gives out his "few hints as to the false mechanical relations which have intruded themselves into the sphere of moral self-determination." Here we see more especially that he fulfills his assumed character of "the one with the hammer and the lantern," going about clinking the wheels of our intellectual and moral machinery, to see if they are sound. And that he hammers to some purpose, is evident from the number who listen to him, and from that greater number, perhaps, who listen with only qualified admissions or emphatic dissent.



## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco :

TAINE'S ITALY. Translated from the French, by J. Durand. New York : Leypoldt & Holt.

STORIES AND TALES. By Hans Christian Andersen. New York : Hurd & Houghton.

MY STUDY WINDOWS. By James Russell Lowell. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co.

INSANITY IN WOMEN. By Horatio Robinson Storer, M.D. Boston : Lee & Shepard.

CHEMISTRY. By George F. Barker, M.D. New Haven : Charles C. Chatfield & Co.

HANS BREITMANN AS AN UHLAN. By Charles G. Leland. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

HOW TO DRAW. By Charles A. Barry. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co.

SCIENTIFIC ADDRESSES. By Prof. John Tyndall. New Haven : Charles C. Chatfield & Co.

AFTER DARK. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

WOVEN OF MANY THREADS. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co.

THE SEALED PACKET. By T. Adolphus Trollope. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Bros.

THE PILGRIM AND THE SHIRINE. By Herbert Ainslie, B.A. London : Chapman & Hall.  
New York : G. P. Putnam & Sons.

ÆSCHYLUS. By Reginald S. Copleston, B.A. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co.

MECHANISM IN THOUGHT AND MORALS. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co.

ACROSS AMERICA AND ASIA. By Raphael Pumpelly. New York : Leypoldt & Holt.  
[Fifth Edition.]

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco :

MECHANISM IN THOUGHT AND MORALS. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co.

OUT OF THE FOAM. A novel. By John Esten Cooke. New York : Carleton.

CROWN JEWELS ; or the Dream of an Empire. By Emma L. Moffett. New York : Carleton.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR IN A NUTSHELL. By Melville D. Landon. New York : Carleton.

MAN AND WOMAN. By Henry C. Pedder. New York : Samuel R. Wells.

FROM FOURTEEN TO FOURSORE. By Mrs. S. W. Jewett. New York : Hurd & Houghton.

FRENCH LOVE-SONGS. Selected and translated by Harry Curwen. New York : Carleton.

LIFE AND DEATH. A novel. New York : Carleton.

VALLEY FORGE. Poem. By W. W. Fink. Des Moines : Mills & Co.

# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

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## THE ROCKS OF THE JOHN DAY VALLEY.

IN the controversies of the day on the Origin of Species, any record of the past as authoritative as that of a good geological field, covering an extensive range, and filled with minute details of events, can hardly fail to be instructive. The basin of the Columbia River with its tributaries offers such a history to the world, at once continuous and authoritative, reaching, in its field of operations, from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean; and, in the time it covers, from the Cretaceous period to the Recent. It covers even the laying of the foundations of the country, and defines the narrow strips of land that first emerged from the ocean to become the frame-work of the great mountain-chains. As the elevation and extent of the land increased, the ocean water that first occupied the depressions between was displaced, and fresh water took its place, brought there by the now greatly increased flow from the land. Henceforth history written by the ocean ceased; history written by lakes and rivers commenced, in the storing away

of specimens of tree, and beast, and bird, and their effectual preservation as material facts in an unerring record. The sea, thus excluded, never returned to the region east of the Cascade Mountains. A vast lake-system took its place, and began at once to make, as well as to write, its own history.

There are many residents of the Pacific Slope who will remember having journeyed from The Dalles, on the Columbia River, to Cañon City, among the Blue Mountains. For sixty miles or more the road passes over volcanic materials, which have drifted there from the Cascade Range. Twenty miles farther, and this outflow thins out into a mere capping of basalt on the hill-tops. The hills themselves, and the foundations on which they stand, are here found to be sedimentary rock, wonderfully filled with the abundant records of former animal and vegetable life. Oldest of all in sight is the old ocean-bed of the Cretaceous period, with its teeming thousands of marine shells, as perfect to-day in their rocky bed as those of our recent

sea-shores; their cavities often filled with calcareous spar or chalcedony, as if to compensate for the loss of their own proper marine hues. Next in ascending order come the fresh-water deposits of the earlier Tertiaries, so full of the leaf-prints of the grand old forests that, during that age of semi-tropical climate, covered those lake-shores. The marine rocks form the outer rim, or shore-line, of what was in those early times a lake, of irregular outline, extending from Kern Creek Hill on the west to Cañon City on the east, and from the hills north of the John Day River to the Crooked River Valley on the south. Within this lake-depression, whose former muddy sediment is now elevated into chalky hills, so despised for their alkaline waters and unproductive soils, the geologist feels at home. How strangely out of place a score of palm-trees, a hundred yew-trees, or even a bank of ferns, would seem here now! And yet here these once lived, and died, and were buried; and beautiful beyond description are their fossil remains even now, as they are unburied.

Seen from the summit of Kern Creek Hill—its western border—this vast amphitheatre of lesser hills presents a wild, wonderful grouping of varied outlines and colors. A spur of the Blue Mountains—its nearest point, forty miles away—covered with a dense forest, forms the dark background of the view. The varying shades of brown that characterize the older marine rocks rise in vast border masses, almost treeless and shrubless, in an inner, irregular circle, while the lighter shades that fill the deeper depressions of the central portion mark the later sedimentary deposits; and then, like vast ink-blots on a painting, one sees, here and there, a protruding mass of dark-colored trap. Through the heart of this wild region winds the John Day River, running westward until it passes the middle ground of the picture, and

then turning northward to join the Columbia.

This stream, so insignificant in appearance, has done wonderful work among these hills. The river itself was, in the olden time, merely a series of connecting-links between a chain of lakes that extended from the Blue Mountains to the Cascades of the Columbia. It has for unnumbered ages gone on excavating vast gorges and *cañons*, as all other streams in central Oregon have done, till lake after lake was drained off, and their beds laid dry, stripped of enduring moisture, and slowly changed to a treeless desert. The deep excavations that resulted could hardly fail to lay bare important records of the past, cutting as they do through the whole extent of the Tertiary periods. In a deep *cañon*, through which runs a branch of Kern Creek, may be found the remains of the fan-palm, with abundant remains of a beautiful fern—gems of their kind—which no thoughtful mind can see without wonder and admiration. In another ravine are seen in great numbers the remains of a yew, or yew-like tree, that sheds annually, not its leaflets, but its branchlets; for in this form they are found imbedded in the rocks, of almost uniform length and structure. This tree was evidently abundant upon those ancient shores, for it can be found at almost every spot where a little stream washed its miniature delta into the lake. Oaks, too, and occasionally a fine impression of an acorn, or acorn-cup, are found at intervals from this place to the Blue Mountains.

But the great geological importance of that old lake-depression does not arise from the fossil remains of its forests—beautiful, varied, and abundant as these are—but from its finely preserved fossil bones. Two species of rhinoceros lived their quiet, indolent lives among the reeds that lined that old lake-shore. A little beyond the southern spur of that



distant mountain there evidently emptied a stream of some size, for its delta is strewn with fragments of silicified bones. Among these the bones of the rhinoceros are frequent; but the remains of an extinct animal, allied in some things to the camel, in others to the tapir family, are most abundant. Paleontologists have designated the *genus* by the name of *Oreodon*. The remains of three or four species of this animal are found in central Oregon. One of these, new to science, was discovered thirty miles from here, and was named by Doctor Leidy *Oreodon Superbus*, from its superior size. The shaly rocks in which these remains are found are very brittle; and the inclosed fossils partake of that brittleness to such an extent, that, if not handled with the utmost care, they crumble into small fragments. Two nearly entire heads were discovered, last spring, in a ravine that opens into Bridge Creek Valley. They had been exposed all winter to rain and frost, and were very brittle—almost ready to drop to pieces. They were passed by until the following day, when a careful treatment to several coats of good flour-paste was rendered the more efficient by additional pasting on of common paper. This was kept on for awhile, when it was carefully washed off, and a more permanent preparation applied. These specimens now make a very passable appearance. Mute historians are they of the far-distant past, uniting with hundreds of others to tell strange stories of the wonderful wealth of forest, field, and lake-shore of that period. A tapir-like animal, to which the name of *Lophiodon* has been given, lived here, too. His remains indicate an animal of the size of the living tapir. Not far from these last were found some bones of a fossil peccary, of large size. Another of the denizens of these ancient lake-shores bore some resemblance to the horse. The remains of this animal, the *Anchitherium*, were first discovered

in the Tertiary rocks of France, a few years ago; more recently, they were found in the "Bad Lands" of Nebraska, and within the past year, here, in the John Day Valley. But the richest chapters in the history of the Horse, in Oregon, are not from these rocks of the lower valley; for another, and a later, record in the upper part of the valley contains these.

Doubtless both portions of the valley were once continuous and formed one lake, but a stream of lava from the Blue Mountains seems to have run into it near the present site of Camp Watson, dividing it into an upper and a lower lake. The lower one seems to have drained off first, the upper one remaining a lake into the later Tertiary period, and receiving into its archives the remains of the animal types of a later age. The river was apparently turned northward by that outpouring of volcanic materials; and cutting for itself a new channel in the deep *cañon*, thirty miles or more away, formed a great bend, and excavated an immense basin, in these nearer and lighter-colored Tertiary rocks. Above that bend, that *cañon*, and that volcanic outflow, the valley opens again; and there, extending from Cottonwood Creek to Cañon City, are the remains of the upper lake-depression of the John Day Valley. This later lake-depression received into its sediment a larger amount of volcanic ashes and cinders than the lower one did. Several of its strata are pure volcanic ashes, rough to the touch as ground pumice-stone, which must have fallen on that lake in vast quantities. The purest was evidently that which had fallen directly into the lake; the less pure, that which, first falling on surrounding hills, had subsequently drifted from them by the action of the winds and waters, and became part of the lake-sediment.

Upon the hills that overlooked these lake-shores, there lived three or four

different species of the horse family. Their remains are easily distinguished; for the teeth are well preserved, and the teeth of the horse are well marked. Almost as well marked as these equine remains, were some teeth that apparently represented a member of the camel family—found there, too, in a fine specimen of a lower jaw, silicified completely, and in solid rock. Fossil remains of other species, too, giving a wide range of life-record, were found, all of which are now in competent hands, for determination and description.

But the most remarkable thing about this upper lake record is that which reveals the way in which its history of this period was brought to a close. The last rock of the series fills the place of a cover to the volume. Never was cover better defined, nor more distinctly separated from the well-written and well-illustrated pages it serves to protect. The cover itself, too, has a history worth reading. It extends for miles, varying but slightly in thickness, which amounts to twenty or twenty-five feet, and is throughout so entirely volcanic as to leave no room for mistake. Its materials are volcanic ashes and cinders; the cinders ranging from an inch across downward to the minuteness of the ashes. One can hardly look at a piece of this rock, without recalling the younger Pliny's vivid description of that shower of cinders from Mount Vesuvius, from which he saw people escaping with pillows tied on their heads, for protection. Such showers fell here, certainly, over hundreds of square miles, and in such vast bulk, that, pressed by the hydraulic force of later masses above it into a solid plate of rock, it now in this form measures from twenty to twenty-five feet through. No wonder it closed one of the finest life-records of that remote period, and with the record that volume—becoming at once the proximate cause of the change, and the upper cover of the volume it closed.

But this violent destruction of the life of the period did not destroy that lake-depression: it only partially filled its shallower portions, and added thirty feet or more of sediment to the rest. The lake remained, and still continued to receive, into its archives of hidden sediment, tokens of the forces at work among the hills around it. One remarkable change marked that transition: the laboratories of the hills seem thereafter to have lost the power to send forth from their secret recesses heated vapors laden with mineral materials, as they had done, capable of changing every thing they touched to stone. The old sediments of that lake, if originally clay, are found changed to argillaceous rock; if sand, changed to sandstone; if washed gravel, they are found cemented into conglomerate. The new sediments, if clay, remained clay; if sand, remained sand; if gravel, remained so, unaltered even now.

Long after that heaviest deluge of ashes had settled down into permanent rock, a new chapter was opened in the life-record of these lake-shores. The stratified materials that received these later records were washed from either shore into remarkably uniform slopes toward the middle line of the lake-depression. These slopes were evidently once continuous along both sides of the valley; but since the lake was drained off by the deeper wearing of its outlet, every little stream from the surrounding hills has cut its own ravine through these stratified sands, gravels, and clays, until what was once continuous, is now cut up into a remarkably uniform series of ridges, whose summit outlines stand in fine perspective, as far as the eye can reach. In the ravines that separate these ridges, the gold of this region is found; and in the diggings that result, the bones, teeth, and tusks of the elephant are often uncovered—a few of which have been preserved. In the loose materials that form these ridges, the closing annals of that remarkable

lake-period of central Oregon may be read as in a book. The last facts noted there are the records of the mammoth, the horse, the ox, and their contemporaries.

We have thus attempted to give four or five glimpses into the grand old panoramic life-record of the past in central Oregon—successive day-and-night glimpses of the past, along the shores of a series of lakes that once occupied the valley, now depressed, through which meanders the John Day River.

The first one of these views is characteristic of the old marine life of the original sea-bed. It is made up of a number of patches of sea-beach, strewn with shells; a tooth or two, of some extinct reptile; a vertebra of another—and the marine record closes. The shoals on which these marine remains lived became elevated into the frame-work of the future Oregon; while in the depressions between them, her earliest historic records at once began. Oregon's Eocene, Oregon's dawn! strange, beautiful coincidence of fact with system!

The next glimpse we get is of the Middle Tertiary period. It is distinct enough to enable us to recognize upon those lake-shores the rhinoceros, the oreodon, the tapir; and then closes abruptly, to give place to a record of fire and of violence—the fire of the volcano, and the violence of the earthquake—bringing upon the life of the period a blotted, illegible night-record in its history.

But another dawn came then; and we see, among the forms that move along those shores, the familiar ones of the horse and the camel. Again the legible record closes, and thirty feet or more of ashes and volcanic cinders cover the land, and choke and poison the waters.

A long, dark, nearly illegible part of the record follows, during which no life-history was written; but during which the old throes of violence seem to have passed away, and the laboratories of the

earth seem to have lost the power of forcing heated vapors to the surface, capable of changing all to stone that they touched.

The mammoth, the horse, and the ox appear in the light of the dawn that follows this long geological night; and not fire, as before, but frost, seems to have closed the record marked by their fossil remains.

This alternating of light of life, and darkness of death, as read in the rocks of that region, leaves us long periods of its chronology unwritten save by fire and flood. What are these blanks in that life-record? Have the materials upon which they were originally written been partially or wholly destroyed, or washed away? No; for, in a neighboring mountain, 1,500 feet in vertical section still remain, protected by a heavy capping of basalt. The pages are there, but they are defaced by fire and ashes. But were there not, or at least might there not have been, vast periods during which no record was made?

This supposition, too, is inadmissible. A lake existed here through the whole Tertiary period; and a continued lake-depression, surrounded by elevated ridges of hills, rising in many places into mountain magnitude, implies the deposit of continued sediment, and this necessarily becomes the page upon which the history of the life along its shores is written. The winds would always blow into the waters of the lake their burden of leaves, and the floods of winter wash there some fragments of the bones of the animals that characterized the period. It must have happened, then, that at the close of each great period, as indicated here, the animal life of these ancient lake-shores was entirely destroyed, by fire, flood, and the poisonous vapors that tainted earth, air, and waters, or else those to whom migration was possible, escaped to some other region. The supposition of their entire destruction



encounters this difficulty: the destruction of the entire fauna of Oregon, and even of the whole western slope of the continent, would not have secured the results observed, unless we suppose a like destruction extending to the Atlantic coast; for the same animals lived there, when they lived here. Their remains are found, even to identity of species, from Nebraska to New Mexico. It is difficult to assign their destruction there, to the same causes that destroyed them here; or to any cause operating at once, over a whole continent, while the climate remained unchanged, and food continued abundant. On the other hand, the supposition of the escape of a portion from these destroying agencies meets, among others, this difficulty: when here, in this John Day Valley, quiet had been again restored, the hills had been again clothed in verdure, and the waters had precipitated not only, but covered out of sight, their vast strata of volcanic ashes, then animal life returned too, but not the same that had previously existed. The whole fauna was changed; and even where the same type was restored, as in the case of the horse, it is in some new species: the old has passed away, and forever.

If any one supposes that all the difficulties that beset these lines of inquiry and research rest only in the path of the theologian who claims a separate creation for each great type of animal life, he greatly misapprehends the present state of these investigations. But it was no part of the plan of this article to advocate any existing theory, or to start a

new one, in this difficult field of inquiry, so full to-day of conflicting views; but rather, to call attention to the importance of the Columbia basin as a field filled, to an extraordinary degree, with the very facts needed to throw light on the question of the Origin of Species.

Three great ranges of mountains, and several minor ones, were elevated across its water-shed, making so many immense dams, holding back the waters in extensive lake-depressions, among which the river itself was, for ages, but a series of connecting-links. It is now almost certain that these vast lake-depressions continued, from their first formation, to be such, until the bones of the modern horse, ox, and elephant were received into their sedimentary deposits; thus including records covering nearly the whole period of ancient mammalian life upon the earth. Add to these facts, that all the rocks through which the streams of this region, during this long geological period, have been wearing their way, were those of the later and softer materials, and therefore the more rapidly worn down, not only in the *cañons* of the larger streams, but the ravines of the smaller ones, and upon every hill-side, and we have a combination of favoring conditions, such as must make its geology accessible, very full, and important.

Indeed, one can hardly look over its historic archives of the Tertiary period, without a conviction that this Columbia basin is destined yet to be the great battle-ground of conflicting theories, upon the question of the Origin of Species.

## FROM BELFRY TO PORCH.

ON visiting, a few years since, the Cathedral, if I had followed the usual custom of tourists, I should, probably, have paced the nave, counted the steps from crypt to roof, and in every way have duly verified the published measurements of Murray—should have bestowed the usual passing tribute of listless admiration upon relics and relic-cases, carvings in wood and bright mosaics—should have given some superficial attention to the general aspect and character of the whole frowning pile; and then should have gone away again, without having heard even the first whisper of the little story to which it was reserved for me to listen. It was not exactly a story, indeed; but, rather, different threads of circumstances, from which a single tale might be woven.

It began high up in the tower. Passing through the low, deep-arched, Gothic door-way, I had slowly ascended the stairs, finding, as usual, that the steps were narrow and steep and the light obscure and dim, except where, at long intervals, there came a faint ray through the occasional, narrow lancet-windows. I had, therefore, climbed up toilsomely, being often obliged to pause for breath; and several minutes elapsed before I had successfully triumphed over the hundred stone steps, and stood erect in the belfry. There, stopping to take my well-earned rest, I found that it had become much lighter, since on each side was a broad window, with delicately carved tracery of the most florid style, letting in floods of sunshine, and presenting to my gaze a widely extended view of the valley of the Rhine, for many leagues around.

For the instant, so accustomed had my eyes become to the gloom of the

winding ascent, I was dazzled with the change, and could discern nothing distinctly. Then, however, I gradually puzzled out a confused mass of bells of all sizes and shapes, hanging overhead and around me; in the corner, a tangled maze of ropes, and levers, and pulleys; and in the midst of them a great, grimy, scarred-up fellow, sulkily sitting, like a spider in a broken web. He was a burly, shabby-appearing man of almost fifty years, but with all the sinewy strength and activity of twenty-five; neither tall nor short, and altogether well proportioned, except that the nature of his business had cultivated in him an undue breadth of shoulder, and his great, muscle-knotted arms, breaking through the torn shirt-sleeves, seemed out of keeping with the very ordinary development of the legs below them; with an unpleasant, hardened face, having a mocking expression that might have come from Nature, but possibly merely occasioned by length of nose and queer turn of under-lip; and a manifest discoloration of complexion, which certainly did not come naturally, being unquestionably caused by too much tobacco and beer. He was sitting with a big pitcher of ale beside him, and a slice of brown bread and wedge of black sausage in his hand. These delicacies he now laid down upon a paper near the ale; and wiping his greasy mouth with his shirt-sleeve, he slowly raised himself upon his feet, stumbled rather than walked toward me, and introduced himself as the official bell-ringer of the cathedral.

Then, in obedience to the ordinary custom, and what he naturally supposed to be my pleasure, he proceeded to go with me around the limited circle of his curiosities: telling me how this great

bell had been presented by some Rudolph, that smaller one by a long-dead Count Maximilian, the farther and smallest bell of all by a certain Duke Otho, and the chime itself by the burghers of the city, in remembrance of a successful resistance to a siege; holding down his lantern, so that I might look at the raised inscriptions, which, being in abbreviated Latin, it was scarcely to be expected that I should read; lightly sounding each bell with his knuckles, to enable me, from that gentle vibration, to guess its tone: in fine, going through all that routine of unsatisfactory performance which every official keeper of a public curiosity invents for himself, and insists upon maintaining. Having finished, he stood awaiting his gratuity, and was apparently anxious to return to his sausage and ale.

"And have you been here long?" I asked, as I paid him; not caring, of course, whether he had kept the bells for a day or for a century, but merely speaking for the sake of some response to all his information. At my question his face lighted up with a kind of queer, self-satisfied expression, as becomes one who regards himself as the main element of an interesting story; and turning his back upon ale and sausage, he leaned, with leisurely air, against the nearest bell.

"Been here long, did you say, Master? Ho, ho! I should think I had," he responded. "Boy and man—assistant bell-ringer and bell-ringer in chief—it must be an older person than myself who can remember when I first began to take charge of the belfry. And earlier, too, than I can remember the bells, they have known me. For—you may not believe it, Master, but it is a truth—when I was only a year old, they found me one morning tied up in a blanket, and hanging to the clapper of the biggest bell."

"To the clapper of the bell?" I echoed, in some amazement; and for the mo-

ment I must have expressed some incredulity in my face, thinking, perhaps, that it was merely a clumsy fiction with which he was wont to amuse all visitors, hoping thereby, it may be, to impart a little flavor of interest to himself. "You must surely know that it is not the custom to hang babies up to the clappers of church-bells."

"Believe it or not, Master, but it is so," muttered the man, sulkily—naturally feeling hurt at the freedom of my incredulity, and, moreover, not at all amused at my illogical objection. Then turning away, he carefully wiped off, with his coat-sleeve, a speck or two of dust from the outside of the nearest bell, and seemed inclined to avoid further conversation. But I, foreseeing a story which it might be well not to lose, followed him up, and little by little restored him to a pleasant temper, and induced him to volunteer additional explanation.

It must have been the French who left him there, he supposed. It was after the battle of Leipsic; and the Imperial armies, passing through the country on their homeward route, vengeful and partly panic-stricken, had held successive cities and villages in their power for hours at a time, and there, unchecked and unmolested, had done their work of damage and pillage. Doubtless some soldier had stolen the child—captivated by the mother, perhaps, and so taking both along with him; or, it may be, fancying it for its beauty, and on that account feeling willing to adopt it; or, possibly, intending to hold it for future ransom. Then, losing the mother, and naturally soon becoming wearied of the sole charge of the infant, or perhaps feeling hopeless of ransom, the soldier must have tied it to the bell-clapper in some drunken frolic, and so passed on with his regiment to the next town, forgetting the whole affair. In this manner the child, with that great diapason of sound booming over him for at least one watch, had



gained his initiation into the business. Having been then adopted by the bell-ringer of that period, in a sort of superstitious veneration of the strange incident, thenceforth he gradually grew up into the office by natural succession.

"But was there no mark or sign by which ——"

"Only this, Master"—and here he pulled forth the half of a gold coin attached to a thread, and handed it to me for examination, at the same time continuing his explanation. The piece of coin must have been around his neck when he had been stolen; and, being next to the skin, had escaped the notice of the soldier, or possibly had been voluntarily spared by him, from some instinct of charity or humanity. And the adopter of the infant, having religiously preserved the token, had, at the proper age, restored it to him, revealing with it the story of his early discovery.

"And had it never led to ——"

Never as yet. But who knew that it might not, some day, bring revelation of the mystery? Such things did occasionally happen in every country, did they not? He had once read a little story, in which an English peasant had been identified, by means of a trinket, as a noble Duke, with three or four castles to reside in; and had been immediately acknowledged as such by the sovereign and the whole Court. It must have really happened, of course; or else, how could any one have dared to make a book out of it? And though he, being as yet nothing but a bell-ringer, might not turn out to be a Duke or even a Count, yet he did not doubt for all that, at times, of having been born to something great. In fact, he had once dreamed of seeing his real father—a tall, commanding nobleman—sitting on horseback at his own castle-door, with one or two hundred retainers around him; and he thought that he would recognize him at once, if they ever met.

To this effect the bell-ringer told his story; now and then turning aside to wash down his wounded feelings with full draughts of ale, until at last the dim suspicion I had at first entertained, that he was wont to indulge too freely, became resolved into certainty, as I watched his face growing each moment redder, his eye more bloodshot, his whole expression more surly and forbidding. In some situations, where youth, and grace, and cultivation lend assistance to the idea, there might be something even affecting in this earnest striving after a fancied high destiny. But not here, indeed! The main elements of the situation were all too incongruous. How could any thing but ridicule be attached to such a vain hankering on the part of a great, raw-boned, coarse, half-drunken creature, with a tangled head of red hair, a long, twisted nose, and brutish mouth? Where, in line or feature, expression or movement, could there be found one gleam or spark of that aristocratic presence, which, through all hardship and debasing manner of life, will so often reveal itself, even after the lapse of many generations? And how was it possible, also, that the man should so fail to realize his own maturity of age as to expect, even if he proved to be of gentle blood, ever to encounter his noble progenitor, probably long since dead?

"It would be hardly possible, now, that you should ever meet; do you not see?" I said, carefully introducing that phase of the question.

"In course not, Master," responded the bell-ringer, utterly misunderstanding my idea, "seeing that I must live up here, and can only come down two hours each Sunday. He might come into the cathedral twenty times a day, and not once up into the belfry, and so could never know that I was here, waiting to acknowledge him when he appeared. But if I only had the place by the door yonder . . . look down, Master, and

see," he continued, drawing me to the side-window, and directing my attention to where, over a hundred feet below, at the entrance of the other tower, sat a little, old, feeble man, clothed in a large, red cape-cloak and braided cocked-hat. "That is the place I should have had by right—where plenty of people come and go, and where almost any day I might chance to meet my long-lost father. For, of course, having lost me, he must often stop and get out of his carriage, and go up to the altar to pray for me. They always do that—at least, they do it in stories; and what are the stories good for if they are not true? But I suppose it is to aggravate me purposely that they put that lazy old idiot in my place—a man that has no kith or kin in the world, and therefore must be better off the fewer people he sees. I could knock his old head off sometimes, Master," the bell-ringer continued, his color growing yet deeper with suppressed passion, as, in drunken humor, he thought upon his wrongs. "And yet, not being able to get at him, you see, I can only stand here and shake my fist at him. It's when I am ringing the bells that I feel most like doing so, for it is then that I think how the old Count or Duke, or whatever he may be, is hearing the bells and going into the vespers, perhaps, and never knows that his long-lost son is making all the noise: and all because I am not down at the entrance to recognize him, and tell him who I am. But what, after all, is shaking one's fist? It's no satisfaction at all, Master—not the least."

Satisfaction or not, the bell-ringer did it on the spot, partly to relieve his present wrath, and partly as illustrative of his wounded state of feeling: putting his great sledge-hammer arm through the window and indulging in a good, solid swing at the unconscious red cape and braided cocked-hat below—a swing of fist that might have cracked the steel

helmet of mailed knight, and would have brushed away that poor old man like a fly from off a lump of sugar. Then, there being no reason for longer tarrying, I prepared to take my departure; and had indeed descended three or four of the steps, when he came forward to me again, and arrested me. He had, in the meantime, taken one more pull at the ale-pitcher; and though not much more intoxicated than before, it was evident that the acerbity and restlessness of his disposition had been increased.

"A single question, Master," he said, looking down at me as I there stood, two or three feet below the level of the belfry floor. "A question, Master—and I have never asked it of any one before, nor would I ask it of you, except that I must know it from some one, and you, being a stranger from another country, would never think nor speak of it again: If the old Duke or Count should ever find me out, what would she be, supposing she were yet alive, which may be she is not?"

"And who is she?"

"My wife, Master: that is to say, who was my wife a great many years ago. Or here—we will put the question not of me, but of some other person," he continued, with that grave air of pretentious disguise with which a drunken man will often believe he is cunningly leading suspicion astray. "Suppose that a man—not me, you know—when twenty years old or so, were to go for a few months to a strange place—we'll call it Eisenach, though of course it was not Eisenach—and there was to fall in love with a girl—say, the tavern-keeper's daughter—and marry her. And suppose that, being pretty wide-awake, he were not to let her know his true name, so that in case he did not like her as much as he expected, he could move away again, and she be never the wiser for it; and so it turns out that as he does not like her as well as he expected,

he does move away, and she is never the wiser. And suppose that afterward he becomes a Duke—not me, you know, Master, but the other man, perhaps my brother—and she were to find him out: what then? Must he take her again, or can he let her go, and marry a Princess?”

“You must look to German law for that. I know nothing about it,” I answered; and while he put down his head to puzzle out the wonderful profundity of my rejoinder, I slipped a step or two farther out of sight—a little apprehensive, it may be, that on recovering he might take advantage of our relative situations, and, with a single kick, land me lifeless upon the pavement below. He might so easily claim that it was an accident, a misstep of my own; and I had often read of people, who, feeling impelled to confess some diabolical secret, had afterward considered themselves obliged to stifle its further progress by murdering the confidant. But I was allowed to continue safely my downward way: a little puzzled, for the moment, at having been thus selected as the sole repository of such a disreputable secret, but, upon the whole, readily assenting to the probability of that solution which the bell-ringer himself had suggested. The desire for enlightenment upon what must have seemed to him a vital question having long weighed upon him, what more natural than that there should at last come a time when he must disburden himself; or that, in so doing, he should appeal to a stranger as one who would afterward go his way, and never think of bringing the matter up again? Therefore, dismissing the affair from my mind, I persevered in my descent, until, passing out at a side-door of the tower, I found myself in the body of the cathedral.

Though it is not one of the most wonderful erections of the Middle Ages, the building is not without much interest.

The pillars, arches, and roof, and, in fact, whatever belongs to its original plan of construction, are comparatively plain and unornamental, so that at first sight the nave presents rather a naked appearance. But this effect somewhat disappears upon a closer examination; for then it is seen that the piety of succeeding generations has amply compensated for some deficiencies with various ornamentations, which, though perhaps in too florid a style, have given to certain portions an air of pleasing richness. There is an altar, put up during the present century—a huge mass of wonderfully exquisite, intricate carving; here a heavy rood-screen, crowded with allegorical figures in bronze; here and there are elaborate marble memorials to deceased notabilities, exhibiting all the varying mortuary styles of four centuries; and in the right-hand transept are two somewhat faded paintings, said, without much authority, to be by Rubens, and, at all events, presenting a very excellent delineation of his manner. Altogether, there is much to attract and occupy the attention; and inasmuch as I have something of a passion for painting, and bronze, and rich carving, I spent an hour in slowly moving here and there, closely examining every thing I saw, and congratulating myself that I was allowed to follow my own impulses, free from the solicitations of rival guides.

Coming from behind the altar, I met one of the priests—a young, slight-built man, apparently of very recent ordination, if the exceeding plainness of his ecclesiastical attire were any indication. I would have passed him with a slight bow, as I had passed many others; but as he lifted his eyes, I felt so impressed with the sweet, child-like beauty of his face, that involuntarily I paused. Noticing my hesitation and apparent impulse to speak with him, he also paused; and thus what was almost a mere instinctive motion in both of us brought us



face to face, and compelled some kind of salutation.

"A good-day, Father," I said, not knowing whether I was giving him his proper title, and feeling secretly amused at its application to that beardless youth.

"A good-day to you," he said, in return, raising his eyes timidly to mine, and speaking with a perceptible blush; then, by way of continuing the conversation, he inquired whether he could show me the cathedral. There was much, of course, that I could see for myself, he intimated; but, on the other hand, there was a great deal which was hidden away and could only be especially shown. And seeing that I was a stranger——. Not giving him time to complete his sentence, the real essence of which had already been advanced, I thankfully accepted his services. I felt, indeed, that he spoke not from cold civility, but from a sincere desire to be the instrument of adding to my pleasure, and that he bore with him a certain religious enthusiasm for the things under his charge, making it a pleasure for him to explain them.

At first we went the rounds of the main building once more, while he made comprehensive comments upon the history or fortunes of what I had so far only studied with the eye. This font with the carved lilies twisted around the shaft had been presented by a certain wicked Rhenish Baron; but he had not paid the poor lapidary for it, and consequently, when the first-born young Baron came to be baptized, lo! upon the child's fair forehead, where the sign of the cross had been placed, there appeared the outline of a satanic hoof, fixed as though burnt in with hot iron; and not fading away until the wronged lapidary had been made happy with his long-withheld earnings. This fresco had been painted by a converted Jew, who, going back among his own people, had afterward relapsed, and it was feared that the picture would then fade away; but, as I

could see for myself, it kept all its original colors. Yonder window was put up by Count Sigismond XIII.—he who was struck blind for winking at the picture of Saint Agatha. Had we never heard that story in America? It was strange, for they of Germany knew all about American history: how the country had been first settled by certain people who sailed in the frigate *Flowers-of-May* to a place called Plymouthausen; how Field-Marshal Washington, having gained our independence for us, had married one Pocahontas; and many other like things they knew about American history. With that, the young priest smiled with a little appearance of self-complacency, but in a moment corrected himself, as though fearful of nourishing the great sin of Pride; and taking me behind a pillar, he unlocked a little closet set into the wall, and showed me the cherished curiosity of the place: an ordinary ram's-horn, in a heavy gold setting. Not adorned for a drinking-cup, as at first I had conjectured, for the thick plate over the broad end was placed there not as a cover to be opened, but was immovably soldered tight, as a protection against decay. And on it was a Latin inscription, revealing that this was one of the horns of the ram offered up as a substitute for Isaac. Fearful of disobliging, I took the relic into my hands with great show of reverence, and said a great many things about it which I am afraid my conscience would not sustain me in; and I envied the faith with which the young priest almost bowed before the ugly deception. What a want of faith do we not often show in better things; and how, looking upon the matter in a mere religious light, must it be blessed to have that capability for undoubting veneration!

"And that is all I can show you," he said, locking up the little closet, and sighing regretfully. "Once there were other relics here, some of which are not

now known to us even by name; but they were taken away from us during what you call the Reformation, and many of them must have been destroyed, while others are probably forever lost."

"Yet it is a great deal that you have shown me, Father," I said, with a secret smile at again venturing upon the appellation. "I shall take away with me most pleasant recollections of this place. And it seems to me a most happy life to lead, so calm and contented among these holy things."

"Happy, indeed," he answered, with a fervor that showed he felt from his heart the sense of blessedness. "And yet it is with fear that I sometimes contemplate my happiness. For how should I deserve any credit for doing what is so pleasing for me to do? Or what real reward from Heaven am I entitled to for living an existence in which to me there is no self-denial, however it might prove to others?"

"Those questions I can not pretend to answer, Father," I said; "though it seems to me that if a person delights in living a holy life, it must be because his soul has become well attuned to it; and he should scarcely be punished because his own goodness has made the pursuit of excellence a pleasure rather than a task."

"For what other pursuit than this has been made possible for me?" he continued, in a train of self-disparagement, and not seeming to hear or heed my exculpatory remark. "In olden times, Kings and Princes have thrown aside their royal state, and with the real spirit of martyrdom have given themselves up to the service of the Church; but I, brought up in charity—not framed, in my puny strength, for deeds of warfare—with no inherited place among the busy haunts of men—the orphan child of a poor tavern-keeper's daughter, who was deserted almost as soon as wedded, herself dying soon thereafter of grief and hard-

ship—myself brought up by the charity of Eisenach——"

"Of Eisenach!" I exclaimed, starting. It seemed as though even before he had mentioned the name of that little town, some inner instinct had begun vaguely to teach me the connection of his story with that of the bell-ringer—the premonitory dawn of discovery, as it were—and now, at the end, the mention of the place itself was like the full light of the sun breaking upon me, and changing dull suspicion into distinct certainty. "Tell me more. Of Eisenach, did you say?"

"You interest yourself in my tale; is it not so?" he said, turning toward me with some appearance of surprise. I do not think, by the way, that during the last moment he had been aware that he was speaking aloud, or that I had been overhearing him. It was rather an involuntary soliloquy, into which his constant reflection upon what to him was a weighty component of his career had now betrayed him, as doubtless it had often done before. Now, as I spoke to him, he also started, and, mistaking my question for a mark of interest, seemed pleased. "You care to hear about it? That is kind. But what else is there to tell, than I have already mentioned? It is a simple story, at the best. She was left poor by her father; was deserted by her husband after two months of marriage; afterward I was born, and she, passing away from me, not of her own will, we may be sure, went up to heaven—and so I was left alone. It is no strange tale. It has often happened, and will as often happen again. Only, it is not every forsaken child, who, like myself, reared in charity, has the good fortune to fall into Christian hands, and to be trained up from youth before the holy altar. This being so, can I really take any credit to myself for this quiet and somewhat useful life? It is, indeed, a subject that weighs sorely upon my mind."

I was no longer disposed to enter into the abstract consideration of that topic. I was wondering at the grave secret, thus piecemeal put into my charge, by the half-drunken whining of a ruffianly bell-ringer, and the calm, sanctified self-communing of a meek-hearted ecclesiastic. I was studying the sweet, gentle countenance of the one before me, to see whether I could detect in it any relation or resemblance, in line or feature, to the unpleasant traits of the other; and was rejoicing to find that there could be no likeness to any other than the departed mother. I was reflecting whether it was possible that the young priest had ever learned the strange relationship, and had studiously kept it to himself. I did not many moments delay in the conclusion that I alone knew the secret. And then I began reflecting whether it was my duty to tell him all, and so bring the two men together, for better or worse.

There was the chance that the younger one might be made happier thereby, in having gained some new interest in life; and that, by his influence, the vagabond bell-ringer, crouching like an outcast among the black metal above, might be humanized, and possibly saved for something better. On the other hand, there was the greater chance that the older man, not at all softened or impressed with the knowledge, would merely make the secret an instrument of tyranny and extortion over the other, to the life-long shame, mortification, and sorrow of a sweet nature that deserved not such torture. What, indeed, was I, that I should thus avail myself of an accident, to set right the mistakes of the world? But then, had it not been intended by Heaven that, in so singularly learning this mystery, I should act as the destined arbitrator between the two? It was a subject which perplexed me greatly; nor had I fairly settled it in my mind, when, still accompanied by the priest, I stood outside the main door of

the cathedral, and prepared to take my leave of him.

At the side of the door, upon a low stool, still sat the little old man whom the bell-ringer had pointed out to me from above. A decrepit old man, indeed, being probably past eighty, and with but little remaining strength. His locks were white, his face shortened by loss of teeth into two-thirds its proper length, his form bent far toward the ground. He wore, as has been said, a cape and cocked-hat, showing that he was one of the regularly appointed officials of the cathedral; but it was evident that he was kept in place more on account of charity as a superannuated servant, than for any special use to which he could be put. His only duty, indeed, was that of holding back the leather curtain in front of the door, so that visitors might the more easily enter; and even this task he seemed to neglect, letting each comer help himself, and making little effort to control his own predisposition to fall asleep and nap away his time in the warm sunshine.

"It is an easy place you have, my friend," I said to him, as I prepared to pass out.

"An easy place?" he retorted, with a shaking quaver of the voice, and moving his tottering old head from side to side, the better to gain a view of one who uttered such an heretical opinion. There was, also, a tone of discontent in his voice; and at the recognition of it, I paused in some surprise. Surely, this old man could not be dissatisfied at the amount of his contribution to the world's great labor-fund. "An easy place, did you say?" he repeated, not aware that the young priest stood near. "Yes, that is what they all say. They think it is nothing to have to lift this old curtain every minute of the day."

"A trifling task, though; is it not?"

"Not much to lift, perhaps," was the response. "It is not heavy; and if it



were, it would matter not. I am strong yet—he, he! I am strong yet;” and he raised his palsied old arm into the air and feebly shook it for a moment, in sickening pretense of power. “But to do it all the time—every minute during the day—that is where the load lies, Master. I ought rather to have been put where I might do stronger work, and that only once in a while. Now, do you know the place I ought to have, if I were treated as I should be? The belfry, Master—to sit there, and ring the bells.”

“The bells!” I exclaimed, amazed at such senile assurance.

“Ah, yes—the bells. Do you think they are too heavy for me? That is what all say, and yet it is wrong. Wrong, indeed. Why, I am strong yet—strong yet, he, he! I could ring those bells as well as any man; and I should have to do it only three times a day. That done, I should have the rest of my time to sit still, instead of working all the while. And do you know, Master, that the man up there who has the place feels that I ought to have it instead, and hates me for it, and rings the bells at me all the louder, taunting-like, to provoke me to anger at him? And it does provoke me, too—that I will allow—we can not all forgive every thing; and sometimes, when I hear him ringing those bells at me, I get so angry, Master, that I shake my fist at him;” and with that he again raised aloft the palsied arm. “But what does shaking the fist at him matter, so long as I can not leave this place to go up after him, and he is afraid to come down so that I may beat him here?”

“And yet, my friend, up yonder it is lonely and dim, while here it is light and pleasant, and you can see people come and go—which, for an old man like you —”

“Yes, yes, an old man,” he echoed, and somewhat curiously mixing up my words. “An old man—lonely and dim

—all his people gone from him. But it was not always so, Master. There was the good wife, once —long, ah! many years ago. She must be dead now, for it was so many years ago, and I did not know where she went to or why she did not come back again, if she could. And there was the boy—a pretty little child, only a year old, with the yellow curls just growing over his temples. Ah, Master! if I had the boy here, so that he could sit beside me or on my lap, and let me play with the yellow curls, I would never care to go into the belfry.”

There was something touching to me at hearing this old man reviving the past and its associations; seeming to have no perception of the flight of time, or the changes which long years would make; his voice, as he spoke, even losing something of its queer old quaver, and gaining in softness and sadness of inflection.

“See here, Master!” he continued, drawing the half of a gold coin from his pocket. “When I meet the boy, it will be by this that I will know him, as well as by the yellow locks; for he had on him the other half of the money. It was when the French were coming through, and I—a young fellow, then—had been helping to fight them at Leipsic. When I came home, the wife and the boy—they were both gone, Master.”

How the plot thickened; and how, as the old man spoke, I threw my eyes, with an involuntary start, up at the lofty belfry! The young priest saw my glance, read by some instinct the expression of my face—as, perhaps, he had before read the same in the faces of others—and beckoned me aside.

“You know the story?” he asked. “The bell-ringer—has he been making you the confidant of his birth?”

I nodded.

“And you will not speak of it again to either of them: is it not better?” he said. “I myself have known the secret for three years; and all that time I have

kept silent. There have been moments, indeed, when I was tempted to reveal it; but then again, I thought otherwise. For I felt assured that, as long as neither the needs of the world, nor the happiness of the heart, would be fostered by the knowledge of the truth, it was not for me to give it utterance. These two men require not each other's assistance. Each will probably retain his place during life, and dying, will be buried by the Church which he has served. And far be it from me to take in hand the course or conduct of their lives, and rudely break in upon the chimeras or fancies which are now the brightest portions of their existence."

"You mean, I suppose ——"

"Yes; I see that you apprehend me," continued the young priest. "The man up there, cheerless in lot and born to no loving sphere, has the one pleasant fancy to feed upon, of being some day recognized as of high descent and countless wealth. Absurd enough, you will say; and yet, as it is a dream that has brightly gilded his thoughts for many a year, why should I ruthlessly destroy it, by showing him that he is the son of merely an old, decayed, charity-supported burgher of low degree? This one, in turn, forgetful of the flight of years, has been amusing his shattered perceptions with the impossible chimera of having some day restored to him, as his playmate and solace, a bright-eyed, curly-haired, little boy. Would it be right for me to destroy that dream, and point out to him as his son, so long and fondly remembered, only a great, coarse, uneducated, and uncouth brute?"

"But the truth, Father? Should it not be told at any sacrifice?"

"It seems to me rather that the truth need not always be told, where to speak it is not only unnecessary, but would give pain. Never let a lie be spoken; but there are cases wherein the truth may be left to await its own resurrec-

tion, unassisted by us. For it does not concern us always, unless a thoughtful Providence has chosen to make us the instruments of its development. Is that the case now? Nay, hardly can we think that the chance which puts us in possession of it is a divine conception—more, in fact, than a mere accident. Since these two men, so near in blood, yet so far apart in feeling and sentiment, have thus lived in belfry and porch for many years, seeing each other every day, and yet never brought together to gain mutual recognition, it seems to me plain that a kind Providence has not meant that they shall meet on this side of the grave, to offend each other's feelings and prejudices."

"You are right, Father—doubtless, right," I said; and though I might not in all cases, perhaps, admit to myself the justice of his reasoning, I felt that, at least, it resolved any waning doubt I held regarding his own case. Certainly he could not, were he to know the difficulty, object that I had applied the same line of argument to himself; and therefore I could go away without self-reproach, and leave him still in ignorance of his own relations to both the men. And so, bidding him a final good-by, I strolled slowly away.

Turning at a point a few feet off, I looked back upon the old cathedral. The sun was now slowly setting, and the rays, glancing up through the quaint street behind me, fell aslant on the hoary pile, lighting up tower and window, arch and buttress, with a golden glow, and bringing into bold relief every line and curve of sculptured finial and gargoyle. It was beautiful, exceedingly; and gazing long, and thinking upon the stories I had just heard, I reflected that all the queer secrets of the place were not yet hidden in tomb or cloister. Suddenly the bells clanged out for the vesper service; and then I saw a singular sight. Up in the belfry stood the bell-ringer,

posed in the broad window like a giant in some aerial doorway, with one arm pulling the rope inside and the other outstretched like a weaver's beam, while he hurled down his ineffective menaces at the old man by the porch. Below stood the old warder, risen in his turn from the low stool, and with feeble arm outstretched, whimperingly as it were, throwing aloft his quivering, quavering threatenings at the ringer. And behind him, gazing out contemplatively at the fast-dying sunset, with a sweet expression of

calm and holy contentment upon his features—a serenity which the early painters were so fond of depicting, but the reality of which in this case they could not hope to equal—stood the young ecclesiastic.

Will these three men ever, in this world, come to know how near they stand to each other? Failing in that, will they ever discover it in another world? Or may it not be that, even there, a kind and loving Providence will keep them still apart, and free from the unpleasant knowledge of the truth?

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### SCENES IN CENTRAL ENGLAND.

WE sat, seven of us, at the “Douglas,” in Edinburgh, surrounding, with uplifted knives and forks, a smoking shoulder, after a flying trip to Stirling Castle, while waiting for the steamer to Rotterdam. Myself excepted, the party comprised a force of six American surgeons, sent across for the Prussian service by a German association of Baltimore. A white-cravated, broadclothed waiter now came forward, and stood with folded hands behind each of our number, as if to double the force that besieged the shoulder; when I quietly announced my new determination to leave the party, and go down through England by way of Nottingham, London, and on to Amsterdam, and join it perhaps in Berlin. Six knives and as many forks fell here, and half a dozen pairs of eyes looked surprise and disappointment.

“And what can be the attraction at the country town of Nottingham?” quietly asked Dr. Rush, as he broke his favorite oat-cake, and slowly put bits of it into his mouth. I, too, laid down my knife and fork now, and, leaning back, counted on my fingers: “Cardinal Wolsey, Lord Byron, Kirke White, Miss Piggot,

Mary Chaworth, Bailey (‘Festus’), Dr. Livingstone, and finally and for luck, *Cœur-de-lion* and Robin Hood: all have dwelt at Nottingham, and left footprints there; and I shall go to see them.”

Very earnestly they tried to dissuade me, and, I think, honestly; for I have observed that a Californian traveling here draws a train almost equal to a genuine Prince. Whether this is owing to his indifference to costs, and dangers, and difficulties, or his good humor under all circumstances, to which the stormy life of the Pacific has schooled him, I say not. Certain it is that all the way across the Atlantic a great six-foot Californian, rough as a grizzly, with a hand like bunches of wire, was the centre of attraction, and was constantly followed, quoted, and believed in. He left us at Glasgow, to visit his parents, after an absence of twenty years on the Pacific; and it seemed to be conceded by common consent that I should wear his mantle, if I chose.

We spent two hours at dinner, because, in the first place, the doctors wanted to celebrate our separation with innumerable bottles of wine, and, secondly, we wanted to show the stately



waiters that we were not at all vulgar, by keeping them afoot as long as possible.

The great "bus" drove up, with its three horses abreast and two decks like a steamboat, and I stood on the stairway to the upper one, and shook hands with a row of jolly and uproarious doctors.

Down among the monuments—the massive and mighty monuments—to Scott, Nelson, Wellington, and Wilson; then I descended from the upper dust; then down, nearly three hundred feet, into a great cavern, that divides old and new Edinburgh, and in a single revolution of the earth was in Nottingham. Modern Nottingham is a place of 150,000 souls. It is cold, selfish, and practical, with a few shining exceptions; and is almost entirely given to the manufacture of laces. Very difficult indeed it would be to find a place in the United States more prosperous than this, or that had advanced farther or faster in the last decade.

Vast as is the city above-ground, the one beneath is still greater. The whole earth under the city, as well as for miles around, is but a honey-comb of old habitations of men: *Snodding-Ham*—the last syllable being our Saxon "home"—meaning "homes under-ground." In these caves the Christians of old concealed themselves from the Danes, and afterward they sheltered "Robin Hood and his merry men" from the law.

A few days before I arrived, on removing an old building to give place to a statelier one in Swan Green, they came into a cave containing the skeletons of two men in armor. They had been imprisoned there and forgotten, or buried alive. There were an old oak table and some bottles in the cave—which had no other outlet than up through the building—but nothing by which they could be identified. It is a little singular that this should be the very house in which

lived Byron's crabbed aunt, the victim of his first satire:

"In Nottingham County there lives in Swan Green  
As curst an old lady as ever was seen;  
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,  
I firmly believe she will go to the moon."

I had a fair supper at the "Lion," and rang for a guide-book of Nottingham. The pretty stewardess came, to stare at me; to say there was no such thing in the house; that the shops were all shut up long before dark; and then, with a courtesy, flitted away. I could find nothing in the rooms to read, and there was not a single picture of the great souls who have made the place immortal, on the walls. I rang again. This time the landlord, a fine-looking, well-fed man, put in an appearance. "Let me have a copy of Byron this evening."

"Lord Byron?"

"Yes. Lord George Gordon Noel Byron!"

Very much to his regret, there was not a copy in the house, and all the shops were closed. "By the way"—and here he turned on me as suddenly as his huge proportions would allow, with uplifted finger, as if just thought of for the first time in twenty years—"I say. This Lord Byron used to live in Nottingham."

I went to bed disgusted, and determined to patronize another hotel. There was but one other first-class house in town; and finding things there much the same, I took apartments, and set up housekeeping on my own account. This last hotel is presided over by an elderly lady, who has more than a Yankee regard for fractional currency. She told me Byron's grandson, young Lovelace, was "a great scamp," and would not pay his bills. This bit of scandal, and the pointing out to me the room and spot where Lady Ada Lovelace—

"Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart"—

lay in state, previous to being entombed beside her father at Hucknall, were all

she had to give me in connection with Byron. Of the other great personages she had nothing. "Festus" she had never heard of.

From the "Annals of Nottingham"—six large, finely illustrated volumes—I learned that Kirke White was born down by the market in Cheapside, and made that point my first visit, after being fairly installed in my new home. A wretched, four-foot painting, propped up on a low porch, and very prudently labeled "Henry Kirke White," indicated the birthplace of the boy-poet. It is a drinking den, and this "fame divine" is daubed there by the publican to attract custom. There was a butcher-stall to the right, the same to the left. Raising an iron latch, I stood under the roof where White was born. A stout, sensual-looking young man came forward: "This is the birthplace of White?"

"Ah, yes. This is the place where he was born, and all that sort o' thing, you know."

"Have you any mementos of the poet here?"

"Well now, nothing but this 'ere"—and he reached from a mantel a greasy snuff-box, the size and shape of a common hymn-book—"and the room upstairs, where he was born in, you know."

"Now, really, that's a fine top-coat you have, and all that sort o' thing, you know. How much might such a top-coat cost in Hamerica?"—and he reached out his greasy fingers to stroke my overcoat.

"Bittah beah; haäf-pint bittah beah," said a side-whiskered wisp of a dandy, with a glass, brass breastpin, and striped breeches, who now entered and took a seat on one of the long, board benches, before a naked, greasy table. The publican turned to wait on him, and I turned away.

All who pretended to know any thing of White asserted that he was buried at Wilfourd, three miles to the south, across

the Trent. Yet I knew that he slept at Cambridge, where a monument, reared by an American, marked the spot. Wishing to see "Clifton Green," the Wilfourd Church, where he worshiped, and the yew-tree under which he wished to be buried, I took a cab, and in a little time was on the bridge of the classic Trent, looking through the great elms at Wilfourd.

"There shall many a knight to earth be borne,  
And many an honored flag be torn,  
And many a sheaf of arrows spent,  
Ere Scotland's king shall cross the Trent."

The church is one of the oldest in England, but is beautiful in its age. The famous elms fringing the east of the church-yard are the largest I have seen in the kingdom. The yew-tree, close to the east wall of the church, has died and decayed, but the stump still breaks the sea of grass. The present Rector of this church—a noble exception to the race and generation around him—has had a fine marble medallion of the poet put up in the church, within the past year. He has also had a window—looking toward Clifton Green—painted, with a scene from his "Star of Bethlehem;" and all at his own expense.

Mr. Place, banker, of Nottingham, whose father had been butcher-boy in the same shop with White, told me this of him, which I believe is new: "There is going to be a great storm to-night," said he to Place, "and I will give you my little phial of quicksilver"—the only thing of value the poor boy had—"if you will do my part here, and let me go to Clifton Green and see the lightning in the trees."

The next day I devoted to the castle, which stands on a somewhat lofty sandstone bluff, in the south-west edge of the city. I entered under a great, arched gateway, which claims paternity of the Romans—it is certainly old and ugly enough—where stood an old man, with a broom in his hand. It was a fine

morning; I felt well, gave the old man a shilling, and passed on.

"I wants a sixpence, I does, for going in here," cried a fat, dirty-faced, three-foot boy, with his fingers black with walnut hulls.

"But I gave your father a shilling."

"Don't make no difference what you give him. He sweeps, he does, but I takes the money." He churned the sixpence into his pocket, and walking on through grass and trees over a dry moat, all the time by a gradual ascent, and ascending a hundred steps of stone, I stood in the marble-paved court.

The great Gladstone, who, like myself, had come early to avoid a crowd, stood here with a single friend, looking far out on the towers, parks, and greens of the silvery Trent to the south, and the scattered remains of Sherwood Forest to the east and north. There was a balm and sweetness in the soft September wind that came lightly through the ruins of the grand old castle; and we sat down on the toppled stones of the ruins a long time in silence, drinking in the beauty of the present, and recalling the glory of the past.

Close under the elevated bluff was a canal dug by the son of the Conqueror, while between us and the Trent, three miles away, are three tracks of railroad. Looking this way, south, and facing Clifton Green, Hucknall, Byron's burial-place, lies in sight, seven miles away on the right. Three miles beyond is Ainsley Hall, with its "hill of mild declivity," crowned with "a peculiar diadem of trees;" while three miles north of this, flash the lakes of Newstead in the sun, through the broad-boughed, sombre oaks. "Thou didst remind me of our own dear lake, which may be mine no more." Close under the walls of the castle, to the west on the hill-side, and looking down on all that is beautiful in Nature, stands the gray stone-house where Bailey wrote his "*Festus*." To the east,

ten miles away, dimly visible through the September haze, above the great oaks of Sherwood Forest, is the great Southwell Cathedral, where Cardinal Wolsey worshiped, and almost won the Papal chair.

Nearer still, but two miles away, stands Colwich Hall, the ancient home of the Musters. Here lived John Musters, the successful rival of Byron, and to this place he took Mary Chaworth from Ainsley Hall, where he had won her. Here, when old and dying, a Nottingham mob, in 1836, broke into the Hall, and compelled her and her attendants to conceal themselves in the hedge, while they pillaged and burnt the place; and here Mary Chaworth is buried. This same mob, six hundred strong, at the same time entered, pillaged, and burnt this castle. In reading the account, in the "*Annals*," of these shameful affairs, one hardly knows whether most to despise the stupidity of the authorities, or hate the inhumanity of the mob; for less than a half-dozen Americans could have driven the unarmed, drunken wretches into the Trent, and saved millions to the country. The authorities had a large body of soldiers at command, armed and obedient, but contented themselves with following the mob from place to place, and "reading the Riot Act." Finally and fortunately, a private soldier, being hard pressed, drew his pistol, contrary to orders, and shot down two of the mob in the street. This was "reading the Riot Act" to some purpose, and the cowardly rioters dispersed at once.

From this castle, Charles I. made his first sally against the forces of his Parliament; and this castle was the last in the kingdom to hold out for the usurper against Richard Cœur-de-lion after his return from the Crusades. He besieged it in person, and, sword in hand, led his men across these walls, slipping with blood from his own blade. The walls are low, mossy, and storm-stained now;



and down there to the right, doves and pigeons sit upon them, and plant themselves in a long, gay line.

Learning that Newstead was not open to visitors, I dispatched a letter to Mrs. Webb, wife of the proprietor, who was spending a summer in the Highlands, and promptly received a courteous and favorable answer, containing an order to those in charge to show me over the abbey and premises. After ten minutes' ride by rail, and a walk of half a mile through a lane of oaks, by little lakes, green lanes, and a high cascade that tumbled over mossy rocks, I stood, hat in hand, close to the north view of the ancient abbey; ending, for a time, my pilgrimage where the gloomy Childe's began.

Up a newly graveled walk, through grasses green as possible, I came to a door massive enough for a prison, and with my two hands lifted the enormous knocker. A butler came and inspected my card; then a short, fat, and consequently very important woman, of questionable youth, came and contemplated the order very gravely for a long time. Then she seemed to observe that my boots were soiled, evidently inferring that I had not come in a carriage. Then she contemplated my slouch hat, and again scrutinized the order. At last, with a grunt, she led off, and in true "guide" style, and execrable English, pointed out the objects of interest. The abbey is not stately, but truly vast in proportions. I was taken through at least one hundred apartments, studies, chapels, and so on. The walls are of great thickness, and more ancient than those of Melrose or Kelso. They are made of a light-gray granite, and seem only hardened by time; unlike those of Westminster Abbey, which are surely falling to decay.

Up ten stone steps to the right. "This," said the ancient maid, "is Lord Byron's bedroom. In this glass

he used to see ghosts!" The room is hung with yellow tapestry, is small, and looks out on "our own dear lake;" across which, two miles away, dwelt Mary Chaworth.

Who shall say that this gloomy, ghostly old pile, with its tombs and its traditions; the scenes that had enlivened it, and the scenery that environed it; the battle-fields that lay hard by; the nuns who had been imprisoned there, and the three hundred monks that had reigned there, for nearly a thousand years, had not much, indeed, to do with the making of the Poet?

A court, about three hundred feet square, with a grass plat and a dry fountain, lies in the centre of the "vast and venerable pile." The building, three stories high, entirely incloses this court in a solid square.

"This is the room where King Charles I. slept, and this rich rosewood furniture was his gift to the abbey;" and so on my guide ran through at least a dozen rooms and kings. However many kings slept here, I mentally questioned the profuse gifts of furniture when I reflected that Byron went in debt nearly £8,000 to furnish the abbey on his taking possession. And these kings' rooms are certainly furnished in a kingly way, if a Western barbarian may be permitted to judge—furnished with a rich and reckless profusion. In fact, I learned from good authority that Colonel Wildman, the first owner after Byron, and his old school-fellow of Harrow, spent £3,000 in decorating and furnishing a single room. You will learn, with more regret than surprise, that the generous and gentlemanly Colonel died poor.

In one room, "Boatswain," the favorite dog, Joe Murray, his faithful old servant, and Jackson, the "Prince of boxers," look strangely at each other from their dim and dusty canvas. These were the friends of Byron. He paid all of Jackson's bills, kept him about him,

and took him into his confidence. He treated old Joe Murray—and very justly, too—with all the veneration of a father, and, when consistent, made him sit down by his side at meals. He kept Boatswain in his bedroom, and when dead built him a monument fifty-fold grander than his own.

Then we reached the present sitting-room. Here is a small, full-length picture of Byron at Harrow, and the famous half-profile picture, from which is taken the well-known likeness in his works. It is the richest, handsomest picture of the handsomest face I ever beheld. Here, too, is the fine painting of the face of Doctor Livingstone. Here he wrote his travels, as the guest of the generous Mr. Webb, the present owner, who met the great traveler in Africa; spending seven months at his task, without once quitting the grounds of the abbey.

I turned back many times to the Harrow painting of Byron. He wears a yellow cloak; is turning his face as usual, which even in boyhood is strongly marked, and one foot is planted firmly forward. His right hand holds his student's cap out from his body, as warriors hold their swords in pictures.

This room opens into the reception-room, hung with many rich and treasured pictures. Here is a table of rich mosaic, inlaid with silver, in a secret drawer of which was kept the drinking-cup made from a skull, found in digging the grave for Boatswain. The skull has lately disappeared, and this is the country story of its disappearance: Some one, years ago, declared there would never be a male heir to Newstead while that skull was kept in the house. It turned out that Byron had no male heir. Colonel Wildman, his successor, was equally unfortunate; and the heirs that came to Mr. Webb were female while living here, until the famous skull was buried—when the next birth brought a change of sex.

We passed into the dormitory—a long, narrow room. Here is the book in which Byron wrote his first poems over at Southwell; also his dog's collar—so said; his gloves, swords, and a queer-looking cap, mounted with brass studs to ward off sword-cuts. Here is also a long, rusty sword, said to be the identical one that killed Chaworth in the coffee-house duel; but that which is of principal interest in this room is the piece of birch-tree on which the poet cut his name and that of his sister with his penknife, on his last visit to Newstead. The sapling had grown to be about six inches in diameter and then died, when Colonel Wildman had the bark sawed out and placed here under a glass cover. The lettering had been rendered very dim by the growth of the tree, but I made out this: "BYRON AND AUGUSTA, A.D. 1814." On the ground-floor, looking out on the flower-garden, is the poet's study, with his table, chairs, and sofa; all extremely plain, just as he left them. The walls at the windows are at least four feet in thickness. The idea was constantly before me that the lonely life of the sensitive boy, in this gloomy place, with its history and surroundings, had much to do in molding the Poet.

Here the door opened, and I was turned over to the gardener. I held up three fingers: "Boatswain's tomb, the oak the poet planted, and the tree where he cut his name. That is all to-day, Gardener." The tomb is close to the east of the abbey, in a lonely place. It is very elegant, and rather imposing, being of marble, on a broad base of black granite, laid in five steps. These have been separated several inches, in places, by an earthquake. The whole is surmounted by an urn. Passing around the small, artificial lake, where the dog saved his master's life, and earned his monument, we entered on a narrow walk through a dense wood, and came on two satyrs of lead. They were lifting their hands

and distorting themselves with laughter, which was a mockery, as the dead leaves of autumn fluttered down about them. They were brought from abroad, and placed where they now stand, by Byron. Between them is the stump of the tree on which he cut the names. The tree did not really die, but a branch, putting out below the names, flourished, and became the main trunk, while the original trunk died. The tree is more than twelve inches in diameter, and very thrifty. The oak which Byron planted stands at the south-west end of the corner of the abbey, on a beautiful, sloping lawn, and is a good-sized, thrifty tree. I stood under its boughs, with uncovered head, for a short time, then picked up an acorn, and passed slowly away from the presence of Newstead Abbey. All this time a giant, with an iron mace, had been marching through the Newstead of my imagination, and crushing it to pieces, so that this, the reality, should take its place. I had never seen, and perhaps never will see, a more lordly, dreary, dreamy, poetic place than the Newstead I visited. Yet it is not the Newstead I had expected to see, and for twenty years had pictured to myself; and I said, as I walked away, "If I had this to do over again, I should keep my vision of Newstead: it was dearer than the reality."

"Be Yarrow then unseen, unknown:

I must, or we shall rue it.

We have a vision of our own—

O, why should we undo it?"

Back to Nottingham by rail, and out again by rail next day to Hucknall Church, where the poet lies in the vault, between his mother and daughter. I have, for various reasons, been inside of many churches here and in Scotland, but I have found nothing bearing the name of a church so dirty, dismal, and dilapidated as this of Hucknall. The building stands in the centre of a large, neat church-yard. It is very old, and

was built, the Parish Clerk told me, in the twelfth century. The walls are low, but there is a tower, or belfry, about thirty feet above the main building, at the north end. The entrance is at the west, through a narrow porch. The building is about fifty by sixty feet, with walls of the height of twenty feet.

I was disappointed in the marble raised to the memory of the poet, by his sister. It is scarcely three feet square, only a few inches thick, and very plain. It is fastened against the west wall of the church, about eight feet from the floor. The world is familiar with the inscription. Beneath this, marked in silk, but worn and tattered by time, is his coat-of-arms. The fabric was falling to pieces, until recently a lady from London, visiting the tomb, had it properly fastened under a glass case; and now above the marble is a beautiful wreath of California laurel, twined by a lady of the Pacific. Immediately by the side of the Byron-stone is a still smaller one, with this inscription:

"In the Byron vault below lie the remains of

AUGUSTA ADA:

only daughter of

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,

And wife of

WILLIAM, EARL OF LOVELACE,

Born, 10th of December, 1815; died, 27th November, 1862."

Many and many hours I wandered about this gloomy, desolate old church and not unpleasant church-yard; and I confess to a kind of selfish satisfaction, as I stood above the dust of the great poet, that the busy world had gone on the other way and left him all to me.

At Edinburgh and Glasgow I saw, with joy, that the monuments of Scott towered far above those of warriors, statesmen, and all others. At Ayr, Alloway, and Dumfries, the proud monuments to Burns are the pride of the people; but in all the land there is but this one small slab to the name of BYRON. And it is well enough. I do not



complain of it. I state it simply as a fact. I do not think Byron would ask to have it otherwise. In fact, he will suffer much less from the neglect, than the people from the reproach.

As I passed out the gate I slipped a half-crown into the hands of the Parish Clerk, as he stood watching the progress of a quarrel between two half-drunken women across the dirty street; and was soon in the car on my way back to Nottingham.

"Did you get any thing?" This question was addressed to me by an Englishman whom I had noticed enter the church at Hucknall, while I was copying the inscriptions. I did not understand him, and looked inquiringly. "I got this 'ere," he continued, as he drew from his bosom a long, slim shin-bone, rotten and brown with age. "I got it out of an old coffin at the other end of the church, behind some tombstones, while the Clerk was talking to you. I got a skull at first, but couldn't get it in my bosom, and so I had to drop it and take this. Have a piece?" Here he snapped it across his knee, and reached out the two pieces in his hand. I hesitated whether to accept his offer, or knock him down; but observing he was a very tall, healthy-looking Englishman, I quietly took a bone and tucked it away—feeling, at the same time, thankful that he was not an American.

Wandering about these scenes, sacred to the shades of the great dead, fishing in the Trent, tramping through Sherwood, prowling through the great granite caves of Robin Hood, two weeks of time had slipped away, and I began to think of my row of doctors, and a certain appointment at Berlin; but Ainsley Hall was yet unvisited—

"Hills of Ainsley, bleak and barren."

I entered the Park—which is broad and beautiful, green and rolling as an Irish sea, and studded with oaks—at an

iron gate, half a mile to the south of the Hall. Hundreds of fallow-deer, half as large as American elk, fed on the green, or, throwing back their broad antlers, stepped slowly and stately across the graveled walks. On a little hill-side, to the right, stood a grove of pines, and the earth was checkered with troops of rabbits, chasing each other up and down. A small lake lay to the left, and a single swan, of enormous size, stood on the margin, and flapped his snowy wings and straightened his neck, as I passed. On through a broad, open lawn, then through a short avenue of four-foot elms, a turn to the left, and I entered

"The massive gate of that old Hall"

I do not think the present Musters, lord of the lands of Ainsley, and grandson of Mary Chaworth, whom I met returning from his hounds with two friends, an enthusiastic admirer of Byron, though he is certainly a thorough gentleman and man of good sense, and has religiously preserved every thing about the Hall connected with his name.

It had rained on me, and my slouch hat was very slouchy, my boots were muddy, and I felt very tired and slovenly, as I am sure I looked; but he either pitied or admired the democratic barbarian of the far, far West, for as soon as I told my errand he led me into the sitting-room of his grandmother—which is now just as she left it, with the addition only of a few paintings—seated me in the chair where she used to study and write her letters, ordered all kinds of wine, and in a quiet, genial way told me every thing I sought to know.

This room is the scene of the separation: "not as bidding her adieu, for they did part with mutual smiles." It is remarkable how truthfully Byron has described the Hall and the landscape. After a little rest we went out on the terrace, "across that long threshold." Here to the right, in a great stone-wall,

is an old, crumbling door of wood, perforated with half a dozen enormous pistol-balls. This is the work of Byron; and as a truthful chronicler, I am bound to say that the shooting was of the wildest sort; for the terrace is not over fifty feet wide, and the shots cover a space of several feet. The door is protected as much as possible from storms and decay, but no repairs are allowed.

Lord Byron was much at Ainsley. At first, only his days were spent here; but as the boy was about mounting his horse to go home one night, he told them he had seen a "bogle" in the lake the night before, and they prevailed upon him to remain overnight. After this he stayed often for weeks together.

It is idle, if not in vain, to describe the rich paintings and rooms shown me at the Hall. In one is a little autograph poem of the poet, in a glass case. It is written in pencil, is "for Mary"—which probably accounts for the tolerable penmanship—and is signed "Byron." Here is kept the beautiful, unrivaled painting of Mary Chaworth; taken, I should judge, in her maidenhood. The hair falls down over the beautiful face in short, rich curls, the lips are perfect Grecian, and the eyes look calmly into yours with a touch of tenderness, almost speaking in their beauty. This picture, like Byron's, is marked and remarkable. There is very much in it—poetry, pride, and passion—but I could not trace "the touch of grief" pictured by the poet. Implements of war and the chase hung on the walls, among which I was shown the sword with which Chaworth fought with Byron of old. "They fought in a coffee-house," said Musters to me, "over a table, after a sudden quarrel about their game and the dividing line of their estates. Byron received a wound, and fell; when, as Chaworth leaned over him, he shortened his sword and ran him through."

When we ascended to the second floor, Lady Musters came forward, and kindly welcomed me to Ainsley. "I want to show you the third generation from Mary Chaworth," she said, as her three or four beautiful, healthy children stood around her.

The "antique oratory" is on this floor, is twenty feet square, with a height of twenty feet. It has one great window, deeply hung with ivy, looking out toward Newstead. This room has been altered and improved, and wears a sense of newness, but is a sweet place. Here, through the ivied window, Lady Musters pointed out to me the

"gentle hill,  
Green, and of mild declivity,"

half a mile away toward Newstead.

Declining the further hospitality of the noble family of Ainsley, I soon crossed the intervening lawn, and stood upon the classic ground. No words can more perfectly describe this spot than the lines in "The Dream," beginning:

"The cape of a long ridge of such,  
Save that there was no sea to lave its base," etc.

He does not mention the long avenues of elms, now coasting the promontory, though they were, no doubt, merely small trees in his time. The hill,

"crowned with a peculiar diadem  
Of trees,"

is crownless now. The trees were cut away by Byron's successful rival, it is said, but I trust with no truth, because of the many allusions to this "peculiar diadem of trees," which annoyed him. A thick growth of pines is set in their place.

On this spot—which will be visited, and read of, and remembered, when battle-fields are forgotten—stands a great granite-stone marked "Inkerman." On this stone I leaned, and looking to the left, above the "corn-fields and abodes of men," I saw the towers of Newstead

Abbey, and "our own dear lake" flashing with the trailing beams of the September sun. To the right lay Ainsley Hall with its "hoary threshold," while away to the front, and half hidden by the growth of little pines, stooped the crumbling church of Hucknall in "ruinous perfection," nursing, in darkness and desolation, all that remains of the poet,

Byron—the journey's end of the weary "Childe."

Was it weariness that kept me here till Night had crushed his sable wings against the promontory? It was dark and chill when I descended; but I was cheered in my walk to Hucknall by the memory of the kind words of the children of Mary Chaworth.

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OBLIVION,

Beyond the flight of hours,  
Beneath the rooted flowers,  
Where winter rain, nor showers  
Of April, fall;  
Where days that say "Alas!"  
Forget to come, to pass;  
And joy or grief that was,  
Is ended all.

There never sunlight gleams;  
There sleep begets not dreams;  
Therein is voice of streams,  
Nor voice of trees.  
From shadow into sun,  
From light to shadow won,  
No shining rivers run  
To shining seas.

No birds of morning throat  
Their joy from skies remote;  
From the still leaves no note  
On either hand;  
No love-lorn nightingale,  
That sings while stars wax pale,  
And moonlight, as a veil,  
Is on the land.

Many the dwellers are  
Within that valley far,  
Lit by nor sun nor star,  
Where no dawn is;

Where sleep broods as a dove;  
And love forgot of love,  
The dead delights thereof  
Can never miss.

Wherein is spoken word,  
Nor any laughter heard;  
The eyelids are not stirred  
By touch of tears;  
Wherein the poet's brain  
The rapture and the pain  
Of song knows not again,  
Through all the years.

Pale leaves of poppies shed  
About the brows and head,  
From whence the laurel, dead,  
Is dropped to dust.  
Strength laid in armor down  
To mold, and on the gown  
The mold, and on the crown  
The mold and rust.

So evermore they lie:  
The ages pass them by,  
Them doth the Earth deny,  
And Time forget;  
Void in the years, the ways,  
As a star loosed from space,  
Upon whose vacant place  
The sun is set.



## HEARTS OF OAK.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART, SECOND.

## THE ROMANCE OF A HOLIDAY.

CHUM RIVERS was the lion at Miss Whacker's, and one not to be meddled with. From the time he had adopted Paul, it was wonderful to see how the latter rose in the estimation of the school. In fact, Rivers had once been heard to remark casually, "He'd just like to see any one lay a finger on that youngster;" but he was not gratified. The youngster went scot-free, and continued ever after to bask in the sunshine of popularity.

There was a break in the monotony of life at Whacker's. A picnic, long talked of, wonderfully well planned, and now finally to be carried out, was the occasion of it. This picnic was a perfect godsend to most of the boys, but especially to Paul, who was finding life rather tiresome nowadays, though Rivers was his chum. Paul's heart, having its desire satisfied, began to cool and grow wayward again. It was a way Paul's heart had of doing, and it gave him some trouble in after-life, and perhaps saved him some as well. He was beginning to feel the symptoms—the unmistakable and never-to-be-forgotten symptoms—of home-sickness. He tried very hard to get rid of them. He had the promise of a return at the end of the quarter, and every three days a letter came from the dear ones at the Rookery, who missed him more bitterly than he was aware of. He talked it over with Chum Rivers, and concluded to be as manly as possible under the circumstances, to hold out to the end of the

quarter, and then leave, perhaps never to come back again.

The picnic was the occasion of just such a bold resolution. And what a picnic it was, and in what a lovely place! A wild, mountainous pass, wooded on every side. A high plateau spread out like a cushioned floor, and beyond it the woods climbing to the very peaks of the mountains, perfuming the air with gums and blossoms. A swift stream, rushing down between these verdant heights, seemed to flow with no other object than to make as much noise and foam as possible. Trout in the waters, birds and butterflies in the air, and careless, happy children on the high plateau. It was the picnic of picnics, several schools and literary societies having combined their forces to give grandeur to the occasion. The banners of the various prize-classes floated from the boughs of the surrounding trees, and every game that could be remembered or devised was played and played again, in the midst of the brilliant and inspiring scene. There were foot-races, in which Paul took part and lost, while Chum Rivers invariably won. Of course the pretty girls sat in judgment, and the prettiest of the pretty crowned the victor. It was an undeniable fact that Paul lost that race.

At the base of the ravine lay one of those exquisite inland lakes, sacred to water-lilies and summer swallows, but on this occasion profaned by the keels of several Indian canoes, brought hither for any aquatic games that might suggest themselves. The light skiffs, each propelled by one broad paddle, to be

dipped alternately on either side of it, were given to several novices, who stood an equally fair chance of winning. Two or three girls joined the regatta, and were allowed the advantage of a few rods toward the goal, which was a little islet of pines in the centre of the lake. The spectators grouped themselves on the green slopes of the shore, laughing and singing. The scene was a joyous one, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. The first start was finely made, the fairy armada scattering itself over the smooth water in picturesque disorder, rounding the islet in fine style, while the home-run was made with increased skill and energy by two or three of the young gentlemen, who forgot, in their excitement, that the ladies should be allowed to win, on general principles. The roll was called in the order of winning, and the prizes were about to be awarded, when it was suddenly discovered that Bella, the greatest romp in the country and the prettiest of her sex—at least, Paul thought so, and so did Rivers, for they had talked it over many times—Bella was missing!

What should be done was the general question, and a tremendous cheer arose as a handkerchief was seen fluttering from one of the pines on the islet. Bella was safe, at least, and playing her game of romp. No!—a shout comes over the water, "Help! help!" Was Bella a prisoner, wrecked on that piny islet? Who would rescue the captive? Skill would soon decide that matter, for half a dozen canoes were off in a moment in quest of Bella. One by one they turned back, as they lost all hope of victory; and finally, only Paul and Rivers were left to test their strength and skill.

On they sped, almost within reach of one another, while a double track of foam marked their rapid course over the smooth surface of the lake. Paul was never so strong nor so skillful as now. His pride was roused, and besides, there

was a sweetheart in the case. So far, Rivers had taken all the honors, and it should go no farther—not if Paul could help it; he said so plainly in every quick stroke of his paddle, for the race was nearly over. A moment more would decide the matter, and the decision was given quite unexpectedly. A sunken branch, which Paul in his excitement had not noticed, caught him in its meshes and held him fast, a dozen feet from the shore. Bella entered Rivers' skiff, and was borne back to the shore, though by no means at the same speed with which he had come in quest of her. Probably Rivers was tired after his exertions; and then Bella was telling him how she had tried a short cut between the rocks off Pine Islet, was stranded, waded ashore, and cried for help, as he and all the children had heard her.

There was a general jubilee after that, and Bella found herself an object of great interest to the younger portion of the community, who considered her adventure a real fairy tale; and some of them dreamed of it the two or three following nights.

There was one more chance for the disconsolate Paul: he could at least escort the heroine of the Pine Island home. With this end in view he sought her diligently, and found her in the company of Rivers. Two arms were simultaneously offered the young lady; the two friends paused for a reply— Could she not take both? Each protested she must choose between them, and she chose—Rivers. Paul walked home in silence. Thrice in one day he had been defeated. He never felt so much inclined to melancholy meditation in his life. He wondered why he had been fished out of the swimming hole, to be tantalized in this way. He began to feel that he was getting homesick again; in fact, he was decidedly blue. At the same time, he would rather Rivers should be the fortunate rival than any other fel-

low in the world. It was some consolation to think it *was* Chum Rivers, and that Chum Rivers was triumphant—that even he could not cut him out! For a few moments he believed devoutly in the infallibility of Chum Rivers. For a few moments he comforted himself with this hard crumb of philosophy, that what is worth having is worth fighting for; though he felt at the same time that he would be nowhere in a knock-down with Chum Rivers.

#### HOMESICK.

There was no use in trying to disguise the fact any longer: Paul Rookh *was* decidedly homesick, and he had reached the stage where he did not care who knew it. He had done his best to defer the climax; had accused himself constantly of all sorts of unmanliness, hoping thereby to rouse some latent pride, which he certainly possessed; but the boy's spirit was wounded, and his heart fainted within him. Limp and nerveless, he bowed over his neglected task, while his two hands strove in vain to stay the fast-falling tears. His heart throbbed painfully; the crushing weight of mountains seemed heaped upon his breast; he could scarcely breathe, and every breath was prolonged into a pitiful and despairing sigh. He had one object in living, and only one: it was to get home as soon as possible, and never to leave it again. He would have consented to any privation for the accomplishment of his purpose. But there was none offered to him. He endured various self-inflicted penances for his weakness and want of courage, but it was all of no avail: he still continued homesick, and remained at school.

The slow, tedious hours preyed upon him, robbing him of his natural vitality, and dispersing all thoughts of study from his mind. Paul would sit by the hour over his open book, thinking of his dearest mother, who was surely rocking by

the window at that moment. He could see her as plainly as he ever saw any thing in his life, and it made him weep the more. What would he not have given to be permitted to steal up to that window unobserved, and throw his arms about the neck of the blessed woman who sat there, telling her all his grievances, and making her promise never to send him from home again. He thought of Skillet also, and her matchless doughnuts. What wonderful creations those doughnuts were! Was there ever any thing to compare with their lightness and their perfect brownness? Then he remembered so vividly poor, dear Floss, pining for him. His letters said as much, and every word of those letters went like an arrow to his heart—a barbed arrow, that could not be withdrawn. He fancied he saw Floss crouching by the gate for hours and hours; looking eagerly, wistfully, hopefully, up and down the still street, for her absent master. How he wept and was shaken like a reed in the tempest, while Chum Rivers knew not what to say to him or to do for him, and was at his wits' end in consequence. So he only stood silent beside him, and put his hand as softly as possible on Paul's shoulder, which at once renewed the deluge of tears. Then he pressed his jackknife—a very new one—upon his heart-broken friend, but Paul wanted no more jackknives: he had a large assortment of the article already. His grief was not to be stayed by a jackknife, even though it were a new one.

What could be done? The matter was getting serious. Rivers applied to that kind soul whose mortality had such a measureless coil, and she took the miserable boy upon her capacious lap, burying his head among the billowy folds of her expansive bust, where the grief-stricken, homesick youngster sobbed himself to sleep.

Rivers was gratified at her success. He did not know what else could be



done under the circumstances. Paul was an odd boy, and odd boys often required odd treatment; this was most decidedly odd treatment—treatment which he, Rivers, could not have submitted to in any stage whatever of mental or physical debility. He thought it was all well enough in Paul's case, especially as it could not be helped; but Paul was rather a big boy to be crying like a baby in a woman's lap.

When a brief nap had somewhat quieted Paul's nerves, they managed to get him into bed; and having given him some soothing mixture, they hoped for better times. That night Rivers lay close to Paul, with his arm over him, all through his heavy, uneasy sleep. Every throb of his pulse was an electric touch, that thrilled through the disturbed organism of his unhappy school-mate, giving him strength and rest.

Rivers slept very little. To him this was a new order of things. He could scarcely understand such weakness in a boy. Why had he never felt it himself? His father and mother were both dead, to be sure, and his uncle, under whose charge he had been left, was not very lovable. He saw him but seldom, and then had little to say to him. How any one could have such a love for grown-up people, was the question that puzzled him, as he tried his best to comfort Paul and make him more of a man. Had Paul been conscious, he would have felt the life-giving currents pass into and course through his members, quickening their sluggish action; for Rivers gave all the sunshine of his nature and the warmth of his loving heart to the brightening and bettering of that cheerless soul.

The morning came, but with it came the shadow of a greater sorrow. Paul was summoned home in the utmost haste. He scarcely knew why; he almost dreaded to realize the truth that had been hinted at, for it was the first, the most

awful blow that could be dealt to the young life. Rivers knew it all before Paul had been informed of it, and doubly dear was Rivers in that terrible visitation. Death had entered and led away the patient and devoted mother. Rivers would have taken the whole weight of the sorrow upon himself, had it been possible. He had never wanted to be useful half so much as now, to Paul, to the landlady, who was herself weeping at Paul's sorrow—to every one, in fact. It seemed as though it concerned him quite as much as Paul; and he certainly bore the weight of it equally with the orphan, whose life he had restored to him, only that it might be blighted thus early in its greenness and beauty.

Poor, stricken, heart-broken Paul! How the acorn within your breast swells and swells to bursting in this great sorrow. Bear up a little under it; for it is the storm that toughens and the rain that vitalizes it, and adversity that goes toward making it a Heart of Oak, that shall yet resist temptation and bear bravely the brunt of life.

#### ASPHODELS.

There is a blow more deadly to the yearning heart of childhood than any other that may be dealt it. It is the loss of a mother's precious and benign presence. To the young child it is a mystery too awful to contemplate—a ghost that haunts the chamber, and will not rest. To those older and more capable of realizing their loss, it is a sacred and everlasting memory—a cross borne upon a heart bleeding with its weight; a bowed head lacerated with the thorns of that crown of woe. Yet it is a voluntary martyrdom. The mourner would not suffer the cup to pass his lips; for the continually returning influences of that mother's every word and look visit the bowed spirit of her son.

This incomparable sorrow swept down upon Paul in the heyday of his thought-

less youth, and he was well-nigh lost in the tempest of his grief. His whole nature seemed altered. The currents of his life turned suddenly, as it were, from their natural course. He was hardly to be recognized in the weak-spirited, unhappy, sullen boy that he became after his beloved mother had been taken from him. Some of his old companions were sent for, as though they could tempt him back to cheerfulness. But their faces were saddened, and their voices hushed. The Rookery had so recently been the abode of death, that they were a little shy of its wide halls and silent chambers. He was petted exceedingly by his father—who, in truth, fairly idolized his heir—and he was promised any thing he chose to ask for; but he had not the heart to ask for any thing. His very features seemed changed: he was no longer rosy and boyish-looking. He grew hollow-cheeked and dull-eyed; and it became a question of some importance what should be done with him. The doctor—the same of whom we caught a glimpse one summer night—said he must have a change of scene, and that the old associations must be broken up.

Paul did not care much what happened. He seemed to have lost all interest in places and persons; even Rivers could hardly bring the light back to his eye, though he tried his best to do it. The matter was discussed; plans were made and unmade, and finally Paul was shipped, in charge of a guardian, for a short voyage across the sea.

For several days the novelty of sea-life amused him. But it soon became monotonous, and he watched with eagerness for the faint outlines of the palm-island which was their destination, and became a little vexed and impatient until they made it finally—a purple cloud beyond a purple sea—just at sunset, in a warm latitude. In the morning they were close under the land; and Paul was wild with excitement at the new

splendor of tropical life, that burst upon him like a page of romance from his well-thumbed copy of the “Arabian Nights.”

How the penetrating tropic heat nourished him, and the surf-baths strengthened him, and the glorious showers of the Equator refreshed him, giving him a new joy in life! There was nothing to annoy him, for his thoughts were constantly occupied with the novelty of every thing in this strange place. He rode, boated, lounged about in delicious, dreamy idleness, and made the acquaintance of a few aristocratic young men, who were entirely oblivious of any world beyond the horizon of their own plantations.

In all this sensuous life the dear grave of his mother was not forgotten: he thought of her and of the lonesome Rookery; of the glaring white monument that bore her beloved name. But he thought of them with less bitterness, with less violent emotion, now. Chum Rivers deluged him with letters full of school gossip, flirtations, engagements, quarrels, etc., with now and then a mention of the death of this one or that one. How near to Paul seemed the thought of death now! He understood it as he never had understood it before; and it gave him a little twinge about the heart somewhere, sharp and painful, every time he thought of it. These letters threw him into an odd sort of reverie, and he could feel one of his old, crying spells about to come on him, like the quick, sudden storms of the sunny latitudes he dwelt in. It was like touching upon a forbidden subject with him, this thinking of death; and he indulged in it occasionally, with the relish that sweetens any impropriety.

In his walks, when he reached the cliff—a favorite resort—and lay down to watch the shining sea and the sailing gulls, the little shudders that ran through the grass, on the edge of the cliff where

the wind swept over it, filled him with a vague fear, he knew not why; yet it gave him the gloomiest thoughts of death, and dust, and decay. Then he would hasten back to the strange old town by the sea, tormented with unrest and impatient longings.

When his considerate guardian found him in these unhealthy moods, he would try to lead his mind into purer channels of thought, suggesting some diversion or other to turn the current of his dangerous reveries; and Paul would regain his self-possession, and be just a little ashamed of having given up to it so easily. It was rather childish, he thought, and he told Chum Rivers all about it, in any number of letters, written very badly on black-edged paper. These confessions did him a great deal of good. He was conscious of it, and would spin out his letters to a marvelous degree, adding here and there hints of the good times he occasionally enjoyed in that quaint, old, foreign town; concluding the whole by sending his love to every body, but most especially to a select few, whose names he crowded into exceedingly close quarters at the ends of his rambling sheets.

Dear Paul, what a day it was with him! His youth was again beginning to assert its rights. The sky was clearer, far clearer than before, and the hours were no longer so heavy as they once were. Something began to flutter and fret him, some inner voice that had not spoken till now. It made him a little impulsive and impatient. He rather resented too much attention from his guardian, and was strongly inclined to think for himself. Life was calling him back to the world; yet at that moment the myrtle had scarcely rooted upon the fresh grave of his greatest sorrow.

#### RED ROSES.

With that graceful air of indolence best suited to the time and place—twi-

light under a hanging balcony, in a long, narrow street of an old, tropical town—Paul began to realize the *dolce far niente*. He might have heard of it before, without comprehending the dangerous paradise it implies. Paul succumbed to the circumstances, and was as lazy and indifferent as the oldest settler of the dominion.

The atmosphere, at the close of an oppressively hot day, when it is filled with the golden dust of the twilight and tempered with gathering dew—particularly if the sonorous sea be not far distant and can make itself heard—is calculated to revive old memories, and those of the tenderest and most pathetic nature.

Paul relapsed under the soft influences of the seductive climate, and allowed his mind to drift out into the still, shadowy Past, in search of lost love and sunken treasure. Meantime he was rapidly getting the best of his cigarette, that being the latest assumption of manliness that dignified him. The cigarette in the concrete did not quite agree with him; so he tossed the wisp of burnt corn-leaf into the still street, and lay back in his hammock to relieve his lungs. Paul swung slowly to and fro in the balcony, and dreamed. His adolescence was a tedious time. He wished himself well out of it, and a man indeed. He was entering that purgatory of boyhood, when they are neither good nor bad, only hopelessly awkward, utterly useless, and, unfortunately, quite conscious of it themselves.

Paul swung in his hammock, watching a window over the street—a tall, narrow window, twined about with some tropic climber, with flame-like blossoms and sickly sweet odor that was almost perceptible to Paul as he swung backward and forward and wondered what the splendid blossoms could be; and he continued to swing and wonder, and wonder and swing, till a scarf was thrown



carelessly over the balcony of the window, which matched the superb blossoms, and almost rivaled their fervid hue. The curtains of filmy lace waved slightly in the faint breeze that came over from the sea, cool and invigorating. Paul looked long and listlessly in that direction. He wondered what it was the window reminded him of: the window, with the leaves clustering round it, was scarcely like Stella's window—the flowers were too deeply colored for that; and he seemed to be regarding them with sensations entirely different from those he experienced in his childish love for Stella. Years had been added to their lives since they last met; probably she had forgotten him entirely by this time, and he was ready to confess that he found no special pleasure in thinking of her nowadays.

Paul ruminated, swinging slowly the while in his fringed hammock, and spoilt two or three cigarettes in fruitless attempts to roll them: over they went into the street, with an impatient "Hang it," which was simply putting the velvet on a harder word he did not quite like to use. A guitar was heard. Paul started from his reverie. Just a chord or two fell soft as a whisper on the air, and seemed to float away on wings and pass into the distance and dusk. Paul listened, and longed for more. Then the wild music of the "Tarantella" seemed to bewitch the strings of the instrument. Paul was enraptured. It was evident the music came from the window opposite. It began to appear like a romance. The castanets clashed in with the rapid and bewildering harmony, and he fancied he could hear the swift feet of the dancers. He thought of the *ballet* he had recently witnessed at the Carnival, and of his strange excitement as he beheld for the first time the intoxicating spectacle.

The music ceased. Paul was a little vexed: he seemed suddenly stranded

upon the bare earth, after an inspiring flight through space. The lace drapery was drawn partly back from the casement, and a faint, blue vapor climbed upward, blotting the crystal air. "Smoking!" he said to himself, as he saw the pale, blue cloud ascending, for it followed the click of a flint and steel. There was something barbarous and proportionably fascinating in this mode of making one's fire, and Paul resolved to abandon lucifers and procure a flint and steel at once. He tried another cigarette; and managing to roll it tolerably, he joined the unknown opposite in a quiet smoke. Presently the last bit of the rolled and smoking leaf was thrown from the window, and Paul caught a glimpse of a graceful wrist and jeweled fingers. "Aha!" he thought. "A *señorita*; a cigarette; a guitar, and *fandangos*! It is getting perfectly stunning."

He prayed for one glimpse of the dark beauty, and watched intently. Paul's cigarette went out in his fingers. The matter was evidently getting serious. Then he heard a low voice, clear, and full, and deep. Paul stopped his hammock with an impatient foot, and listened; the words were mournful and pleading, but their meaning he could not catch. Again the music awoke, throbbing upon the air, till it set Paul's brain in a whirl of new delight: it was the prelude to a dream of the South, for at that moment there leaned from the vine-clad casement a glorious head, crowned with disheveled ringlets, jetty black; a broad, pale brow, and eyes of midnight darkness and mystery, overshadowed with drooping fringes; a nostril sensitive and passionate; lips full and voluptuous, and a faultless bust, shrouded in laces—all this Paul saw for a moment, and was spell-bound, captivated with one glance of that queen-like Andalusian.

The face vanished like an apparition. The night came with its golden, glowing stars; but Paul's heart was so strangely

touched that he could not enjoy the continuous festival of a tropic night. He hardly knew what to think of himself; he felt as he had never felt before. He looked again and again toward that window, and was utterly miserable for the brief vision he had beheld there. He prayed continually, with as fervent and honest a prayer as he ever breathed, that he might once more behold that dangerous beauty—that siren, whose song of enchantment had already begun to ensnare his susceptible heart.

It was high time that he should return to a more temperate climate. He felt this himself, and he had still sufficient presence of mind left to lay the matter before his guardian; that is, as much of it as related to a speedy return, but not one word of the enchanting face among the cactus flowers over the way.

Paul sailed very shortly after that. There was nothing to be considered but the time of departure of the various vessels, and to select whatever craft was the first to leave, bound for their home.

Paul set to work to kill time as soon as they were once out of sight of land. He thought how much he would have to tell Chum Rivers of his tour, and with what unction he would relate the episode of the siren, whose compelling eyes and almost fatal glance had driven him to sea. He thought it rather a manly thing to be thus excited by a beautiful form, and it was not an unpleasant fallacy for the ambitious youth to indulge.

"What eyes they were!" he thought; and he fancied he could see them, looking up from the watery abyss that he was continually hanging over, night and day. Far down under the oily surface of the ocean in calm weather he pictured that sibyl's face; and it held him with its glowing and changeful beauty, until a word from some companion, or a touch upon his arm, broke the spell of the enchantress, and he turned from her with

a sigh. The very sound of the waters, hissing under the keel of the bark, whispered over and over an incantation; and Paul was sad with a half-despairing sadness at the bonds which he found it so difficult to cast off, that he might be his old self once more. Such was life with him, as he was borne back from the spice, and purple, and scarlet of the tropics to his bleak, but beloved home in the North.

New currents of life were flowing in that young Heart of Oak. It began to feel its power, and it longed to grapple with realities and to test its strength. Have a care, Paul, for the latent spark of passion has kindled within you; and alas for him who fans it to a white heat!

#### MASTER ROOKH, FRESHMAN.

The mental appetite does not always grow with what it feeds on. There is such a thing as becoming surfeited with knowledge; at least Paul thought so, and as a relief to the overburdened brain—heaven save the mark!—he hung his bachelor quarters at Freshman's Hall with French prints, that would hardly have served to illustrate the proprieties, and loaded the atmosphere of his close study with stale smokes, some of them a week old. No man can aspire to be a genuine Freshman till he has thoroughly cured his liver with cheap tobacco—at least, it would seem so from the established order of things—and you are expected to take your degree in profanity before the close of the first half, also.

It was whispered by some of the knowing ones that Paul's sideboard held some rather choice liquors, but it was not every one who got positive proof of the fact. Paul was getting to be a trifle select in his associates; and it was considered rather a compliment to get a nod from him, especially by those not in very high standing. He was full of life; the regatta interested him; he was posted in all the sporting intelligence of the

day. Flash papers were stacked upon his table, and clubs, dumb-bells, boxing-gloves, with various other appurtenances of the youth of the period, were some of the decorations of his apartments.

Rivers and he still clung together, but they were not so intimate as formerly; and, in fact, Paul did not find much satisfaction in the representatives of his own sex. Yet he was not so bad, after all. Homer and Livy, Horace and Xenophon, were much to him. For he had a delicate taste and good powers of appreciation, and he found construing an interesting task. He could take a real pleasure in odes and idyls, and in conferring with the Professors on some subject of ancient lore.

Still he was unsettled in mind and uneasy in body; more so, perhaps, during this period and the two or three years following, than ever before or after. When one gets a grain of sense into one's noddle, it is pretty sure to knock about and rattle to such a degree that it is really of more importance, to the possessor, than a whole skull full of it; for then it is well packed, and lies quietly.

So Paul strutted about in a very impressive manner; went regularly to the meetings of the "Rhetorical Sons" of something or other, and debated like a Senator while the other senatorial Freshmen applauded his magnificent periods to the echo, and expected as much in return, as the vexed question—"Resolved, That God is an essence of the beautiful and the true, and that all who are true and beautiful are of God"—swung round the circle of profound philosophers. He also consented to write for the College Quarterly—a rickety pamphlet of some twenty pages—with the air of one about to shake the foundations of reason and philosophy. He developed a taste for niceties in dress, and an inclination to swaggering and indifference.

Paul did himself an injustice when he stooped to these affectations of man-

hood, as false and artificial as the men they copy.

He was given to reverie at this time. He loved to steal out alone at night, in so singular a mood that he was himself surprised at it. He seemed, for the first time, to appreciate the great mystery of night and silence. The stars spoke to him in their way, and he listened and understood them in his; yet it was impossible for him to put into words any one of their solemn revelations.

Thus feeding on the *husks*—that is, the *forms* of Literature and Art—without any of the experience which enables him to comprehend their spirit, he found them empty as Pleasure itself. Something, he knew not what—nor do the wisest know—ministered to his better nature in this period of transition between the innocence of youth and the full strength of manhood.

He *thought* lightly of women, while he felt vaguely that his soul was imperfect without their influence. All his life he had been their loyal subject. Stricken in presence of their purity into contrition, his self-love fed itself with every sign of his own power to attract them.

#### HOURS OF IDLENESS.

A fresh, young heart is not long in mastering a task; and Paul soon learned the knack of seizing the leading points of his allotted study, and throwing them off in the class-room with such ease and readiness that he seemed thoroughly conversant with the body of the matter—thus getting much credit for little pains. His mind was given more to the strolls at dusk in the neighborhood of the female seminaries and in the public streets, where he fancied he was an object of general interest, being a collegiate, and a rather *blast*-looking fellow. He imagined he threw the inmates of the dovecote—as he playfully termed the seminary—into a great commotion, whenever he appeared in the neighbor-



hood. Perhaps he did, but I think not; as it was the hour which the young ladies spent in an inner room, under the special spiritual guidance of a competent corps of experienced teachers—*vide* the illustrated circular of the institution.

Now and then there were fast drives into the plains beyond the town or toward the beach; and on these occasions Paul was not alone. Several times he was heard to speak lightly of the young person who accompanied him; a character well known, you would say, to hear her so familiarly canvassed among the college boys. Let me implore the reader to suspend the verdict till Paul has outgrown these symptoms of manly impropriety. He grew so rapidly at this time that he had outgrown his own reckoning. The season comes to all alike, though not at the same period of life.

He was full-veined, emotional, often unwise in his actions, and usually overconfident in his own judgment. Like one with more strength than he knows what to do with, with more power than mind to direct it, he wasted it upon trivial matters, and ran all sorts of risks for the mere fun of doing it. He had also the unhealthy craving for notoriety that does so much mischief to the weak-minded. Night forages, of a very mild nature, struck him as being rather brigandish; and he was surprised that the outside world took so little interest in the campaigns and revolutions of the Freshman class.

He grew rather sentimental, and wrote verses suitable for albums, in all stages of poetical insipidity. Now and then he threw off an anacreontic, with which he purposed electrifying the public through the pages of the College Quarterly; but when the fire of his inspiration had died out, the lines read so badly that he consigned them usually to oblivion, with an exclamation that was intended for profanity, though it came so awkwardly from

him that he never felt quite at ease in uttering it.

Less and less he thought of study, more and more of the fun and dare-devil part of college-life; and the style of the letters with which he deluged Rivers—who was now getting a regular salary in a law-office in a neighboring town—would read well enough in a compendium of college scrapes, but weigh little in the balance with a man's character and dignity. He loafed, lounged about, and read flashy books; doing it because it was rather stunning to do that sort of thing. Yet he loafed and lounged with an unusual grace, that was as marked as it was uncalled for in the company he frequented. He was like some elegant plant that had fallen from its trellis, and was trailing its fair blossoms in the dust. While he read the lascivious pages of demoralizing literature, something in his heart cried out against its vile teaching, pointing triumphantly to the higher, purer life of marriage and life-long fidelity, which he knew to be no fable, but reality. Still the wild-oats must be sown. So he kept saying to himself; he considered it a duty devolving upon him, and he strove to fulfill it with the air of a *roué*, and with the *abandon* of one without conscience, tedious and troublesome as it became. He despised the submission of some of his steadier classmates. The example of their strict and strait-laced discipline drove him to the other extreme. He resolved to avoid all such abasement of the godlike attributes of liberty and free thought. "Instincts are given us," said Paul: "why are they given us, unless we are to follow their guidance? God does not instill into us desires which are awakened only to be smothered. That would be a mistake of God and Nature, and neither God nor Nature can err." As for creeds, he cast them to the winds. They might have answered a purpose in a past and darker age. "We are progressing," said

he. "It is glorious to live in this age of Progress, when the mind shakes off its fetters and is free to soar heavenward."

The same thing has been said in every age. We laugh at the Past: the Future, in its turn, will laugh at us. The climax is not reached. The swart Egyptian, chipping at a block of stone for the base of the prospective Pyramids, gloried in his day. Swart Egyptian, where are your lost arts, that, with all our boastings, we can not equal? Tell us the riddle of the Sphinx. "There are prayers enough," said Paul; "let us live while we may, for life is brief."

The very air was burdened with supplications, when he uttered those thoughtless words. Burdened and glorified with the majesty of penitential voices. Millions and millions were bowing before the altar, whence in all times they receive their consolations. And against that throne of Grace, whose awful beauty illumines the farthest world in space, Paul, rejoicing in his puny strength, lifted his hand in scorn.

#### THE FETE OF THE BUTTERFLIES.

The Sophomore year culminated in a grand literary entertainment and a ball. The former, among its many attractions, presented Paul Rookh as a dramatic reader. His voice was full and melodious; his presence, elegant. He read with great delicacy and skill from the poems of Swinburne, who seems to have been his favorite at this time. His clear and musical utterance was well attuned to the mingled honey and gall of the wonderful poet, and his success was immediate and unquestioned. He was the lion of the *fête* in the evening, which was the sensation of the season, the pride of the young collegians, and had been the dream of fair women for three months preceding the event. Butterflies were there in profusion, glossy and downy; covered with velvet and

golden dust, powdered and perfumed, and gauze-winged.

Paul's toilet was stupendous. He had spent two hours in consulting his mirror; and at the end of that time was still at a loss to decide among the various modes of tying his cravat that suggested themselves. The cravat was his only badge of coquetry; in other things, he was like other fellows. Well-cut clothes are well-cut clothes all the world over; but a cravat is an ornament, to be worn like a blossom at the throat, and by skillful manipulation may be made to express many shades of sentiment.

Having buckled on his irresistible armor of fashion and frivolity, Paul entered the arena. Of course he appeared quite indifferent to the brilliant and bewildering spectacle. At his age one is expected to be superior to all this tinsel and folly: which is equivalent to saying that one is expected to be what one is not qualified to be.

Paul moved languidly among the groups of willowy young ladies—young ladies so very willowy that when the dance had tempted them upon the floor, the exertion was found almost too much for them, and they were obliged to rest rather heavily in the arms of Paul, who did his best to support the lovely burdens till the lagging music permitted them once more to relapse into inaction. Paul talked to a score of them, in turn, of poetry and of Swinburne, quoting passionate, burning lines that brought real color to the brows of the butterflies. It was about all that Paul could do just then, and he seemed to feel somewhat ashamed, for he bit his lip once or twice at his own folly, and walked into the night-air for a moment to refresh himself. Still the bewildering music reached him there, and his card was scored with engagements which he could not in honor slight. Back into the whirlwind he fluttered, as giddy and thoughtless as any of them. Pale goddesses in tarlatan

clung to Paul in the intervals of the dance, talking sadly of life, and hinting at nunneries and the white veil. Paul quoted whole pages of Hamlet, and was deliciously melancholy (the cravat had much to do with the scenic effect of his by-play); he berated the sex terribly, and yet was so gallant that the provoked little creatures half forgave him. Paul thought he had solved the mystery of woman: chase them, and they fly from you; but turn, and they will follow. It was the result of his nineteen years of experience; three of which, it might be said, he had spent in the knowledge of sin.

What a game it was that the butterflies played that night! The hall was embowered with green branches; and cages of singing-birds, screened in the clustering foliage, filled the room with their warblings. The music was maddening; wine had its part to play, also, and it was not slow to act in the heat and passion of the dance. It was delicious, but terrible; the Hours fled in dismay. What power had they in such abandonment? After midnight, the atmosphere of the ball-room was scarlet with passion, and unhallowed by the feverish lips that muttered words, which, in a calmer moment, would not have dared to pass them. Dawn came at last—gray, earnest, and cold. The music ceased, the tramp of tired feet echoed in the dismal hall. There was a sharpness in the air that chilled the heated revelers, and they shivered as they stood in the ante-room, awaiting their turn, while the mass of carriages were being freighted with their weary occupants.

How did they feel within, those poor butterflies, with torn and broken wings; unplumed and lustreless now, sighing in their tarnished gold; faded, jaded, and utterly unlovely?

The *Fête* of the Butterflies was over, and the general wreck that followed it stamped it beyond question as the success of the season.

Paul had been drinking from time to time during the night. He had a faint idea that he did something very absurd at supper, and that every body laughed very much, but for the life of him he could not remember what it was, and he did not care either; at least he said as much, and was prepared to stick to it. His head was in a bad way. A dozen flying wheels seemed hung in the centre of his skull, each revolving in a different direction as rapidly as possible. He had some difficulty in recognizing Rivers. He thought Rivers must have been drinking, he appeared so changed; and he told him so in the kindest manner possible, but was indignantly repulsed by the individual whom he addressed, and Paul got a little vexed to think that Rivers should so easily forget his own name. He stumbled into a corner and lay down upon a heap of dusty desks and blackboards, to weep over the sad spectacle of human frailty.

He was conscious of some one who claimed to be Rivers coming and dragging him from his retreat, where he felt he must resemble Marius at the ruins of Carthage; and Paul, with an example in division reversed upon the faultless nap of his dress-coat, and a common denominator visibly impressed upon his stomach (which seemed to signify that that which goes into a body the greatest number of times is bound to reduce it, as per example), was rolled up two flights of stairs and laid out upon a bed, half dressed and wholly unconscious.

The King of the Butterflies, after the triumphs he had achieved, was altogether a loathsome object, and hateful to look upon.

Dullness and dissatisfaction followed that night of revelry, and he went home to the Rookery to recruit and laugh out the holiday with Chum Rivers.

Singularly enough, Paul constantly recurred to his late degradation, which he curiously called a spree. He spoke of



himself as a bad, dissipated fellow, in the way that one would half reprove some amusing discrepancy in a charming, but wayward child, and call him a naughty boy.

Paul's father was preoccupied with business, and noticed only that his son was having a good time of it, which was

just what he desired. Had he wished it otherwise, I doubt whether he would have presumed to mention the fact to Paul for fear of hurting the young man's feelings; and Paul fed on honey—forgetful that poison sometimes lies hid in the same flower—and trimmed his wings for fresh flights.

## THE WASHBURN YELLOWSTONE EXPEDITION.

### NO. I.

SINCE the first settlement of Montana, vague stories have been floating about, in regard to the wonders of the country surrounding Lake Yellowstone. Trappers and half-breeds have dilated, in glowing terms, of impassable *cañons*, water-falls thousands of feet in height, and "steamboat springs" of remarkable magnitude. Heretofore, these reports have been generally believed to be gross exaggerations. They, however, led to the formation of a party last summer, resolved upon as thorough an examination of that section of country as their leisure time would admit.

The expedition left Helena, Montana, August 17th, 1870. General Washburn, Surveyor-General of Montana, was elected Captain. The remaining members of the expedition were: S. T. Hauser, President of the First National Bank of Helena; N. P. Langford, late U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue; T. C. Everts, late U. S. Assessor; Messrs. Hedges, Gillette, Smith, Stickney, and Trumbull, all of Helena; two packers, and two unbleached American citizens of African descent. Each member of the party was mounted on horseback, and there were twelve pack animals.

By order of General Hancock, we were provided with an escort; and at Fort Ellis we were joined by Lieutenant Doane, of the Second Cavalry, with a

squad of soldiers, well mounted, and armed with needle carbines and revolvers. We citizens carried an assorted armory, consisting of Henry, Ballard, and Spencer rifles, revolvers, and bowie-knives. We intended to hunt for all sorts of large game, Indians only excepted. No one desired to find any of them.

On Monday morning, August 22d, our party bade adieu, for a time, to civilization; and leaving Fort Ellis, turned our faces toward the almost unexplored wilderness. The weather was fine; the air invigorating; all were cheerful, and each face betrayed that curiosity and expectation, which almost every one feels when entering upon a new field of adventure. Our course lay to the east, over Bozeman Pass; which will necessarily be the route of the Northern Pacific Railroad, if it goes anywhere in that vicinity.

Having passed over the divide, the party camped on Trail Creek, a small stream flowing into the Yellowstone. At this place a night-watch was established; which was maintained throughout the entire trip, in order to keep the Indians from breaking the Eighth Commandment.

The following day we reached the Yellowstone, and camped at Botteller's, which is the frontier *ranch*, as you as-

cent that river. During the day the party traveled in detachments. Three hunters kept several miles ahead; next, were two skirmishers in front of the main body; and a half-mile farther back, came the main body itself, together with the pack-train. As the skirmishers neared the river they discovered three Crows; not sitting on a tree, but riding in their direction. With keen military sagacity, they appreciated the position, and rallied on the main body with astonishing rapidity. This movement was much commended by parties who had had experience in our "late unpleasantness."

For many miles, both up and down the river, on the side opposite Botteller's, the mountains rise somewhat abruptly, bold and rugged, to a height of three or four thousand feet above the river. Clumps of pines and cedars are scattered over them. They remind one very much of the grandeur and massiveness of the Sierra Nevada Range. A recent snow-storm had thrown a robe of purity over the scene, which rendered it more than ordinarily beautiful.

From this point we followed the old Indian trail, leading up the left bank of the Yellowstone. It was generally from a fourth to a half-mile distant from the river-bank, and near the first line of bluffs, which bound the valley or river bottom. During the day we crossed three small streams, designated as Two-mile Creek and Eight-mile Creek—Nos. One and Two—being about those distances from Botteller's. At one place the trail crossed a rocky point, more than three hundred feet above the river, which there ran beside a precipice. The view was exceedingly fine. The valley was in sight from the mouth of the *cañon*, eight miles above, to a point at least forty miles below. The course of the river could be plainly discerned by an unbroken line of willows, stretching away to the north-east, while in the

background the lofty, snow-capped peaks glistened midway between the earth and the cloudless firmament above. We camped at the mouth of the *cañon*, where the Yellowstone issues from the mountains. Above that point there is no open country, until you reach the basin of the great lake.

During the day plenty of small game was killed, and the fishing was found to be excellent. Trout and white-fish were abundant—and such trout! They can only be found in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains, and on the Pacific Slope. Few of them weighed less than two pounds, and many of them over three. They had not been educated up to the fly; but when their attention was respectfully solicited to a transfixed grasshopper, they seldom failed to respond.

During the pleasant evening, and the long summer twilight peculiar to a northern latitude, some made rough sketches of the magnificent scenes by which we were surrounded; others wrote up their notes of the trip, while the rest serenely smoked their pipes, and listened to reminiscences from each other of by-gone times, or other scenes somewhat similar to those we then enjoyed.

The day following we continued our way through the *cañon*, up the river, which there wound around to the east. The trail kept near the river, was very rough, and went over several high, rocky points. Distant views were shut out by the mountains, which constantly surrounded us. The only features of unusual interest seen during the day were a beautiful, snow-capped mountain, at least ten thousand feet above the sea, and the Devil's Slide, similar to a feature so named in Echo Cañon, on the Union Pacific Railroad, but vastly exceeding that one in size. Two perpendicular walls of mud and rock run directly down a mountain. They are about half a mile long, and the larger one a hundred feet

high, and thirty feet across the top. Similar formations extend along the side of the mountain for some distance, but the rest are much smaller than the two mentioned. From a distance, the mountain appears to be traversed by a number of stone-walls running parallel to each other, from the summit to the base of the mountain, which is shaped like a long hay-stack. The walls are as regular as if they were a work of art.

In the evening we camped on the Yellowstone, at the mouth of Gardiner's River. The beach was of sand, with large rocks lying right at the water's edge. It was wide enough for us to spread our blankets upon it, and was lined upon the inside by a row of cedar-trees, beyond which the bluff, covered with sage-brush, rose a hundred feet.

The next day we forded Gardiner's River at its mouth, followed up the Yellowstone about two miles, and then, finding the *cañon* impassable, took a trail leading up the gulch to the right. In crossing the mountains, we attained the highest elevation we had yet reached. During the day an antelope was killed by one of the party. In the evening we camped on a clear mountain stream, not more than ten miles from our previous camp. The grass was abundant, and the location excellent. Two of the party, who went ahead, missed the camp, and were out overnight, although every endeavor was made to find them. They, however, got along well, by building a shelter of pine boughs, in front of which they made a large fire.

By the brook-side we found a number of prospect-holes, and some blazed trees, showing that enterprising miners had preceded us. A gentleman got a pan of dirt from one of the holes, and succeeded in panning out two nuggets, evidently from different gulches, their combined value being about \$8.

The next day we traveled about six hours, nearly due east, over the mount-

ains. After going sixteen miles, up hill and down, through gulches and woods, we camped on Warm Spring Creek, about a half-mile from its mouth, and at an elevation of 7,200 feet. Here we found our two lost friends, who had preceded us. The Yellowstone was several hundred feet beneath us; and but a short distance below our camp, one of the gentlemen had discovered some very picturesque falls, on Warm Spring Creek. At the foot of this creek we found a few warm springs, which probably caused early prospectors to so name the stream. The springs were small, and principally alum and sulphur, but they were interesting to us, as they were a new feature of the trip.

On the Yellowstone, opposite the mouth of the creek, huge, basaltic cliffs and columns rose to a height of six hundred feet, looking like castles and massive fortifications. A short distance below our camp there was a fall in the creek of 112 feet. For a few hundred yards above the fall the stream had worn its way through a sandstone bluff, cutting quite a deep *cañon*. Immediately about the head of the falls the rocks were worn into curious and fantastic shapes, looking, in daylight, like spires or steeples, rising from thirty to sixty feet above the falls; but, in the moonlight, reminding one of the portal of an old castle, or a number of the fabled *genii* standing ready to hurl adventurous mortals into the gorge below, which was enveloped by the shadows of the night in impenetrable darkness.

It was proposed to name these falls in honor of the discoverer, but it was decided to be in bad taste to name prominent objects after members of the expedition; besides, one of the party took an unaccountable interest in bestowing upon them the name of Tower Falls, which was finally adopted. His peculiar interest was afterward satisfactorily explained, as we learned he had a sweet-



heart by that name, somewhere in the States. Another of the party was in favor of the name of Minaret (Minnie Rhett); but that was too apparent, and he was outvoted.

The following day the party struck across the country to the south, cutting off a large bend in the river, and then passed to the right of a high mountain, which some of the party ascended. It was found to be the highest peak in that section, a barometrical observation showing it to be 10,700 feet high. In honor of General Washburn, whom we had elected Captain of the expedition, we named it "Mount Washburn."

About four o'clock we camped by a small, clear, cold brook, flowing through a grassy upland opening, and, just below us, entering a thick, gloomy forest, which continued to the Yellowstone, about three miles distant. In exploring the creek toward the river, when about a mile from camp, we came suddenly to a small opening on a steep hill-side, where we found a number of hot springs. There were four quite prominent, besides a number of smaller ones. I can not describe them better than by quoting from a description given by Mr. Hedges to a local paper. He spent some time in giving them a thorough examination:

"The westernmost spring had an oval-shaped basin, twenty by forty feet in diameter. Its greenish-yellow water was hot, and bubbles of steam or gas were constantly rising from various parts of its surface. This spring, with two others, was situated in about an east and west line, and at the upper side of the basin, which opened south, toward the creek. The central one of these three was the largest of all, and was in constant, violent agitation, like a seething caldron over a fiery furnace. The water was often thrown higher than our heads, and fearful volumes of stifling, sulphureous vapors were constantly escaping. The water was of a dark-lead color, and

intensely hot. As near as I now recollect, the basin of this spring was about thirty feet in diameter. There was very little water flowing away from it, and very little deposit from its overflowings was visible. It had no such mound as many that we saw subsequently, nor was its margin of such solid material. The easternmost and uppermost spring was not as large in its crater as its near neighbors, but was more infernal to look at, and suggested the name that we attached to the springs. . . . The substance was not as thick as mud, but rather beyond the consistency of soup, and was in constant, noisy ebullition, emitting fumes of villainous smell. The margin was not safe for close approach, but I ventured near enough to thrust a pine sapling into the substance of this infernal kettle, and on pulling it out found it covered about one-fourth of an inch thick with a lead-colored, sulphury slime. Nothing flows away in liquid form from this spring. It seems to be boiling down, and will doubtless become thick as pudding, like so many that we afterward saw. . . . So secluded is this cluster of springs, that it would be impossible to suppose it to have ever been seen before by any White Man; and it appeared to us the merest chance that directed our steps hither. How many similar basins are hidden away among the vast forests that cover this region we can best conceive, who have seen scores of them without turning much from our direct course."

We reached the falls of the Yellowstone on the morning of August 30th. These falls, two in number, are less than half a mile apart. From the lake to the upper falls, a distance of about twenty miles, the river flows, with the exception of a short series of rapids having a moderate current, through an open, undulating country, gently sloping toward the stream. Here and there are small groves, and the timber is quite

thick a mile away from the river. A quarter of a mile above the upper falls the river breaks into rapids, and foams in eddies about huge, granite boulders, some of which have trees and shrubs growing upon them. Above the rapids the river is about 150 yards wide, but, as it approaches the falls, high, rocky bluffs crowd in on both sides, forcing the water into a narrow gorge, which, at the brink of the falls, is about thirty yards wide. The most convenient and desirable place from which to view the falls is from a ledge, easily reached, which juts into the river a considerable distance, just below the falls, and a few feet lower than their brink. It is so close that occasional drops dampen one's face. The height of the upper falls is 115 feet. The ledge is irregular, the water being much deeper on the west side than on the east. Great rocks project in the face of the fall, tearing and churning the waters into foam, with here and there a little strip of green, which contrasts beautifully with the surrounding silvery whiteness of the water.

Between the two falls the river flows quietly, in a wide channel, between steep, timbered bluffs, four hundred feet high. Just above the lower falls the bluffs again converge; the one from the west stretching out as if to dam up the river, which has, however, forced its way through a break, forty yards wide. The rocky cliffs rise perpendicularly from the brink of the falls, to a height of several hundred feet. The rocky formation is of a shelly character, and slightly colored with flowers of sulphur. The plunge of the water is in the direct course of the stream, and at the brink of the falls it appears to be of uniform depth. It clears its bed at a bound, and takes a fearful leap of 350 feet. The volume of water is about half as great as that which passes over the American Fall, at Niagara, and it falls more than twice the distance. The adjacent scenery is

infinitely grander. Having passed over the precipice, the clear, unbroken, greenish mass is in an instant transformed by the jagged edges of the precipice into many streams, apparently separated, yet still united, and having the appearance of molten silver. These streams, or jets, are shaped like a comet, with nucleus and trailing *coma*, following in quick succession; or they look like foaming, crested tongues, constantly overlapping each other. The outer jets decrease in size as they descend, curl outward, and break into mist. In the sunlight, a rainbow constantly spans the chasm. The foot of the falls is enveloped in mist, which conceals the river for more than a hundred yards below.

These falls are exactly the same in height as the Vernal Falls in the Yosemite Valley, but the volume of water is at least five times as great. I think I never saw a water-fall more beautiful than the Vernal; and its surroundings are sublime. Its Indian name is said to mean "Crown of Diamonds;" and it certainly deserves the name. I remember sitting on the rocky ledge just at the edge of the falls, and with an opera-glass watching the waters as they plunged downward, breaking into myriads of drops; each drop, like a lens, gathering prismatic tints from the shining sun, and flashing like diamonds of the purest brilliancy. The lower fall of the Yellowstone reminds me of the Vernal Fall, on the Merced. Though nothing, perhaps, can equal the sublime scenery of the Yosemite, yet that only excels the lower falls of the Yellowstone, and the grand *cañon* which extends for many miles below them.

Below the falls the hills gradually increase in height, while the river descends in a succession of rapids through the *cañon*. At the falls the *cañon* is not more than twelve hundred feet deep, but a few miles lower down it is nearly eight-hundred feet deep. Its average

width at the top is about a third of a mile. The east wall is nearly vertical for its entire height, and presents an almost unbroken face. The west wall is much cut by re-entering angles, or steep, lateral ravines, leaving between them rocky, projecting points, or cliffs, from which can be obtained a magnificent view of the falls and *cañon*. These cliffs have perpendicular faces, varying from four to eight hundred feet in height, below which the *cañon*, composed mostly of the *débris* which have fallen from above, slopes steeply to the water's edge.

The immense depth of this gorge almost overcomes the roar of the falls, and a short distance from the edge of the *cañon* the sound of the waters is unheard. The general color of the *cañon* is yellow, owing to the sulphureous fumes which rise from many steam-jets near the bottom; but in places the rock is of a reddish hue, while in others it is dazzlingly white. Days would be required to examine thoroughly and fully appreciate the vicinity of the falls, which, in many respects, are the most remarkable in America.

Leaving the falls the first morning in autumn, we took the trail through the timber, in a south-west direction. We soon found ourselves in an open, rolling country, gradually sloping down to the river. About six miles from the falls, and a half-mile back from the river, we came to three white hills, of a volcanic nature, thrown up entirely by deposits from hot and boiling mineral springs, which were between and around them. The largest was forty feet by sixty. It was perfectly quiet, and looked like any other deep, muddy pond; its peculiarity being that, although it was easy for any one to handle it, he who attempted any such familiarity was sure to get scalded. The spring which attracted most attention was about seven feet by ten, and threw whitish, hot water from eight to ten feet above the rim of its basin. It

also puffed like a steamboat, throwing off vast quantities of steam, and much resembled the Steamboat Geyser, in Sonoma County, California. Its rim was incrustated with sulphur, some specimens being quite pure.

Within a space of half a mile square, at least seventy-five different springs and steam-jets occur. The mounds, or hills, at the bases of which are these springs, are nearly three hundred feet high. They are covered with small holes and fissures, from which issue hot air and steam. No vegetation of consequence grows on them, but a few clumps of trees are scattered between the springs at their base. Many of the craters contain a grayish, pasty-looking substance, about the consistency of mush nearly cooked. Other springs have waters of blue, pink, yellow, and brown tinges. One small, bubbling spring, of clear water, has an intensely sour, acrid taste.

It is said that Indians do not go above the grand *cañon* on the Yellowstone. Whether this is true I know not, but I imagine that the unscientific savage finds little to interest him in such places. I should rather suppose he would give them a wide berth, believing them sacred to Satan. If a person should be cast into one of these springs, he would be literally immersed in a lake of burning brimstone.

There being no good grass near Crater Hills, after stopping a few hours to examine them we moved to a point on the Yellowstone, about three miles above. Near this camp were several mineral springs, all hot, and many of them boiling. Most of them were ordinary, bubbling, spluttering mud-springs, but three of them were quite remarkable. Of these the first, or lowest down the river, is a cave-spring, with an opening of ten feet in width by six in height, in solid rock, with an almost perfect, oval arch. The water is clear as crystal, of boiling heat, and a vitriolic taste. As you look into



the cave, it has the appearance of an opening to a subterranean lake. A small, hot stream flows from it. The water is continually washing its ten or twelve feet of shore, like an agitated lake. The bright pebbles in the bottom, the clean sand, and the smooth, white, flat stones left in regular ripples on its margin, together with the green, mossy sides of the cave, and the musical monotones of the rippling waters, almost lead one to think it the entrance to an enchanted land.

A hundred yards above this spring, upon the side of a hill, was another, entirely different in character. It was really a small volcano, throwing mud instead of lava. Intermittent thumps, like the discharge of artillery, could be heard, at intervals of from fifteen to thirty seconds, for the distance of a mile. At every pulsation, thick, white clouds of steam came rolling out, and mud was thrown from the crater, gradually enlarging the mound which surrounded it. While we were watching this spring the mud was only thrown over the rim of the crater, but from the clay clinging to the branches of surrounding trees, especially on the upper side of the spring, it was evidently thrown, at times, to a height of two hundred feet. A circle, a

hundred yards in diameter, was also well bespattered.

Between the last-mentioned spring and the river is a boiling spring, a placid pond, a deep, dry funnel, or an active geyser, according to the time of one's visit. In the course of a day we saw it in all its protean shapes. When in its funnel form, one would not dream that, from the small opening in the bottom, twenty or thirty feet below, would come a power capable of filling with water the funnel, which at the top is thirty feet by forty, and then so agitating it that the water would be splashed to a height of from thirty to fifty feet. If one saw it when the waters were troubled, he would be scarcely less astonished to hear it give one convulsive throb, and then see it quietly settle down in a single instant to the smooth surface of a placid pool. When the waters retired we went into the funnel, and found it rough, efflorescent, and composed of rock and hardened sulphur.

Though very different in character from the geysers afterward seen on the head-waters of the Madison River, and far less grand, this one was very peculiar, and we saw nothing resembling it during the rest of the trip.

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### THE SPECTRE OF NEVADA.

IT is now seven years since I last visited Virginia City. During the few days of my visit, I stayed at the house of an old friend, whom I had known from childhood, and with whom, as a school-mate and playfellow, I had had many a juvenile contest during our school-days in New York. Time had now, however, pretty well sobered down both of us. He, with a wife and family of growing children about him, had been successful in business, and could afford

to smoke his pipe in peace, and look forward to the future with confidence and composure. As for myself, I was still obliged to battle my way through life as best I might. Our meeting, however, was none the less agreeable and pleasant to each of us. 'In the evenings, by the quiet fireside of my estimable friend, we "fought our battles over again"—to the merriment of the young folk—talked about old school-mates—of whom some were dead; some had distinguished them-

selves in the army and other professions; some were even now retired with princely fortunes; some were leading a life of poverty and indigence, and others, of infamy and disgrace!

One evening we sat up later than usual, discussing matters of graver moment—deliberating, in fact, on circumstances personal to myself—when the door suddenly opened, and Mrs. Reynolds, pale and trembling, entered the room. She looked significantly at her husband as she approached us.

"My dear?" said Mr. Reynolds, inquiringly, and in a husky voice.

"*It is there again!*" she replied, sinking into a chair.

"Mrs. Reynolds," I said, hastily approaching her, "you are unwell; allow me to assist you."

"Thank you," she said; "it is nothing—it will soon be over—pray be seated."

"My dear friend," interposed Mr. Reynolds, "don't be disturbed: Mrs. Reynolds' illness is but temporary. We're getting more and more accustomed to this sort of thing lately, I'm sorry to say. Some other time I may explain; at present, permit me to attend to Mrs. Reynolds." So saying, he went and sat by the side of his wife, took her hand in his, talked to her affectionately for some time, and succeeded by degrees in restoring her, in some sort, to her usual composure.

The incident put an end, for the present, to our conversation; for the lady, as was natural after her recent illness, or fright, or whatever it may be termed, would not retire without her husband, and, for my own part, it had so affected my spirits—I knew not for what reason—that I longed to retire to my room, and seek relief in slumber from the dullness which had imperceptibly come over me.

We soon retired. Once in my room, the incident just related was soon for-

gotten, for your confirmed old bachelor is seldom long affected by the matrimonial troubles even of his friends; and in a few minutes I was once more centered in myself, and as completely absorbed with my own affairs as if Mrs. Reynolds, dear soul, were in heaven. If the incident had left a trace of recollection at all, indeed, on my mind, it was one very much akin to chagrin at having been interrupted in a conversation, which, as it related to my own private affairs, had for me an absorbing interest. I had come up to Nevada to speculate in mining stock, in the hope of retrieving my shattered fortunes. My friend had extensive experience, and a large circle of acquaintance in the district. We had just been talking the matter over, and my friend had been holding out some encouragement, and even promises of substantial assistance, when the lady's appearance put an end to the conversation, and upset the structure of my hopes in an instant. Mr. Reynolds might never again be in the same propitious humor; and yet my lady must get a nervous headache, or some such dreadful malady, just as a favorable turn in my affairs seemed inevitable. Not the only time, thought I, that the cup of Prosperity has been rudely dashed from my lips! And here I began to enumerate, in the solitude of my heart, the number of times I had been disappointed through life in the same sudden, rude manner, and had been made the sport of a cruel destiny.

So having carefully locked my bedroom-door, I tumbled vexatiously into bed. To escape my own reflections the more effectually, I covered up my head and persuaded myself, or tried at least to do so, that I was just going off to sleep. But sleep had deserted my pillow. At last, after rolling and tossing about for hours, I thought I felt, first, the bedstead, and then the bed itself, moving under me. Had I, then, I asked

myself, been asleep, and dreaming? It must have been even so, notwithstanding my conviction to the contrary; and these apparent undulations of the bedstead were the results of my recent dreams! Then, with bated breath, I tried to analyze my real situation, and to dissipate the effects, as I thought, of my perturbed slumbers. But it was all in vain. Neither dreams nor imagination had had any share in producing the phenomenon—the bedstead heaved like a ship at sea!

Scarcely had the existence of this mysterious movement been realized to my mind, than the apartment was suddenly illumined with a pale, transparent light, by which I discerned a tall figure in white pacing up and down by my bedside.

At first, I tried to dispel it as some illusion of the brain, but no effort of reason or philosophy could avail, for there the figure—a veritable, living, moving figure—kept pacing before my eyes, as if to convince me of its reality. I tried to speak, but from some inexplicable cause my tongue refused its office. Recollecting that in certain positions of the body the blood will sometimes become stagnated; and that, while in such positions, illusions the most irrational and grotesque will conjure themselves up before the mind, I changed my position and closed my eyes, but all to no purpose, for despite every effort of mind and body, the rustling of the figure's robes convinced me of its presence. For the first time I felt fear.

The figure, as if divining my thoughts, paused and stood over me. Though completely enveloped, it seemed to be of supernatural beauty, and by the almost imperceptible flutter of its light veil, I *felt* that it smiled. By this, I was convinced it meant me no harm. Moving to the door, it motioned me to follow, and then disappeared. Cold perspiration bedewed my paralyzed limbs;

and, overpowered with fear, I felt that a visitant of the air had been in my chamber.

Having passed a sleepless night, I rose with the sun, and found Mr. Reynolds in the parlor before me.

"You are early afoot," said he, scarcely turning round in his stooping posture, as he applied a lighted match to the fuel in the grate. "But, God bless me!" he exclaimed, as he stood up and surveyed me; "what's the matter? You look pale and ill."

"I have passed a sleepless night," I said; "always do so when away from home."

I had thus eluded any further inquiries as to the cause of my restlessness; for I did not feel inclined to say any thing as to what had transpired during the night, lest my host might consider it a poor compliment to his hospitality to intimate that his house was haunted.

The family came down-stairs betimes, and we all sat down to breakfast. Not a word had been said by either of us about the incident which had interrupted the conversation between my friend and myself on the previous evening. Breakfast over, Mr. Reynolds and I strolled into the garden, where, after some cursory compliments on my friend's horticultural taste, I essayed to renew the subject of our unfinished conversation.

"Yes," said he, "certainly. We shall sometime discuss that matter fully; we will talk the subject over quietly this evening, perhaps, after supper. At present, I wish to say something to you on another matter."

"Certainly, sir," I assented.

"I dare say," he began, "that you were surprised at Mrs. Reynolds' apparently unaccountable emotion last evening."

"O, no! not in the least," I said, carelessly. "Ladies are subject to strange feelings sometimes, although my bache-



lor state precludes my knowledge of their causes; and, in truth, I have no curiosity on so delicate a subject."

Smiling at the allusion to my bachelor life, he said: "Excuse me. I would be sorry to impute to you so unamiable a failing as curiosity; and in broaching the subject this morning, I rather seek relief by unbosoming myself to a friend." Here followed a pause, unbroken by either for some minutes.

"My household," he at length resumed, "has been much disturbed for a long time, but more so of late than ever, by what is called an 'apparition,' which has but twice been seen by myself, but which has repeatedly, and of late very frequently, appeared to my wife. This accounts for the distress you saw her in last night. For myself, I may tell you at once that I am no believer in apparitions, or in any such nonsense, and ascribe such phenomena to a certain state of body. Not so with my wife, however: *she* believes in such things. And, what concerns me much more, her health is being rapidly impaired by such visitations."

He paused. It seemed that the matter had grown serious, and that I would not be justified in any longer withholding from my distressed friend my own experience on the night before. I therefore told him all.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed, clapping his hand on my shoulder, and looking me full in the face with a half-stupefied, half-frantic stare.

"Yes!" I said, "it is quite true. But reasons of a delicate nature prevented my revealing it before."

"Yes, yes, I understand," he said.

"And now," I resumed, "has there been any incident in your life, or in the life of any of your household or family connections, that would account for so extraordinary a circumstance?"

"Well," he replied, musingly, "perhaps there has been. Come, sit on this

rustic bench, and I will relate to you an episode in my life." He then proceeded:

I came to California when very young—when San Francisco, in truth, was little more than an aggregation of huts, and Virginia City in embryo. Money was abundant, and mining the rage. As I had not been bred to manual labor, mining would have been too laborious an occupation; and after deliberating what I should turn my attention to, I decided, as I hadn't much money, to turn peddler. The pursuit I selected required no previous knowledge of business. Activity and thrift were the only necessary qualifications, and these, I must say, I possessed. I soon saved sufficient money to buy a team of mules and a wagon, and became a general hawker. I pushed boldly into the interior, and began to make money fast. Virginia City was a mining camp, and here I knew I could get ready sale for my goods. I, therefore, confined my operations entirely to this district. Becoming acquainted about here, I succeeded in establishing regular custom, always putting up at the Spread Eagle Hotel, then kept by a Mr. Neilson, whose good-natured face I think I see now before me. Being a childless widower, he had adopted his niece, Emily—a lovely girl, then about my own age—whom he loved with paternal affection. Ere long, Emily and myself became attached to one another—a circumstance, I thought, not altogether displeasing to her adopted father. Still, I had not proposed to the object of my affection, nor even intimated my sentiments to the good old man; for, leading the itinerant life I did, I thought, like many young men, that marriage would be an encumbrance, and, though I loved Emily with my whole heart, I disliked the idea of being fettered. All this the old man, probably, knew by intuition. At any rate, sitting together by the fire-side one evening after supper, when Em-

ily had tidied up every thing and the business of the day had been finished, Mr. Neilson, being in better than his usual good-humor, slapping me familiarly on the knee, said, in his brusque, honest way: "Mr. Reynolds, I'd recommend you to get married."

"Married!" I repeated, smiling, and reddening to the eyes, for Emily was present.

"Yes, married. You are doing well—have plenty of money. Hawking is very well, but it won't do to be at it always: there's too much wear and tear about it; no comfort or pleasure in it. So you ought to get married and open a store in this village, where you're now well known."

"Marriage," I replied, "is a thing I have not thought of yet."

"That's where the mistake lies," retorted Mr. Neilson. "All people this side of the Rocky Mountains get married young. Leastways, if they don't, they ought to. My Mary and me were both young when we married—just about your age and Emily's here—and that reminds me as how Emily and yourself would make a very excellent match."

It was now poor Emily's turn to blush. She rose, and made herself busy about the house.

"Emily," he said, "bring us in something hot." Mr. Neilson knew human nature in his own rough way.

"I never taste any thing," I said, evasively.

"I know that," said the blunt old man; "if you 'tasted' you wouldn't have a team of mules, and a wagon, and a well-filled purse. But what you'll taste with me won't hurt you. Emily, bring us in something hot."

Mr. Neilson's "something hot" always meant whisky-punch, which Emily soon brought in and put on the table before us. After emptying my glass, I felt, I must say, a little more courageous, and even more disposed to listen

seriously to my friend's recommendation. But just as the old man's good-humored banter, and kindness, and good sense, all combined, succeeded in making our little party of three quite comfortable and pleasantly familiar with the subject of marriage, the door was opened, and a man, whom Mr. Neilson introduced as Mr. Buckley, entered. A shade—the least perceptible shade of displeasure, I thought—passed over the old man's countenance at the interruption, or intrusion; but the natural kindness of his character prevailed, and his displeasure was dissipated in an instant. Buckley's entrance put an end to the conversation on hand, and it drifted imperceptibly into another channel, less personal and less matrimonial, but not less agreeable, as our party was now constituted.

Mr. Buckley was foreman in a neighboring crushing-mill, was some ten years older than myself, and, as I afterward learned, had been once an accepted admirer of Emily's.

As neither of us, under present circumstances, cared about prolonging the evening, we began to withdraw, one by one. Mr. Neilson was the first to say good-night, and I went to visit my mules in the stable previous to retiring.

On returning from the stable and proceeding to my room, I overheard a conversation, that, without playing the eaves-dropper, gave me some clue as to the terms upon which Buckley visited at the house.

"That excuse," I heard Emily say, "has been urged so often that it is absurd to plead it any more."

"I never knew you so relentless before," rejoined Buckley; "and," he added, in extenuation, "if I did get drunk I'm not the only one who does so; and if I stabbed Johnson, it was Johnson's own fault."

"I have no right and no inclination," said Emily, "to control you; all I have

to say is, that you and I meet no more but as ordinary acquaintances. Good-night!"

For several days after this memorable evening, I stayed in the neighborhood for the purpose of selling my goods, during which time Emily and myself had had several joyous and happy interviews, when we finally agreed to get married.

I told the old man our intention, and asked his consent. "Consent! why, of course I consent!" he exclaimed, grasping my hand. "You have my consent, and blessing to boot. I am her father, you may say, for the poor child was left an orphan on my hands, and I reared her from infancy. She is the only one now left me to love," he added, with emotion, "and I wish to see her happy. All I have in the world shall be hers and yours. A better or a lovinger girl never lived than my poor Emily. May God bless ye both!"

"I suppose"—he resumed, after his emotion had somewhat subsided—"I suppose ye intend to get married right off!"

"Not before I return from San Francisco, whither I intend starting in the morning," was my reply. "I want to make some purchases—to buy some things for Emily, and so on."

"Pooh, pooh, man!" said he; "that's a roundabout way to get married. You young people think marriage such an important affair; and, to be sure, so it is, but it don't require half the formidable preparations ye think it does. Emily wants nothing—you want nothing—the only thing wanted just now is a clergyman, and him I'll procure in ten minutes."

"I can't see how to manage," I remonstrated, "without going to San Francisco."

"To be sure," said he, "you can't see—how could you see? What do you know about such matters? But I see; and see no difficulty at all in the matter.

So will you see, when you're as old as I am; but you will have to wait twenty years for that, which would be rather long waiting, eh?"—slapping me good-naturedly on the shoulder.

"It's Emily's wish, too, that I should go, first, to the city," I persisted.

"Of course, it's Emily's wish. What's your wish is Emily's wish, and what's Emily's wish is yours. Just the way all over the world! You youngsters put your heads together, and think yourselves as wise as old people, and quite clever in making all sorts of arrangements:" and he laughed as if to crack his fat sides.

I felt, I must confess, somewhat small after his good-natured banter, and less disposed on having all my own way.

"I'll tell you, my boy," he resumed, after wiping his eyes and recovering from his fit of laughter, "there's no necessity for any extraordinary preparation in the matter. I do not, to be sure, approve of hasty marriages; but you two have known each other a good while; I believe you like each other very well; ye have a fair prospect in life—and what more is required?"

I really began to see things in the same light, and wondered I had not done so before. I consented, provided Emily was satisfied, to get married immediately.

"Certainly!" said Mr. Neilson, "go and acquaint her. Tell her I'm gone to the minister's, and that we'll expect you both in half an hour;" and away he went to acquaint the clergyman. "This is the way," he soliloquized, "to put a stop to all the fooling of long 'courtships;' and besides, this will put an extinguisher on that man Buckley. Ah, the wolf and the lamb should never be mated together!"

In two hours after, Emily and myself were saluted as husband and wife. The journey to San Francisco was postponed for the present. The village was



taken by surprise. The gossips were outwitted. A good many were still incredulous. The village matrons thought an unostentatious marriage quite possible, but protested against such an outrage on feminine curiosity. The fact of a marriage taking place in the village without its being first duly canvassed and discussed, was something not to be tolerated. The young girls of the village said all manner of things of Emily: called her "sly-boots," and harrowing epithets of that sort. In short, the village was startled from its propriety. Rumor was busy—some believed it, some did not; and not until the following Sunday was the atmosphere of speculation and incertitude cleared away. Then, at a few minutes to eleven o'clock in the morning, a young couple was seen walking arm-and-arm toward the village church. This was conclusive: every body looked out at window, and the women tittered and whispered most energetically.

Coming home from church, among the many acquaintances from whom we received congratulations, there was none more demonstrative than Mr. Buckley, who met us outside the church-door, shook each of us warmly by the hand, wished us many happy years, and said many handsome compliments.

Having purchased this very lot on which we are now seated, I employed workmen to erect a store and a suitable dwelling; Emily and myself continuing to reside, meantime, with our relative, Mr. Neilson. Here Buckley still continued his visits. He saw no indelicacy in obtruding himself on our private circle, evening after evening, and sometimes for hours together; and, although Mr. Neilson disliked him, and Emily absolutely loathed his presence, still he was tolerated. On these occasions, in season and out of season, he was profuse in the expression of his good wishes for all of us.

The store and dwelling completed, I prepared for my long-deferred journey to the city. As the time for my departure approached, poor Emily grew sad. Ever since our marriage, her life had seemed a happy dream. But now, when those halcyon days were about to be clouded, though with only a transient shadow—when the husband, to whom she clung with the impassioned ardor of young love, was about to absent himself—her eloquent eyes and voiceless emotion told but too plainly the extent of her bereavement and the depth of her sorrow.

"Emily," I said, "do not grieve so. I shall not be more than a month away, at most; and these little absences are sometimes unavoidable, and may be always expected."

"I feel," she said, "as though we were never more to meet."

"Such is the result," I said, "of dejected spirits: therefore, for my sake, cheer up, and hope for pleasanter days."

She wiped away her tears, and tried to look resigned.

"Meantime," I continued, "you can be looking to our new house and putting it in order, till my return. It will help to pass away the time pleasantly."

"It is such a distance away," she cried. "I wish it had been nearer."

"It is an eligible site, nevertheless," I said, "and in two years it will be the centre of the town. It is, besides, pleasantly situated by the side of a fine lagoon." ["There"—added Mr. Reynolds, pointing with his finger—"there is the lagoon, at the foot of the garden."]

Thus Emily and myself spent a good part of that memorable evening, and next morning I started for the city. I had been particularly successful during the whole trip. The roads happened to be in good condition, and, having made satisfactory purchases in goods, and some handsome presents for Emily, I

was back again at Mr. Neilson's in forty-eight days.

My story now is soon ended. On arriving home, I was informed that Emily had been missing for several days, and that nobody knew what had become of her. All I could learn was, that she left one morning to go to our new house, and had not since been heard of. Stupefied with horror and grief, I was instantly prostrated on a bed of sickness, and for several weeks my life was despaired of. After my recovery, I let these premises, and went to live in the city of San Francisco, where, three years after my sad bereavement, I married my present wife; and sometime after my marriage, came and resumed possession of this place.

"And Buckley?—what became of him?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, after a long pause, during which conflicting and painful emotions were traceable in his countenance, "he left, as I was told, this part of the country, and has never since, I believe, been heard of."

Need I say that the narrative of my friend affected me deeply? I now felt more convinced than ever that the apparition of last night was more than fanciful, and determined, should the same apparition visit me a second time, to steel my fortitude to the highest point of endurance, in order to probe, if possible, the mystery that hung over my friend's household, and affected his own peace of mind. The day wore lazily away; the hours dragged their weary length slowly along; every one, even the children, moved in a leaden atmosphere; a cloud had settled down on this otherwise happy household; the very flowers in the parterre before the windows seemed to droop. I was myself affected by the sickening lethargy of the moral atmosphere around me. A more unhappy day I do not remember ever to

have spent. Once or twice, indeed, I tried to rally myself and those around me by engaging Mr. Reynolds in conversation, and recalling our youthful pranks in school-days, in the hope of extorting a laugh from the children, and so relieve the dreadful monotony. But the children, at each successive attempt, looked vacant and dull, and I was obliged to desist in despair. Our meals were dispatched mechanically; the papers were taken up and looked at and flung down in disgust, and then taken up again and again tossed away on the floor or anywhere. Mr. Reynolds and myself smoked desperately; every thing and every place was redolent of tobacco-smoke. But all would not do. Mr. Reynolds at last produced the whisky-bottle; he could not imbibe, however, nor could I. The last meal of the day was labored through; the grown children had gone into another room; the young ones clustered silently around their mother, and Mr. Reynolds and myself sat, poring gloomily into the fire, and smoking—evermore smoking. Mrs. Reynolds talked to the children in whispers and told them to prepare for bed; the children began to snivel and cry, quietly and peevishly. Had they cried loudly and lustily, it would have been a relief; but no, they wept pensively, like old people. They were at length put to bed, and Mr. Reynolds, his wife, and myself were left by ourselves, sitting dismally before the fire. One subject occupied the thoughts of each one of us. Neither could think, neither could talk, upon any other; and had it been broached, our common sympathy and common anxiety, not to say trepidation, might have found expression in words.

We sat so for nearly an hour, the dreadful silence being interrupted only by Mrs. Reynolds' sighs and by some commonplace remark, made laconically now and then by Mr. Reynolds or myself. At length Mr. Reynolds, in a husky

voice, broke silence: "Will you have the goodness," he said to me, "to tell Mrs. Reynolds what you witnessed last night?"

The lady looked in my face with a forlorn expression of countenance, as if to say that there was betwixt us a common bond of fear and of sympathy, and repeated the request. I told her all.

"I have seen it scores of times!" exclaimed she, nervously. "In every room of this house, in the garden, and everywhere about the premises. And there!" she shrieked, "there it is again!"—and she jumped convulsively into her husband's arms.

I did not see it; neither, I believe, did her husband; but the shriek pierced my brain and curdled my blood. I was mute with awe and horror, rather than with fear. We talked no more. We were stricken dumb. Mr. Reynolds conveyed his wife up-stairs and I was preparing to follow, when the spectre stood before me, and motioned me, as on the night before, to follow.

I trembled, but obeyed. It led me through the garden, and glided toward the lagoon, already alluded to in this narrative. It descended the steps leading to the water's edge, and there stood. I hesitated; it motioned me to follow, but still I hesitated; and then it assumed such an expression of entreaty, and at the same time of benignity, that I felt re-assured, and hesitated no longer. I descended, and stood confronting it on the little platform stretching out over the water, into the dark bosom of which it looked with a melancholy expression.

I had nerved myself to all this, but still I felt that my work was but half accomplished. I essayed to speak, but my tongue was silent, and my heart beat audibly within me, when, as once before, I felt by the light flutter of its veil that it smiled, and I was somewhat relieved. Then, summoning up, in one desperate

effort, all the fortitude I was capable of, I said:

"I conjure you to reveal, here and now, what you are, and the cause of these mysterious visits?"

In deep, sepulchral tones, it spoke: "I am the spirit of Emily, the murdered wife of your friend—murdered upon this spot. I charge you and my husband to meet me at ———, three days hence. When the murderer is exposed, I shall be at rest!"

It vanished, and I was alone. I tottered feebly to my chamber.

Next day, the family met as usual at the breakfast-table. When Reynolds, his wife, and myself were alone, the lady looked, rather than expressed, her anxiety to know if any further development had taken place during the preceding night. I communicated all. We took our measures at once, and set out for the designated place of rendezvous. Arriving in due time at our point of destination and putting up at a hotel, we were joined in the evening by some acquaintances, and among them, to the astonishment of Mr. Reynolds, was Mr. Buckley. The two recognized each other readily.

The evening passed on as such evenings usually do whenever old acquaintances meet. At about eleven o'clock, Buckley became pale and agitated in his chair, to the no small astonishment of our party. After enduring apparently the most intense torture for several minutes, he rose as if to escape from some unseen calamity, when, with a horrifying shout, he exclaimed, "Emily, Emily, forgive me!" Before our astonished party had time to recover from their amazement, the wretched man lifted the window, and, to escape what appeared to be the torture of the damned, dashed himself against the pavement below; and the murderer's soul went on to meet its just retribution.



## A GLIMPSE OF THREE CROWNED HEADS.

THERE is an old German *volkslied*, one stanza of which runs :

“So manche im Leben  
Den Krieg sich erklärt,  
Und jetzt machen's Frieden —  
Tief unter der Erd.”

I often hum it to myself, in my own crow's-voice, when listening to, or thinking over, the scraps of history and recollections from her own life, with which my old friend sometimes delights me. She had opened her eyes on the light of this world somewhere about the beginning of the present century ; and as she was brought up at one of the smaller Courts of Germany, she could entertain me with stories of “royal pageantry” and Court-gossip (half a century old) : things which we republicans affect to despise, and still listen to, with a good deal of interest and relish. She had seen the great and the mighty of her own country do homage to the conqueror, Napoleon ; had seen Russia's Czar, Austria's Emperor, and Prussia's King bow to his will ; and had again seen these same “crowned heads of God's Grace” meet to rejoice over the fall of him against whom they had sent out their battle-hosts, unmindful of peace-treaties and assurances of friendship given.

A *propos* of “crowned heads.” I once confided to my friend the picture I had drawn to myself of these exalted personages : stately, Jupiter-like forms, seated on a throne of gold and crimson — a jeweled crown resting on serene brows, one hand grasping the sceptre, the other holding the *reichsapfel*. My friend laughed heartily.

“No, no, child,” said she ; “some of them are neither grand-looking nor state-

ly ; and they always descend from the throne at the earliest possible moment, lay aside the crown, and lock away the sceptre and the *reichsapfel* and ‘follow the dictates of their heart’ — unless *Staatsrücksichten* compel them to smother all the better feelings and emotions of the heart — which happens but too often. I don't, by any means, want you to understand,” she continued, “that there are not grand and noble-looking people among them : *au contraire*, the handsomest man of his day was Alexander I., the Czar of Russia, whom I saw at Wilhelmsbad in 1817, where he, the Emperor of Austria, Francis II., and King Frederick William III., of Prussia, had a rendezvous, and were entertained by our sovereign, William I., of Hesse, to whom Wilhelmsbad belonged.”

“Wilhelmsbad ?”

“Wilhelmsbad — yes ; it is not so large nor so grand a place as Wiesbaden or Baden-Baden, perhaps [reluctantly] ; but there is a *roulette* -table there, where as much money is won and lost as at Hesse-Homburg, or either of the other places [a little boastfully]. Alexander I. was the most imposing in appearance : tall and commanding in stature, with lustrous, blue eyes and fair, pleasant features. Francis II., of Austria, was a shriveled-up, little, old man, with no bearing at all to speak of ; and Frederick William III., though not so faultless as Rauch would have us believe from the marble figure reclining on the sarcophagus in the mausoleum at Charlottenburg, was of commanding presence, and possessed of good features. Of our own *Landesvater* you have heard me speak before : he was the ‘two-headed Elector,’ and the only crowned head

who still wore the queue, according to the old fashion. I can see them all now, as though I had seen them only yesterday."

It struck me that something must have transpired at this royal rendezvous, or in connection with it, that had helped to fix it in her mind. In answer to my question, she told me that an event, which had taken place the day before the meeting at Wilhelmsbad, certainly *had* made a deep impression on her. Wilhelmsbad is only a mile or two distant from Hanau (it is sixteen miles from Frankfort-on-the-Main), and the regiment of infantry, called Regiment *Kur-Prinz*, stationed at Hanau, was always ordered to Wilhelmsbad when the Elector honored this place with his presence. When expecting his august visitors in Wilhelmsbad, he notified the commander of the Regiment *Kur-Prinz*, Colonel Von Fliess, that he intended to hold a review of the troops in the presence of the three monarch-visitors. The Colonel became so flurried and excited over the prospect of maneuvering his troops before their Majesties, and dreaded so much the possibility of reproof or reprimand from his Prince, in case of any short-coming on the part of his soldiers, that he preferred taking a dose of powder and ball to running the risk; and blew his brains out, the night before the Elector came to Wilhelmsbad. The father of my friend, being next in command, was summoned post-haste before the Elector, and the next day creditably acquitted himself of the important task of showing off the perfect drill of the Regiment *Kur-Prinz*—to the thorough satisfaction of the Elector, who presented him with the customary "war-steed," to prove it. Suicides can not have been so frequent in those days as they are in ours, for the impression of this one was still fresh on my friend's mind; and then, to be sure, it was no small matter to have the eyes of King and Emperor

rest approvingly on one's self and soldiers, as had been the case with Madame's father at the review.

Cadets too, from the Military School at Cassel, were summoned to Wilhelmsbad on this occasion, to act as pages to the royal visitors: Madame's brother was assigned to the Emperor of Russia, her cousin to the Emperor of Austria. This might have been a pleasure for them as well as an honor, if the unfortunate youths had not been condemned to wear queues; to have their hair powdered, with a three-cornered hat on it, while their lower limbs were robed in knee-breeches and white, silk stockings. Horrible! For in this costume they were compelled to cross the streets in broad daylight, to report to the commandant; affording unwilling amusement to the *gamins* on the street, who ran after them, shouting and laughing in the most disrespectful manner. The soldiers were likewise furnished with queues, which precious instruments were returned, as soon as the gala-day was over, to the military magazine, where they were piled up in stacks, to rest till the next time the Elector should deign to come to Wilhelmsbad, or inspect his faithful troops. I can well believe that on the occasion of this friendly meeting of the highest Powers in Europe, every soldier's pigtail was waxed with extreme rigor, and every official of the Hessian Court and household put his best foot forward to receive the exalted guests of his Elector. The Elector himself entered his carriage, drawn by six cream-colored horses, at eleven o'clock in the morning, and, preceded and followed by military and civic dignitaries, pages, and members of the household, mounted and in carriages, set out to meet his expected guests at Gelnhausen. They were traveling in plain, private carriages, with relay-horses, their attendants dressed unostentatiously like themselves—though representing the oldest *adel* in the land,

and holding the highest places under their respective Princes.

I had once heard Madame describe how George IV., of England, had been received in Hanover by "twelve maidens, dressed in spotless white," the fairest of whom had presented, on bended knee, some address or other, on a white satin cushion, to his Majesty. So I ventured to suggest that on this occasion *three* dozen white-clad females might have met the princely visitors at the entrance of the *allée* leading to Wilhelmsbad.

"But, my dear child," spoke Madame, a little loftily, "am I not trying to impress on your mind that this was only a friendly meeting—a family-gathering, you might say—of these monarchs? There was no particularly important political question on the *tapis* just then; perhaps the crowned heads composing the Holy Alliance barely whispered to each other congratulations on the successful banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena. At least, ostensibly, it was merely a family reunion, and the visitors went their respective ways the next day. The son and heir-apparent of our Elector, you must know—the *Kur-Prinz*, afterward William II.—was married to a sister of Frederick William III., of Prussia; and the *Kur-Prinzessinn* was present at Wilhelmsbad, with the two flax-headed little princesses and the princeling, Frederick William I.

"After the review had been held at Wilhelmsbad, the visitors withdrew to their private apartments; and at three o'clock dinner was served in the great *Kur-saal*. Only the immediate members of the Elector's family dined at the same table with the royal guests; all others, whose rank or position in the service entitled them to an occasional invitation to the Elector's table, were on this day seated at the *Marschalls-tafel*—a table spread in a room adjoining the *Kur-saal*. The etiquette observed at a

dinner like this would seem ridiculous to an American. Of course, no one can sit opposite to a crowned head—they occupy seats on one side of the table only—and such a thing as passing in front of them is simply impossible. I have told you that to my brother was assigned the duty of acting as page to the Czar of Russia; but you must not imagine that he was allowed the honor of setting a single dish before his Majesty. Behind the chair of each potentate stood a Court Chamberlain—the Chamberlain's key attached to his coat-button; behind him stood the page; next came a *valet de chambre*, and then a lackey. Through all these hands—gloved, and armed with a napkin—did every plate, every platter, every dish pass, before reaching the diner. And still they could eat with a hearty appetite, and even talked and laughed, just as common mortals would have done at the table.

"After dinner they went into an adjoining room, where the guests from the *Marschalls-tafel* were admitted, and introduced to the visitors. Not in an official, ceremonious way, by any means, but while the servants were moving through the rooms, presenting coffee to the assembled guests. I have forgotten to say that King Frederick William III. had with him his Crown Prince, the brother of the present King of Prussia. Let me tell you a little instance that occurred, right here, to show you that they are always glad to step down from the throne, lay aside the sceptre, and give expression to the feelings and emotions they have in common with other men. The Chamberlain announced that the son of a well-to-do peasant from the neighborhood was anxious to be led before the King of Prussia. The man had served in the 'German Army of Liberation' against Napoleon, and had returned to his native village after the close of the war. He was at once admitted, and



appeared before the guests with a bird-cage in his hand. 'Your Majesty,' he said, 'soon after I reached my home, I found a nest with young goldfinches; I caught them, and taught this little fellow to sing. Will your Majesty deign to accept him from a faithful soldier?' He lifted the cloth from the cage, and, as if the bird had understood what was said, he instantly struck up with the National Hymn—'Heil dir im Sieger-kranz' (the air which you Americans have borrowed from us, and call 'America'). The effect was magical; and tears stood in the eyes of the King, as he grasped the soldier's hand. 'You must carry the bird to Berlin for me,' he said to the man, 'and be my guest till he becomes acquainted with his new home.'

"The man withdrew; and true to his word, the King sent for him, from Berlin. He traveled with extra-post; was treated at the different hotels on his way as the guest of the King; and when he reached Berlin, the Crown Prince gave him audience, at which the goldfinch again sang his song. Then he was told to look for some old comrade in the garrison at Berlin, who was dispensed from all duty; and together they went to all places of interest, in a carriage from the royal stables. Visiting the royal porcelain-factory, he was requested to state correctly the names of both his parents; and when he asked a parting audience of the King, a week later, he found that beautiful porcelain articles had been prepared for them, which he carried home as precious *souvenirs* of royal grace."

Many other things Madame told me, of the inner life—the soul-life—of the three potentates she had seen at Wilhelmsbad. Yes; they had lived, and loved, and hated; had striven, and pleaded, and suffered, just like the common mortals who need not lay aside sceptre and crown before giving audience to the "human and earthy" in their hearts.

Had Frederick William, of Prussia, thought of his "*unvergessliche Luise*," and of the "wreath of victory" he had laid on her grave after the battle of Leipsic, when the goldfinch sang his rejoicing-hymn? No wonder, then, that his eyes grew wet; for his sainted Luise had only lived long enough to bear the martyrdom of being Queen of a subjugated, conquered nation. Only long enough to be pained, and insulted, and trampled on when pleading for leniency, toward her husband and her people, with the hard, cruel man whom she grew to fear and hate, in time—if hatred could ever find a place in that gentle heart. As the sun of freedom rose over her beloved country, she laid her weary head to rest, worn out with the long struggle that had reached its climax, when, driven to the utmost extremity of despair, she humbly besought Napoleon to spare at least Magdeburg, the strong Prussian fortress, to her husband and children.

"One fortress is worth more to me than a thousand Queens," he had answered, brutally; and Luise departed, death in her heart, but unwilling to die while her people, her husband, or her children could need her care and forethought.

With what eagerness Frederick William III. had entered the final struggle against Napoleon, how deeply he rejoiced in his enemy's downfall, we can easily believe! But they are all dead now. The feud and the strife are buried with them, and they have made peace long since:

"Frieden—tief unter der Erd."

And Francis II., of Austria—the "shriveled-up, little, old man," who was such a contrast to the handsome Alexander—perhaps some of the furrows on his brow had been made there by the crown. It must have pressed heavily, at least, when Napoleon demanded the hand of his daughter, Marie Louise, in marriage. With such abhor-

rence had the "Corsican ogre" inspired men and children alike, that when about to inform his daughter of the proposed union, Francis II. found her, together with the other children, in some gallery of the castle, where they had set up the image of a monster, which they were pelting with balls and other missiles. "What does this mean?" inquired the astonished father; and the *bonnes* and governess informed him that the princes and princesses had become so enraged at something they had heard about Napoleon, that they could not be kept from stoning him to death in effigy.

Without doubt, the sceptre her father wielded seemed like a rod of iron to Marie Louise, when told that this monster would shortly become her lord. The only redeeming trait she could be brought to see, in the dark picture of her future, was, that her step-mother, whom she disliked, would be compelled to stand behind her, and hold her train, when at the altar to become Napoleon's wife. Her career as Empress was short; and the father, who had given his daughter to the usurper, was the readiest to turn on him, with long-pent-up hatred, and the quickest to forget the ties of relationship between them. When the banished Emperor, on his island-rock, was pining for the companionship of wife and child, it was her father who frustrated every plan the daughter could devise to join her husband, and take with her his son.

Did Francis II. ever send out a thought over the far sea, to the caged lion who walked his prison with erect carriage, while the "shriveled-up, little, old man" pondered complacently over the part he had taken in banishing his son-in-law to St. Helena? And the hatred did not die, nor the prisoner's fretful, longing heart grow still, till the grave had claimed its own; but they, too, are making peace,

"Tief unter der Erd."

Of the "handsome Alexander," too, my friend told me a great many things I had not known before. He was a "lady's-man," and he "loved women." But he was not a lady's-man in the flip-pant, shallow sense of the word, nor did he love women with the groveling passion which some natures accept as the definition of that term. A finished cavalier, he could impart a charm to every word he spoke, to maid and matron alike; while his delicately organized nature turned instinctively from the society of men to seek communion and appreciation with the pure, the refined, and the exalted of the opposite sex. Married at an early age to a Princess of Baden, he was never guilty of committing any open outrage either against her affection or her pride, though to her, too, the crown proved often but a wreath of thorns. Only a woman's heart is capable of such sublime affection as Elizabeth bore to her husband; his only child, the daughter whose mother had crowded her out of Alexander's heart, found in her an unselfish, devoted friend. "Even unto death" did Elizabeth's love reach; for when this idolized daughter was taken from Alexander, and the mother betrayed him, it was to her he turned with his bruised heart, and with her he found sympathy and consolation.

It was natural enough that Alexander, of Russia, should hold women so high: it had been his fortune to meet always with the best and truest of their sex. Still, one—the mother of his daughter—Madame Narischkin, whom he had loved with tender devotion, was guilty of black deceit toward him. It was the discovery of her faithlessness, as well as the death of his daughter, that so worked on his mind that he wanted to lay down the crown, and retire from the throne. No effort Madame Narischkin might make could reconcile Alexander to her base action; and he died in the arms of the Empress, the pain of the wound which

his best-beloved had struck him, still fresh in his heart.

But he has forgiven her now—forgiven and forgotten the treacherous blow she dealt him; for they are both dead—long dead—

“Und jetzt machen’s Frieden —  
Tief unter der Erd.”

The stories Madame told me were not all tragic. There was a bit of gossip about one of the sons of the King of Prussia, then present at Wilhelmsbad, that I quite relished, though of newer date than the other things:

The present King of Prussia had a brother, who was married to a Princess from the Netherlands, sometime during the reign of the elder brother, Frederick William IV. Very likely the match had been any thing but a love-match; and the Prince took no pains to hide his indifference or aversion to the Princess. She, however, was not of the uncomplaining, long-suffering kind, but went to the King, bewailed her hard lot, and the coldness and inconstancy of her husband. Not even for his children, she went on to say, had he the least affection; he never came into the nursery—never stopped at the cradle of the youngest. The King reproached his brother for the lack of family affection he exhibited, and the Prince promised to make some striking display of his love at an early day. A short time after, it was told the Princess that her husband was in the nursery, rocking the cradle of the youngest, with all his might. Overwhelmed with joy, the Princess made her way to the nursery, where the Prince was rocking the baby’s cradle vigorously. After saying all sorts of loving and forgiving things to him, what was her horror to discover that he had his favorite hunting-dog in the cradle, which he kept on rocking long after the Princess had fled from the room in dismay!

Again he was summoned before the King, and again he promised reform.

Sure enough, he soon visited the nursery, morning, noon, and night. Unfortunately the Princess, too, came into the nursery one morning, just as the Prince was conversing very earnestly with a nurse-maid, who was comfortably seated on his knee. This time the Princess fled not only from the room, but continued her flight to the Netherlands. When the King was informed of the scandal, he sent word to his brother that he must not expect to see his face again, till he had brought back his wife from the Netherlands. The Prince really succeeded in coaxing his wife back to Prussia, but her stay was short; the Prince procuring a divorce on the very substantial ground of “unconquerable aversion.”

One “confidential communication” had come to my friend directly through the Baron Von Hinckeldey, President of the Police in Berlin, during the latter part of the reign of Frederick William III. This monarch, dearly as he had loved his “*unvergessliche Luise*,” had nevertheless formed a morganatic marriage with the Countess Harrach, sometime in 1824, and had raised her to the rank and state of Princess of Liegnitz. That she was a most excellent woman, a woman of noble soul and amiable disposition, was proven by the affectionate reverence with which she was always treated by the sons of the “*unvergessliche Luise*”—the late King of Prussia, as well as the present one. And again, the affection which he entertained for this very worthy woman did not prevent Frederick William III. from harboring very tender sentiments in his bosom toward Fanny Elssler, the *danseuse*.

Once upon a time, the story runs, the King was very ill, and the Princess of Liegnitz, who resided in the palace with him, watched over and nursed him with self-sacrificing care. When he had recovered, the King wished her to ask some favor of him, which he would grant —“even to the half of his kingdom”—



in acknowledgment of her untiring devotion. They were in one of the King's private apartments at the time; but the door through which the Princess of Liegnitz had been in the habit of entering, during his illness, was not the only entrance to the room. In a far corner there was a little, arched door-way, art-

fully concealed by heavy *portières*; and pointing to it, the Princess asked if the King were willing to deliver to her the key of that door. The key was gracefully surrendered by the King; and according to Hinckeldey's statement, Fanny Elssler never entered the palace again.

### THE ROSE AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Through all the night long,  
Said the rose,  
Have I listened to your song,  
Said the rose,  
Till the stars above us shining  
Have grown dim with your repining,  
And the murmur of the river  
Seems to echo your "forever,"  
Said the rose;  
But I can love you never,  
Said the rose.

Ah! fair, but cruel flower,  
Said the bird,  
No more I'll seek your bower,  
Said the bird;  
Let the cold stream by us flowing,  
And the trees about us growing,  
Hear my last song, as a token  
Of a vow to be unbroken,  
Said the bird,  
Of a love to be unspoken,  
Said the bird.

When you sing, my petals close,  
Said the rose,  
For you trouble my repose,  
Said the rose;  
But when your song is hushed,  
And the eastern sky is flushed  
With the coming of the day,  
And you are far away,  
Said the rose,  
Then again my heart is gay,  
Said the rose.

When my song has died away,  
Said the bird,  
In the garish light of day,  
Said the bird,  
Then your petals open wide,  
For I'm not at your side;  
But the wild bee comes and dwells  
Deep amid your honeyed cells,  
Said the bird,  
In my darling's honeyed cells,  
Said the bird.

But the twilight, soft and calm,  
Said the bird,  
With its zephyrs breathing balm,  
Said the bird,  
Will never bring again  
Your lover's song of pain,  
For this very hour we part;  
I will seek some warmer heart,  
Said the bird,  
But beware the wild bee's dart,  
Said the bird.

For a moment stay your flight,  
Said the rose,  
Linger just this single night,  
Said the rose;  
Ah! forgive my foolish pride;  
Stay forever by my side;  
In my petals you shall lie,  
And shall kiss me till I die,  
Said the rose,  
And the bee shall ne'er come nigh,  
Said the rose.

## IDEAL WOMANHOOD.

TO attain an ideal, the beautiful perfections and excellencies distributed among different individuals must be garnered up and aggregated in one; excluding therefrom the inevitable defects and blemishes which reveal themselves, more or less, in every character. The product of such an economy could scarcely fail to produce a faultless type, or model, of the species. Shakspeare paints the picture, where he says, "But you, O you, so perfect and so peerless, are created of every creature's best!"

Womanhood has not yet arrived at such a state of perfectness as to shadow forth mute prophecies of angelic pinions, or to leave behind her glowing footsteps, seraphic trophies of heaven-born victories over "the world, the flesh, and the devil." There is still left, in every well-developed woman, an amazing amount of human nature; quite enough, certainly, to assure the legions of anxious, devoted husbands, that their "better halves" shall not be caught up in a chariot of fire, leaving nothing behind, for them to weep over, save a mantle. There is, at least, sufficient of earth's atmosphere surrounding the sun of man's life, to permit of his looking it full in the face, without imperiling his vision. We are heartily glad; for what a sorry time even a half-fledged feminine angel would have of it, were she compelled to tabernacle with the male seraphs of this terrestrial hierarchy! What with all their turbulence, austerity, and peevishness, even a beneficent angel might deeply sigh for translation, and cry mightily, "How long, O Lord, how long!" Whereas, as matters now stand, they are usually content to wait all their appointed time. This is just as it should be.

But we believe there is a large margin left for improvements, without trenching, in the least, upon the seraphic domain. It has been said, that "a true woman" should be a harmonious *mélange* of every thing in general, and nothing in particular. Not so! She should have a well-pronounced definiteness of character; clear convictions of right; an earnest fidelity to duty; a conscientious faithfulness to all the little minor details which go to make up the programme of home-life. Were these things so, we might, perhaps, have fewer club-houses—those ill-starred palaces, "built of women's hearts, and cemented with their tears." We believe the problem is slowly approaching its solution; but not in the Ballot do we expect to find the universal panacea for feminine grievances. We have a serene faith in a regenerated future; but woman, self-consecrated and up-reaching, must be her own regenerator and advocate. The work must be begun from within. From the hand of an all-wise Creator every woman receives herself, with full liberty to carve out a destiny, limited only by her energy and fidelity to the end for which her capabilities and free-agency were bestowed upon her. What Alcott says of man, applies with equal pertinency to woman. One's character is the task allotted her to form, her faculties the implements, her genius the workman, life the engagement; and with these gifts of Nature and of God, shall she fail to quarry forth, from her opportunities, a Woman for her heavenly taskmaster? Suppose we lend the thought hospitable treatment, and see what may come of it! What we are after now, bear in mind, is—

"A creature not too bright and good  
For human nature's daily food.

\* \* \* \* \*

A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light.

Such an ideal is, by no means, a mere chance production. For the most part, such fruitage owes much to the parent stock. Say what you will, it is not a misfortune to come into the world "through the portals of a family." No stream is less transparent and musical for having its source in the clearest of fountains. True, after leaving its crystal source, it may forsake its natural channel, and hunt its dubious way through dank and dismal swamps, until it merges its own identity in the turbid, muddy waters that stagnate there; but this is in spite of its beginning, not because of it. What is more marvelous still, perhaps, from this very swamp may ripple forth a little stream, sluggish and slimy, to all appearance, as it starts out; but once set free from its muggy surroundings, gathering new life, and leaving behind, as it passes on, the dregs and sediment which retard its course, it finally sweeps out into the beautiful meadow-land, and, gaining strength and volume day by day, goes singing, and sparkling, and dancing toward the great sea—itsself rejoicing and spreading joy everywhere. And this it does despite its source. The strong, aspirational soul may wrest enlightenment and self-respect from unfortunate birth and iron fortune. The energy and application of youth may be made to atone for the infelicity and parsimoniousness of childhood. These, however, are but the exceptions which prove the rule. Other things being equal, it is better to have a good parentage to start with.

The experiences of every-day life show, most conclusively, that Holy Writ is likely to vindicate itself in the assertion, that the sins of the fathers shall be visited

upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation. Before the light of this world breaks upon the embryo child, its heirship is established, not only to thrones, estates, houses, and lands, but to physical and mental idiosyncrasies which will prove the bane or blessing of its life. To the foolish and unwarrantable delicacy, which has caused such a studied reticence to be maintained upon subjects of such vital importance as those of ante-natal inheritances, do we owe much of the moral and physical decrepitude of our species. It should be a cause of fervent thanksgiving, that the world is advancing a little on the high-road to common sense in this regard; and that it is no longer considered a breach of chastity for a mother to converse, prudently and sensibly, with her marriageable daughters upon themes at once so delicate and so important, and which can come from none other with equal forcefulness and propriety. Every short-coming is a crime, in those whom Heaven appoints as guardians of the coming generations. With proper attention given to those great, mysterious laws which have to do with the perfection and glory of the race, we should see wondrous results. Children would come into the world, shorn of the multitude of weaknesses which now encompass them, prepared for judicious, steady advancement; to be in their turn inspirers and teachers. They would come, even as Minerva came, panoplied in all the majesty of her beauty and power, from the brain of Jupiter. The priestess of the inner temple should see to it, that nothing which defileth be ever offered on the sacred altar over which she presides.

In order, then, to a full and perfect womanhood, there should first be a pure and perfected germinal life. Conditions favorable to a full growth and development should be observed with conscientious fidelity. As to the nature of these



conditions, no honest, inquiring soul need remain in ignorance, in this day of philosophic and scientific enlightenment. When Madame Campan was asked by the great Napoleon what France most needed to develop her resources, and increase her greatness, the prompt and significant reply was, "Mothers!" "That is well said," returned the renowned Emperor; "*there* is a system of instruction in a single word." America is not less in want of mothers than was France; and a true motherhood means something more than a kindly attention to the multiplied physical wants of the nursery, important as these are; something more than devout consideration to embroidered pinafores and gaudy fripperies. "The mother, in her office, holds the key of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin of character." As we said before, is it not well to remember, that the influence of motherhood begins *anterior to birth*?

In order to a faithful survey of the whole field, let us follow our ideal, from the auroral dawn of infancy to the full and perfect day of a rich and mellow womanhood. The conditions requisite for a perfect germinal development, both mental and physical, have been carefully observed; and, with a cry of glad welcome, the grateful mother receives the sacred charge: a healthful, vigorous babe—a plump little daughter. There are welcoming arms open to receive her; there is a heart big with love ready to lavish its treasure upon her; there is a gentle bosom for the little head to pillow itself upon; there are eyes, moist with happiness, to watch over her slumbers; there are ears ever on the alert for whimpering suggestions of infantile wants; there is a patient *surveillance*, which wards off every suspicion of danger; there is a faith—serene, potent, and prevailing—which cries to heaven, and "pulls the blessing" down upon her child; there is a conscientious fidelity

to duty, which walks hand-in-hand with faith, and insures its full fruition.

There are no couriers sent flying in every direction, in pursuit of that *sine qua non* of too many maternal *boudoirs* of the present day—a wet nurse; no vigilant searching after profluent goats or farrow cows. She feels that she, herself, is the Heaven-appointed nourisher of her child; and she is quite willing to endure, with patient meekness, the necessary inconveniences attending the faithful discharge of this maternal duty. Indeed, there is no happiness to her so sweet as that evoked at the cradle of her first-born. It is scarcely to be expected that the April-day of infancy should pass without many a sudden "squall" and short-lived tempest. But even these are health-producing: they serve to purify the atmosphere, and hasten forward a wholesome, vigorous growth. To sensible souls, laughing, weeping, sunny, sombre April is the month of months; not from its pouting freakishness alone, but because it is the earnest of what is to come—the harbinger of summer's maturity.

The April-day of her young life is passed, and from the sheltered *conservatoire* of a genial infancy, she steps nimbly forth, bright as a dew-drop, and fair as the plumage of an angel's wing. She is now at the portal of childhood—that blossoming time, so fraught with perils, before the fruit is well set upon the spray. There is no precipitate bounding from swaddling-clothes into *paniers* and flounces; no assumption of airs foreign to her years; no affectation of the amusing inconsistencies of premature girlhood; no swelling in the bloom of an overgrown vanity. She is an old-fashioned girl, to the extent of sincerely delighting in childish games and frolicsome amusements. Peals of merry laughter make the welkin ring, wherever she "cuts up her antics." She can play, romp, gambol, frolic, titter, giggle, and laugh out-

right, till the very air seems vital with her merriment. She is joyous, winsome, debonair, and bonny. Not altogether passive is our little Miss. She has most emphatically a will of her own; but the lion and the lamb have consented to lie down together, and permit the little child to lead them. There is excessive activity, yet the household is not a condensed edition of Dante's "Inferno." It is the activity of angelhood, not of diabolism. Nature is in full force in her restless little body. Her cheeks are ruddy and sun-kissed, robed in the royal raiment of health. She is storing up a good stock of physical hardihood, against the approaching regency of books and æsthetic culture. She moralizes little, and frolics much. True, sweet, unaffected naturalness flows, brook-like, through the flowery meadow-land of her girlhood. But there is an experienced hand at the helm, to guide the tiny craft. Just here the maternal influence tells most potently upon the child; the mother's character and intellect will be most surely photographed. Alas! for the little luckless ones of earth, who have no one to call them by dear names; left at this tender age to grope their way, unguided and alone, through the lowering futurity of a grief-worn pilgrimage. What wonder that we have so many pitiable travesties of womanhood!

If the old aphorism be true, that "the child is father to the man," double diligence should be used during this formative period in a daughter's career. Enlightened, sensible, conscientious mothers must constitute the vanguard in the uplifting of society. They have ever been the *avant-coureurs* both in church and state. We have only to turn to the history of the world for full confirmation of this assertion. Concerning the "Father of his country," it is written, "He owed to his mother that education, and those sentiments of heroism and principles of virtue and honor, which, acting

on a lofty genius and happy disposition, aided by a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, raised him to the highest summit of earthly greatness and glory." Had we more mothers like this, we might have a greater number of well-poised, useful characters to bless the world. To his mother, in a great measure, Washington owed the symmetrical beauty and moral grandeur of his nature; and to her, does our country owe the same meed of grateful love as though she, herself, had led the hosts to conflict and victory. She achieved her triumphs through her son. May not this be God's plan for accomplishing great purposes? We are old-fashioned enough to believe that it is; to believe in children—real, live children, well-trained children—not "little incumbrances," as the world goes now. Let women work through their *sons*, if they would begin at the very root of the matter.

Bear in mind, we are seeking to aggregate proof in regard to the almost unlimited scope of maternal influence during the formative period of childhood. It is related of John Quincy Adams, that, in his later years, with glowing enthusiasm and eyes moist with emotion, he said, "It is true that every thing valuable in me I owe to my mother." History shows her to have been a woman of rare intellectual endowments, fond of the beautiful and the æsthetic; possessing, at the same time, the more solid acquirements of science and philosophy. Her husband was constantly engrossed in matters of state; often abroad upon missions of diplomacy: and so almost the entire culture of her son devolved upon the faithful mother. How admirably she succeeded, let history tell!

If the mental and moral characteristics of the mother are so readily transferred to her children, how fearful the weight of responsibility! How careful should she be to cultivate in her own

sou the virtues she would see reproduced in her posterity! How should she labor to garner within her own mind the treasures of wisdom and knowledge that are to lay the foundation of strong character and lofty attainment in those who draw their life from her life—the creations out of herself created! If the world is to be emancipated and redeemed, it is to be accomplished through influences brought to bear upon individual hearts. If the stock of national virtue and intellectual prowess is to be increased, it must be through the enlightenment and improvement of individual character. If a nation is to be great, prosperous, and happy, the mothers of that nation must be rich enough to bequeath such inheritances. We do not say that the fathers have no part or lot in this matter, but it is not our purpose to meddle with them at this time; the scope of this article does not reach so far. We do not wish to invite discouragement aforetime, by even hinting at the deplorable short-comings in this direction. We graciously consign this work to a more trenchant pen than ours.

But we have switched off a little from the main track. While we have been dissertating upon the privileges and duties of maternity, our gay little Miss, whom we left frolicking after her own sweet will, in the sunny meadow-land of childhood, has emerged therefrom, and advanced to the midday of a well-developed maidenhood. Her education has been steadily going forward; and by education we do not mean that pernicious system of cramming, so fatal to a healthy growth. It may be well for parrots and magpies to chatter and repeat after their betters; but nothing tends so surely to dwarf and shrivel the intellect as the mischievous practice of memorizing, with feeble regard to the ideas involved in the language uttered. As well expect to be generously nourished by a languid inspection of the emblazoned signs at res-

taurant doors, hinting at the edible possibilities within. Words are but signs; and signs, at best, are but indications—tenements in which the vital essence resides. One fresh, sensible idea, embodied in original, luminous diction, is worth an octavo volume of mere parrot-like recitation. A life of study, unredeemed by thought, avails little. True education is not a system of pouring in; but of developing and bringing forth the treasures which Nature has hidden in the mind of every perfected child. It is well to cultivate a pitiless hatred for educational humbug; for to this, in a large measure, is the world indebted for so many lamentable exhibitions of enfeebled womanhood. While entertaining no extravagant longings after the prerogatives generally supposed to be imprisoned, somewhere and somehow, in that magical duality, "Woman's Rights," yet we do heartily believe in the co-education of the sexes under one *Alma Mater*. We fully agree with a vigorous writer, who says: "Divorced, the young women run to froth; the young men, to sediment. The young lady is quicker, more enthusiastic, more intuitive in mental action, than the young man. She shames the dull indifference of the careless, phlegmatic, male mind. Her lively memory, and imagination, and perception would enter like yeast into the heavy, torpid mass which compose the middle and lower half of a college-class, arouse the sluggish young men to a better use of their powers, and cause a little light to find its way into their spirits. The quick intuition and the eager enthusiasm, on the one side, must blend with the profound reflection and patient purpose, on the other." These sentiments we cordially indorse; and when we attain unto the Ballot, it will be thrown most energetically in favor of the co-education of the sexes.

In just this way has our ideal been sensibly brought forward in her educa-



tional career. She is quick, enthusiastic, intuitive. Her memory is keen, her imagination lively, her perception acute. She has ingenuity, tact, and perseverance—a noble trinity in woman's industrial offices—a nature vigorous and elastic, capable of adapting itself to all surroundings. Vigorous, self-disciplined power is her characteristic. She has a wondrous knack of holding firm to the rudder of self-conquest; has a well-defined aim in life—not an inconstant variety of purpose. Self is not her sole pontiff, but she lives in and for others. With open-eyed convictions of duty, she is still not contemptuous of authority, and is far from being that disagreeable epitome of a barbarian—a self-willed girl. She has given herself much to the friendly ministries of Nature, who has been to her a delightful tutor. The blank wearisomeness of dry books has not robbed her of elasticity, nor has she been worn threadbare by constant attrition against the rock of the Impossible. She possesses the gayety and strength requisite to a joyfulness, at times almost trenching upon the riotous, yet decorously escaping it. Her wit is often crank, but never closely approaches sarcasm.

Her ambition rises in triumphant superiority to the mere idea of being accounted fashionable and genteel. She does not ignore personal appearance; for her dress is well chosen and in good taste. She is only observable from the unostentatious selection, the simplicity and harmony of her attire, and the unobtrusive good-breeding that covers every square inch of her life, at home or abroad. Modesty is not with her an art, but an inheritance. In society, she is elegant, but not insipid; delicate, but not frivolous, and keeps herself in wholesome ignorance of the many little subtleties of flirtation. She has no fancy for emulating, or fraternizing with, those gay-colored butterflies, who transform

themselves into wasps with such fatal facility. She is perfectly at home among men and women who enjoy "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," and does not deem it *outré* or inopportune to introduce subjects which have somewhat of common sense in them. In the drawing-room, she is neither timid nor bold; and blushing is by no means one of the lost arts, so far as she is concerned. She is full of sparkle, simplicity, and unconscious archness—careless, yet captivating; free, yet feminine. She has the softness, the polish, the grace of life—all of which are the natural after-growth of that proper home-culture for which we have been contending.

Is it necessary that a "roomful of young ladies should become a disreputable medley of tattle, chatter, and squeal," as has been charged upon them? How pitiable to see "a column of exuberant imbecility," robed and decorated to the full and resplendent zenith of fashion, but intellectually denuded to the very scantiness of apparel in Eden—a paragon of intellectual obscurity. Coleridge patly remarks, "There is a great difference between an egg and an egg-shell, though they look remarkably alike." So there is a vast difference between a true, inborn lady, whose nature is faithfully daguerreotyped in all the graceful acts of her every-day life, and the counterfeit, whose constant study it is to conceal the poverty, irascibility, and weakness embodied in her gorgeous *personnel*. She plumes herself, with complacent vanity, upon having succeeded in her design to conceal, when, after all, *the very effort to conceal* remains yet to be concealed. Happily for mankind, such efforts to deceive can never succeed. We may repose an abiding faith in the omnipotence of naturalness. The character will insist upon writing itself all over the features. The soul is constantly chiseling away at the lineaments of the face; and she is faithful to the model

which the character presents for delineation.

The character of a true woman must have in it, also, much of the element of heroism. There must be gentleness, but a gentleness capable of resenting and resisting, not passive and feeble. Her energy must be enduring, not transient. She must possess a strength and independence that will suffice to break loose from conventional shackles, if occasion requires, and do the thing which duty, not etiquette alone, demands; and yet, she must not maliciously fly in the face of well-established customs. Only so far as they conflict with justice and kindness, should conceded proprieties be called in question. With a faith clear-eyed, potent, and uplifting, she must pursue her gentle way, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. Her native nobility must assert and maintain itself, if necessary, amid surroundings utterly at variance with her unaffected and benignant spirit.

In her intercourse with others, the aim of the true woman is to please, not to shine; and in this, the heart is the inspirer rather than the head. She is not of those, whose feeble little minds are constantly and painfully exercised upon just the proper thing to do, and just how to do it. Politeness, with her, is kindness, gently and gracefully expressed, either in word or action. She is a beneficent presence of goodness, weaving beautiful garlands of comfort and joy for brows aching with pain, and darting bright hints of sunshine into hearts all clouded over with care. When seeking companionships, qualities of mind and heart are what she most takes into account. Something more than a critical familiarity with mere conventional usages, or the reputation for being *au fait* in matters of fashionable etiquette, is necessary to the full enjoyment of her confidence and intimacy. While she is never frantic in her cordiality, there is a class to whom

she instinctively turns with a marvelous tenderness: it is to those unfortunate beings who seem divorced from all natural surroundings, and thrown into an atmosphere to which they are by nature alien—delicate, refined, aspirational spirits, whom the accident of birth, fast-coming reverses, or the false edicts of society have driven from a sphere for which their natural endowments of heart, soul, and mind, their refinement of taste and manner, eminently befit them. It is all very well for those who are perched upon the highest pinnacles to fling out the old aphorism, that water will always reach its level. They forget, for the nonce, that it is quite possible to force water above its level by artificial appliances, and to keep it there, for a time, at least. Hydraulic pressure lends a momentum quite equal to the attainment of such results. Not more difficult is it to prevent water from reaching its level, by shutting it out almost entirely, by the construction of coffer-dams. There are hydraulic-rams constantly at work amid the complicated machinery of society; and their potent moving force is felt in the uplifting of many a dead weight into a hateful prominence, that would otherwise lie prone at the bottom—its appropriate place. There are, too, vigorous, relentless hands at work, constructing conventional coffer-dams, for the purpose of effectually shutting out all those with whom misfortune has dared to dine. They forget that "misfortune does not always wait on vice; nor is success the constant guest of virtue."

Our ideal woman is not of this class. Instead of treating those who are quivering and torture-torn under misfortune, with a kind of ferocious disdain, she reaches forth a warm, welcoming hand, and in her light they see light. She has caught, in generous measure, the spirit of Him, who, while treading the earth, turned with peculiar tenderness to those whose life-journey led through damps

and darkness; whose hearts were miledewed with grief. She is not "elaborately goodish, without point;" but is a beneficent spirit of wise and uplifting charity, cheering and energizing the disheartened, encouraging the weak and erring, pointing to the happy possible, and leading the way. To those who have folded the mantle of decrepitude

about them, and are going gently down into the years, she is a soft and tender light; and the musical sweetness of her sympathetic voice, and the tranquilizing ministries of her gentle hand, hint of angelic fellowship and fraternity, just a little in advance of their tottering footsteps. In her, they catch a glimpse of angelhood.

### ON THE MEXICAN BORDER.

"SO you superintended the famous Corralitos Mine?"

"Yes, off and on. I was not regular Superintendent. Took it up between fighting the Apaches and teaching Flotte's children."

"Who was Flotte?"

"Don Louis? Have you never heard of the Flotte family in Mexico? Well, that is probable enough. They are reduced—those of them who remain in Mexico—to the condition of *peones*. You see, Don Louis was French. His parents immigrated to Baltimore, from which city he ran away when a boy. Falling into good hands, he was brought up to business, and was one of the best clerks in the city of Mexico in his youth. He got along well, and married an heiress, the daughter of McKnight, from Missouri, who owned the Corralitos Mine."

"By George, he was lucky!"

"Yes, lucky and unlucky. He did not manage his mine very well. You see, the Mexican mines are never opened by tunnels: they all have shafts running down into them from the top of the mountain, and in consequence get filled with water, which their owners do not know how to get out. Every thing about them is on the same old-fashioned plan: no modern machinery—at least, there wasn't in that day."

"What year was that?"

"About 1848 or '49. Flotte had eight hundred *peones* working for him, who got out sixteen or seventeen marks a day (a mark weighing eight dollars). When I took charge, I made the mine yield ninety-two marks per day, with some very simple inventions of my own."

"I hope he paid you for it."

"He paid me well enough. But I was not making money in those times: I was living on adventures. Had been in nearly every part of the world, and always contrived to find something out of the ordinary way. I didn't go to Mexico to teach the English language, as you can imagine. I had drifted in there, and joined John Glanton's second expedition against the Apaches. Glanton was a splendid fellow, and good Indian fighter, but he did not quite like taking scalps for pay; so at the end of this expedition he resolved to quit."

"You had adventure enough as a Ranger, I should think."

"Plenty of it; but no more than in affairs with the Mexicans and others. The Mexicans are as bad as the Apaches. Why, the first proposition we had made to us, on presenting ourselves before Governor Don Angel Trias for our pay, was, that we should earn more money from himself by assassinating the rival candidate for his office, one Zuloago."



You should have seen John Glanton when this proposition was made to him. How he towered up, and how his eyes flashed! 'Don Trias,' he said, 'if we *did* agree to kill the murderous Apaches, we are not common assassins. Were we such, we would kill *you* now, and claim our reward from Zuloago.' That ended, as we then thought, our connection with Governor Don Angel Trias. But it was resumed afterward, in an unexpected manner."

"Ah, thereby hangs the tale! Take you the 'sleepy hollow;' I will have the lounge."

"Well, Glanton went off—I think to California—and after casting about for something to do, I accepted the situation of teacher of English to the family of Don Louis Flotte, at Barranca Colorado, the residence of the Flotte family, five miles south of the Corralitos Mine. The family, at that time, consisted of the Don, his wife, several children, a Mr. Lyle and wife, and innumerable *móso*s, or servants.

"I hadn't been long at Barranca Colorado before I found out that there was trouble in Flotte's family; and was soon taken into his confidence, and asked to aid him. I learned from Flotte that Mrs. Lyle was an illegitimate sister of his wife's, who had been brought up and cared for just as kindly as she. But she could not inherit her father's property, as Mrs. Flotte could. On her marriage with Mr. Lyle, Flotte had given her a handsome establishment, money and jewels; and, in fact, made a generous division of the original property of the sisters in favor of this one.

"But Lyle proved to be a worthless, gambling fellow, and soon run through with all his wife's possessions, when he returned with her to Barranca Colorado, and was then living dependent upon Flotte. If that had been all, Don Louis would have borne with him for the sake of his sister-in-law; but that was not all.

"It happened that Zuloago, whom I had once been asked to assassinate, owned a mine adjoining the Corralitos. By the Mexican mining laws, if the owner of an adjoining mine crosses the line of division, in mining, he forfeits to the owner of the ground trespassed on half of the ore taken out. Now, Zuloago had for some time been taking out Flotte's ore, and a feud between the two owners was the consequence.

"This was one of Flotte's troubles, but not the worst one. Zuloago had found Lyle a willing tool in his hands, ready to do any thing that would annoy or injure the man he was stealing from. The scheme they had hatched between them was worthy of them both. It was this: Lyle was to bring suit and make an effort to obtain possession of half the Corralitos Mine, and of all Flotte's property, for his wife, as co-heir with Mrs. Flotte. In order to do this it was necessary that certain church records concerning Mrs. Lyle's birth should be destroyed. To accomplish this, or any thing else necessary to the end in question, Zuloago pledged his assistance: in return for which, when Lyle had gotten half the mine, his former stealings were to be winked at.

"This precious piece of rascality would probably have succeeded had not Flotte made me his confidant just when he did. I was sharp enough to get at the plan of robbing the church register, and resolved to defeat them. The records were kept at El Paso del Norte, 255 miles from Barranca Colorado. The discovery was made just in time. Lyle started for El Paso, not knowing his object was suspected; and I, with an escort of *peones*, was on his heels a few hours later.

"Urged by a guilty fear, he had traveled pretty fast; but I traveled faster. My horses were the best Don Louis could furnish, and they were put through. On the third day I passed him. I did

not mean to let him see me; but it happened that I came up with him at a place where there was no chance of avoiding him. When he saw who it was, we both gave a yell; and from that to El Paso it was a race for life.

"When night came on I stopped only long enough to refresh my horse, and started on again, getting into El Paso the next morning. Riding straight to the Bishop's house, in a few words I explained to him my errand, and demanded that he should instantly remove the book of registry of births from the church to his house. At the idea of any one robbing the church register, the good-natured Bishop was sufficiently horrified, and lost no time in securing and locking up the precious book. Before putting it under lock and key, I secured a copy of the entry of Mrs. Lyle's birth, with the Bishop's certificate.

"The next thing to be done was to secure an attorney. Flotte had instructed me to employ a celebrated Mexican lawyer of El Paso, but he was not then at home. Upon inquiry, I learned that there was a stranger in El Paso, lately come there from San Antonio, Texas, who was a lawyer, and understood to be one of fine talents. Not feeling certain about the propriety of engaging a man entirely unknown to Don Louis, after having a brief interview with him I concluded to send to my employer a full account of the situation, and get instructions. Accordingly I dispatched a *peon*-express to Don Louis, and waited.

"In the meantime I became better acquainted with the strange lawyer. He was a large, fine-looking man, of clear, smooth complexion, and dark eyes; a German by birth, but well versed in other languages; a smooth talker, and fastidious about his dress. One peculiarity and defect of his personal appearance alone made him remarkable. This was a stumping walk, occasioned by the

loss of one of his great toes, by which that foot was deprived of all spring, and became much like a wooden one. After some talk with this man, whose name was Fischer, I determined to retain him, which I did by giving him \$500 for that purpose. In less than six days my *peon* returned, with instructions to employ Fischer.

"The rapidity and fidelity with which this *peon*, who had been a long time in Flotte's service, executed his trust, were somewhat remarkable. He had ridden alone a distance of 255 miles and back, delivering and receiving his message in less than six days. On his return, as he was alone, he went a little off the traveled road, hoping thus to avoid the Apaches, who usually hovered near the route pursued by travelers. But he missed his calculation. On ascending a rise of ground, there was the whole Apache camp before him. He knew that to fly would be certain death, as the Indians must have seen him. There was but one chance for him, and he took that. Without a moment's hesitation, he put spurs to his horse, gave the yell of defiance, and dashed into the Apache camp. Believing that this must be an attack of their Mexican enemies, the Indians made a rush for their horses and arms, while the daring *peon*, never checking his speed, pursued his way to El Paso. He not only escaped, but liberated two prisoners of the Apaches, who took advantage of the panic to mount and fly.

"As soon as I received my orders, I started for Barranca Colorado. My attorney proved to be rather a troublesome traveling companion, as he was epicurean about his eating, and a miserable rider. The old *peon*, who had performed a ride compared to which Sheridan's was but a piece of sport, made many grimaces at the cramped-up knees and awkward timidity of the lawyer. As we approached the most dangerous por-

tion of the route, his disgust broke forth audibly. Knowing that Fischer could not or would not keep up with us in a chase, clumsily dressed and unwieldy as he was, he persuaded him to divest himself of his *serape*, and offered to arrange it for him. Doubling it across and laying it over Fischer's knees, he fastened it securely to the saddle behind, in spite of the remonstrances of that gentleman, who suspected a trick. When he was thus secured, the *peon* exclaimed, 'Now let us ride!' And away we went, with Fischer hallooing to us in the rear. Paying no attention to his cries more than to glance back at him and see that he was still on his horse, we galloped on, while he, finding that he must ride or be left behind, soon learned to keep up with us. And so we journeyed to Barranca Colorado.

"But I had a most unpleasant secret on my mind, which gave me no little uneasiness, and made me, besides, rather indifferent to the discomforts of my new acquaintance. I had been handed, before leaving El Paso, a printed proclamation of Governor Bell, of Texas, in which my lawyer was fully described and named, setting forth that he had procured the immigration of a large number of his countrymen to Texas, and had obtained possession of their money under the pretense of buying lands for them; but that he had absconded with the money, leaving his victims in great distress. The proclamation called on all American citizens to give said Fischer such greeting, wherever met with, as he deserved. When I was made acquainted with these facts, I had already paid Fischer his retaining fee, which I was not willing to lose. Having gone so far, I concluded the best way would be to seem ignorant of his antecedents, and trust to my own watchfulness to prevent his doing any injury to my employer; for I was ashamed to let Flotte know what sort of lawyer I had got him.

"Fischer was made acquainted with Flotte's business, being shown all the papers in the case. Apparently all was going on smoothly, but I thought I detected some communication between Lyle and the lawyer. Once becoming suspicious, I followed him up so closely that I soon discovered my suspicions to be true. Fischer had agreed to pass over to Lyle some important documents to which, as Flotte's lawyer, he had access. Immediately on this discovery I sought Fischer in his own apartment.

"Pretending to have something of interest to show him, I invited him out upon a small balcony about twelve feet from the ground, with which his room communicated by a door. Turning the key in the lock, I stood face to face with him, without much room for his escape. Then taking from my breast-pocket the proclamation of Governor Bell, and holding my revolver ready to fire at the first sign of an attempt to escape, I read it to him. The man turned perfectly livid when, after reading the exposure of his old villainy, I informed him that I was also acquainted with his new. He evidently expected I was going to take summary vengeance then and there. He looked so like fainting that, fearing he would fall over the railing of the balcony, I allowed him to re-enter his room. Here a glass of wine restored his self-possession. 'Now, Fischer,' said I, 'you are a prisoner in this place. Don Louis and I are going to Chihuahua to find a more honest man. If, during our absence, you stir outside of this place, you will be shot down at once. The sentries have their orders.' So I left him, to make Flotte acquainted with the proceeding; suppressing, however, the proclamation, for I was still ashamed to have him know I had brought him this scoundrel, knowing he was one.

"Poor Flotte! He was in a terrible rage. The journey to El Paso, and \$500 gone, with only a new enemy add-



ed to his former foes! His health, too, was wretched, which made his burden greater. But he took my advice, and we set out next day for Chihuahua, with an escort of sixty *peones*. We made the journey safely, and brought back with us a celebrated lawyer of that city.

"On our return, we fell in with some Apaches at Carmine—a little place of twenty or thirty houses—where a company of the national guards was quartered. They were under the command of one of their most notorious chiefs, called Mangas Colorado (Red Sleeves), from a fashion he had adopted of wearing his arms painted with the blood of his victims. They were making quite free with the soldiers, who dared not resent their familiarities, and also showed signs of wishing to do Flotte some mischief; for Flotte had killed a good many Apaches in his younger days. However, we got off without a fight; our sixty *peones*, all well armed, making, with the soldiers, a balance of power in our favor.

"I noticed, as we took the road again, our Apache friends moving in the same direction, along the foot of some hills to the right, and knew enough of their habits to feel sure they were making for the dry *arroyo* we had to cross, to lie in ambush for us. This conviction I imparted to Don Louis and the Chihuahua lawyer, telling them that if we kept on we could frustrate the purposes of our enemy as easily as not; for by riding to the overhanging brink of the deep *arroyo* instead of descending into it, as the Indians expected we should, we could fire down upon them without their having an opportunity of retaliating.

"This lawyer, like my former one, proved ill trained for travel in an Indian country. Begging Flotte to remember that he had a large family to support, and that he, Flotte, was similarly circumstanced, he pleaded that their first duty was not to kill Indians, but to take

care of themselves. After some hesitation, we turned back to Carmine for the national guard, under whose escort we finished our return to Barranca Colorado; having the satisfaction of seeing, as we passed the *arroyo*, the signs, in the muddy bottom, of the ambuscade intended for us.

"We were not a little surprised to find at Barranca Colorado the Bishop of Chihuahua, with the trifling retinue of seventy followers, all eating, drinking, and making merry at Flotte's expense. His reverence undoubtedly thought that the service he had rendered in locking up the register of births from marauders demanded a return; or, perhaps, that the spiritual condition of these litigating children of the Church needed looking into. But our greatest surprise was occasioned by the transformation our professional prisoner had undergone during our absence. We found him in priestly robes, *au fait* in priestly duties, and the *cher ami* of the good-hearted, credulous Bishop. By what devilish hypocrisy he had so soon captivated his reverence, we could only imagine. Three weeks before, we had left him in durance vile for rascality he could not deny; and here he was, astonishingly converted, a zealous priest, and the esteemed friend of the really honest and gentlemanly Bishop.

"The man's craft was something wonderful; but he did not fool me. I knew that he had resorted to this measure to secure immunity from punishment, and for other sordid reasons; and so I told him. Every time I caught him aside I lectured him roundly; but he always declared to me he was sincerely penitent, and devoted to his new profession. To prove his sincerity, he began to work with ardor, teaching the people, especially the young *señors* and *señoritas*, compelling them to bring to him their rosaries, saints' pictures, etc., to be instructed in their devotions.

"In order that nothing might be neglected which tended to the good of the people, and the glory of God, High Mass was celebrated by the Bishop and his *cher ami*, in the Corralitos Mine. In this mine, far underground, the *peones* had carved out a large and lofty chamber, which they used as a chapel. Its altar and holy furniture were as showy and expensive as any above-ground, while the effect of the celebration of Mass in it was much greater than in any cathedral. It was the custom of the *peones*, as they entered the mine every morning with their families, each person carrying a lighted candle, to pause a few moments for prayer and singing in the chapel. Accustomed as I became to this daily spectacle, it never lost its charm for me. The singing of hundreds of voices, rolling and reverberating through the chambers of the mine, was echoed again and again from near and far in the most wonderful manner. The spectacle of High Mass in the Corralitos Mine was very impressive, and the singing of six or eight hundred sweet-voiced *peones* worth going a long way to hear.

"So great was the crowd of visitors at Don Louis', that he was forced to fit up one of the out-houses for himself. Meantime, the good things of Barranca Colorado suffered extermination. When the Bishop departed, taking with him his new favorite, there was not an egg, nor chicken, nor any thing eatable or drinkable left to be swallowed by Flotte or his family. There had been a good deal of gambling, too, during the three weeks' visit, as the fashion of the country is; so that Don Louis' losses footed up \$12,000, when his ecclesiastical and legal friends departed. Though a good Catholic, the Don swore he hoped it would be a long time before he received another favor of the same kind.

"Well, you wish to know how Flotte's suit came out. He won it—as much

through Governor Don Angel Trias' fear of me as through its intrinsic justice; for I had taken care to convey to the Governor's mind the assurance that in case the Judges of the Tribunal of Justice failed to give in a proper decision, the affair of the proposed assassination of Zuloago should be made public. You see, apart from my friendship for Don Louis, I felt bound to do my best to make up for the \$500 and 250 pounds of tobacco I had invested in Fischer.

"I did not tell you about the tobacco, did I? It was a little private smuggling I did, while I was in El Paso: running over into Texas, you know, and buying up tobacco. I gave a quantity of it to Fischer before I found him out, and he set all the *señoritas* about Corralitos to making cigarettes, realizing a profit on his tobacco of about \$1,500. Sharp fellow, that Fischer, I can tell you.

"When Flotte's case came on, through the influences I have mentioned the decision was all we wished: 'There could be no doubt of the justice of dismissing Lyle's claim. Was it not proven by the register that there was no claim? Had not Don Louis acted generously in giving the complainant a handsome start in the world, which he had wickedly squandered; and was not he, Lyle, still living upon the bounty of his benefactor, to whom he was obviously ungrateful,' etc., etc. The Judges had their cue; and although he probably did not suspect it, the Governor had defeated one project of his rival, Zuloago.

"Finding that he could not ruin Flotte by conspiracy, Zuloago finally proposed to buy his mine, which he at length succeeded in doing; for Don Louis' health became too infirm to bear the annoyance of constant feuds and lawsuits. He sold it for \$200,000, though it was worth a million, could it have been properly worked. This money hardly lasted him two years. He took his family to New York, lived at the most fashionable ho-

tel, gamed, spent money on every sort of extravagant nonsense, and so made an end of his fortune.

"Don Louis and his family were the sensation of Broadway when they went out for a promenade, each individual of them followed by his or her *moso* in broad hat, flapping *serape*, and clanking spurs. That was their custom in Mexico; and how could they consent to live less grandly in New York? But their *mosos* and horses cost the Don a pretty sum. He knew nothing of economy. When he died, there was little or nothing left. As I said, the family are *peones*, or liable to be made such for any trifling debt.

"Once *peones*, forever *peones*; unless some friend can be found to pay their debts. If one of them goes to his master and asks for \$5, the Don, with an air of generosity, flings him a twenty. He knows that the money will be paid back into his store in a few hours, for goods, on which he realizes an enormous profit, and the *peon* will be \$20 deeper in his debt. It is a perfect system of vassalage. Jove! I don't like to think of Flotte's children coming to that."

"Being on the Texan and Mexican border, you must have met with a good many fellows of Fischer's stamp—adventurers, and fugitives from justice?"

"Yes, a great many. The most remarkable man I ever met there was Parker H. French; and the manner of my introduction to him was the most singular—dramatic, we will say. I had left Flotte, greatly to his discontent. He swore he would never employ another American: they always left him just as they began to be really useful to him. You see, I had fixed up some inventions which greatly increased the profits of his mine; and when I left him, he felt helpless. No doubt it was one reason of his selling out."

"But what about your new man—what's his name?—French?"

"I had been out after Apaches again, along the Texan border. I wanted to get an old devil who wore for a necklace a string of the finger-nails of his victims; one of whose favorite modes of torture was to sew his prisoners up in rawhides, leaving only the face exposed, and thus to abandon them on the hot deserts in the blistering sun, to perish by the most horrible of deaths: the shrinking hides, the utter inability to move, the hunger and thirst and heat, and lastly, the wolves and vultures before life was extinct!"

"Horrible! horrible! I hope you got him!"

"No, our party failed to catch him; but he was finally killed. I was just off an expedition which ended at El Paso, and thought I would go over to Flotte's to see how they were getting on. As I came near Corralitos, I heard a rumor to the effect that a party of Americans were at Barranca Colorado, murdering and robbing. On trying to inquire out the facts of the story, I met nothing but fierce or sour looks from the Mexicans; so I concluded to ride on, and find out for myself. The sentry at the mine, not recognizing me, came near shooting; but I stopped him in time. From the people at the mine I could learn nothing, only that there was a grand scare, and the national guard had been called out.

"Pressing on to Barranca Colorado, I found all quiet there. Almost the first person I met was an old comrade in some of my South American adventures. Of course I immediately asked for an explanation of the fighting and robbing I had heard about. He did not take time to explain very fully, but conducted me to a room in Flotte's house, where, he said, was a man needing my services; and there I met with Parker H. French.

"He was on a bed, with his right arm done up in a bloody sheet, evidently suffering, but suppressing the signs of it with astonishing power. I went to him and took a look at his arm, which he



said must be amputated. All the while I was handling the shattered limb he kept his eyes fastened on me with a devouring eagerness which made me nervous. He was a small, almost a *little* man, with a light complexion, great breadth over the eyes, but forehead receding. His eyes were most remarkable: deep-set, gray, and so small and round as to resemble a rat's eyes. I never saw fortitude like that man's.

"There was no surgeon at Barranca Colorado, and no one more intelligent in surgery than myself; and when he told me I must cut off his arm, I did the job as well as I knew how. It was very much shattered just above the elbow; the bone was broken, and sticking through the flesh; the flesh fearfully torn above and below the fracture, and full of dirt and dry grass or leaves. Without stopping to inquire how the wound came to be in this condition, I prepared my bandages, with Mrs. Flotte's assistance; and powdering some charcoal very fine, went at my first important case of surgery. When I had cut away the lacerated flesh and tied up the artery, there were five or six inches of naked bone left protruding, which could not be got rid of, because there was no instrument more delicate than an old wood-saw to take it off with. However, I bound up the stump in pulverized charcoal——"

"You don't mean to say you had done all that without using any opiates to stupefy your patient?—victim, I was going to say."

"He couldn't be stupefied. He had already drunk quarts of *mescal*; and I tried him with spirits of nitre, after which I administered about an inch of chloroform. After all, he was conscious of every thing that was done, though probably less sensitive than if he had taken nothing.

"When the operation was over, a servant came and told me that one of French's men was 'raising the devil'

down below, and that the women were frightened and crying; and I must come and see about it. 'Bring him up here,' said French. Accordingly I marched the man up to French's room. 'Sit down there!' commanded the wounded man, with as much emphasis as he could summon; at the same time reaching for his pistol with his left hand, and laying it on the cover of his bed. 'Don't you dare to leave this room until I give you leave. I'll teach you to return hospitality by getting drunk and abusing women. If you stir from here before you are sober, I'll shoot you!' It was strange to see that small, suffering, maimed man show such a giant's spirit. But it was native to him, as the circumstances of his wounding will show. And the way I came to know the whole story was this:

"One of a large party of Americans camped near Barranca Colorado had given me a paper containing charges against French of forgeries, several in number and of large amounts. This I marked round with a pencil, and placed on French's bed. Soon after he said to me: 'I know why you marked that article, and gratitude compels me to make you an explanation. I am not the forger and swindler there represented, as I can prove to you.'

"It seems that he was an officer in the celebrated Lopez expedition to Cuba, which every body knows was set on foot or aided by some of the most wealthy and influential men in the United States, and winked at and secretly abetted by the Government. While in this service he had been furnished with drafts on the wealthiest firms in New York, New Orleans, and other cities, to be used as they were needed. Of course, it was a very important trust; but a more important one still was the possession of military orders properly signed, giving him power to take whatever supplies he required, at any government station. In

fact his power was unlimited, from the nature of the case; and he had abused it, as men always do abuse unlimited authority, where the temptation exists, as it is pretty sure to do.

"After the failure of the Cuban project, French, being still in possession of drafts and government orders, tried a little speculation on his own account. Advertising to take a company of men through to California, as passengers, to be transported and fed, for \$250 each, he soon raised a large company, for the expense was light. It was very easy for him to equip himself for the expedition, as he had only to present his drafts on firms in New Orleans to get supplies; and the merchants, implicated in the Cuban scheme, dared not protest for fear of exposure. In the same way he presented himself at the military posts, and with an order that the Post Commissary could not understand, but dared not disobey, obtained wagons, horses and mules, arms, provisions—every thing, in short, that was necessary for the complete furnishing of an army.

"When it became known that he was playing this kind of a game, some New Orleans merchants resolved to bring him back at all hazards, and compel him to give up the papers which enabled him to do this wholesale robbing. To this end they sent a Sheriff after him with a writ to arrest him on a swindling charge; probably meaning to buy him off when they got him back. He was overtaken at the crossing of the Rio Grande, and escaped into Mexico, thus temporarily abandoning his train.

"In the meantime his passengers took possession of the wagons, horses, and supplies; and his first meeting with them was at Barranca Colorado. Five of his men remained faithful to him. With this small support he undertook to recover his property. This was what brought on the fight that had so alarmed the Mexicans. French demanded that the

train should be restored to him. The passengers retorted that he was a forger and swindler; had designed to rob them of their money, and then leave them in Mexico. To this French replied, that so far they had been well taken care of, and saved from any and every form of hardship, with plenty of good food, and fine horses to ride. What reason had they to fear that they should fare worse in the future? As to the forgeries, that was all a falsehood. If they did not wish to continue with him, he would give them each a riding horse, and a pack animal for each two, with provisions, and they might go on without him; but take the loaded train they should not.

"But the passengers had a plausible excuse for turning robbers, and refused to give up the property. French demanded that the *Alcalde* should open the gates of the *corral* where the animals were; but the *Alcalde* refused. French then blew open the lock with his pistol. This brought on the fighting. French fought like a demon. Even after his arm was shattered, and he was down, he dragged himself along on the ground, supporting himself on the mangled stump, and fired with his left hand. That was the way he got the wound full of dirt and leaves, as I mentioned.

"He had to give it up at last. The stronger party conquered, and finally went on to California with their spoils. Such was the mingled villainy and heroism of the man's character. Unlike Fischer, he was no coward. I packed him off to Chihuahua as soon as I could, to get the bone amputated; and so successful had been my surgery, that, notwithstanding the heat and fatigue of the journey, the arm was in good condition when he arrived there. He paid me with a draft on a New York firm, which they refused to honor. I heard of him afterward in many places, pursuing pretty much the same course of daring and dishonesty. The last I knew of him he was

incarcerated for his connection with the K. G. C., of the Southern Confederacy."

"Did you ever hear how Fischer succeeded as a priest?"

"It was just the profession for him in that country. His talents and learning, added to his unscrupulous ambition, enabled him to aspire to any office in the Church. In fact, he became Confessor to Maximilian."

"What a man to have the secrets of an Emperor!"

"Just the man, I should say, to make something out of them. It is said that he took possession of Maximilian's private papers at his death. Don't you suppose he made Louis Napoleon pay well for them? Who knows the secret history of those lost papers, or how much of it may yet come to light?"

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### A FINAL PAUSE.

I HAVE had it in my mind to go back again to Boston, and, at Haymarket Square, take one of the dozen daily railroad trains, count the little towns and villages over again, and hear their old familiar names, till I come to that old village on the hill, where thousands of boys' feet have struggled up, and to which thousands of boyish memories, at intervals, revert. And I think half of my intention comes from my desire to see that singular, fat face, with its gold-bowed glasses; the very gray eyes, that almost always looked away from you; the cropped hair, the white choker, and the almost waddling obesity of mine ancient pedagogue. But to-day I read in the newspaper that has traveled the continent to tell me the good and bad news of my old home, briefly and without comment, but not without many suggestions, in the obituary column, this announcement: "At A—, Jan. 29th, Samuel H— T—, LL.D., aged 63."

A feeling of the propriety of uttering nothing concerning the dead, except it be good—which has come to many a man, not over-wise nor over-pious in his youth, but with many asperities of his past tempered and mollified in his maturity—will put silence on many a tongue; and the short tale will leave only a passing wonder, that it is possible that a man

whom they once loved so little ever could die. For with most of us, in youth, it is only the dear ones that leave us: the unloved never go, but stay, seemingly, only to plague us. And a good many men will stop, as I have done, and in memory run over again their first passage up the hill, and beyond the old Mansion House, and over to the trees of the Theological Seminary; their first interview with him, their future great dictator, their constant watcher, their omnipresent dread, their almost perfect teacher.

He remains in no man's memory as an ordinary school-master. The catalogue warned you, first, that he bore the title of "Reverend." You saw the great stone Academy that capped the hill on the farther side of the street, and you approached his tall residence of brick opposite with feelings of strangeness. If you were as young as I, and not much given to traveling or going among strangers, you were a trifle timorous in your step, though you believed you concealed it all; and when you asked at his door for that unknown gentleman, and were requested to ascend the stairway to his "study" upon the uppermost floor, your heart beat faster than your footsteps, and your breath was more spent than the ascent alone—which was really not long—would justify.



It is almost twenty years ago that I went up, on that sweet spring afternoon, to tell him I wanted to get wisdom and learning, and ask him if I could stay and be led by him. I have scarcely thought of that interview since, yet I can now feel the soft blessing of that mild, sunny day; I can smell the scent of the green hills, and see the glory of the new foliage. It was near the close of the vacation; and I ventured into his presence without other introduction than my young, and possibly earnest, face carried with it. And at that first interview I was infused, first of all, with an unwonted respect. There I saw one who met, more nearly than any I had seen before, my idea of the Scholar. I can now see that half of the good impression upon my crude mind came from the whole aspect: the gold spectacles, the table at which he was writing, the dressing-gown I always thought inseparable from the scholar, his mildness, his soft sententiousness, and the silent wisdom that seemed to superintend that brief interview. And though some after-foolishness half obliterated it, my first impression was indeed correct. There was a basis for it which I did not then see, but which a later thoughtful experience enabled me more easily and completely to comprehend.

But no young gentleman of callow age ever wholly read or knew the character or characteristics of that man from a single interview; and many a one who went meekly to his ministrations, and glided in silent submission to the unspoken expectations of a pious, petty tyranny, from his entrance to the Academy to his first Freshman days, neither knew nor guessed the depth of pedagogic faith in the complete depravity of man, especially in his youth. Neither could he suspect the multitudinousness of his wide-reaching suspicions, nor the amazingly profound impracticableness and astounding ignorance of boy human nature.

I never knew who first dubbed him "Uncle Sam." Not nephew nor niece, I am sure, for the habit was of traditional age; nor did it come from the intensity of affection that possessed those he taught, and fretted, and made afraid. But to those who heard him called by that name the first day they entered the town, the last reminiscence of the Academy, and the pleasant old elms, and the other temple where they leapt to a higher view, will not come nor fade away without a distinct impression of every body's "Uncle Sam."

Whoever possesses the strongest individuality will be most talked of, and make the most distinct impression; and in the very spirit of affection or revenge, the world, that is mostly and always shallow and vulgar, is pretty sure to give him a nickname. Boys recognize very early the absolute necessity of some pleasant familiarity with the name of one for whose reality they experience the greatest awe; and even those who were more sober and discreet than the others, felt the appropriateness of that prænomen, and would have reproached themselves if they had ever forgotten that familiar name.

And yet, truly, he was never an uncle to me. My first interview of ten minutes sent me back to my home, seventy miles distant, satisfied to have merely gained admittance; and when once directed to my place in the Academic course, he and I had no occasion to meet, and did not, for several days. One gets easily into the routine of study in a new place; and so did I. But my fortune was not to be better than that of my neighbors; and every one of those young disciples was sure, sooner or later, to be greatly surprised, perhaps startled, at the methods of "mine uncle's" philosophy. Fate was lowering upon me, and yet I saw no speck in the sky, nor dreamed of thunder from the clear heavens. I had been an inhabitant on the hill, and

a student—then first risen to the altitude of that name—at the Academy, for one week. I was shy and reserved; had made almost no acquaintances, and those only a part of the boarders in the Mansion House—the deep blackness of whose reputation, as a place of habitation, I did not then know. It was the tavern, without any of the conveniences of a hotel, but with the privileges of morning devotions conducted by the landlord's wife, and the young man who kept company with the landlord's daughter.

But I had no familiars; and as at sunset I strolled down the hill, and was half-way along that little length of way where there were no houses, I felt myself to be, perhaps, the most innocent youth of all the Academy. I looked up, and saw the gentleman who had inspired me with so much respect, approaching—a little, I must confess it, like a square Dutch man-of-war—with smooth and silent exterior, but brimful of thunderous possibilities. We met, and, as a signal to heave to, he sent a shot across my bows, holding up quietly that chubby left hand, and calmly saying, "Pause!"

Ah! to think that that watchful old sentinel should never again bid one to "pause." Every one who has ever caused him anxiety has heard him utter it. Many a boy has trembled to hear it, not only for the solemnity of its sound, but for the suggestion of more dreadful tidings to come. It was his own individual utterance. Other school-masters would have said, "Look here, sir," or, may be, "Burke, come this way;" or other words that bore a taunt or threat, that would have awaked a spirit of retaliation, equal to enduring the most castigating expressions of wrath. But "mine uncle" was wiser than many sparrows. Get your most reverend friend to put on gold spectacles; to hold up his left hand slowly and point at you; to look, not toward your face, but over your left shoulder;

to throw solicitude and feeling into his softly guttural tone, and to say, "Pause!" You will not know what is coming. Thousands of boys have heard it, waited, been very much surprised, and been left in a quandary of indignation, before the spirit of retaliation has had a chance to rise. I heard it at that spring sunset-hour—innocent, and all alone. The message was delivered in a low tone, and came tremblingly, for it was born of excited solicitude: "Burke, I am sorry that you ever came here. You must take heed of your conduct. You are classed among the worst boys in the school. You need not deny it, sir. I know all about you, sir. I know of your course before you came here. I want you to be very careful, sir. That is all." And his eyes, never once falling upon mine, looked still farther over my left shoulder. He bowed low his head; and with a kind of puff, I could seem to see that old Dutch steam man-of-war get under headway, and bear off for other climes.

There was I, aged fifteen years, left to pursue my way to the post-office, looking perchance—in what mood, think you?—for messages of love from my dear old home. It was as if I had been cast out mercilessly upon the raging waves; more afraid of myself, however, than of aught else. I was left dazed at keeping constant company with such a young villain, as I had not before suspected myself to be. "Among the worst boys in school;" "knew your course before you came here;" and I such a moral pest in that society of youth, who had only just before held myself among the most innocent of mortals, and but last week from within the penumbral limit of maternal apron-strings! Why had I not answered calmly, and begged him to believe he might be mistaken? Ah! most boys know how hard, if not impossible, it would have been for me, had I tried, to have spoken in response to such

an unexpected greeting; and under the most favorable circumstances, I was slow to reply extemporaneously. I had been taken up, in the space of that moment, in the twinkling of an eye—morally seized in the strong mental grasp of that man—who had already all but exhausted my fountain of self-respect, and turned me over and over, so as to show my possible shady side, leaving me there to recover my uprightness, if such quality could be in me, with what facility I could. I could have been but a very callow theologian at that sunset-hour; but, if I remember aright, I began at once to feel that that strange, wise man had, in his creed, a terrible belief in the depravity of the human heart. Had his keener sight detected in my immature face the hidden and unknown possibilities of my bad nature?—and was he running by faith, and not by sight, to check my wicked course, not yet begun?

I have had it in my mind, since I came away from under his ministrations almost two decades ago, to go back there, and in my maturer years talk with him, if I could, and get some idea of how he really looked on the youthful seekers after learning. He startled me at first by his apparent intellectuality, and the unknown, undoubted possibility of his wisdom. As soon as I had recovered myself fully from my second interview, I only smiled at the riddle of a speechless countenance; and though I bated not a jot in my belief in him then as a possible scholar, I became conscious that, though he might understand the heart of man, he knew nothing whatever of boy human nature. And thereafter, during my stay of five school terms, I learned still more: that though he could rule, because he had the power, he gained the affections of no boy, and never showed any but the most limited knowledge of their true composition.

A question having been raised in my own mind as to my possibly being “among

the worst,” the matter was of interest to me, and I looked into it. I shortly came to this result: The religious tendencies of all students were pleasantly noted by the authorities. During my few days’ presence, my religious tendencies had not been noted; and I do not feel now in error in saying, that indeed I had not boasted of any special religious tendencies, though I believe my morals were good, and my intentions honest. Again, most of the students were lived in the corporate dormitories, or in private boarding-houses; and the tendencies of a young man who lives at a public-house are, at least, open to suspicion. I lived at the Mansion House, on the hill. It was quiet, and orderly extremely; was let under the supervision of the corporate authorities of the Theological Seminary over the way, who owned the whole hill, and consequently supervised its morals. I will say in justification of myself, however, that the place was not chosen by me; for, being the only tavern in the vicinity, I must needs else have slept under the elms. And further, that having learned, after many trying experiences, that the rooms were small and unattractive, and the provender villainously cheap and poor—I speak not unadvisedly—I early sought better food and lodging in a private residence; by which strategic move, I flatter myself, I very much bettered myself both in physical comfort and in moral reputation. Moreover, there were two or three other students at the Mansion House, and I was undoubtedly, in the supervisory mind, among chosen comrades. I had, in fact, scarcely spoken to them. I now looked at them again, with a critic’s eye. Two were very demure-looking, and dull in reality. One was roguish in his eyes, and could turn an intellectual somersault while most boys were guessing. He was a rascal of fifteen and a half years—consequently, six months my senior in sin. But worse and worse still, he came from the



great, sinful city of New York. I suppose that would ordinarily be sufficient to stamp the moral character of any stranger in that parish. Do you know how easily disturbed is the moral atmosphere of a pure little community in rural districts, away from the temptations of large cities? To have come from a large city, and to have no sympathy with their rustic narrowness and their worldly ignorance, is to be nearly a villain—at least, one who is no better than he should be.

Boys are foolish, but seldom wicked; and when their folly is berated and ranked with criminal vices, their passion is awakened, and they are nearer being wicked than before. Every time you excite their passions, you make wickedness more easy. Boys are persuaded with ease; but throw epithets that are born of your dogmatism at them—whose religious ideas have not grown from such stony ground—and you will probably be sneered at in silence, while their folly will be persisted in, because it does not occur to them as a folly, and they are deeply conscious it is not a vice nor a crime. There is probably no more stupid way of getting rid of time than by playing cards; yet the love of it comes on almost all boys, and runs its course much like the measles. Give them their fill, and, as if they had taken too many sweetmeats, they will soon become nauseated, and will repudiate them. If they get none except surreptitiously, they seldom get quite enough, and always want more. I believe the wickedest of "Uncle Sam's" boys played cards, and just because they played cards they were the wickedest; so I soon learned that to be "among the worst," was, after all, not to be necessarily very bad. Even a boy can not help smiling at the folly of intemperate language. It was said that our venerable preceptor stood so far watch and ward over the morals of us all, that he formed secret alliances with respect-

able and amiable widows, who kept boarding-houses where students lived, and in whose houses only were any successful descents ever made upon parties of criminal fledgelings steeped in the dissipation of "old sledge," with the exasperating extravagance of unaccustomed crackers, doughnuts, and cheese. I do not know that expulsion—the dread extremity of Academic law—ever followed the consummation of such midnight revels; but to be caught clandestinely in another boy's room after bed-time, with the instruments of crime in your hand, was enough to excite the gravest suspicions of the consequences. When one heard the dreadful utterance, "Burke, go to your own room im-me-di-ate-ly, sir," he could only hope that the readiness with which he obeyed the command would be half an apology, and a palliation for the equal readiness with which he had placed himself in the circumstances to be so addressed. The "im-me-di-ate-ly" showed the depth of the great man's wrath, and the unnecessary addition of "sir" was slightly indicative of the earnestness of his indignation. But what one suffered most from, was the dread interval of anxiety between the period of the breaking up of the riotous assembly and the moment when, at morning devotions, our great Conscience announced, "The following individuals are requested to remain after prayers: Burke, Jones, Rumrill, Smith, Humphrey, and White." But when the culprits walked upon the platform, and one by one bent their heads successively to hear the reprimand, I doubt if any one can remember any dreadful utterance. But there was the distant dignity of the wise preceptor that had been offended. You knew that. There was his solemn manner, as if he had a private gallows-tree under his control; and there was the only place you could really expiate your crime and give peace to the offended dignity of the Academic commonwealth. Yet I never knew

of any one being hung or placed in dur-  
ance vile for his offenses, though there  
was no one who offended but was made  
to feel that he ought to be very much  
ashamed of himself for having perpe-  
trated some act greatly unworthy of his  
manhood; and was sent away with won-  
der in his mind that his offense, so tri-  
fling to his sober sense, should appear  
so great when dwelt upon by this out-  
raged "Uncle."

I never knew whether or not his na-  
ture was really cold, hard, and unsym-  
pathetic. There were some three hun-  
dred of us; and he could scarcely have  
shown partiality to any without the quick  
jealousy of the rest displaying itself in  
the certain designation of "Toady" to  
the favored one. Perhaps he knew the  
sensitiveness of youth. He certainly  
never excited it; and was so ultra in his  
caution, that I never knew of his utter-  
ing one single friendly phrase to any one  
of us, or letting the light of a smile en-  
courage and cheer the timorous. You  
felt all the time how distant was his life  
from yours, leaving room for a suspicion  
that if he was virtuous, it might be be-  
cause his nature could not be tempted,  
and that if virtue ever came easily, it  
was only in a cold nature to be as "pure  
as ice, as chaste as snow." It is hard  
to be tropical of nature, and frigid of  
virtue.

Our intercourse with him was almost  
entirely professional and brief. Not un-  
til our last year before graduation did  
we come under him as instructor. It  
was then that we found him to be the  
greatest of teachers. Our race with him  
over the course of classic lore was not a  
lengthy one. Yet I can remember how  
we sat for an hour and three quarters,  
many a time, and dwelt with real interest  
and entertainment during all that time  
over five lines of the "*Æneid*," or over  
two lines of the "*Iliad*." When forty of  
us sat on three sides of a square in old  
Number Nine, with our venerable "Un-

cle" at his elevated desk in our midst,  
he taught Latin and Greek, it seemed to  
me, as no one had ever taught it before,  
or ever would again. How intent and  
earnest was he, as he took up the first  
line of Homer, with all the freshness  
and curiosity of a new seeker for light,  
as if he had not gone wearisomely over  
and over it again, now for the thousandth  
time. How lovingly he took it up, syl-  
lable by syllable, and word by word,  
tending each word as carefully as a sweet  
babe, turning it one side and another,  
with evident affection, warning us of the  
curious beauty of its interpretation, the  
fine philosophy of its derivation, the wise  
peculiarity of its composition, its singu-  
lar increment, its unique terminal end-  
ing, its quaint and apt office in its place,  
and the happy burden of its meaning.  
How fondly did he dwell upon the sig-  
nificance of the aorist, the felicitous  
adaptation of the infinitive, the peculiar  
force of *kai gar*, the exuberant opulence  
of verbs in *mi*! How affectionately did  
he watch the gayly dancing feet, the  
sweet, whirling waltz, of spondee and  
dactyl, day after day, in numbered cotil-  
lions of hexameter verse! Shame upon  
us for dreaming he cared for no one,  
when we saw him daily in sweet and  
tender alliance with those heroes of elder  
days, and heard him never so happy of  
phrase as when he was in the society of  
pious *Æneas*, the aged *Anchises*, old  
*Fidus Achates*, the swift-footed *Achilles*,  
the matchless *Agamemnon*, or the wan-  
dering *Ulysses*! What vivid interest  
did he display in delving amid the un-  
developed mines of *Virgil's* and *Homer's*  
lore! How he excited us, who were  
overdull, to a curiosity for searching  
there, for what unknown wealth! With  
what a fine alchemy did he weave the  
gold of interest and pleasure into those  
hard, cold lines of languages, dead, and  
as yet untranslated! We studied more  
and harder then than ever before. We  
stole hours from our hitherto listless-

ness; we cheated our "old sledge" and "euchre" of many a happy hour, that we might appear unabashed before him, and show him that we, too, might perhaps some day be able to know of epic heroes, more immortal than dead saints. Verily, although we owe him no debt of love, we do owe him a debt of gratitude, for revealing to us our own strength, and awakening in us unsuspected curiosity, and love of learning, and unknown capabilities.

But was it quite fair—I did not think of it then—for him to so militate against our innocently playing cards, when he, on his desk, had our names each written upon a pack of separate marble surfaces, from which, duly shuffled, he drew off our unknown rotation in recitation?—and knowing that he seldom called us in the same order, but depended upon the fortune of these faces, did we not calculate our chances of being called, when we held a poor hand—an unlearned lesson?

That admirable teacher left such an impression on my youthful mind, that I wished to appeal to the experience of maturity for confirmation or reversal of judgment. I shall go back, nevertheless, some day, I hope, and more leisurely take over again those youthful steps. I wonder if that old postmaster still hands out, in a niggardly way, those unfrequent missives from behind his dirty castle wall! How cross-grained he looked when in repose, and how his kind smile reproached your mean uncharitableness! I would like, too, to go back a little farther up the street, and take another surreptitious plate of oysters—a stew fit for the stomach of a young scapegoat, who gulped with every bivalve a bunch of anxiety, lest the eye of the reverend Principal of the Academy might detect him *in flagrante delictu*. Ah! the days when to eat oysters at Blood's was a monstrous sin! And I would like to test again the kindness of those generous elms, to see if they would

not repeat their sweet benedictions over me, without asking the articles of my faith. And in my memory, too, there was a short twilight stroll to that great rock that overlooked a forest below, and that took its name from the glorious sunset at which it was always looking. There was a pretty pond, too, not half a parasang from where we read of the great Anabasis, and to which oftentimes I have repaired to get the sweetest hour of the day, on its pleasant shores, and beside the great forest-trees. Perhaps I should not find there to-day any of the sweet faces that were then timidly smiling near us in unfrequent and stolen communion, making our hearts beat faster, and the hours go swifter. It is almost twenty years since then; but I only know those young, girlish faces, tipping the fair page of memory with glistening gold. They will be always young to me. And there was a famous Indian Ridge, close by the Shawsheen Rivulet; and there was Prospect Hill, from which on a bright day you could see, it was reported, even to the sinful suburbs of our nearest great city.

I do not believe in visible spiritualism, yet all my memory of that hill-side town is so dependent upon the existence of "mine uncle" in the flesh, that I know I could not walk its street, without being unconsciously circumspect, lest I should unexpectedly meet a person, who once reminded me of a Dutch man-of-war, with gold-bowed spectacles, and who made me heave to with a mild columbiad that sounded like "Pause!" I know I was not the worst boy in school, for my hands were unaccustomed yet to euchre in old Humphrey's room, nor had I then known the sweet sinfulness of Blood's oyster-stews. Yet I am sure I could not go there without seeking out the newly made grave of that wonderful teacher, whom I confess I did not understand, and who did not understand me; nor could I help lingering there, as



if I would tell him half my consciousness of the gratitude I owe him, though I doubt whether the spirits of the departed waste much of their leisure time in cemeteries. I know he was honest, pure, impracticable, admirable, solicitous for my and others' morals, and faithful in not a few things; and that he has, if any have, entered into the Lord's joy. I would, if I had known it, have bidden him, from my heart, God-speed upon his long and unknown journey, which he must take alone. And we may pray, that for the tedious trouble of ten thousand boys, who would, much of the time, be boys, he has found exceeding great compensation. I believe that he was himself ever submissive to his Great Teacher in the Academy of the Universe, and that he did not hesitate to heed, when he saw the uplifted Hand and heard that Other Voice say, "Pause!"

## SAMARITANS.

I heard a tender voice, as one  
That cried from out the wilderness,  
"Come hitherward, our longing son.  
The woods thy heart shall bless."

I took in hand my trusty staff,  
And sailed across the narrow sea;  
I of the running brooks could quaff,  
The land should nourish me.

I said: "Mine host can well afford,  
His cup is sweetened to the brim.  
Now, whoso asks me to his board,  
I will partake with him."

All day I tracked the country road,  
All day my hopeful heart was kind;  
But no man said, where he abode  
I would a welcome find.

All day I sought a friend, all day  
My soul was fruitless in the search;  
Men passed in silence on their way,  
And left me in the lurch.

They passed me on the other side,  
I shivered in the clouding dusks.  
At last I cried, "Must I abide  
In hunger with the husks?"

A fir-tree spread her matted eaves,  
The moss grew soft beneath my head,  
The winds swept over me the leaves.  
And furnished all my bed.

Some robins called me at the dawn  
In matin time: we said our prayers;  
Then, seeing all my breakfast gone,  
They gave me some of theirs.

They showed me where the berries grew,  
They found me a delicious spring;  
We drank a jolly toast or two,  
And laughed like any thing.

We talked about the city folk  
Across our berries and our drink:  
“They can’t see heaven for the smoke,”  
Said Master Bob o’ Link.

We laughed all day in huge delight,  
And sang and gossiped unafraid;  
When lo! at coming of the night  
My bed was still unmade.

I said “I’d better turn about,”  
But they opposed me in a breath.  
I didn’t like that sleeping out,  
Lest I should catch my death.

They begged me to remain awhile,  
And proffered nests; but they were small.  
With songs they strove me to beguile,  
Without a bed at all.

Then berries are so plain a dish,  
And water tasteless on the whole,  
And still there was the endless wish  
That haunts my restless soul.

I said: “Sweet-voiced and wingéd friends,  
You build your homes within my heart;  
But distance—sometimes—something lends—  
One glass before we part!”

We drank a toast at parting there;  
“A speech,” they cried, with one accord.  
O, there was music in the air  
Till order was restored!

They followed to the city boat,  
Then in a body gave me cheers;  
I drank the sweetness of each note  
Into my thirsting ears.

I made a speech of compliment:  
“If country life should prove a bore,  
My room is yours quite free of rent.  
I’ll feed you at my door.

“You will not find our city streets  
So soft and sweet a place of rest;  
Not every friendly face one meets  
Has love within its breast.

“You are the friends I find most true,  
For you were kind when no one bid.  
In trusting you I only do  
As old Elijah did.”

## "CAMP."

THE "Camp" of 1850 was flush, lively, flourishing, and vigorous; buildings growing, claims yielding richly, dust at a dollar a pinch for currency, *monte*, *faro*, and *sandango*. The "Camp" of 1870 is quiet, sleepy, shrunken, poor, "gone in," "gone up." We speak of "Camp" as it is and has been, say, since 1863.

After the first harvest of gold in California came the harvest of individuality. In "Camp," as it were in one household, met men from the North, the South, the East, the West, and from every nation of Europe. In 1857, or thereabout, the excitement attendant on the first flush of the gold discovery had abated; many men were lying on their oars, knowing hardly what to do; their natures rebelled against further continuance of the toiling and exhausting miner's life; they demanded more employment for mind, and less for muscle. So, some took to law, some to medicine, some to theology, some to politics; and many, who had no idea for what purpose they had been fashioned, to mischief. "Camps" contained two classes of people: the outsiders and insiders.

The outsiders were hard-working miners, dwelling around within a radius of a mile or two, coming into "Camp" chiefly on Sunday, or perhaps for an hour or so in the evening, to hear the gossip and read the papers. They constituted the financial backbone of the country. It was their dust which still refreshed the till of the trader and the saloon-keeper.

The "Camp" insiders were made up of more or less doctors, lawyers, saloon-keepers, town or county officials, hotel-keepers, gamblers, one Express-agent,

one stage-agent, one school-master, one postmaster, and a reserve of clever fellows, with nothing to do, not wishing for any thing to do, living along from hand to mouth, they scarcely knew how. All these dwelt within a stone's-throw of the Express-office, which may be considered the proper nucleus of "Camp."

A "Camp" is disposed to combustibility; the hot summer sun, which beats down steadily for six or eight months, so drying the shingles and clapboards that a match will set them ablaze. For this reason there is a camp-watchman, who walks up and down the street the whole night, clad in a great-coat and carrying a big cane; stopping occasionally at the "Riffle," to watch the progress of a poker-game, and with familiar audacity taking a quarter from the "pot," as it lies on the table, to treat himself at the bar. The camp-watchman has many little responsibilities. He calls up the Express-agent for the early morning stage; and as the heavy Concord coach thunders over the bridge at the farther end of "Camp," the two commence the exercises of the day with early morning bitters at the "Union"—always accessible to them, at night, by a private, back passage-way to the bar. He keeps a strict watch on all suspicious nocturnal movements. He knows and reports who goes in and out at unseemly hours. He knows when every bedroom lamp should be extinguished. He knows when such lamps ought not to be extinguished. He has many of the "Camp" secrets in his possession. He ends his duties for the night by calling up the butcher. Before the first streak of the summer morning's dawn the early candle flares in the place of beef, pork, and mutton;



the sound of saw grating through bone, of cleaver upon the meat-block, falls short and sharp upon the sleeper's ear. The camp-watchman, like a bird of night, disappears, and is seen no more until late in the afternoon. Then comes the dawn, and the front-doors of the "Magnolia" open silently, and the half-dressed, froozy-haired, unwashed proprietor is seen behind his bar, putting down his dose of bitters, and stirring up the internal fires for another day. The camp-butcher slips across the street for his dram. The Justice of the Peace crawls out, and stands in his accustomed place before that bar—exactly where he has stood of a summer's morning at the same time for nineteen years past; and then the hot sun wearily rises above the horizon; the cool of the dawn almost instantly gives place to a glow of heat, and these town worthies say languidly to each other, "Another scorcher to-day." The mercury at nine o'clock stands at 90°. At ten, it reaches 95°; at eleven, 100°; at twelve, 105°; and until four or five o'clock, anywhere from that point to 115° or 120°.

By nine or ten the "Boys" commence working out. There are breakfasts cooked in tenantless stores and offices. The "Camp" has passed its maximum of greatness, and there are many empty buildings. In these the "Boys" drift as naturally as the burrowing owl finds the ground-squirrel's hole on our arid plains. Rents are very low, being little or nothing—generally, nothing. The stove has seen better days; so has the crockery; one end of the house sometimes furnishes fuel, the other shelter. The "Boys" number from two to four in a mess; and all share in the labor of preparing breakfast. Each one has some favorite duty. Smith's knack is that of slicing tomatoes; Sutton can fry potatoes better than any man in the Southern Mines; Brown prides himself on Chile stews, learned in South America,

involving a strong application of red peppers; Dan's forte is broiling steak. They are long and sociable meals: there is no business to hurry one off; nothing to do save to wash up the dishes, light the pipes, and then sit on the street in the shade of the locust-trees, talk over last night's game, and watch dusty horse-men and jingling mule-teams plodding through "Camp."

These are a keen set of men. Involuntarily their minds turn to the study of human nature. When a stranger comes in their midst, they set to work and analyze him and sift him down, until he is thoroughly known. Has he any special weakness, it is discovered. These little, lazy "Camps" become select schools for the study of character. New material wanting, they study each other. They know, and comment upon, and relish each other's peculiarities. There is Green, a tall, gaunt man from North Carolina—a man profoundly wise in ignorance. Green can not read. But he watches narrowly the newspaper as others read it; he notes the location of stirring paragraphs which have been read aloud; he fastens upon them with his thumb and finger, and then, awaiting his opportunity until some unemployed bystander saunters into the "Magnolia," he knowingly and triumphantly hands him the sheet, perhaps upside down, and remarks, "Here, sir, read that!" Green's *ruse* lasts for years, and is often revived and acted over, ever retaining all its original zest and freshness.

Idle men are more mischievous than idle boys. The inside modern California camp-life proves that. The natural inclination of its human nature seems to be that of extracting all the amusement and comfort from the surroundings. At least, we live up to that rule in "Camp." The simpleton, and the worthless loafer, wandering reckless and aimless about the country, are taken in, fed, clothed, and entertained, so long as they afford amuse-

ment. Judge T——, as he announced himself, was once found in "Camp" one evening. No one knew who he was, or where he came from. His hat was battered; his garb seedy; he wore spectacles; and he made his *début* by an unsuccessful attempt to negotiate with the saloon-keeper. The boys measured this character instantly. One after another they wormed themselves into acquaintanceship; they heard his story; they became his friends; for three days Judge T—— was the lion of "Camp;" he was well entertained; introduced with distinguished consideration to all the leading men; flattered, praised, consulted as to important matters; seated by the side of the Justice of the Peace during the progress of an important mining suit; but on the fourth night, the end came. Judge T——, in the centre of his circle of new and admiring friends, was giving a lengthy opinion with regard to the political outlook, when the heavy boots of his particular friend, the ex-Sheriff, were laid across his lap, as if it were a common social habit of the country, and another pair of boots settled on his right shoulder, and another on his left; and in five seconds he found himself covered with boots. He arose, shook off the load, gave one reproachful look, darted from the saloon, and was never afterward seen in that "Camp."

There are men in "Camp," also, not gregarious, living by themselves in solitary cabins. These have been lone housekeepers for years, with fair prospects for remaining so. Middle age, hard labor, and hardship are stamped in the lines on their faces and the silvery tinge of their beards. The young man of twenty-five came to "Camp" in 1850. In 1870, he finds himself, at forty-five, the owner of a rough cabin, a stove, a bed, two chairs, crockery, one six-shooter, a month's provisions, an indifferent wardrobe, perhaps a two-dollar-per-day claim: this is all he has to show for

twenty years of life in California. He can not get out of "Camp." The invisible, but strong threads of habit and old association keep him there. He has mined a little, may be held office, speculated, kept a saloon, been a rough carpenter, worked in a quartz-mill; hied off to more or less new diggings—to Fraser River, Arizona, Cariboo, Washoe; but finally drifts back to the old "Camp," where he pulled up the virgin gold in the grass roots in 1849.

Sometimes, he becomes the last man in "Camp." Men, life, buildings—all, save the old log-hut, his dwelling, have disappeared. All about are the pits digged in former days, but they are smoothed by the hand of Time, and overgrown with the thickly springing vegetation. There are great piles of bowlders, heaped up years ago; but even in their interstices the weeds are springing. In the gulches, the rivulet trickles faintly in summer, or rushes and roars, muddy and turbid, in winter. The rugged mountains look down with the same stern composure as they did upon the excited crowd who dug, and drank, and fought in this ravine twenty-odd years ago. The "Last Man" rocks his cradle in the silent gulch alone. He finds the remnant of a pay-streak here, a half-worked crevice there, not worth attention in more prosperous times. He runs through sluice or rocker two or three hundred buckets of dirt per day, gathers therefrom perhaps a dollar in fine dust, tramps wearily back to his lone cabin, cooks his solitary supper, sits in his doorway, smokes his pipe, thinks of home, digs a little in his garden, feeds his chickens, and goes early to bed. This, from day to day, from year to year, varied only by an occasional visit to the nearest neighbor, some other "Last Man," a mile or two away, or a trip to "Camp" to purchase provisions, is the life of "The Last Man in the Dead Camp."

He ceased years ago to write home; Eastern friends and relatives have lost all trace of him. The "Last Man" came here to make a fortune. He meant never to return home without one. He has endured privation, hardship, loneliness; he has worked, planned, fretted—and failed. He will not go home poor, and wealth retires farther and farther in the distance. Yet he clings to the deserted Bar: there he is at least still his own master, so long as the oft-turned, oft-dug-over dirt will yield a dollar or two per day. Sometimes, he is not seen for days; the house is barred and silent; they commence asking, "What's become of ——?"

They break open the cabin: the "Last Man in the Dead Camp" lies there: he has taken his departure: the few remaining relics of 1849 bury him in the

little grave-yard on the red hill-side. Its fence is tumbling down; the wooden head-boards lie prone to the earth, split, and the inscriptions erased by time, the sun, the rain. One old, familiar sound is heard: the roar of the river below over the riffle—roaring as it roared in the ears of the "Last Man," when in 1850, from the brow of yonder hill he first caught sight of its glittering line, and the grating of pebbles from a thousand rockers sounded like the din of a cotton-factory—roaring as it fell upon his dulled and dying ear, the last sound of earth—roaring an eternal requiem in the long years to come, while in a far-away Eastern home mother, wife, daughter, sister, still long, and wait, and weep, vainly hoping for the return of the "Last Man of the Dead Camp."



## ETC.

THERE were many good reasons why the Alumni residing on this coast should have some tangible organization. The commonwealth of letters is well represented here through men who have been educated at institutions in the older States. There was no college old enough or ripe enough to present any thing more than a few promising fledgelings. But an association which once a year invited all the scattered Alumni on this coast—all the foster-children who had been recognized or found worthy to be nominally owned by any college or institution for professional training—to come together in the spirit of a broad catholicity and with a generous fellowship, did such a felicitous thing that the infelicity of neglecting to repeat the invitation from year to year, as originally planned, is all the more apparent. The prandial part of the jubilee was never a great success. The lemonade was not inspiring, and sometimes suggested that an angel might have gone down into the pool and troubled it. But there was grace at the feast, and wit withal, and the toning up of many noble purposes. Two or three hundred men meeting thus, could not separate without saying many things worthy of a long remembrance, and cementing many enduring friendships. It would not be an impossible thing to bring together one thousand men on some such occasion, who, differing on most questions as widely as it is possible for men to differ, would strike hands over a proposition to foster these younger educational institutions as a loyal recognition of the common debt which such men owe to the country of their adoption.

The annual meeting of the Alumni will, probably, occur this year on the day set apart by the University of California for Commencement. It ought to be made one of the most notable days in the history of the State. If a little of the conservatism which has hereto-

fore excluded women from any participation in these assemblies can be melted away, so much the better. We should be quite willing to trust the radicalism which votes long, cut-and-dried speeches a bore; and so many as might have a close relation to a bundle of manuscripts stuffed into the coat-pocket, a most intolerable nuisance. Let there be one fresh day in each year in the calendar of educated men on this coast. Let no stale wit and no ponderous classical jokes be perpetrated. Within the last century a great many excellent college presidents and professors have lived, died, and been translated. It will not be necessary to dig up their bones, or to do any particular thing on that occasion for the repose of their souls. These saintly and glorified worthies were sufficiently vexed in their day by the stupidity of their pupils, to be exempt from further trials from more mature dullards. If any of the pioneer colleges did not live through the nursing season, pray let the briefest mention be substituted for any more formal funeral oration. A cypress wreath, now and then, is well enough; but a profusion of asphodels on jubilee days produces better scenic effects, and suggests more felicitous associations. If what is best in each of five hundred educated men and women were challenged for three minutes on that particular day, there would be such a jubilee as was never witnessed on this coast. If these did not make the heavens ring, a reserve battalion of five hundred contributors to the *OVERLAND MONTHLY* would certainly win the day.

CALIFORNIA is still able to furnish many fresh attractions for Eastern visitors. But the advent of some thousands of these will now hardly create a ripple, where formerly there were enthusiastic demonstrations. The novelty of what is a daily occurrence has worn off. We are no more surprised to find

a delegation of merchants from Boston on Montgomery Street than we should be to find the same number in Nassau or Wall Street. Hardly so much as a record is made of the tourists who come and go, save the record which they make for themselves in ambitious letters written to the newspapers at home. After reading the same description of the Geysers, Yosemite, the Big Trees of Calaveras, the Cliff and the sea-lions, two or three hundred times, we perceive the wonderful force and pertinency of that expression which from sheer necessity has come to be tolerated by polite society, "Dry up!" But if this can not be done, will not some of those tourists for once get out of the beaten track, and explore some part of a territory larger than any one of the States east of the Hudson, of which a majority of our own people know little more than they do of the interior of Borneo?

We do not care to have our venerable relations talk to us and of us, as if we were an infant prodigy, which, by careful nursing, might some day come to a respectable maturity. There is already muscle and brawn enough to kick vigorously and defiantly at this particular way of dealing with us; reserving, however, the question whether it is proper to kick at all where so much amusement is furnished, and so little harm is done. It might as well, however, be noted that we are out of the cradle and out of leading-strings; that we don't want any more nursery bottles, toys, or sedatives; and we don't even want to be good, if we must be eternally reminded of these things. Having filed this protest, we are ready to welcome the twenty thousand sensible tourists who may look in upon us.

For a long time no illustrated newspaper, published in this country, approached in artistic excellence the *Illustrated London News*. The contrast of what was best in drawing and engraving in that paper, with what was best in our own, was never made to our advantage. The poverty in design and want of finish in detail were the more surprising because there was no lack of artists who were quite equal to the task of attaining the highest excellence in wood-engraving. But there was little inspiration in that direction. The

illustrated weeklies often presented a wretched display of wood-cuts, which, for lack of something better, amused thousands, if they contributed nothing toward cultivating a better taste. There was a time when one of the remote colonies of Australia produced a better illustrated newspaper than was made in the United States. But the *News* found a competitor, and something more, in the *Graphic*—another London publication—which made its appearance during the last year, and at once took the lead in artistic excellence of all the illustrated papers in Europe. A new school of artists found employment. In boldness of design, freedom of drawing, and in freshness and originality, nothing better was ever produced in wood-engraving. But even this excellence suggests that more progress is to be made. Our own illustrated papers have made a great advance, bridging over a part of the distance between them and foreign papers. *Every Saturday* came into the field, and at once advanced to the front. *Harper's Weekly* made a notable gain, and other papers have become keen competitors for popular favor. A fresh interest has been created in wood-engraving, as an art, which will not be superseded in our time. It is not yet a settled question whether the great newspapers of the future will be illustrated by the aid of wood-engravings. A pictorial language appeals strongly to the popular favor. When a newspaper gains a hundred thousand patrons in less than two years, where it would not have gained ten thousand without illustrations, we are furnished with some hints of the field which wood-engraving is to occupy in this country hereafter. Not only are juvenile books profusely illustrated, but wood-engraving is now the means employed to push into a large circulation a class of books which would appeal to a maturer public in vain were it not for this wealth of pictorial attractions. The latest experiment to be noted is the publication in New York of an illustrated religious newspaper, entitled the *Christian Weekly*. The engravings and letter-press are excellent. The best pictures which were ever put on canvas were made to illustrate some fact or legend of a religious character. Possibly wood-engraving may attain its greatest perfection when it is inspired by the noblest influences,

and made to serve the highest uses of æsthetic culture.

THE artists of this city have concerted measures looking to a series of receptions. The social and professional advantages promise to be satisfactory to all concerned. Not only artists, but lovers of art and men of letters, who have kindred tastes and sympathies, will help forward such an organization. Heretofore, artists have been working in an isolated way, knowing less of each other than was desirable, because there was no plan devised to bring them together. The public knew little of men whose fame has since extended to other countries. There is always a considerable number of resident artists who are working their way toward fame and fort-

une. The company will increase from year to year. They are the most unobtrusive of men. Shy and shrinking from public observation, because this is often one of the "fatal gifts" of genius, their most intimate friends would rarely meet them without hunting in some by-place, where sometimes not so much as a name indicates that an easel has been set up, or a picture might be found. These are not of the sort to enter into an organization for self-glorification. But we can see how social and professional interests might be promoted, and how a noble calling might be honored, even among a people whose materialism appears at times frightfully hard and unyielding. If it is early spring now among the artists of this city, there will yet be autumnal days and mellow fruit.

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## CURRENT LITERATURE.

A HAND-BOOK OF LEGENDARY AND MYTHOLOGICAL ART. By Clara Erskine Clement. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

We feel a personal interest in this book; for it seems to be our own, and not Mrs. Clement's at all. We have wanted such a compilation, and only the lack of time—and knowledge—has kept us from undertaking it. We have urged a more competent friend to supply the manifest need. Has Mrs. Clement heard the echo of our cry? Really, it is strange that so plain and urgent a want has not sooner been met by some practical American tourist. Here, as in so many literary and artistic emergencies, it is a lady that comes gallantly to the rescue. We lift our hat, and utter our thanks. We are impatient to go at once to Europe, with this book in our hand, in order to enjoy, amid the treasures of religious and classical art, the information culled with so much painstaking, and crystallized into forms so clear.

Thirty of these fair pages are devoted to "Symbolism in Art:" first, general symbols, such as the fish—in Greek, the anagram of the name of Jesus—the crown, the anchor, and the cross; next, the symbolism of colors; then symbols of the Father, the

Son, the Holy Spirit, and the Trinity; then symbols of angels; then those of the Virgin, giving the long list of the Santa Marias; afterward, symbols of the Evangelists—useful to such as have been puzzled by the winged lion of St. Mark at Venice; next, of the Apostles; and finally, of the Monastic Orders. There is a serviceable caution against charging anachronisms on works of religious art, representing the dead, for whom time is no more.

The second and larger division of the book is given to "Legends and Stories which have been illustrated in Art:" that is, religious art. Here is a full list of the Church's revered saints, with the miracles they wrought, and the glorious martyrdoms they suffered. Here one can learn of such patron saints as St. Denis and St. George; of the giant Christopher, and the golden-mouthed Chrysostom; of Anthony, founder of Monachism, and his worthy successors, Benedict, Dominick, and Francis of Assisi, whose story San Franciscans at least ought to know. Here we read the legends of the Madonna, and of such saintly women as Agnes and Catherine, Ursula and Genevieve. We have the story of Judith and Holofernes, and the legends



of the Sibyls. On every page will be found something desirable to know, especially in visiting the old cities of Europe.

The third division of the book is entitled, "Legends of Place." These relate almost entirely to German "places;" and we are sorry that the range is so narrow. Italy, France, Switzerland, Spain, and, not least, England, have their "legends of place," waiting to be put into a like accessible form. But these German stories are of surpassing interest, and will help to make the Rhine region still more enchanting.

Lastly, we have a brief summary of "Ancient Myths which have been illustrated in Art." This is, of course, a valuable portion of the book to one who wanders among the European galleries. We think Mrs. Clement has made this section of her work disproportionately small, and it lacks in classical perspective. Bacchus and Bellerophon get more space than half a dozen more distinguished personages. But we have no right to quarrel with Mrs. Clement's judgment on points so unimportant. If we do not like her work, we can make another to suit ourselves. We do not propose to make another, and shall urge no friend to do it, as aforesaid. This is so thoroughly good, that we heartily recommend it to two classes of our readers: those who are going to Europe, and those who, without going, would learn all they can of the immense treasures of European art.

The book is illustrated with representations of various masterpieces of painting and sculpture.

**TRAVELS IN CENTRAL AMERICA:** Including accounts of some Regions unexplored since the Conquest. From the French of the Chevalier Arthur Morelet. By Mrs. M. F. Squier. New York: Leypoldt, Holt & Williams.

The most important facts contained in this book were read by the author before the French Academy of Sciences. It does not lessen the interest of the work that most of the explorations were undertaken to collect such facts as were of interest to naturalists; the author seeking a fresh field, and apparently making the most of it. His eyes and ears are open for all kinds of information. Instead of a book of dry details, we have not

only so much as would be of special interest to scientific men, but we have graphic descriptions of scenery, sketches of manners and customs, with clear statements of the social, political, and commercial character of the people. The naturalist is now an antiquarian, then a humorist, sometimes a historian; and this skillful blending of facts constitutes the chief attraction of the book. We are persuaded that he has seen nearly every thing worth seeing, and that the best substitute for our own eyes is to use those of the author.

A very good illustration of tropical wealth, and of the author's way of describing what he sees, are contained in the following paragraph. Stopping at Ortega, on the confines of Yucatan, for a night, he notes the first incidents:

"From the first step I took, I fancied myself on enchanted ground. I was surrounded by palm-trees, a strange and monstrous vegetation, vines trailing in every direction in the wildest disorder, old branches of trees covered with bulbous plants, like so many aerial gardens—in a word, I found myself in a scene of splendor, richness, and diversity, exceeding in its beauty the wildest dreams of the most vivid imagination! A few stray gleams of sunshine streaming through the foliage revealed all this beauty immediately before me, but beyond was a profound darkness, impenetrable even to the sun. I stopped, bewildered and dazzled, like one who in a dark night suddenly sees a meteor flash before his eyes. I was so ecstatically absorbed that I did not even feel the bites of the mosquitoes which swarmed around me! But as the shades of evening were falling, I feared to pursue my walk farther, standing always in wholesome dread of serpents and wild animals.

"I had taken but a few steps backward, toward the skirts of the forest, when a species of fig fell at my feet. In stooping to pick it up, what was my surprise to find it rapidly followed by others, some of which struck me in their descent. There was not the least breath of air to stir the trees, and the figs were far from being sufficiently ripe to have fallen from maturity. I looked up and fancied that I perceived a black form perfectly motionless, but partially concealed by the foliage. I could not feel satisfied to leave my doubts unsolved, so discharged my gun at the object, which immediately fell, then caught itself, fell a little lower, caught itself again, and finally disappeared in the thicket."

In an appendix we have an enumeration of the specimens in the animal and vegetable kingdom which the naturalist sent to France. These explorations were not unattended by hardships; but the results, as set forth in this account, are an important contribution to

science, and this consideration will constitute no small part of the reward of this indefatigable explorer.

INSANITY IN WOMEN. By Horatio Robinson Storer, M.D., LL.B. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Amid the multitude of abstruse and abstract discussions of metaphysical points in psychology; the numberless theoretical, practical, and transcendental questions as to whether, in insanity, the mind is or is not diseased, and in regard to its pathological results, it is encouraging to find a treatise that adds something to the small stock of ascertained facts. The author starts out on the supposition that the *causation* and *cure* of insanity are its Alpha and Omega; and that it is because the last of these has usually been sought first, and the other, upon which it fully depends, is so often searched for unwisely, if at all, that both are so seldom attained. His position is, that in a very large proportion of the cases of insanity in woman, her sex is in reality the predisposing or continuing cause of the malady. Not that there are no other exciting causes, but that this stands pre-eminent. Hence, he contends that the treatment should be of a direct and physical character; not necessarily local, but a course of treatment carefully prescribed and directed by a board of consulting physicians, skilled in the diagnosis and treatment of diseases peculiar to the sex, which is acknowledged to require especially erudite tact and an appreciative understanding. He argues that while the brain is undoubtedly the seat of insanity, it is not necessarily always the seat of its cause. While that peculiar form of insanity which requires direct cerebral, or simply moral treatment alone, is very rare, sympathetic or reflex insanity, which requires treatment of a special character, is extremely common. There is no merciless abuse of asylums and hospitals as at present conducted; but sins of omission and commission are more than hinted at. He would have this blind groping and routine, this hopeless treatment of symptoms, exchanged for a faithful and persistent searching after the ultimate cause, and then follow a more rational treatment, both in public and private practice.

He speaks of the neglect of special measures, as in reality the prevalent treatment of insane women; and deprecates the too general use of mechanical restraint. Dr. Storer presents what he has to say concerning treatment, through the language of Superintendents themselves. Among the many quoted, as pertinent to the question, we notice a report of the State Hospital for the Insane of California, the particular object of which appears to be an exposition of the defects of the hospital as a curative establishment:

"Its beautiful edifice," says Dr. Tilden, the Superintendent, "its well-cultivated yards and gardens, its wholesome food, its comfortable clothing, its scrupulously clean halls, rooms, beds, and bedding, its excellent police regulations, combine in making a prison of the first class; and if such was the original purpose, I see not how it could have been more admirably accomplished. If, however, in creating a charity so munificent, so noble, it was intended to establish an asylum, with hospital appliances, for the *cure*, as well as the care and safe-keeping of the insane, I am free to say it is, in my opinion, a most signal failure. . . . . If there is any marked difference between it and a well-conducted State prison, it is in favor of the latter, from the fact that means of employment are provided for its inmates, while the inmates of the asylum spend their days in idleness. . . . . It will hardly be contended, I think, that our newspapers and a little gymnasium, with a solitary swing in the female department, can give the asylum of California a claim to the character of a curative institution."

The book is a valuable acquisition to the department of Medical Science; and is, at the same time, interesting and readable to all who take pleasure in watching the signs of progress and reform in the treatment of the insane, for which skilled humanity has been so long hoping and laboring.

THE PILGRIM AND THE SHRINE; or Passages from the Life and Correspondence of Herbert Ainslie, B.A., late a student of the Church of England. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

The author of this volume, having quite outgrown the Church of England, and discovered his highly respectable family to be little better than fossils, resolves to seek the Infinite on his own account. The results of the search make a very interesting and rather original story. He sails at once for the Barbadoes; the same lofty spirit of inquiry soon urges him to Panama, where he joins a

congregation of Forty-niners, and, after a tedious passage of one hundred days, enters the Golden Gate in safety. Some amusing adventures of a harmless nature follow, together with page after page of speculation upon creeds, church government, politics, etc. He meets and converses with many sorts of people, who unwittingly help him work out his salvation. He writes this passage in his journal: "An American, upon seeing a copy of the Bible in a miner's cabin, remarked, 'Excellent work that; there are some first-rate things in it.'" Failing to find either spiritual peace or temporal profit in California, he again braves the sea. Loves a Samoan maid, not wisely. Is half inclined to forswear civilization. Resolves that "Calvinism and cocoa-nuts can not flourish in the same latitudes." Then repairs to Australia, where he is happy in love and free thought, having found one who is as unsettled in mind as himself. Marriage and an olive-branch, together with further speculations upon all possible topics and unlimited heresy for breakfast, dinner, and tea, conclude his pilgrimage at the shrine of domestic bliss, and the book closes in a general metaphysical and fog-like obscurity, through which the egotism of the thinker (all thinkers are egotists) shines pleasantly.

The author evidently likes to startle his readers with such mysticisms as the following:

"I have been seeking for the Absolute. It seems to me a species of Atheism to say that there is no infallible system, even for playing *monte*."

"The agent in the sudden conversion of St. Paul may have been a sunstroke, acting on a mind already in a state of extreme tension, as we know his was."

"Here, then, is the main result of my mental pilgrimage. Men have been led by a certain beauty of life and manner — around which has clustered, after

the manner of the age, a halo of legends — to think that the Ideal has once been realized. And they fall down and worship their own potential self, first projecting it into the Godhead, to avoid the charge of idolatry."

While at Jamaica, the sight of an African filled this Pilgrim with amazement. His Darwinian soul instantly dropped that African into his proper notch in the descending scale of humanity. An artist, apparently created for no other purpose, sketches a colossal pyramid of Negroes, capped by a superior White. A layer of apes is, of course, the foundation of this unique structure. The unveiling of this picture thrills Mr. Herbert Ainslie with joy. He can regard it as nothing short of a masterpiece in conception and execution. Let the conscientious reader picture to himself this grand companion piece: Senator Revels and Frederick Douglass on all-fours, in the august presence of the dear public; upon their backs the Dumas, father and son, who bear triumphantly upon their shoulders the form of the prophetic Ainslie, B.A., late student in the Church of England — his youthful brow bathed in the eternal sunshine, his inspired lips uttering this closing passage from his "Letters and Journals":

"In Love alone, in pure and unreserving Love, does all questioning find answer. At once tree of knowledge and tree of life, fortunate are they who can eat thereof without trespass and without penalty. Believe me, my friend, those only who feel, know; and where Love is, there is no Degma."

The Pilgrim, having eaten and loved to his heart's content, is henceforth and forever guiltless of dogmas, and the kingdom of Heaven is at hand in the wilds of Australia, where the Church of England ceases from troubling, and Herbert Ainslie, B.A., is at rest.

#### BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD; and MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

FROM FOURTEEN TO FOUR-SCORE. By Mrs. S. W. Jewett. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

A HAND-BOOK OF LEGENDARY AND MYTHOLOGICAL ART. By Clara Erskine Clement. With Descriptive Illustrations. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

WONDERFUL ESCAPES. By Richard Whiting. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.



MAD MONKTON; and other Stories. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

TRAVELS IN CENTRAL AMERICA. From the French of Morelet. By Mrs. M. F. Squier. New York: Leypoldt, Holt & Williams.

OUR GIRLS. By Dio Lewis, A.M., M.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

CHIPS FROM A GERMAN WORKSHOP. By F. Max Muller, M.A. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, ON THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. By Albert Barnes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FRENCH LOVE SONGS. Selected and Translated by Harry Curwen. New York: Carleton. LIFE AND DEATH. A Novel. New York: Carleton.

THE APPLE CULTURIST. By Sereno Edwards Todd. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE QUEEN'S REVENGE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

DAISY NICHOL. A Novel. By Lady Hardy. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE BLACK TULIP. A Novel. By Alexandre Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

PROSE WRITERS OF AMERICA. By R. W. Griswold. [With a Supplement up to the Year 1870.] Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT AND PERSONAL REPRESENTATION. By Simon Sterne. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

REGINALD ARCHER. A Novel. By Anne M. Crane Seemuller. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THE MUTINEERS OF THE BOUNTY. By Lady Belcher. New York: Harper & Brothers.

CRUEL AS THE GRAVE. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

JACK HINTON. A Novel. By Charles Lever. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

LOCAL TAXATION; being a Report of the Commission appointed by the Governor of New York. New York: Harper & Brothers.

CHECKMATE. A Novel. By J. S. Le Fanu. Philadelphia: Evans, Stoddart & Co.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

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# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY*

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## THE WASHBURN YELLOWSTONE EXPEDITION.

NO. II.

AFTER remaining one day in the vicinity of the first geyser, we forded the Yellowstone just above our camp, and shaped our course for the lake. At the ford the river was quite wide, and a narrow bench of rock rose up from the bottom, stretching from bank to bank. On this bench the water was about three feet deep, but on either side of it was a foot or two deeper. In fording the stream, each man led a pack animal. All did very well while they kept upon the bench. Occasionally some one would get into deeper water, and become drenched, but he had the benefit of encouraging cheers from those who had crossed in safety, and who stood ready to welcome him upon the anticipated shore.

From the ford to the lake—a distance of about ten miles—our course was generally through timber, much of which had been blown down by strong winds, rendering traveling exceedingly tedious and difficult. In open places near the

river we were continually meeting with mud-springs, some of them of considerable magnitude. At one point in the river we discovered a short series of rapids, between high, rocky banks; the one on the east side rising to the proportion of a bluff. After fording a stream, about one-third the size of the Yellowstone, emptying into the lake, we camped on the edge of the timber, about a hundred yards from the lake-shore.

Lake Yellowstone is a lonely, but lovely inland sea, everywhere surrounded by “forests primeval,” and nestled in the bosom of the Rocky Mountains. Some trappers have insisted that its waters ran both to the Atlantic and the Pacific, but such is not the case. The summit of the main chain, however, approaches within half a mile of its south shore, and in places the divide is very little above the lake. Its shape resembles the broad hand of an honest German, who has had his forefinger and the two adjoining shot off at the second

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joint, while fighting for glory and Emperor William. The palm of the hand represents the main body, or north part, of the lake. The fingers and thumb, spread to their utmost extent—the thumb and little finger being much the longest—represent inlets indenting the south shore, and stretching inland, as if to wash away the Rocky Mountains. Between these inlets project high, rocky promontories, covered with dense timber. The largest stream flows into the lake at its upper end, or the extreme south-east corner. This stream is really the Yellowstone River, which, for a distance of thirty miles, has an average width of over fifteen miles. This enlargement constitutes the lake, which, after being augmented by several smaller streams, narrows down to the width of an eighth of a mile, and flows northward toward the great falls.

The mood of the lake is ever changing; the character of its shore is ever varying. At one moment, it is placid and glassy as a calm summer's sea; at the next, "it breaks into dimples, and laughs in the sun." Half an hour later, beneath a stormy sky, its waters may be broken and lashed into an angry and dangerous sea, like the short, choppy waves which rise in storms on Lake Erie and Lake Michigan. Where we first saw it, it had a glittering beach of gray and rock-crystal sand, but as we continued around it, we found rocky and muddy shores, gravel beaches—on which several varieties of chalcedony were profusely scattered—and hot springs in abundance. Near the south-east end of the lake is the highest peak in the vicinity. It is steep and barren, and from the lake-shore appears to taper to a point. On the south side is a precipice, nearly a thousand feet high. Two of the party ascended it. It took them all of one day to make the trip and return. About two-thirds of the way up they were obliged to leave their horses,

and continue the ascent on foot. The altitude of the mountain, as obtained by observations with the barometer and thermometer, was 11,163 feet. Much snow was found before reaching the summit. A fine view of the surrounding country, and a good idea of the shape of the lake, were obtained. Immense steam-jets were seen to the south; but as our time was becoming somewhat limited, we did not remain to visit them. Several barometrical calculations were made; and we determined the height of the lake to be 8,300 feet.

On the south side of the lake we found dense timber, much of which was fallen. Through it were no trails, and traveling was exceedingly difficult. Many large trees had fallen, with their branches clear out into the lake, rendering it very hard to follow the lake-shore. We, however, kept the shore as much as possible, except when we cut across the bases of the promontories; though on one occasion we crossed a low divide in the main chain, and camped on the head-waters of Snake River, without finding it out for a day or two afterward. We thought the brook on which we were camped circled around, and ran into the lake.

While straggling irregularly through the dense timber which covers the main chain, one of the party, Mr. Everts, became separated from the rest of us; but his disappearance was unnoticed until we reached a small strip of open country on the head-waters of Snake River. Leaving the party for a short time, either in pursuit of game or for the purpose of viewing the country, was not an unusual occurrence with members of the expedition; and consequently little was thought of Mr. Everts' absence. We, however, at once camped, and waited for him to catch up.

One of the pack animals was missing; and the two packers, together with one of the party, went back on the trail to find him, hoping also to meet Mr. Ev-



erts, and to save him all trouble by guiding him into camp. The lost pack-horse was an extraordinary animal—a beautiful, golden stallion of vast proportions, some thought as much as thirteen hands high. Some people would have called him of buckskin color, but he was of that intensely brilliant hue which buckskin assumes when wet and in the shade. He was one of the animals which, in fording the Yellowstone, managed to flounder into deep water and saturate his pack; and whenever we waded through a slough, he was sure to be the horse that got stalled. In such cases he invariably waited until the packers, with their patience severely tried, went back and lifted him out by main force. On this particular occasion, he had proven himself the acrobat of the pack-train by turning a number of somersaults backward, down the hill, pack and all; and when found, was astride a log lengthwise, his feet just touching on either side, but either unable to extricate himself, or too proud and patient to make an effort to do so. He consequently very resignedly contemplated his position and surroundings. He was too proud and spirited to betray any emotion, though his situation was undoubtedly distasteful to his feelings. In war, he might have been a lion; in peace, he was certainly a lamb. He was just the kind of a horse that, in a race, would have driven every thing else before him. The pedigree of the beast has not been authentically preserved, but there is good reason to believe that his dam was Rosinante, while he was sired by Baalbec, the horse Mark Twain rode through the Holy Land. He was dubbed the “Yellowstone Wonder.”

Toward evening Mr. Everts' disappearance excited grave apprehensions. It would have been extremely difficult for any one to have followed our trail through the dense forests and over the fallen timber. Besides, Mr. Everts was

quite near-sighted. Every endeavor was made to attract his attention, by firing guns and building fires on prominent points near the camp. Failing to find him, we changed our camp to the lake-shore, and remained for more than a week in the immediate vicinity, searching vigilantly for him. We expected to find him somewhere on the south-west shore of the lake, as at the time he was lost it was generally understood we would that evening camp on the southwestern arm of the lake.

On the afternoon of September 13th, when Mr. Everts had been missing four days, there were slight indications of snow, which indications continued for two days, by which time it was two feet deep. The weather was not very cold, and by means of the tent we got along quite comfortably; but we feared that the storm would prove fatal to our poor, lost friend. Conjectures as to his probable fate were numberless, but futile. Our chief hope lay in the fact of his being well mounted, and the hope that, failing to find us on the second day, he had started for the settlements; in which case he might possibly be beyond the region of the snow-storm. When lost he was without provisions, but had with him a needle-gun. We continued our efforts until nearly out of provisions; and then, leaving three persons to still look for him, the rest of us turned toward the settlements.

Immediately on our arrival, two old mountaineers were furnished with six weeks' provisions, and offered a large reward if they succeeded in finding him, or should bring back his body. They found him, quite exhausted, and nearly famished, about sixty miles from Bozeman. He was trying to follow back on the route by which we ascended the Yellowstone. It seems that his horse got away from him the day after he left us. His gun was made fast to the saddle, and his revolver was in his *cantinas*; so

that he had no means of providing himself with food. During the snow-storm he got along by building a shelter of pine boughs over a warm spring. For forty days he lived on roots, and two minnows, which he caught in his hat. He tried to eat grasshoppers, but he found their jumping propensities were not confined to a living state; for he had no sooner swallowed one than it cleared his throat with a bound. It was weeks after his rescue before he fully recovered his strength. His escape from a terrible death was almost marvelous.

Our last camp on the lake was near the extremity of the south-west arm. Close by us was a collection of warm springs—the largest, most numerous, varied, and peculiar which we had then discovered. Several were from fifty to eighty feet in length, by from twenty to fifty in width. The water was generally clear, and of great depth. All were hot, but of different temperatures. Around the larger ones the ground was marshy, and largely composed of a reddish earth, which looked like wet brick-dust. A number of hot streams flowed from these springs into the lake. The lake-shore was covered with a subsilica, broken into small pieces, and washed smooth by the action of the waves. Many of these pieces were pure and white as alabaster. Many of the smaller springs were mud-springs, boiling and spluttering incessantly. These were generally a few feet below the surface, and encased in clay banks. They emitted a strong, sulphurous smell, which rendered a close examination rather disagreeable. Several springs were in the solid rock, within a few feet of the lake-shore. Some of them extended far out underneath the lake; with which, however, they had no connection. The lake water was quite cold, and that of these springs exceedingly hot. They were remarkably clear, and the eye could penetrate a hundred feet into their depths, which to the hu-

man vision appeared bottomless. A gentleman was fishing from one of the narrow isthmuses, or shelves of rock, which divided one of these hot springs from the lake, when, in swinging a trout ashore, it accidentally got off the hook and fell into the spring. For a moment it darted about with wonderful rapidity, as if seeking an outlet. Then it came to the top, dead, and literally boiled. It died within a minute of the time it fell into the spring.

On the 17th of September, the party left Lake Yellowstone for home, by way of the Madison River. Our immediate objective point was a small lake, in which the Fire Hole River, the main branch of the Madison, has its source. This was supposed to be about twelve miles west of us. In crossing the divide we found that the snow-storm had been general; about two feet of snow still remaining. We failed to find the lake, but finally camped in the snow, on a small stream running to the south, probably into the lake. The mountains were everywhere thickly timbered. Nearly all the trees had great lumps, like hornets' nests, upon their trunks. They were generally large, but scraggy and irregular, and wholly unlike the tall, straight pines of the Sierras. It is said that nothing was created in vain; but it was a long time before I could conceive the utility of a forest so vast in a locality so remote and inaccessible. It was suggested to me by a comrade that the trees protected the snow, preventing it from all melting at once during the first warm days of spring, and thereby producing a fresher destructive of every thing in its wake. I can think of no other reason for their creation.

The following day we traveled northwest, and soon reached the Fire Hole River. After passing by a fine cascade—which we stopped but a short time to examine—we forded the river, and camped about noon in the midst of the most

wonderful geysers yet discovered in any country. The basin in which they were situated was over two miles long, and about a mile wide. It was nearly destitute of vegetation, but there were a few clumps of trees scattered through it, and in one place we found grass enough for our horses. The basin was chiefly on the west side of the river, but there was a narrow strip, with an average width of three hundred yards, on the east side, which was literally alive with geysers and steam-jets. We remained two days in this wonderful basin. The most prominent geysers which we saw in operation we named as follows: "Old Faithful," which was farthest up the river on the western bank; "The Castle," which was a third of a mile below "Old Faithful;" "The Giant," which was a half-mile below "The Castle;" "The Grotto," a short distance below "The Giant;" then crossing the river, lowest down was the "Fantail," and much higher up, nearly opposite "Old Faithful," were "The Giantess" and "Beehive."

All around the geysers the ground was covered with incrustations and subsilica; and immediately about the vent of most of them the incrustations rose several feet above the surrounding level, assuming grotesque and fanciful shapes.

"Old Faithful" was the first geyser we saw throwing up a column of water. It was named on account of its almost constant action. It did not intermit for more than an hour at any time during our stay. It had a vent five feet by three, and projected a solid column of water to a height of eighty or ninety feet. All around it were found pebbles and small stones, which, when broken open, proved to be simply pieces of wood, thoroughly incrustated, and perfectly hard and smooth on the outside, having the appearance of an ordinary stone.

About the crater of "The Castle" was the largest cone, or mass of incrustations, in the basin. For a hundred yards

around, the ground, flooded with subsilica, of glittering whiteness, sloped gradually up to the cone, which itself rose thirty feet, nearly perpendicular. It was quite rugged and efflorescent, and on its outer sides had a number of benches, sufficiently wide for a man to stand upon. These enabled us to climb up and look into its crater, which was irregular in shape, and about seven feet, the longest way, by five feet, the shortest. The outside of the mound was nearly round, and not less than thirty feet through at its base. We called it "The Castle," on account of its size and commanding appearance. It was in action a short time on the morning after our arrival, but only threw water about thirty feet high. The water did not retain the shape of a column, like that thrown out by "Old Faithful," but rather splashed up and slopped over. This geyser did not appear to be doing its best, but only spouted a little in a patronizing way, thinking to surprise us novices sufficiently without any undue exertion on its part.

The mound around "The Giant" was about twelve feet high, and had a piece knocked out of one side of it, so that we could look into the crater, which was shaped like a hollow cylinder, and six feet in diameter. "The Giant" discharged a column of water, of the same size as its crater, to a height of a hundred feet. It played as if through an immense hose. We thought it deserved to be called "The Giant," as it threw out more water than any other geyser which we saw in operation. Its cone was also large, and the water was very hot; as, in fact, was the case with the water of all the geysers. The day of our arrival, it was in nearly constant action for about three hours, after which we did not see it again discharge.

"The Grotto" has two craters, connected on the surface by the incrustations which surround them. We did not ascertain whether there was any



subterranean connection between them. We did not observe both craters discharge at the same time, but one began when the other ceased. Neither was in action for more than an hour. A solid stream was thrown up more than sixty feet; that from the larger crater being about five feet in diameter, and that from the smaller one not more than three feet. The larger mound of incrustations was about ten feet high, and twenty feet through at the base. There were several holes in it large enough for a man to crawl through, which some of the party did, when the geyser was not in action. The smaller mound was not more than five feet high, and shaped like a hay-cock, with a portion of the top knocked off. The two mounds were about twenty feet apart, and connected by a ridge, or neck of incrustations, two feet high. "The Grotto" was about a hundred yards from the river. A quarter of a mile farther back, and just at the edge of the timber, we found a mound in the true shape of a cone. At the vertex was a small opening, not more than a foot in diameter. This geyser did not appear to have discharged for some time. The ground was quite dry all around, and a number of incrustated pine twigs, leaves, and cones were found, which retained their shape perfectly, but were hard, smooth, and white as alabaster. At that point, much ballast was obtained for the pack animals.

Crossing the river, we named the "Fantail" geyser from the fact that it discharged two streams from its vent which spread out very much like a fan.

One of the most remarkable geysers was "The Giantess." For yards around the ground rose gradually to its crater, but immediately about it was no formation rising above the surface, as was the case with all the other geysers which we saw in active operation. When quiet, it was a clear, beautiful pool, caught in a subsilica urn, or vase, with a hollow,

bottomless stem; through which the steam came bubbling, just like the effervescence of champagne from the bottom of a long, hollow-necked glass. The mouth of the vase, represented by the surface, was twenty feet by thirty; and the neck, fifty feet below, was fifteen feet by ten. The water, at times, retired to the level of the neck, or vent, and at other times rose nearly to the surface. When in action, "The Giantess" became a fountain with five jets, shooting the spray to a height of two hundred feet. At the surface the largest jet was about two feet in diameter, and it kept in solid column for more than a hundred and fifty feet before breaking into drops and spray. It burst forth just before sunset, and the last rays of light gave prismatic tints to the glistening drops, when, having reached their utmost altitude, they trembled at their coming fall. The clouds of steam, which in this, as in all other instances, accompanied the boiling water, became a golden fleece lit up by wreaths of rainbows. Though inferior to "The Giant" in immensity of volume, and perhaps in grandeur, "The Giantess" was by far the most beautiful sight we saw in the geyser basin.

"The Beehive" — named from the shape of its mound — was quite small, but threw its water higher than any other geyser which we saw. The stream was less than two feet in diameter, and ascended two hundred and twenty feet, from accurate measurement by triangulation. It remained in action only a few moments.

We saw many other geysers in action, but those I have particularly described were the most notable. They were all intermittent, few of them continuing in action more than half an hour at a time. There were also many mounds from which the water was evidently discharged at times, but they were quiet during our stay. We were probably very fortunate

in the time of our visit, for those we left behind to search for Mr. Everts came by these geysers several days later, and saw but two in operation: "The Fantail," and a smaller one near it. They were, however, short of provisions, and remained in the vicinity of the geysers but a few hours.

Steam-jets and clear, deep pools occurred in great numbers, all over the geyser basin. The latter were very beautiful. Four or five miles below the geyser basin, on the west side of the Fire Hole, were four hot lakes. They were similar to the clear, pale-violet pools which we saw above, and at the point where we left the lake, but were very much larger. Three of the party paced around the largest one, making the circumference four hundred and fifty paces. It looked very deep. The sides, of the whitest subsilica, converged at an angle of about forty-five degrees. It was full to the brim, and a track, about twenty feet wide all around it, was covered with two inches of water, which was so hot that it almost scalded our feet, through heavy boots. Before our pacers got all the way round, they stepped not only very high, but in quite a lively, animated style. Beyond the track of water which circled the lake, the ground, covered with subsilica, sloped away gradually on all sides. Immense volumes of steam rose from all these lakes, and first attracted our attention to them. So much hot water flowed from them that the Fire Hole was tempered for several miles below. We found no fish anywhere in the Fire Hole, though after its junction with the Madison they were quite plentiful.

Leaving the hot lakes, we continued homeward. On the way we passed through two beautiful *cañons*; one on the Fire Hole, and one on the Madison. The *cañon* on the Fire Hole is grand and beautiful. Its sides are granite, nearly perpendicular, and from eight

hundred to a thousand feet high. It is cut on both sides by small, lateral ravines, which are filled with evergreens; and on both sides of the river is a narrow bottom, also covered with trees and verdure. The *cañon* on the Yellowstone is grand and gloomy. This one is beautiful and cheerful. The first was seen from above, the last from below. The former inspires one with awe, the latter with delight.

The Madison *Cañon* may be less grand, but scarcely less beautiful. Its walls are not so high, and generally not quite so precipitous. It is filled with fine timber, affords splendid and picturesque camping-places, and is watered not only by the Madison River, but by pleasant, clear, rippling brooks, which flow through ravines entering the sides of the *cañon*.

On the 22d of September, just one month after leaving Fort Ellis, the party reached Farley's, the frontier *ranch* on the Madison River. It was a little strange to feel that we were again within the pale of civilization. During our month's absence, we had seen so much that was new and strange that it seemed more like a year. Every one felt funny; and we looked at each other and laughed in a silly way, as one small boy does, when, on entering church or any other place where he ought to keep quiet, he catches the eye of another small-boy acquaintance. There was a pleasure in getting home; and all felt curious to hear the news. Papers, old and new, were alike seized, and devoured with wonderful avidity. One gentleman even got hold of a Norwegian paper, but it was too much for his brain.

As an agricultural country, I was not favorably impressed with the great Yellowstone basin, but its brimstone resources are ample for all the match-makers of the world. A snow-storm in September, two feet deep, is hardly conducive to any kind of agricultural enter-

prise or stock-raising; still, I think sheep would do well in that country, if some shelter were erected for them in winter. When, however, by means of the Northern Pacific Railroad, the falls of the Yellowstone and the geyser basin

are rendered easy of access, probably no portion of America will be more popular as a watering-place or summer resort than that which we had the pleasure of viewing, in all the glory and grandeur of its primeval solitude.

### GELLERT.

THE Ardennes—the Belgian Alps—excel in their grand and beautiful scenery, their unrivaled mutton, and their splendid breed of dogs. It is of these latter that I intend to discourse; not only from grateful memory of one of them, but also because, like many things that belong to the pastoral age, they are fast becoming extinct.

The dog of the Ardennes accompanies the flock when it leaves the penfold in spring, only to return when winter's snow drives the sheep home again for shelter. Each shepherd possesses one or two of these dogs, according to the size of his flock, to act as sentinels. Their office is not to run about and bark, and keep the sheep in order, but to protect them from outside foes. When the herdsman has gathered his flock in some rich valley, these white, shaggy monsters crouch upon the ground, apparently half asleep; but now and then the great, sagacious eyes will open, and, passing over the whole of their charge, remain for awhile fixed on the distant horizon, as though they followed a train of thought which led them away from earth—so sadly do they gaze into the infinite.

But let the mountain breeze bear to his ever-moving nostril the scent of the hated wolf, or his quick ear detect an unknown noise: then is the time to see one of the dogs in his glory. His eyes become black with fierceness; his hair stands erect; his upper lip becomes wrinkled, showing a range of white, for-

midable teeth, while a low growl alone escapes from his throat. When his keen faculties have detected the whereabouts of his foe, he rushes forward with a bound that overleaps all obstacles, and a bark that echoes from all the surrounding hills. Every dog of the like breed that may be near takes up the note, and rushes gleaming through the brushwood to join in the attack. Tender as the childhood he protects, woe to him who dare lift a hand on one of the little ones with whom he has been brought up. It is not he who buys him who is his master: it is he who fed him when a pup, who petted and shared his pittance with him—he it is who has his love, and who reciprocates his faithful affection.

We were at Spa, the Baroness and I. I was desperately in love with her; consequently, as she was at Spa, I was there also.

Every one likes to describe his lady-love; so I must say that mine had an abundance of hair, of that peculiar color which is neither brown nor blonde—a color that the sunbeams love to play among. Her figure was superb; and her face betokened her noble blood, in its finely shaped nose and chiseled mouth, full of character. She could be bitter at times notwithstanding her lofty bearing, and her best friends shrank now and then before those green-gray eyes. Nevertheless, she was adorable, and a widow

As for myself, I was an officer of artillery, in pretty easy circumstances. My



father possessed an old mansion in the Ardennes, to which he was fond of retiring in the summer, always taking me with him till the day of his death, which happened when I was eighteen; since which time I had traveled somewhat, eventually adopting arms as my profession.

I well remember the day she permitted me to call her Adèle: we had known one another so long. I was very happy that day.

The Baroness had been eight days at Spa, when a whim seized her all of a sudden. "My dear Henri," said she, "I want a dog; not one of your common lap-dogs, but a real dog of the Ardennes, of pure blood."

I knew the difficulties of complying with her wish. I knew that the pure breed was limited to a few families; nevertheless I smiled, and said, "I will try, Baroness, to satisfy your wish."

"Remember, that it must be perfectly white," she added, already certain that she had the dog—so well did she know her power over me—"white, with the exception of the star on its forehead, as a sign of nobility. I need not tell you, however, as you know the country so well, and better than I do, what is necessary to make an affectionate and faithful servant of him."

"You must love him."

"O, I'll love him; and very much, too. There, sir; are you satisfied?"

The following day I set off for the old *château*, and learned that my foster-brother was in the mountains with a large flock; so taking a guide, we mounted to one of the sources of the Sambre, and as we approached the camping-place, a dog rose and came toward us, as if to reconnoitre, with a strange expression in his eyes, not entirely re-assuring.

"What a splendid animal!" I exclaimed.

"Come here, Hector!" was called out by a loud voice. "Come here, good dog."

Hector obeyed, but not without regret, or completely taking his eyes off us.

"Hollo, Nicolas, hollo!" cried my guide. "It is you we have come to see."

"Keep back, Brenda; lie down, Hector: these are friends." And the shepherd came forward, giving his hand to the guide, and taking off his cap to me. "Why, as I live," said he, "it's M. Henri, the son of my old master! Oh! how glad I am to see you."

We sat down to lunch, for the mountain air had sharpened our appetite, and invited Nicolas to join us. The two dogs followed. Brenda was a glorious dog, the mate of Hector. When she saw the bread spread on the grass she came and placed herself opposite us, dragging after her a charming little dog, that looked like a ball of snow, with blue eyes, and a black, glistening spot for a nose.

"Nicolas, you must sell me that pup," said I, stretching out my hand toward it.

"For God's sake, don't touch it, Master Henri," said the shepherd, seizing the little animal; "the mother would tear you to pieces. For the time being, the pup is her very soul. You mustn't look at it too much, even; for she'll find something suspicious in that. Come here, my pet," said he, giving her a morsel of bread. "Come here; eat this like a lady, and lie down."

The great creature stretched herself by the side of the shepherd, and pulled her young one toward her. Hector, on the other hand, less troubled with the cares of paternity, ate from every body; indeed, I fancied at last that he took a liking to me, on account of the big pieces I handed him.

"You must sell me the pup," said I, without looking at it.

"You should have come sooner, Master Henri: the pup is sold."

"But I can't let it be sold. It doesn't suit me at all."

"Nor me, neither; for I would much prefer that it were with you than with the person who will take him away."

"Who is that person?"

"Who? Why, an Englishman. It's always the English who buy our dogs. More's the pity, because, liking them after their own fashion, they bring them up so badly and feed them so well, that our poor dogs always die."

"Then you have no right to sell it."

"Indeed I have, for I have promised."

"Say that the dog is dead——"

"Fie, Master Henri! You would not have me tell a lie. You know that brings ill luck to the flock: the dogs lose their scent, and the wolves get into the fold. Once for all, I assure you that the dog is promised to the Englishman; and a thing promised, is a thing done."

"What does he give for him?"

"A hundred francs. He was wild to have him; and if he had not been so afraid of Brenda, I believe he would have stayed till it was weaned, for fear we should change it."

"I will give you three hundred francs," said I, knowing how hard it would be to find another.

"Neither gold nor silver shall tempt me, Master Henri. I would much rather that you had it, for you know how to bring them up. However, I have promised, and will not go back from my word."

"Very well," said my guide. "You may depend upon it that as soon as I get down to the village, I'll tell Brindette how foolish you have been. Three hundred francs! Why, it's a fortune that you refuse, and I know very well how she will pout——"

"Brindette, in my place, would do as I have done."

Was any man more unfortunate than myself? Adèle had said, "I will have a dog," and this shepherd says, "You shall not;" and of course it was of no use going to see that Englishman, for his coun-

trymen, when they have got an idea into their heads, cling to it so obstinately that Heaven and Earth, not to mention the other place, won't drive it out.

My guide was as smart as his calling of half-muleteer, half-poacher, could make him; and as we went down to the village, he said: "Don't give it up, sir. If you are not afraid of waking up a pretty girl, I think we have some chance of winning." In a short time we rapped on the shutters of a small house near the church.

"Who's there?" asked a fresh, young voice.

"Open the door, Brindette. I bring you a traveler who has just come from the mountains; we have seen Nicolas."

"Enter, Messieurs," said a buxom girl, who had flung on a short, woolen petticoat, and slipped her feet into her *sabots*.

We entered; and the guide, who seemed quite at home, did the honors of the house, and the girl put on a shawl to hide her solid, brown shoulders.

"Is Nicolas well?"

"I should think so," replied my guide; "stupid fools are never sick."

"What's he done to you," said she, coming up to the speaker, "that you should call him names?"

"What has he done to *me*, my child? Nay, it's to *you*, and somewhat to himself, I should think."

"Well, what is it? I hate guessing;" and the sunburnt girl stood before the guide, with her naked legs firmly planted, and the upper part of her body wrapped in her red shawl, which covered her head like a hood.

"He refused to sell Brenda's pup."

"And was it to tell me that, that you woke me up in the middle of the night? You need hardly have given yourself the trouble; for the bargain was made ten days ago—and a good bargain, too."

"I should have thought that you knew better than that," continued the guide,

after motioning me to be quiet. "I know all about the bargain with the Englishman for a hundred francs. And you call that a good bargain, when he can have three hundred."

"O, my goodness! Three hundred francs for Brenda's little dog?"

"Every centime of it, my child."

"What a pity—what a pity that he engaged to sell it!" said she, sitting down at the end of the bench, with a look of vexation. "But it's too late now; he has promised, and that's enough. He is as obstinate as one of his mules."

"Well, but why don't you go and sell it?"

The girl's face brightened; whereupon I spoke: "As I don't want a pretty girl like you to go all the way up the mountain for nothing, I will put another hundred francs in your money-box."

Brindette jumped up at my words, and cried: "It's a bargain! Gellert is yours. You shall have him to-morrow."

"But what will Nicolas say?"

Her attitude at this question was splendid. Her hands were firmly planted on her hips, and her eyes flashed fire, as she said, "If I were to tell Brenda to tear him to pieces, she would do it; and I am no more afraid of Brenda than of him."

Early the following morning, a servant came to tell me that a young country girl wanted to see me immediately. I did not require calling twice; and slipping on some clothes, went down and found Brindette. She opened her shawl, and there I saw rolled up Monsieur Gellert. I stretched out my hand to take him, but although he had not yet got a tooth, he flew at me as his mother would have done. I said to the girl, "Wait till I'm dressed; and then you must come with me to Spa."

"Very well, M. Henri. Only you must not let them change his name. I named him, and it's unlucky to give another."

So we set off; and early as it was, I announced myself to the Baroness, answering her surprised look by saying, "I've got the dog."

"O, what a dear, good creature you are; bring him in at once."

So I brought in Brindette, who appeared as much at her ease as if she had lived there all her life. Stooping down, she threw the little dog right into the Baroness' lap.

Gellert showed his red jaws, lifting a wicked upper lip. Adèle had a rose in her hand, with which she gave him a blow on the nose, saying, in a severe tone, "Fie, sir!—what does that mean?" Then she took him up in her arms, and looking into his eyes for a second, kissed him as though she were crazy.

"Ah, I see!" said Brindette. "You know how to manage them: first subdue, and then caress."

The Baroness was flattered by the mountain girl's compliment, and looked at her attentively:

"You've been crying. Come and sit down, and tell me why. Has your sweetheart been rude to you?"

"No, Madame; it is I who have made him sad."

"And you cry for that, you silly girl!" said the Baroness, who seemed to ignore my presence.

"But, since I love him, Madame!"

"Well, if you do, red eyes don't look well. Come into my room, and I'll give you a present."

In a quarter of an hour they re-appeared. Brindette had a chain round her neck, and a ring on her finger, with a parcel of silks and laces, enough to make her the envy of the whole village. I could see no trace of the previous sorrow.

"Bid good-by to Gellert before you go away," said the Baroness. She stooped down and kissed the dog, and I saw her off, on her way back to the mountains.



From that day forth Gellert had a position in life. He never left his mistress. At dinner he made a table-cloth of one of her flounces, whereon he ate his bread and milk with a philosophic disregard of stains, growling at the lady's-maid whenever she tried to stop him in his mischievous tricks.

And so by degrees Gellert grew up to be a big dog. He accompanied his mistress to the capital, made one in her numerous country excursions, and eventually was, conjointly with her maid, seriously consulted as to where they should go for the summer. "Do you know," said she, all of a sudden, "I should like to go up to the mountains where this dog came from?" So she sent for me to ask my advice, and I, who seconded the idea, was delighted at being asked to be her escort; for she said, "You know the country so well, Henri; besides, I expect you to do the honors of your old house out there."

It was very easy to get Gellert down to the railroad station, but to get him into one of the dog-boxes was impossible. He rolled on the ground, bit at the porters, laid hold of the Baroness' dress, and, in short, behaved so badly that I saw there was only one thing to be done; so slipping a five-franc piece into the porter's hand, I went to a carriage where there were only two gentlemen, smoking, and, stating my case, demanded permission for the *entrée* of the Baroness and her dog. It was given at once, and I ran back just in time to bundle mistress and dog, maid-servant and parcels, into the carriage, and jump in after them.

During the trip the Baroness kept saying: "Åh, Henri! what should we have done without you? Gellert would have been strangled or suffocated, or died of mortification, at being separated from me;" and I found that I had gained a step in her affection. At last we stopped at a small town in the heart of

the Ardennes, and proposed making excursions to all the points of interest in the neighborhood. First of all, the Baroness insisted upon going to Gellert's birthplace; so, after a day's rest and preparation, we set out.

The fashionable woman of the city was metamorphosed. Clad in a short, striped, woolen petticoat without crinoline, and the leg encased in thick stockings ending in stout shoes, her beautiful figure in a kind of hunting-jacket, with a broad-brimmed hat on her head, and an iron-shod staff in her hand—behold the most refined lady of the *salons* of Brussels or Paris! Here, no child of the mountain had a freer action or a surer step.

It was magnificent weather when we set off; and Adèle never appeared more charming. True to her woman's nature, she had stuffed my pockets full of all sorts of necessities, such as smelling-salts, a fan, a small knife to cut flowers and plants, a small pair of scissors—for she might break a finger-nail—a *flacon* of perfume, etc., etc.

We retained our old friend, the guide, who was enchanted with Madame, and devoted himself to her service in those thousand-and-one little attentions that need not be bestowed, yet are so gratefully received; so they got to be great friends at once. Adèle made no scruples at clinging to his arm, and almost round his neck at difficult places, simply saying, "Thanks, good friend." When we sat down under the great trees to lunch, the guide and myself sat opposite, each anxious to serve her; and Gellert seemed to comprehend the situation, and was as happy as any one of us.

In good time we arrived at Nicolas' flock; and as I came forward, he approached, saying, "Good-day, Master Henri; good-day, my lady." I looked around for Hector, but did not see him. I looked to the guide, who said, "O, it's very likely he is out on a hunt with

Brenda." While he was speaking, Nicolas uttered an exclamation, "By the soul of my father, that is Gellert—that is the son of Brenda," as he caught sight of the great, handsome dog, that had his muzzle half hidden in the hands of his mistress.

The shepherd's emotion was so great that he had to lean against a tree, passing the sleeve of his blouse over his eyes. At last, without asking whether the dog was savage or not, he took him by his long, shaggy neck, held up his head, looking him full in the face, and began speaking to him in the *patois* of his country, which we could not understand, but felt sure were words of affection. Gellert seemed to know his old master intuitively; he appeared to smell the trace of Brenda hanging about his clothes—the smell of one of his race—consequently he covered him with caresses, so that Adèle got quite jealous.

"Yes, yes," said he, at length, in French; "you are a grand old dog, and I hope that you will have a better fate than those I loved so much."

So I saw that there was something wrong, and looked around.

"Yes, I see you are looking for them; but the pretty lady has not heard about them, and so I didn't like to talk of them before her."

"Yes, indeed I do know of them, for M. Henri has often spoken about them; and the object of my visit was to see you and them—and, to tell you the truth, to see them more than you."

"Alas, Madame! nobody will ever see my old friends. It's a sad story. Hector was always so suspicious, ever wanting to see what was going on a league from the flock; and when he didn't like other people, he would show his teeth; and yet, for all that, he wasn't savage, and if they let him go his way, he would let others go theirs. However, one night, Brenda and myself heard a rifle-shot. She was on guard in an in-

stant. I thought I heard a cry, and the old dog disappeared. I shut up the flock and whistled for the dogs, but no answer came. At break of day I set forth, and Brenda came to meet me. I could not mistake her signs, and followed. Alas, Master Henri! alas, Madame! there lay the noble old hound, with a gunshot wound through his body. Brenda sat by his side, and sent forth a wailing note, that seemed to be taken up by every hill that surrounded us. Poor Hector!—we both loved him so much. 'Seek!' said I to the dog, pressing his muzzle lightly on the trace of a foot that I noticed in the fresh earth. 'Shake him! shake him!' I cried, furiously; for if I had caught the villain, I should have murdered him, even without the assistance of Brenda. The poor dog understood me, I was sure. I carried the carcass home, and buried it.

"For two days Brenda sat on a small hill that overlooked the entrance to the valley. At length a dark speck was seen moving along that road, which appears like a small thread as seen from hence. Brenda was down the valley as swift as a mountain torrent, but without its roar; only twice before she started she looked earnestly into the distance, each time lashing her sides with her bushy tail. In a short time she had seized a man from Sainte Meneshould by the throat. I knew him: he was not a good character, and was known as a poacher. I ran as fast as I could, leaving the flock to take care of themselves; but before I could arrive the man was on the ground, savagely torn. Two tourists, attracted by his cries, were on the spot, one of whom immediately drew his hunting-knife, and plunged it into Brenda's heart. She never relaxed her hold of the murderer of Hector until I came up, when, with a look that spoke to my heart, she seemed to resign him to me, and lay down to die. I dashed her blood in the face of the tourists. It was all the re-

venge I dared take; for they acted under the idea that the dog was mad. They understood my sorrow and anger, as I said: 'This knife-thrust will bring you misfortune. You will never kiss your mother on her death-bed, nor receive your father's blessing. This miserable creature, whose life you saved, killed her mate the other day, and you thought her mad in consequence; but your knife-thrust will follow you through life.'

"And so I carried her up here. I went to the tops of the hills to get snow for her, for she could not go herself; but it was of no use. One day she dragged herself to the spot where Hector lay buried, and, stretching herself at full length with a low moaning, all was over."

At this moment Gellert gave out a terrible note.

"Is that wolves?" cried Adèle.

"No, Madame; Brenda always did so when Brindette came."

Again Gellert gave tongue, and Nicolas said, "I could almost swear that was Brenda's voice."

Gellert sniffed the air with dilated nostrils, while his great tail was lashing to and fro. At that moment an enormous hound came bounding toward us, and we were so occupied with looking at him that we did not notice Brindette, who, taking her betrothed's forehead, kissed it in the way that all do in that country when they really love. "Don't say a word: I know all about it. Where are they?" Nicolas pointed to a corner of his hut. Brindette went there, knelt down and kissed the ground; then she came and welcomed us, after which, turning to Nicolas, she said, "Go and get me some milk, for I am thirsty." When he was gone, she continued: "I see by your countenances that you know all. Ah, Madame! we don't talk very well, but what we feel here [with her hand on her heart] is so strong that we are cast down, like my betrothed."

"And yet you have been eight days without coming to see him," said the guide.

"Don't talk of what you don't understand, young man. It is a long travel to my father's pastures, and I have been there since the misfortune."

The guide looked at her and then at the great dog, which was racing over the sward with Gellert, and, slapping Brindette on the back, said, "Well, you are a brave girl!"

"You would not have me come whimpering here with my hands empty? So I went and got her sister Maida."

At this moment Nicolas returned, and Brindette giving a peculiar whistle, Maida came bounding to her feet.

"This is your master," said she to the dog, making her smell the shepherd's hand.

"It's time we returned," said our guide, "before the deep shadows fall."

"Go along first; I'll follow you soon," said the young girl.

"I should think so, Ma'amselle Bonne-jambe," said the guide, laughing; "we can go along at full speed, but you will overtake us."

"Not so fast as you think;" and she showed, without letting Nicolas see them, her feet, swollen with walking, and her delicate ankles, distorted with fatigue.

The Baroness led the way, gathering wild flowers. "O, we must return here!" said she, loading me with her first bouquet. I looked at her, and saw that she was touched with what had passed. She had brought away from that simple sheepfold many subjects for a woman of the world to reflect upon. I also noticed that she wanted to be alone; so I let her go a little way ahead, without losing sight of her. After a time her sad step ended, and she began to run to right and left, scrambling about the banks and ravines, with Gellert ever at her heels. I thought, as I looked at her, that women had steel springs in the place of



nerves, when all of a sudden I saw the earth give way under her feet, and she disappeared. We were too far off to help, so giving a great cry the guide and myself rushed forward. But Gellert was there, and as his mistress felt herself sinking over the precipice she clutched him convulsively round the neck, and, feeling his collar, held on to that; and there she hung with eternity below her.

The brave dog comprehended the danger, and planted his strong forelegs and claws into the earth; but he felt the grasp of Adèle gradually grow lighter, as well as his collar slip; and at the moment when she would have gone forever, he opened his great mouth and seized his mistress by the arm. It was no longer a question of remaining still. The faithful creature felt the blood of his mistress flowing over his lips; so gradually he drew her back and back, always holding fast, until his precious burden was once more on the firm earth. He alone had saved Adèle; for, fast as we ran, the seconds that had elapsed could not have sufficed to reach her.

I took her in my arms like a child, and carried her to the shadow of a tree, while the guide went for water. Then I took out the *flacons* she had loaded me with in the morning, little thinking that they would be found to be so useful, and washed her temples, while poor Gellert gently licked her hands and face.

At last she opened her eyes, and turning them from me to her preserver, said faintly, "O, I am so relieved: I have had a dreadful dream." Then suddenly, "But I suffer very much in this arm." The guide arrived at this moment; and we endeavored to cut the sleeve of her dress to get at the wound, but she was so unaccustomed to suffer, that during our attempt she fainted.

"We must go back to Nicolas' hut," said the guide. "How fortunate that Brindette is there: she is so good a nurse."

I took her in my arms—I did not know that I was so strong—and ran up the mountain with her, stopping for a moment to moisten her lips with a little water, and to take breath. We found Brindette just starting to overtake us. In a minute she had a bed made, with our cloaks and her shawl for a coverlet, in which we placed our suffering fellow-traveler.

"Monsieur Henri, without ordering you, please go to that side of the bed, and keep applying your smelling-salts, so that she does not faint. You, Nicolas, keep up a supply of fresh water, and don't be afraid of bringing too much. You, my townsman"—to the guide—"take my scissors, and cut this linen in strips as wide as my hand."

It was necessary to cut the dress, and take the pieces that stuck in the wound carefully away; but the girl had a hand so soft and light, at the same time so rapid, that in a short while the poor arm was exposed. It was horribly bruised, and in some parts badly lacerated.

"Now, Gellert, it's your turn," said Brindette, after she had thoroughly washed the arm with icy-cold water; "lick away well at this arm: it must bleed more yet."

The dog understood, and came; but he was so afraid of hurting his mistress, that he did but caress her arm gently with his long, supple tongue.

"Ah! you have remained strong in frame and strong of heart, my dog," said the girl; "but now you are of no use. Go along. Come here, Maida!"—and at her call the other came bounding to her side. I made a movement of terror.

"On my word," said Brindette, much offended, "you are the last that should distrust the dogs of our breed. You have been changed by town life, Master Henri."

Maida, by this time, was licking the poor, wounded arm so energetically that it bled profusely.

"That's right; go on, go on," said the girl, encouraging the dog. "Once more; that's right; that's enough, old dog."

The moment that Maida heard the order to stop, she ran to the water, and, poking her muzzle in, washed her face and mouth, snuffing through her nose in order to get rid of the least trace of human blood, and then returned to place herself side by side with Gellert, at the foot of the bed.

For eight days we stayed there. Nicolas sought herbs and simples under the direction of Brindette. At one time, when I wished to send for a doctor, she said: "Master Henri, I love this lady as well as you do. If you send for a doctor, the first thing he will do will be to transport her from this pure, bracing atmosphere; then he will take off her bandages, and after that cut off her arm. Trust in me. I can cure her; but if you send for a doctor, she is lost."

The news of the accident had spread far and wide; so that about a month after, when we descended to Chaudfontaine, there was welcome from many friends of the Baroness, who had come from a distance, and a perfect ovation for Gellert.

Adèle would not lose sight of Brindette; and begged her to stay at the hotel until she got perfectly cured. I paid daily visits; and at length, the fever having completely passed away, the Baroness was able to take her drives, when she was surrounded by a host of her admirers, all of whom urged her to make her choice of a future husband. One day, after she had suffered from a relapse, and her only companions during the morning had been Brindette and her attached Gellert, she was sitting in the veranda, when the question arose as to putting on Gellert's collar; but it was nowhere to be found. Brindette was consulted, but she declared that the dog had no collar when he came down from the mountain. The Baroness shudder-

ed, as she said: "I half remember it slipping from his neck at the moment when he seized my arm. Be assured it is at the foot of the precipice.—I must get another," said she, after a short silence; "but to-day I shall not go out."

Surrounded that evening by the numbers who sighed for her hand, one of them complained that she had been so little visible out of doors lately.

"A simple accident was the reason," replied she. "My dog has no collar; and as he is not particularly good-tempered with every body, I did not like him to go out without one."

"A dog-collar! Well, can't that be offered, like a bouquet or a book?"

"Certainly."

"Will you, then, allow me to present him with one worthy of his beauty?"

A mischievous look came into the Baroness' eyes, as she replied, "Very well; but on one condition."

"Any condition you may impose is accepted beforehand."

"It is, that I shall establish a competition among all my friends for Gellert's collar."

Every one said that it was an excellent idea; and the collarless Gellert received, on a sudden, almost as much attention as his mistress.

"Be it perfectly understood, gentlemen, that out of all these offerings I shall only accept one, and that is the collar which one of you, gentlemen, can himself fasten round my dog's neck; for as I grant the highest amount of perceptive intelligence to my dog, he whom he accepts as his friend becomes mine."

"But you must give us at least a week," said one of her suitors, "to find a proper collar."

"As you will," said she.

I left early that evening, not in the best of humors; for I did not altogether admire this mode of choosing a "friend." The number of admirers that flocked around her annoyed me to that extent

that I was glad to be alone. During the week I was twenty times on the point of going away, and as many times I gave orders to unpack my things. The morning of the day appointed for the trial of Gellert's collar, Nicolas walked into my room. I was so glad to see the good fellow, who brought back the recollection of pleasant days, that I shook him warmly by the hand.

"Don't be astonished to see me here, Master Henri; our old friend, the guide, has turned shepherd for one day in my place, on account of two words that I have to say."

"If you only knew how glad I am to see you!" said I.

"I feel you are, Master Henri; and I don't know how it is, but, on my word, Brindette and I love no one so much as you and my lady. It is, perhaps, because," said he, timidly, "lovers understand one another better than any body else. Don't be angry with me for saying so; don't be afraid, Master Henri, for women don't like cowards; don't fear. Gellert is a child of the mountain, and won't allow himself to be muzzled by a city fop. Trust him for that; it will do me good to see them; for I sha'n't go back till to-morrow. The guide will keep watch for me."

"You must stop and breakfast with me, Nicolas;" for I wanted to keep him as long with me as I could. By his side, I felt that some one loved me; that some one was about me, and backed me up. I had a man from my own district—or, as the Scotch say, one of my clan—with me.

"Brindette told me to come to you. Of course I had no idea to eat anywhere else. It mustn't be thought that when I come down from the mountains, I should go and break bread with any but Master Henri. No, no; I wouldn't insult you so much."

We talked of the hills, and our stay among them; of the place where the

Baroness had fallen: in short, he engaged my attention so thoroughly that the time passed along without my noticing it.

"Won't it soon be time to go and visit the lady?" asked he, for he had a great desire to see Brindette. I looked at my watch, and the hour was close at hand.

On entering the room, I was so nervous that I am sure it showed itself in my face, for Nicolas pressed my arm, saying, in a whisper: "How's this, Master Henri? Are we more Count than mountaineer to-day? It mustn't be so now, for the moment has arrived."

I hadn't told all to my friend, the shepherd. I felt half-crazy, and longed to strangle all the men that were there by her side, all thinking that they had a right to make love to her. I was as jealous and blood-thirsty as a devil. There they all were; not one missing.

Adèle was sitting in a corner, and they were grouped in a semicircle about her; nevertheless, it struck me that she was less gay than ordinary, and her lips were pale.

"Well," said she, as I entered, "the whole world seems determined that I shall marry; and to-day I will make my choice."

I adored her, but at that moment I longed to kill her. I don't know what she saw in my eyes, but as she caught them, she turned away her head.

There were dog-collars of all sorts and shapes, most of them absurdly beautiful. For my part I had felt it unworthy of myself, unworthy of my love, to enter the lists; and I sat down with empty hands in another corner of the *salon*, decided on nothing, but ready for any thing.

Adèle rang the bell. It struck me that her hand trembled, but it might have been that the blood which coursed through my temples dazzled my eyes.

"Send Gellert here," was the order.

The folding-doors opened, and he entered. He came in somewhat mistrust-



fully, with his ears thrown back, and his brow bent, going straight up to his mistress. He jumped on the lounge by her side, and they gave him sugar and cakes, and made every thing of him; but he never relaxed that look of something going on wrong, and ever kept his ears back.

Seeing him munching the good things so contentedly, one of the gentlemen grew bold, and, with his collar in one hand, he stretched out the other to the dog's head. Gellert's stomach was easy of attack, but no further, as he let him know; for he gave an awful growl, showing at the same time a range of sharp teeth.

The candidate retired, having given one look at the means of defense possessed by the dog; and another hot-brained, brave young fellow, whom I knew and liked, took his place, saying: "I don't see why we should be afraid of mere threat. Come here, good old fellow; come, good dog." All this while it was he who was approaching; for the dog obeyed no one but his mistress. The young man unbuckled his collar, and tried to pass it round the dog's neck. I had only just time to spring forward. Gellert had him by the throat, so completely, that he must have tasted the experience of being strangled. Instinctively I came to his aid, and by main force made the dog loose his hold.

The young man was more frightened than hurt, but did not desire another

trial; in fact, every one agreed that the dog was unapproachable, and hid their collars. Meanwhile Gellert, who was roused, began to roll his eyes round among the company, and move his tail in a manner I knew well the result of; so I held him fast to my side, and, without thinking of it, had made a collar of my two arms round his neck.

At this moment Brindette appeared at the door of the drawing-room, holding something ugly in her hand, which would have been shamed by the side of the costly ornaments that had been offered to Gellert. "Here, Master Henri; put this on the good dog. Your arms have something else to do than to hold him."

I took it from her. It was Gellert's collar—his own old collar—which he had lost the day he saved his mistress. I seized the modest leathern strap—which had not gained in appearance by lying hidden for a month in the mountains—and buckled it firmly round the dog's neck, while he rubbed his black nose against my legs.

"I give you nothing, old boy," said I. "I only restore that which you lost on a day that I shall never forget."

"Now then, Gellert, come and thank your master," said the Baroness, rising and giving me her hand. "Gentlemen," said she, with a graceful bow to the assembly, "I hope that you will honor the Count and myself by attending our wedding; for, believe me, no one shall put the collar on me but himself."

## HEARTS OF OAK.

## IN FOUR PARTS.—PART THIRD.

MR. SERENE SLOPER.

THIS chapter, with two or three following it, are going to be quite horrid. Dramatic effect requires a revelation of some youthful improprieties; otherwise Paul Rookh would become of no possible use to the novel-reading community, and I, as a historian, shall have lived in vain. I deplore the necessity that forces me to unveil that period of youth which every *man* is very willing to pass over in silence, but even this brief chronicle of the times would be incomplete without it.

At precisely eleven o'clock A.M., one glorious August, Paul Rookh yawned like a sick bear. The sunshine lit up the roof of his mouth as he did so, and caused him to blindfold his bloodshot eyes with the hem of the bedclothes, as he turned impatiently from the glare of the new day he found so unwelcome. A light breakfast of soda-water, a lounge about town, a doze on the sofa, some nine hours of unspeakable tediousness, brought around the darkness; and Paul set forth on another night of folly. With an admirable assumption of indifference, a beaver (his very first), and a cigar (his very last of the thousand), he entered a saloon, whither a score of tables had attracted numerous embryo-champions of the fascinating science of billiards. He played a game or two, hooking his hip on the edge of the table, and indulging in a series of fancy-shots that involved a deal of extravagant attitudinizing, a steady hand, and a nice eye. Of course, he was utterly unconscious of the comments his skill called forth from the

spectators, and looked excessively unconcerned as he made a brilliant run that attracted an interested throng to his table. What if he chalked his cue in an attitude, had intermittent *poses*, and mouthed softly as in triumph, indignation, or despair while the game progressed? We all do that sort of thing if we are being looked at, and I defy any one to be perfectly natural when he knows that at least one pair of eyes is taking his measure.

Having won the game, Paul patronized the unfortunate who lost it, making a few passes with his cue, and doing wonders in a small way. He felt as though he could play on indefinitely from that period, though the whole crowd were watching him. There is a kind of intoxication in the achievement of any thing unusual that hardens sensibility; and Paul was prepared to receive the congratulations of several young gentlemen who affected an intimate acquaintance, but whose names he could scarcely recall, if indeed he ever knew them. One of these satellites (happy to distinguish himself in any way) desired to introduce his friend Sloper.

"Mr. Sloper, Mr. Rookh!"

"Glad to make your acquaintance; hope you are well. Join us in something at the bar, Mr. Rookh?" said Sloper.

Paul bowed graciously, and joined him; two or three others, being invited by a slight nod of the head, immediately accepted the nod, and the animated bust behind the bar, looking never so smiling in very white linen, slid up and down his narrow walk with such rapidity and precision that he might as well have been

an automaton; for no man is expected to behave so creditably.

Serene Sloper did nothing for a living, and did it naturally enough. His complexion was wine-stained, and his whole person betrayed his sensuality. When Paul met this individual, and was presented to him as Mr. Rookh, he felt as though he had been butted by two gray eyes, as hard and lustreless as a new slate. His whole nature was repulsed by the brazen stare of those scoulless eyes. Paul could not get beyond the lashes that hedged them like a charge of bayonets, and he was half inclined to question the existence of a soul in so gross a body, whose windows seemed actually to be walled up forever.

Sloper swaggered up to Paul (who never seemed more out of place than in this man's company), and imposed his personality upon him. The conversation that followed embraced nearly every thing under the modern sun; but while every thing else was sweeping in its orbit, the sole centre of the system was Sloper. He could convince you of that fact sooner than I can. I am sure he could. At the conclusion of a story, wherein he related a remarkable adventure of his—showing his wonderful presence of mind—in the interior of Africa, incidental to which he had also given his impressions of Europe and the East, together with several entertaining anecdotes of the celebrities of the world, he said to Paul, "Let us drink." Paul acquiesced, and they adjourned to the superb structure of mahogany and plate, where were to be had luscious beverages of every conceivable description. A valuable picture of nude figures, hanging over the bar of the saloon, called forth several witticisms from Sloper, so broad and coarse that Paul colored a little while he strove to laugh at them.

Billiards and cigars were at once resumed, and the two natures were submitted to a friction which could not fail

to tell upon one or other of them before long: the one, corrosive as copper, with no alloy of purer metal to temper its baseness; the other, genuine gold, though its brightness was dulled for the time. Sloper's runs upon the table were enlivened by his soliloquies. Paul was amazed at his profound knowledge of slang, and was more than once compelled to laugh heartily at his own expense, the comments of Sloper were so grotesque and absurd. He seemed never to open his mouth save to emit some links of profanity, that hung together with singular fitness. He was an artist in oaths, and gave exhibitions free, for the benefit of the unsophisticated public.

From time to time there was a lava-like eruption in the face of Sloper, and he discharged fearful quantities of tobacco slime in the most convenient direction (convenient to himself), quite irrespective of receptacles. "Take a drink," said Sloper, at the end of the game; and they drank, at Paul's expense, repeating the ceremony several times—too many times at Paul's expense, perhaps, for he was inclined to grow indiscriminately confiding and affectionate after a third glass.

The old spinning in the head began to return again. Paul tried to laugh it off, and was very gay indeed; he desired to prove to all present how much liquor he could stand without betraying it, which they easily enough observed.

Sloper detested all formalities. Contact with the great world—such contact as his—is apt to rub off the affectations of society. The next time he saw Paul, he slapped him on the shoulder, and asked him how he did. Paul had nearly forgotten that he had ever even seen the gentleman, but the state of the case was speedily made clear by Sloper himself, who accompanied Paul as he walked homeward, in spite of the latter's desperate, though delicate, attempts to shake him off. Sloper had something to say to



him; and he took his arm, in order to assist himself in saying it. Having unavoidably reached the hall-door, Paul asked him in, and the two sat down together in the library, where Sloper made himself very much at home—to Paul's infinite surprise and amusement.

Sloper, having taken an ocular inventory of the furniture, approached Paul confidentially. There was a young woman rather struck with him; she had begged him to bring Paul to see her—and Sloper felt all over Paul's face with his slaty eyes. They fairly made one feel dusty in the throat to look at them. Paul half promised to go. He was not much flattered by this invitation, for little affairs of that nature were no longer a novelty to him. Paul was happy at love, and therefore a trifle indifferent to lovers. Sloper came several times to the Rookery to freshen Paul's memory of his promise, and sometimes spent the night there; for room was abundant, and Paul was a generous host.

It was a pity that Rivers was busy, in these days, at his office down town. Paul found time a great bore, and was driven to the society of Serene Sloper for momentary relief. He followed, with a certain loathing, the debased fellow, and grew gradually familiar with the glaring sins of the city. He tried gaming for amusement, grew hollow-eyed, and began to look haggard. There were faint shadows gathering under his cheek-bones, and the lines of his mouth hardened and belied his nature, which was confiding and pure.

To be sure, Rivers had begun to notice his alteration, but he felt a delicacy about speaking of it to Paul. Every young man feels the same charity for his fellow, and trusts so much to the possible recovery that he often goes down to death unshriven. One word from Rivers just then, when he most needed it, would have done more for Paul than all the evidences of the past,

with explanatory notes by the apostles of temperance, and a closing *tableau* of red fire and delirium tremens. But Rivers held his peace, while Paul grew uneasy and nervous. He fretted at life, was dissatisfied with every thing, and lived without aim or motive. He killed time in the cruelest way, more cruel to himself than to Time—who is used to that sort of thing, and can stand it.

On the verge of an abyss Paul groped, heedless alike of death and danger, and Serene Sloper was the demon that lured him thither.

#### TIGER.

There was a crow feasting in the Rookery, and his name was Sloper. How he ever came there Paul scarcely knew, but Serene Sloper certainly made himself quite at home notwithstanding; and it must be acknowledged that he did his best to entertain Paul during his stay.

Paul and Sloper knew a spot of infinite attractions. Sloper showed it to Paul with that impressive air of secrecy which endears any thing to any body under the circumstances. Arm-in-arm, night after night, those fellow-sinners walked the shining streets of the metropolis; sat an hour or two in the malaria of the dance-cellar; exhibited their art at billiards; and then strolled into a saloon, drinking with any friend they might find there, finally passing into an inner room, apparently constructed for the *curing* of human flesh, since it usually contained about one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco-smoke to the square inch. A little room it was, with a small, round table, four chairs, a pack of cards, and several tumblers. The first time Paul entered this secret chamber, he seemed lost in a dense cloud of smoke, through which he heard voices, the click of coin, and a confused hum as of feet, canes, tumblers, etc., by no means at rest. As his eyes became

acclimated, he was enabled to recognize Mr. Thomas, whose uncle was ex-Governor; Mr. Richard, whose father was perpetual deacon, and profoundly orthodox; Mr. Henry, whose mamma was leader of fashion and church fairs, and young Nix, who was nobody in particular, but who usually turned up trumps in spite of Fate, and was consequently tolerated by all parties concerned. Around the wall were grouped a few slim young men, whose sublime destiny it may be to sire the Presidents of the Future, but who were just then suffering with a premature development of opinions upon any given subject, together with a brace of rather weak knees. These youths bet vaguely upon the players, backing their favorites with much blasphemous cheer. Hot liquors continued to steam. Messrs. Tom, Dick, and Harry having been financially floored by the plebeian Nix (whom the gods evidently loved, though he was by no means prepared for early death), small loans were negotiated, and the play was renewed.

Paul Rookh could not resist forcing a trifling sum upon one of the unlucky players whom he particularly liked, though this act of disinterested kindness was undoubtedly to prove a bar to any future intimacy between them. Charity killeth liberty, fraternity, and equality. Alas! for charity.

The entire community in the neighborhood of the card-room having become thoroughly involved, Paul and Sloper withdrew, and found the street abandoned. There was a slice of the old moon left in the almanac in spite of cloudy weather; therefore no lamps were lit. A couple of noisy fellows were howling a few blocks away. Somebody's milk-wagon made a racket as it passed rapidly along the pavement, throwing two rays of light from the small lanterns on the driver's seat. The piercing *tremulo* of the Policeman's whistle seemed to awak-

en a thousand echoes, and the silence was the more profound thereafter.

Paul and Sloper, groping their way into the darkness, stumbled upon a woman lying in a damp corner, dead, perhaps—no, only saturated with liquor. They regained their equilibrium, and passed on. The sharp air of the morning chilled them. Their teeth chattered, their pace quickened. On they hastened into the darkness, but I haven't the slightest idea where they went to!

#### MADAME GUSHER.

Paul was informed that his presence would be agreeable at nine P.M. of a certain date; Paul turned it over in his mind, and concluded it must be a *soirée*—something stylish and select. So he arrayed himself in all his glory, and walked toward the residence of Madame Gusher, which he reached at nine P.M. precisely.

A quiet, refined-looking cottage, much hidden by vines and foliage, was the abode of the mysterious being who desired his presence. As he was about turning into the street, he saw a stranger retiring from the hall-door—Gusher's brother, he thought, if she had a brother; he was not sure that she had one. Or he might be one of the guests going to return soon; though, to tell the truth, the cottage was amazingly still and sleepy-looking for a scene of festivities, however suppressed and stately.

Paul rang at the door, lifted his hat, and arranged his faultless forelock (a secret twist that gave it great effect), when a light slipper kissed the hall-floor, and the door was hastily opened by Gusher herself.

His reception was so genial and hearty that he felt immediately at home, and they entered the parlor together. A small room, dimly lighted and daintily furnished; every article in the apartment was placed there with a purpose, and nothing was lost in the general effect.

Few pictures, but striking ones. The furniture simple and tasteful; and pervading the whole, an atmosphere of peace, simplicity, and refinement that at once charmed Paul.

Still, there were no signs of any but themselves; and it struck him as being a little odd that it was so. He would have felt more at home had the room been crowded with guests; in any community he would have been bolder than here, alone with this one woman. "I have been thinking of you, Mr. Rookh," said Gusher, from the depths of a sofa, just large enough to hold her half-recumbent form. "I have been thinking of you ever since you read Swinburne so divinely; and Paul[*she uttered the name in a peculiarly pathetic voice, and checked herself, as though she had been too bold, and so she had*—Mr. Rookh—you must be fond of the poet."

Paul acknowledged that he was fond of the poet; and thought meanwhile that it was very nice of the Madame to remember his name so well. Then Gusher gave her views of the poem and the poet, and of the young elocutionist who had so well interpreted the soul of the poem. Paul was enraptured; he began to think highly of himself as an elocutionist, and to consider himself as an appreciative and a very splendid sort of a fellow generally.

Then Gusher went on to tell him that she had heard much of him from her friend Dolores, and had long been interested in him—much longer than he would imagine. Paul colored appropriately, and wondered in his inmost soul who the deuce Dolores was.

Dolores was a myth, Paul! Any thing that came to Gusher about you—and very much came, for she was a good reader of character, and you a very open-hearted fellow—was attributed to Dolores.

Paul was immensely flattered to think that the female element should be so

much agitated about him. It was what he expected, and had grown to demand almost, from that female element; yet it flattered him to find his new conquest so easy and complete.

He denied carelessly all sorts of beautiful things he was then and there accused of, and confided his whole soul to the delicious Gusher, who blossomed—positively, blossomed—like a night-blooming cereus that evening, and intoxicated Paul with her strange beauty. He wondered at her splendor; it was something quite different from the frivolous flirtations of most of his lady friends. Here were mind and soul. (Paul began to talk a great deal, and think very little, about *soul*.) How fine it seemed to Paul, having this wonderful creature all to himself, and by her special desire, too. It was so fine that he forgot to keep any part of himself to himself. He told her his life, his ways, his hopes for the future, and ten thousand trifles that all seemed worth mentioning to her—she was so deeply interested.

And the midnight cereus unfolded her charms, as though half reluctantly, because it was the wisest thing she could do, while Paul really imagined that he was enslaving her.

"Is it not grand"—thought he—"the power I have to lead on and entrap these creatures!" And it was the cunning of Gusher that made him think so. She had commissioned him his own executioner; and while he fancied it in his power to slay the victim—his plaything for the time being—he did not dream that the weapon she had placed in his hand was two-edged, and that it pointed toward himself. It was a hazardous game, and Gusher played skillfully and carefully. When she found Paul hesitating, she tried to lead him gently forward; if she failed, then there was but one alternative—to sweep him onward with the torrent of her own eloquence, or to lose him entirely. She knew him,



as she knew the printed page. She had him in black and white; he yielded unsuspectingly to her spells, thinking the current was in his favor, and the tiller in his hand.

Paul was loath to leave that charmed spot at two in the morning. He wondered how it could be so very late. He was urged even then to stay, but he went; and from the words she whispered at parting, and the reluctance she could not but betray, he knew how profound was the impression he had made upon the impulsive creature who strove to stay his departure. "Come very, very soon, Paul; I shall long for your return." And the hot palm that pressed his, and the faint blue flame that burned in the unhallowed depths of her hungering eyes, told how she should long for him with a feverish and unsatisfied longing.

Paul went into the cool, bracing air of the morning, half-drunk from the oppressive atmosphere of Gusher's parlor. He drew a long breath, and strove to throw off the numbness that possessed him. As he turned he saw Gusher, with tear-dimmed eyes, regarding him reproachfully. A little pang of remorse shot through him, but he recovered, and said to himself: "A poor bird in a cage. She shall flutter before she is free again!"

His haughty step clanged on the pavement of the deserted and silent street as Gusher closed her door, uttering her brief verdict of "Simpleton."

#### IN THE TOILS.

As one smeared with pitch, Paul could not cover his defilement. That little parlor of Gusher's possessed the horrible fascination of a female Bluebeard's chamber (I suppose there are such); and he seemed to carry about with him the blood-spotted key whose stain he could not wash off. Yet he dreaded almost to return there, for it seemed to him that he had said too much to Gusher. He

remembered that she did not say half as much to him, though he fancied at the time that he had her in his power. He hardly knew what to do about it; so he consulted Sloper.

Sloper was equal to any emergency, and every thing of this sort was quite in his line; at least he said so, and Paul was bound to believe him. Together they plotted the ruin of this foolish girl, who, in reality, was considerably their superior in years. She owed much of her youthful appearance to the artifices of the toilet, and to the subdued light of the apartment which Paul had observed when there.

"She was very foolish to act as she had done: any one would acknowledge that. Now, why should she not suffer for her folly? Can a man (a *young man*) be blamed for her misfortunes?" It is the argument of youth, and its wisdom is apt to strike immature minds forcibly. "It would be just about the right thing to teach this person a lesson she would remember," Sloper remarked sagely to Paul; and Paul agreed with him fully, and was eager for the fray. There was a promise of rather racy developments, he thought, that would afford much amusement to Sloper and himself. To Chum Rivers he said nothing, because he thought Rivers so preoccupied with his studies that he would not relish any thing of the kind; therefore he made no mention of the matter.

With the cold-blooded calculations of the *roué*, Paul and Sloper laid their little plans. The whole adventure just suited. The dull vacation made memorable by plotting and intrigue, was more than Paul had ever anticipated; and he entered into the spirit of it with feverish earnestness.

About this time, also, he took a few finishing lessons from some of the *ballet-girls* of the — Theatre. Sloper knew all of them, and he volunteered introductions, which Paul was not slow to

accept, and which he was very quick to speak of in mixed society, in order to shock some of his friends, and make others miserable with envy. Paul learned to talk freely with the nymphs of the dance, and he did not hesitate to recognize them in the street, as they passed him in a bevy on their way to or from rehearsal. Once or twice Paul's coat bore little patches of pearl-powder on the lapel, which he vaguely hinted had, he feared, betrayed him, and he hoped somebody would not be mortified. His friends and admirers drew their own liberal inferences, much to Paul's satisfaction; and the matter was whispered about, and increased in proportion, till Paul Rookh came to be regarded as quite a swell, and rather a dangerous sort of a person.

Paul really dreaded the thought of returning to college, and in the end gave it up entirely. He had a smattering of Latin, which would enable him to limp through the law, and his father had sufficient influence to secure his admittance to the bar when the time came; and nothing further was said in the matter. Paul and Sloper had it their own way. Paul's allowance was moderate, and when it came to be divided with Sloper (whose allowance was minus), it went hard with both of them before the month was over. Now and then it was found necessary to leave some article of value at the establishment with the triple balls; for gaming and losing, and a little more gaming, to make up the losses—which generally fell short of its object—was very unprofitable business, as Paul was forced to confess.

Shameless and open debauches were not unfrequent; and Paul Rookh, with the brand of infamy overshadowing the pale forehead his dead mother had anointed with her tears, disgusted with himself and with the world, unlovely and unloving, reeled through the halls of the old Rookery, unmindful of that sacred cham-

ber of death. What did the father, who had so loved and cherished him, in those trying times? Old, infirm, the slave of the Exchange, he saw not how the shadows were gathering round the little Paul of other years. In truth, he seldom saw him. A suitable allowance per month, his own rooms, his own hours, were all the privileges Paul required, and these were willingly granted him. Thus left to himself, between two fires whose heat was equally pernicious, Paul, hand-in-hand with Sloper, swept madly upon the current of indifference toward the whirlpool of despair.

For all his boasts, Paul feared a little to meet the Gusher. He felt a certain disinclination to renew the experiences of that night; something seemed to withhold his steps whenever his mind wandered toward her door. It was the good part of his nature, striving still to assert itself; for the youth was in danger, and the end not far away.

O! infant Hercules, playing with passion-serpents, how blind, that you can not see them coiling about you, gloating over you, and outgrowing your strength with a deadly and terrible swiftness!

If there should be a sequel to this tale, entitled, "About twenty years after," you would most likely read in its last chapter, containing the apotheosis of Paul Rookh, and wherein his venerable form would be seen bowed over a mildewed copy of "Hearts of Oak," as he traced with trembling fingers its half-obliterated lines—you would read how he paused solemnly as he came upon the moral reflection, beginning, "O! infant Hercules," etc., and lifting his calm eyes to the fresh ceiling of the restored Rookery, with one foot planted upon his rather elegant Brussels, and one in the everlasting, metaphorical grave, he murmured a fervent AMEN! He doubtless wished that the new brood of Rookhs (if there were a new brood, it would no doubt be playing hop-scotch on the front

veranda at that very moment) would witness the contrition of the parental heart—a contrition which was considerably overdue before it made its appearance. But they wouldn't! Hop-scotch was more, far more, than Hercules to them, and their father knew it, and saw with infinite compassion how his youth was budding again; and he swallowed the moral reflection whole, as a diet suited to his age and experience, and hop-scotch was supreme in the front veranda.

#### AT THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

Mme. Gusher permitted her magnificent person to be swept into the great tide of fashion and beauty that ebbs and flows in our principal thoroughfares, and is at its highest about four P.M. of a pleasant day. As Mme. Gusher yielded to the persuasive undercurrents of gay life, and was wafted among the fleets of beauty, she was a model to look upon, and in her you beheld a triumph of metropolitan millinery. Gusher was indeed a thing of beauty; and as such, attracted no little attention and comment.

Paul Rookh and his jolly fellows were on guard at a street-corner, when the Gusher hove in sight. Paul remarked that "he knew the cut of that jib." (It gave him no little satisfaction to be able to announce the fact.) Paul's right bowler, Mr. Serene Sloper, looked as though he were equally well informed as to the aforesaid Gusher.

To and fro swept the unceasing tide of life; down with the current came the majestic Gusher. The piratically inclined gentlemen leveled their eye-glasses as she approached. She had meantime taken her observations, and came down under a press of silks in the most reckless manner. There was much suppressed emotion in the bosoms of the gentlemen, who, still mindful of their romantic profession, stood to their metaphorical guns, resolving to fire upon the dashing beauty if there should be no

signs of recognition on her part. They dipped colors as she passed them; that is, they tipped up their hats, exposing wads of oiled hair upon their foreheads, and replaced the same with some care. The salute was returned. She swung gracefully half round and floated on serenely; but as she passed, in the moment of excitement Paul was drawn into her wake, and whirled out of reach, before his companions knew of his danger. His cane was seen for a moment above the crowd that closed around him, as it waved a final adieu: then all was as placid as though lilies were drifting upon some still stream, instead of the torrent of immortal souls hurrying on in the swift channels of life and necessity. The bereaved band of brothers were in the deepest grief; the silent tear, the heaving bosom, the dejected aspect, and the immeasurable cocktail can alone define the compass of their misery.

Gusher swept homeward, with the disabled Paul in tow. He had found it quite impossible to detach himself, and he began to feel that his fate was sealed. How often had he declared his victories to throngs of inquiring minds, of about his own age or something younger! Paul had been "blowing," evidently! Broken hearts, cases of hopeless derangements, and other disorders were hinted at as being the result of his fearful raids in society. We gratefully return him thanks for having generously refrained from exterminating the whole sex.

Paul was differently situated now. He had rather slighted Gusher: he had not been to see her since that appointed evening at the hour of nine. He felt a little guilty, and not quite at home, as he was piloted into port at her own little vine-clad cottage. There she took in her royals, and was genial rather than stately; the conversation became pleasingly free from affectation. She did not at first upbraid him for his cruel neglect; she charmed him with her artless ways,



so that he might for himself begin to realize how much he had lost in not more frequently seeking her society. The few summers in her favor she generously consented to overlook; and her child-like simplicity and ingenuousness so delighted Paul that he concluded to forget them also. He allowed her to amuse him, and was all the while gaining courage and self-possession.

Gusher billed and cooed, and fluttered at the impenetrable portals of Paul's heart: it was, of course, *blasé* by this time. She looked into his eyes—the windows of his soul—long and earnestly, while she managed her own window-shutters with the utmost art. She dropped those waxen lids suddenly to the upper edges of her bead-like pupils, and they dropped no farther, as though an invisible peg were driven in at that point, purposely to hold those oriental curtains expertly open at the “imminent, deadly breach” of the flirtation. The effect was at once evident. Something in her glance made Paul shiver a little bit. The eyes were the secret of it all. They were her surest weapons. She took deliberate aim with them, fired them steadily—and hit, too, for Paul shuddered visibly at the silent discharges of those masked batteries. Paul wished he was out of that; and he thought that if he had only at once told Rivers the circumstances of the case, much would have been spared him now.

The Gusher was thoroughly in earnest; she besought him to promise this and that, and Paul readily promised every thing required. He would have agreed to almost any thing under the circumstances. So he forswore the society of his thoughtless companions in favor of the unhappy Gusher, whose solitary hours were feelingly described to him.

How he ever escaped from that unhappy creature he hardly knew; but he resolved in his heart that his feet should

never again cross that dangerous threshold, and that he would make a clean breast of it to Rivers, and ask his advice in the matter of a reform. He began by dropping into the first beer-cellar he came to, where he met Serene Sloper, whom he assured that in all human probability there was a lacerated bosom bleeding for him at that moment, and that he thought it would bleed pretty thoroughly before it got over the wound.

#### PURIFIED.

Paul was hardly yet blossomed into the flower of manhood, when he began to show signs of the sere and yellow leaf. The small hours, the large tod-dies, and Miss Gusher told upon him fearfully. He was in the fell embrace of that devil-fish of society—dissipation. A dozen long, boneless feelers were lashed about him; a hundred clammy mouths were fastened upon his vitals, sucking incessantly. Youth is receptive, and requires nourishment. It is very badly calculated to supply it to others. How, then, hope to survive this terrible drain upon his vitality? Gusher was more fatal than the wine that intoxicates and the play that maddens, for she tempted without granting the poor satisfaction of temporary oblivion: she drove her victims to the worst extremes, and then triumphantly abandoned them.

But Paul had a convenient uncle—one who was as natural as the hills he dwelt among—who, while he could not conform to the restrictions of society, and was therefore denied (in a delicate, though decided way) the privileges of the Rookery, yet could open his great heart to the false children of the town whenever they chose to bury themselves for a season in the wilds of Nature.

Paul began to realize the advisability of a change; and having collected a small circulating library of French romances, and taken a parting glass with his companions about town—in fact, sev-

eral parting glasses with those companions—he betook himself to the country, in the direction of his uncle's estates.

Paul immediately began to improve under the new *régime*; he outgrew the death's-head expression of his face, and was refreshed and exhilarated by the beauty and novelty of his pastoral life. He tried to recall some of the old lessons in Bucolics, but found to his amazement that Greek and Latin were indeed dead languages to him. He seemed to have forgotten every thing he had ever learned in school and college, and to remember only the confused life he had been leading during the last two years.

Paul lay under the trees in the hot hours of the day, listening to the myriad voices of Nature, that spoke to him in language he could once almost interpret, but which had now grown strangely unfamiliar to him.

His days were gloriously lazy; his nights, calm and lovely seasons of rest and refreshment, such as it seemed to him he had not experienced in ages. Just about dusk he used to walk toward the lower end of the valley. It was observed that he usually walked in the same direction; also, that he did it at, or about, milking-time. What could it mean? He was a better judge of milk in punches than of that article clear. Were his tastes changing? Did he like warm, yellow milk, almost as soft as oil, with foam an inch deep on it? That is the question.

*By the way, who milked?* Hesper milked. Hesper was a country girl, solid and brown, and tidy and unaffected. Her eyes were calm and clear. It did you good to have her merely look at you, for she could look upon nothing ignoble or impure with those eyes; so it flattered you every time she did look at you, especially if she looked more than once. She looked at Paul, and then looked again, and yet again. Paul was glad of it. She advised him to drink

milk; she said he needed it; then she reached him some in a bowl, which he drank immediately. He liked it—liked it very much indeed. He drank more of it. He thought he could drink milk as long as she chose to hand it to him.

But Hesper was wise. She gave him just enough, and told him he must sleep early and wake early, which he promised to do; and began at once making such a business of sleeping early that on the following night he barely closed his eyes before day-break, and thought nearly all the time of his new friend. He always awoke early, for Hesper milked again at sunrise, and he stood by, watching her as she sat with her forehead against the warm, glossy coat of the cow, and her two hands busy with the milking. Paul had seldom seen a sunrise since the boyish days, when he went shooting with the other fellows on a Saturday before breakfast. Certainly he had caught occasional glimpses of them after a ball, but they always looked cloudy and disagreeable then; how lovely they seemed to him now as he stood by Hesper, expecting every moment that the cow would kick, when he would have to rush to the rescue, and there would be a scene, with no spectators but the birds. He was up every morning: he grew passionately fond of milking; or, rather, of seeing others milk. Once he could not resist offering his poor services, but Hesper would not accept of them (the cow might have suffered if she had, and she knew that well enough); she only laughed a little, while he thought how different was that pure, hearty gurgle of Hesper's from the affected articulations of the Gusher, which she meant for the refinement of childish gayety.

How fresh the fields were at that season; how beautiful the song of the birds. Paul grew to like the lowing of the cattle almost as much as the carol of the lark. They were calling Hesper to them with that deep, rich, prolonged trumpet-

note. How they liked Hesper! How he liked them for liking her so much; in short, how he loved Hesper for her own dear self, and how all seemed good, and pure, and holy for her sake. He took her hand, one evening, while they stood at the wicket. In a low cloud hung the silver-horned moon; near them rippled the spring, with a faint, melodious murmur. The flowers were breathing heavily in the night-air—sleepily and heavily. Paul took Hesper's ungloved and sun-browned hand, and forgot to let it go again. It was a cool, soft hand, grateful to the touch, like the flower of some sea-plant. He held it tenderly, and was rebuked for the impurity of his past life. How different had been his sensations when his palm fastened upon the palm of Gusher, and he was parched with the fever of passion. He was ready to faint sometimes when those battles were raging in his breast. Paul seemed to have burst his bonds of corruption, and to have become purified under the influence of Nature and Nature's perfect child, his beloved Hesper. He was revolving in his mind the plausibility of settling down near his uncle, and forswearing the city for evermore.

But now and then, in these quiet and gentle moods, letters found their way into his seclusion—letters written in the midst of sin, and blazing with the glitter of sensuous life. They fell like bombs in the very centre of his fancied security, and did some damage, too. Sloper wrote him a letter, so openly profane and so disgustingly coarse, that Paul wondered how he could ever have endured his society. He wrote him all about Gusher. Gusher was positively languishing for Paul. She sent this message, and this, and this; and Paul tore the letter in a thousand pieces, and felt how weak he was to struggle against the current he had once been drifting with. Rivers wrote him, also. The letters were brief, tender, and honest. He

feared to say too much, lest Paul should take offense; and he knew that in that case his influence would be entirely lost.

In his new state Paul fully appreciated this delicacy in Rivers. Again and again he read the kind messages sent him, and the old school-boy love that used to be his life began to revive. He thought how true Rivers had been to him—ever the same considerate, self-sacrificing friend—while he, Paul, had drifted toward all points of the compass, and yielded with equal enthusiasm to any current, as it swept him along.

Paul wished Gusher full fathoms five under the sea, and didn't care particularly whether she were amphibious or not. As for Serene Sloper, he did not answer his letter; and moreover, he resolved to cut him on the very first opportunity that should offer, and so end that matter.

About this time Paul's father wrote to him on business affairs that would compel his return. Paul was vexed, but yielded with as good a grace as he was capable of. He thought he would like to tell Hesper all about his wicked ways before he went. He did not wish to deceive her by allowing her to think him better than he was; yet when he tried to confess to her, something in her sweet, pure face forbade him to continue. He wondered what she would say of such a person as Gusher. He had his own opinion of that lady now, and it was none of the best. His dark eye flashed (if I remember rightly, he had a dark eye), and the indignant color flushed his cheeks, at the humiliating thought of his subjection to her.

He wrote Rivers one of his old, impulsive, affectionate letters, informing him of his intended return on a certain day of the week following. He knew Rivers would welcome him warmly. He knew he would be at the wharf to meet him at least an hour before the boat was really due. It was like Rivers to be-



have in that way. And there would be no sleeping that night; it would be quite out of the question. They would have to talk over his country experiences, and Rivers would have to hear full particulars concerning Hesper, though Paul's letters had kept him pretty well posted on the subject. Hesper ought to know such a fellow as Chum Rivers; she could do him so much good, though he evidently did not need it as badly as Paul did. Gusher and Serene Sloper might slide, individually and collectively; they could slide as soon as they found it convenient to do so. But Chum Rivers must know how glorious Hesper was; and Hesper should be a sort of sister to Rivers, and a real sweet-heart to himself. It was good of him to divide the honors: he never did a no-

bler or more generous action in his life. Yes; Hesper should like the same Rivers that he liked, and they would do him a world of good. It was Rivers' turn now for a vacation, and Paul's uncle would be glad to see any of Paul's friends; and that was the way he planned it, so that Rivers might indeed see Hesper.

Hesper, clear-eyed, sweet-breathed, pure-hearted Hesper—she was dewy, and star-like, and quiet as evening. She was patient, long-suffering, and plentiful in mercy. Her voice thrilled and awed him with its mellowness. Her eyes calmed him. Her touch healed him, and he was made whole. She was singly and wholly woman-like; and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

At least, Paul thought so.

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#### LIFE'S PITY.

I think the pity of this life is love:

For though my rosebud, thrilling into life,

Kissed by the love-beams of the glowing sun,  
Meets his fond gaze with her pure, tender eyes,  
Filled with the rapture of a glad surprise

That from his light her glory shall be won;  
Yet, when into her very heart he sighs,  
Behold! she puts away her life—and dies.

I think the pity of this life is love:

Because, to me but little joy has come

Of all that most I hoped would make life's sun;  
For though the perfumed seasons come and go,  
The spring birds warble, e'en the rivers flow

To meet some love that to their own doth run,  
My bud of love hath bloomed for other eyes,  
And I am left—to sorrow and to sighs.

I think the pity of this life is love:

For from our love we gather all life's pain,

And place too oft our hearts on earthly shrines,  
Where we would kneel—but where, alas! we fall  
Beneath a shadow ever past recall:

We seek for gold, when 'tis but dross that shines.  
Then—if we may not turn our hearts above—  
I know the pity of this life is love.

## THE ECLIPSE IN SIBERIA.

THE observations upon the total eclipse of the sun, which took place on the 7th of August, 1869, were considered of sufficient importance, by the Government of the United States, to warrant it in fitting out several expeditions for the purpose of collecting all the information and *data* possible, connected with this interesting and instructive phenomenon. The line of total eclipse passed near Cape Tchukotsky, on the coast of Siberia, and the United States steamer *Mohican* was detailed for the purpose of conveying the astronomers selected for this duty to that distant point.

The astronomical party—consisting of Professor Hall, of the National Observatory, and Mr. Rogers, of the Hydrographic Office—arrived at San Francisco in the latter part of June, and after completing there and at Mare Island the preliminary observations necessary to their work, embarked in the *Mohican*, on the 29th of the same month, for their final destination.

The *Mohican* had been recently fitted for sea, and was now a full-rigged ship, quite independent of her machinery, and fully capable of making a voyage around the world under sail alone; but as the object of the expedition might have been imperiled by a failure to use all the appliances at our disposal in order to reach the scene of our labors in a given time, no means were spared to accomplish that end.

It had been the intention, upon leaving San Francisco, to touch at Nanaimo for coal, then to steam by the inside passages to Sitka, fill up there again, and from there to stretch across to the Aleutian passes; but in view of the

smoky condition of the atmosphere, which rendered the inside navigation somewhat intricate, and the difficulties attending the work of coaling ship in Sitka, it was determined to put to sea from the northern end of Vancouver's Island, and trust to the assistance of the winds to get the ship along. This, after mature deliberation, was decided upon as the plan most likely to insure our arrival at our destination at the appointed time.

The fog cleared up sufficiently, on the morning of the 30th of July, to give us a sight of the land, which proved to be the entrance of Plover Bay, on the coast of Siberia, toward which we had been looking so long with such anxious expectation, fearing that we might not reach the point by the 7th of August, the day of the eclipse; but here we were, a whole week in advance, with ample time to make all our dispositions for the important event.

Just outside the bay we were boarded by a boat filled with Esquimaux, who pointed out the anchorage, and gave us the information we desired. We stood in for the harbor, with thankful hearts, having advanced successfully thus far toward the accomplishment of the end in which we all felt so deep an interest. Time had now ceased to be so important an element in the expedition; and we felt that all that followed would be comparatively plain sailing.

The place at which we anchored is called Emma Harbor: it is on the right-hand side of the bay in sailing toward its head, and is comparatively land-locked. The anchorage is good, and the water sufficiently deep for the largest vessels. After dinner I accompanied

the astronomers on shore, on a sort of *reconnaissance*. We landed on the south side, near the hut of an Indian—the only habitation which graces the shores of this beautiful harbor. The occupant, who went by the name of Andrew, was recommended to us as a proper person to employ to pack our instruments and baggage to the point from which the observations were to be taken. On reaching his wigwam, we found he was quite drunk, and had been beating his wife; which, I was told, was common with him when he was in that condition. We found it useless to attempt to do any business under such circumstances; so relinquishing that for the present, we started in search of a fresh-water pond which we had been told abounded in trout. But we found the walking so wet and uncomfortable that we were soon glad to retrace our steps, and return on board to the comforts of our ship-home, quite satisfied with what we had seen on shore.

Around the hut of the Indian referred to were assembled a crowd of frouzy Esquimaux, most curious to see the strangers who had unexpectedly arrived in their midst. They had never seen so large a vessel as the *Mohican*, which was probably the largest, and perhaps the only, regular man-of-war that had ever visited these waters. We found the natives a much taller race than Esquimaux are generally thought to be, and I believe they are much larger than those of the east coast of America. I was struck with the smallness of their feet; and had an opportunity of observing it, particularly in Andrew, who came on board, the day following our visit to him, shod in very neatly fitting moccasins. He had become sober in the meantime, and a reconciliation evidently had taken place between him and his wife, as they seemed now to be on terms of the "most favored nations," though she bore on her forehead an ugly mark

—the result of the encounter of the night before. They were taken into the cabin, and some trifling presents were given to them, with which they were highly pleased. They were permitted to amuse themselves with a small hand-bell, which seemed to afford them infinite delight. They would pull back the spring, and when it struck they would start back in the most astonished manner. We then struck the gong in their midst, which created an immense sensation.

The Esquimaux seemed to be a perfectly inoffensive, unwarlike people, good-natured, and readily pleased; they are not much given to begging, nor are they possessed of the thieving propensity so peculiar to the Indian races. I was not able to discover that there was any form of government among them, except a sort of patriarchal one, though they do not seem to be subject to the will of any Chief. The most influential person in their midst was a young man called Nok-um, who had seen some service in whalers, and who spoke a little English. He was possessed of great gravity, and rarely exhibited surprise at what to the others would seem great novelties. He seemed to regard imperturbability as a qualification which greatly increased his influence with his associates. I never knew him to show the slightest astonishment but once, and that was in examining a breech-loading fowling-piece, when he exclaimed, with an oath, "Melican man know every thing."

Their costume suggests the idea of great comfort, but a corresponding want of cleanliness. It is composed of reindeer skins, which are probably never washed, from the day they are put on until they are worn out. We gave them some cigars, and told them to smoke; of which indulgence, Andrew and an old fellow who was with him availed themselves, though the former would not permit his wife to do so. I noticed that



after he had nearly finished his cigar he handed over the stump to her, from which I inferred there was a secret understanding that the one we had given to her was to be reserved for her lord and master. The old fellow who accompanied them began on his by attempting to light the wrong end, and made all manner of wry faces, which satisfied me that he was not accustomed to the use of tobacco in that form; still, after he became used to it, he puffed away as if he enjoyed it hugely. After Andrew's wife had finished with her stump, she passed it over to the old Indian, who received it with many expressions of delight. They remained on board several hours, and returned to their hut laden with the little knickknacks which had been given to them on board. Andrew promised to return the next day with a reindeer shirt for one of the officers, and said his wife should make him a pair of moccasins, both of which promises, I believe, he faithfully fulfilled.

On the morning of the 31st, the astronomers took an early breakfast, and started on a *reconnaissance*, for the purpose of establishing a location for their observatory. They succeeded in finding a place which suited their plans; and a building, which was partly constructed on board, was sent to them, to be used as they desired. The weather about this time was most unpromising for astronomical observations, and we had hoped that, in the calculation of chances, there would be an improvement about the 7th of August, when it would be of the utmost importance; but in this, as the sequel will prove, our hopes were only partially realized.

Although the observations upon the total eclipse, owing to the cloudy state of the weather, were not altogether successful, yet the expedition was by no means entirely barren of results. A survey was ordered to be made of Emma Harbor and the waters adjacent thereto;

and the work was conducted by Mr. Very, the navigator, with zeal and ability. The astronomers were never idle, but took hundreds of observations for latitude and longitude, and the dip of the needle.

The observatory was situated on a point which makes out into Plover Bay from a little harbor near its right-hand entrance; its latitude is  $64^{\circ} 22' 25''$  north; longitude,  $96^{\circ} 25' 10''$  west from Washington.

We had but little night about this time; indeed, I may say, there was none at all. The sun did not set until after nine o'clock, and sank but a few degrees below the horizon; so that we had twilight all night. It seemed quite unnatural to be retiring by daylight, but we became accustomed to it after awhile. It often occurred to me that the selection of this point for the observations was an unfortunate one. It seemed to be the impression that clear weather here in the summer was the rule, but we found it the exception; and although the weather was not absolutely bad, yet a certain gloomy condition of fog and clouds almost constantly prevailed in these seas and on these shores.

During one of the days when we were whiling away the time, awaiting the approach of the 7th of August, some of our people caught a seal in the seine; and an old Esquimau, who happened to be on board, was set to work skinning it. During this operation, the old fellow would regale himself with choice morsels of the raw fat of the animal, which to the civilized mind appeared disgusting in the extreme. On such food they live; raw seal and walrus-meat being the principal articles of their diet.

The 2d of August came, and still the weather was gloomy and foggy; the wind was from the northward—the quarter from which it should blow to produce clear weather—yet no clear weather came. The same dull, leaden hue pervaded every thing; and by way of a

change, it rained. The astronomers felt discouraged; still, they had four days left, and were not entirely without hope. In the evening the weather began to clear up, and we had a glimpse of sunshine, although we did not see the sun itself; but as it set behind the hills in the west, it gilded those on the opposite shore with a rich, warm hue, more beautiful to the view than any thing I had yet seen in the Arctic regions.

The next day the weather was fine, though not absolutely clear. The sun came out occasionally from behind the clouds, but seemed to do so reluctantly. I took advantage of the day, and started with the pilot in one of the ship's boats for Snug Harbor, at the head of the bay; but finding it a long pull, with a disagreeable swash sea, we finally abandoned it, after having traversed several miles of the bay toward its head. On either hand, as we advanced, high hills or mountains arose from the water's edge to a height of from one to two thousand feet above. There was but little life to be seen, either animal or vegetable; a few sea-birds screeched by and around us, but aside from that the solitude was complete, and the very silence oppressive. The thought would sometimes force itself upon me, of the possible necessity of passing a winter in the midst of all this desolation. Still, we had the consolation of knowing that others had done so, if such should be our unhappy fate. H. B. M. ship *Plover* passed the winter of 1849 here, and some traces of her sojourn may yet be seen. A store-house erected by her people is still standing, though in ruins; yet evidences of its occupation are visible, such as an old stove-pipe, sheet-iron, and other marks of civilization.

Almost the only vegetation to be seen in this desert were mosses; besides these, there were a few small, wild flowers, and a little stunted grass. There seems actually to be no soil. The roots of these

plants were matted together, forming a sort of crust; upon the removal of which, no soil is found beneath. The rock of which the hills are formed is crumbled up into small pieces—produced, I presume, by the continuous action of the frost.

On the 4th the weather was fair, and the sun shone bright and warm. The astronomers were in better spirits, and more hopeful. The eclipse-day was not far off, and the matter would soon be decided, one way or the other. I had but little hope myself: the chances seemed so much against clear skies during the short period when they would be absolutely indispensable to our success. I took my gun, and, with the pilot as a companion, called on the astronomers, and found them busily engaged with their magnetic observations. They seemed very comfortable and contented, in which happy condition of mind I tried to encourage them; but congratulated myself that my home was on board the ship, instead of on a sand-beach, in a hut constantly surrounded by dirty Esquimaux.

I am sure, take it all in all, *Plover* Bay is the most uninteresting place I have ever visited. In most places, one can walk, or fish, or shoot; but here there is nothing—absolutely, nothing. On every side, as you gaze, there are the same barren hills; the same broken, rocky country; the same scene of desolation and solitude—of stillness only too profound.

On my return, I found a host of aboriginal visitors, who seemed very much pleased to see us. They came up and seized our hands, and were struck with amazement at our watches, which seemed to these poor creatures wonderful curiosities. But that which most astonished them was a small Japanese trinket, in the shape of a drum, which contained a little top. The examination of this toy filled them with delight and wonder, and they never tired of looking at it. These people have such small feet that

I determined to make the effort to get one of the women to expose one of hers. I found there was no difficulty in this, as soon as I could make her understand my wishes. She removed her deer-skin moccasin, which was secured near or above the knee, and displayed a very small foot, well enough shaped, but which had not probably seen the light of day for six months; indeed, I doubt if the covering had been removed since it was first put on. They seem to have no idea of cleanliness, differing in this respect so much from the natives of the tropical islands. I presume, however, that with savages this matter is entirely governed by climate.

On the morning of the 5th it was raining hard when I awoke. But it soon cleared off beautifully, and proved to be the finest day we had experienced since our arrival at Plover Bay. I went on shore for a ramble, such as the nature of the country would afford; and while the boat's crew remained at the mouth of a small, fresh-water stream, scrubbing some bear-skins, I wandered up its banks, in search of any novelty which might present itself, and soon came to a collection of what at first sight seemed like fence-posts, but which, upon closer inspection, proved to be immense whale-bones, marking the burial-place of some departed Indian. Around the grave was a collection of reindeer horns and near by part of a wooden dish, in which I presume they had deposited walrus-meat, as food for the traveler who had started on his long journey.

After dinner I went to the upper part of the harbor, for the purpose of seeing the house built by the crew of the *Plover* during the winter they passed here, and which is referred to in Captain Moore's "Narrative." I found the house, which was built of loose stones, still standing, but it had crumbled away to within a few feet of the ground. As I gazed upon its ruins, I wondered how

these people had passed the long and dreary winter in the midst of these solitudes, surrounded by all this desolation.

The morning of the 6th came in gloomy and foggy, and every one felt discouraged and dispirited at the prospect of entire failure; but in the evening it cleared up, and the weather was bright and beautiful. Our hopes then ran high that all the circumstances would be as favorable as could be desired for the morrow. It was an anxious night, during which those most interested in our success did not close their eyes. It remained clear throughout, not a single cloud appearing to make us fear that all would not be well. Our preparations were complete, and the observers all at their posts, anxiously awaiting the first contact, when to our dismay the sky suddenly became covered with light, fleecy clouds—and this first important observation was lost; but the sun soon began to show itself in the little patches of blue sky, and from time to time we could see it growing less and less, until finally the eclipse reached its totality.

Then burst upon us one of the grandest scenes that Nature can produce. The silvery edge, which had been growing less and less, finally disappeared altogether, and the moon assumed a bluish hue, while from her edges shot brilliant flames, lighting them and their surroundings in the most wonderful manner. Three distinct lumps of something which had the appearance of heated iron showed themselves on the edges of the moon, and the flames of the sun were distinctly visible; but these soon disappeared, and the silvery edge began again to show itself on the other side. There was so much to see in so short a space of time that it was difficult to take it all in at a glance; but I am sure that nothing in Nature has ever impressed me with so much awe, as did this grand exhibition of the Almighty, which it was my good fortune to witness. The inter-



vening clouds prevented the astronomers from observing the exact times of the various contacts; and I regret to say, that, for scientific purposes, I do not think their observations were of much avail.

The eclipse commenced at about 8h. 40m. A.M., mean local time, on the right upper edge of the sun; and, as we could catch glimpses of it from time to time through the clouds, we were enabled to mark its course as it advanced. At about 9h. 45m. the darkness became very apparent, and before the sun was entirely obscured the sea-birds around us had gone to roost. Darkness came upon us very suddenly. The clouds assumed various hues: those opposite the sun, from having worn a light, ashy color, became suddenly black as the blackest storm-clouds; those under the sun, and in the direction of the Arctic Sea, assumed a whitish hue, which might have been produced by the reflection from the snow and ice of that region; while those to seaward took on an orange and yellowish tint. The sea resembled the color of the deepest indigo. The whole scene, in its effect upon the sky and sea and surrounding hills, was sublime beyond any thing of which I can convey an idea.

The darkness, which continued only for a few minutes, was not complete, and passed away as suddenly as it came. Indeed, it seemed to me that the transition from darkness to light was more rapid than that from light to darkness.

Soon every thing resumed the appearance it had before the eclipse; and the phenomenon ended at about eleven A.M., local time. The Indians exhibited a good deal of alarm; but were very incredulous when we told them what was going to happen. Some of them, who had had intercourse with the fur-traders and whalers, and had learned a little English, would say, "Me think the sun no break

to-day;" but when it did break, they were filled with consternation.

It might not be out of place here to say a few words about the intemperate habits of these poor Indians. Like most of their race, they are natural drunkards; and as rum is the principal article of traffic used by the traders, they take advantage of the inordinate fondness the Indians have for it, and I am inclined to think are not very scrupulous in their dealings with them. An amusing incident is related of them *à propos* of their fondness for drink: During the time the Western Union Telegraph Company had a station here, they happened to get possession of a large jar, in which were preserved in alcohol a quantity of lizards and reptiles of various kinds, as specimens. They soon swallowed the beverage, and, finding that so good, they concluded that nothing therein could be bad; so they devoured the remaining contents of the jar, which no doubt they found palatable enough.

As far as my information extends, but few outrages have been committed by the natives on these shores upon the Whites; and I believe they are, for the most part, harmless.

There is but little more to be said. The *Mohican* got under way on the night of the day upon which the eclipse took place, and stood for the Aleutian Islands, which she reached on the 20th of August. It had been the intention to touch at Ounalaska; but the weather was clear, and with a fair wind and tide, and plenty of steam, we went through Akootan Pass at the rate of about twelve knots. It was altogether, I think, one of the finest sights I have ever witnessed: the day was so fine and clear, that the peculiar scenery of this region—a mixture of snow and green grass—could be seen to the greatest advantage; there was an active volcano also in sight, which added to the interest of the picture.

## THE TRINITY DIAMOND.

IT was a hot June day in 1850 when we started, Brandy and I, from the American River, where we had been for nearly a year unsuccessfully mining, to seek our fortunes on the Trinity. A tramp of three hundred miles, through a treeless valley and over rugged mountains, lay before us; but we were full of pluck and strength. Glowing reports had reached us from the far north, and we liked adventure. The country was new, strange, and unpeopled. It seemed as foreign to us as the West Indies and Mexico did to the Spanish adventurers under Columbus and Cortez, and we had the same golden dreams that lured those pioneers, tinging all our future with blissful hopes. Imagine two young fellows, with unkempt locks, under broad-brimmed, felt hats of a drab color, clad in gray, woolen shirts and blue, dungaree trousers—the latter held up by a leather belt about the waist, and tucked into long-legged boots, the belt itself holding a sheath-knife, revolver, tin drinking-cup, and rubber flask; on their backs neatly bundled blankets, strapped across their shoulders, and inclosing a small package of raw pork, sea-biscuit, and tea, while over each bundle lay, bottom up, a large tin-pan, glistening in the sun, and suggesting visions of the dairy and rural homes far away. There you have the portraits of two Prospectors. We belonged to the noble army of explorers that found and opened the treasure-vaults of the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains; that planted the seeds of empire, from the upper Missouri to the Pacific; that whitened western seas and streams with the sails of a new commerce, laid an iron road across the continent, and aroused

the sluggish civilization of Asia to new motives. Those heroes of the pick and pan were not romantic figures; their triumphs were not bloody ones: but see what they achieved for the world, and cease to despise them if they generally failed to achieve much for themselves.

As for Brandy and I, we trudged on, chatting, whistling, and singing, intent only on finding virgin gold-beds far from the crowded *placers* we had left. We had read Humboldt; had traced the gold formation through South and Central America and Mexico to California; fancied it must link farther north with that in Siberia and the Ural chain, and were resolved to push even beyond the Trinity, if that stream did not enrich us speedily. Our mining implements, a tent, some cooking utensils, a few clothes, and several months' supply of salt meat and flour, we had sent ahead in a wagon to Reading's Springs, in the Shasta Hills, whence they were to be transferred by pack-mules to Trinity River, on our arrival. The scanty provisions we carried on our backs we expected to eke out with occasional meals at the *ranchos* along the Sacramento River. One of us carried a rifle, for protection against any unfriendly Indian or savage beast that might obstruct our way. Thus equipped, we pushed ahead, averaging thirty miles a day with ease. The level valley was covered with a ripening growth of wild oats, and looked like a vast harvest-field, bounded on one side by the purple wall of the Coast Range, on the other by the hazy outlines of the more distant Sierra, and ahead only by the dazzling sky, save where an occasional grove of oaks marked a bend or branch of the river, and loomed up in

the hot, shimmering air, with an effect as if a silvery sheet of water flooded its site. It was a lovely spectacle, as this sea of grain, in places as high as our heads, waved its yellowing surface like a true ocean. The road through it was not well defined after we left Knight's Landing, and we wandered off by Indian trails far from the river; so that, on one occasion, we traveled sixty miles before meeting with water fit to drink. A few pools, the remnants of the previous winter's flood, were found in hollows of blue, clayey soil, hot, putrescent, and sickening. At one such place, where a lone tree broke the monotony of the plain, the air was populous with dragonflies of great size and brilliant colors, whose gauzy wings often touched our hands and faces, while swarms of yellow hornets hovered over the mud, and myriads of mosquitoes hummed their maddening song. A few yellow blossoms still flaunted their beauty on the spot, though most of the plants had been trampled down by thirsty cattle. We pushed on till late in the night, then spread our blankets on the earth, and, regardless of the *coyotes* that barked querulously around us, slept under a roof of splendid stars.

What a delight it was, after a hot tramp, to reach a clear, pebbly creek, to drink and bathe in its waters, and then, under a grove of noble oaks trellised with vines, to drink milk from the adjoining *ranch*o, and eat blackberries picked by the Indians along the stream. At that time the settlements on the upper Sacramento were few and far between. They consisted of an *adobe* house or two, tenanted by a family of mixed races—the man being an American or European, the woman a Mexican or Kanaka; while near by were the earthen huts of a few amiable Digger Indians, who did the fishing and hunting, and most of the farm-work, satisfied with beads, blankets, coffee and sugar,

and a few old clothes, for their wages. These *ranchos* were usually on the bank of the Sacramento or some confluent, and were stocked with large herds of half-wild cattle. Some of them became the sites of towns at a later day. Their owners were very hospitable to the few adventurers who called on them before the grand rush to the northern mines set in, and I often recall their hearty words and homely cheer with gratitude.

One night we stopped at a log-cabin, lately built by Missouri squatters. As we neared it, some time after dark, we heard the sound of a fiddle, went to the open doorway, and looked in. There was a rude bar, garnished with a few black bottles. At one end of the bar sat the fiddler upon a keg, while a number of stout fellows in buckskin were leaning on the front of the bar, or against the log walls. Presently a tall, broad-shouldered man in a butternut suit opened a rough "shake" door leading into a second apartment, and shouted, "Gentle-men! make way for the ladies!" At this he led forward a female who was "fat and forty," but hardly fair—a very short and plump person, clad in plain calico, her face shining as if it had been oiled, her eyes bright with laughter. Behind her came a thin girl of ten or twelve years, who bore traces of a recent struggle with fever and ague, and whose yellow hair hung down in two big braids, tied with blue ribbons. There was to be a dance, and these were the ladies. The fiddler struck up "The Arkansas Traveler," and the ball began. Of course every gentleman had to wait his turn for a partner, except as they made what were called "stag couples." It must be said that the ladies were compliant and enduring. They danced with every body, and nearly all the time. They even invited the "stranger" at their gate to "take a turn"—an invitation that youthful modesty alone caused us to decline. When we went to sleep



under the big oak fronting the cabin, the rasping tones of the backwoods fiddler were still heard, as also the clatter of the loose planks on the cabin floor, keeping time.

At last we reached Reading's Springs—a famous mining-camp in those days, which has since grown into the town of Shasta. And here we gave the charge of our outfit to the Mexican owners of a pack-train, and started with them across the mountains for Trinity River. The train consisted of about thirty mules; and we helped to drive them over a narrow trail which had been marked out with no regard to easy gradients. The heavily laden brutes grunted and groaned as they tugged up the steep, conical hills between Shasta and Trinity Mountain. They would often run off into the woods, and then the shouts and curses of the Mexicans, although in mellow Spanish, were startling to the very trees and rocks. But the hardship of the trip only gave a keener zest to our enjoyment of the mountain air and water—so delicious after our experience in the valley—of the luxuriant and varied vegetation, the aromatic odors of the pines, the music of rippling brooks, the dizzy glimpses of vaporous *cañons* yawning below, the noble vistas of far peaks as we climbed higher and higher, and sat with beating hearts and white lips at last on the summit of Trinity Mountain. Descending this elevation, we reached the river of our hopes, followed its course to the North Fork, and pitched our tent under a tall, yellow pine on the Bar below the mouth of that stream. Trinity River is a cold nymph of the hills. All its course is through the tumultuous peaks that mark the blending of the northern Sierra and Coast Range; and it has always a touch of its native ice. Whirling through rocky *cañons* with foam and roar; darkened by overhanging precipices, by interlacing pine and fir, or hanging vines; gliding into narrow val-

leys, that margin it with meadows and tremulous-leaved cotton-woods, and spreading out in broader bottoms to coax the sun—it is still the same cold stream, until it reaches the literally golden sands of its ocean outlet. When we saw it in 1850, it was beautifully clear, and its wooded banks were wildly picturesque. Hardly more than fifty miners were trying to tear the golden secret from its breast, and the emptyings from their rockers did not sully its purity. Indians fished in it, and the deadly combats of the male salmon often sent free offerings to their hands. The miners themselves would sometimes watch these finny tragedies, and swim after the vanquished lover for their dinner.

It was a new sensation to strike our picks into the virgin cobble beds, among tuft grass and thickets of rose-brier; to overturn gray boulders, never disturbed before; to shovel up from the soft bed-rock the gold-seeded gravel that promised a harvest of comfort and happiness. It was pleasant to have our sweating toil eased by the cool breezes that daily blew up from the sea; though when one of these breezes became a gale, tossed the coals from our camp-fire into our poor tent, and lighted a flame that consumed our shelter and our supplies, making the rifle and pistols fire an irregular salute, the sea-wind was not blessed. The nearest trading-post was ten miles below, at Big Bar; and a weary journey it was, over a lofty mountain, to reach it, while all that we bought had to be packed on our own backs. Beef-cattle were lowered down the steep descent by the aid of ropes, and their flesh was precious. The butcher of Big Flat was an eccentric Yankee. As meat was fifty cents a pound, the portions without bone were in great demand, for economical reasons. Liver was in particular request. As it was impossible to find an ox all liver, and the Strasbourg goose-

fattening process would not apply to cattle, our butcher was obliged to adopt some plan to relieve himself of a difficulty. It was his habit, when a customer asked for liver, to inquire, "Have you a canvas-patch where you sit down?" And when the customer would naturally respond, "Why, what's that got to do with it?" he would answer, philosophically: "If you haven't got a patch on your breeches, you can't have any liver: that's what. There isn't liver enough for every body; there's got to be something to discriminate by, and it might as well be a canvas-patch as any thing else." And to this impartial rule he faithfully adhered, albeit canvas-patches began to multiply, and other parts of the animal economy, like the heart, had to be pressed into service.

On the Bar where Brandy and I opened a claim and started our rockers, only three more men were working. They owned and operated in common a large quicksilver machine. We soon knew them as Peter the Dane, English George, and Missouri. The nomenclature of the early mining epoch was original and descriptive. Individuals, like places, were named in a way to indicate peculiar traits or circumstances. Thus my partner, Brandy, whose real name was William—a slender, fair-skinned, blue-eyed fellow, of temperate habits—had a high color in his cheeks that a rough comrade called a brandy-blush. The joke was too good not to live, and so the name of Brandy clung to him for years, being varied occasionally to Cognac, by way of elegant euphemism. Our Trinity River neighbors were all named from their nativity, the signs of which they bore plainly in speech and looks.

Peter had served in the navies of three nations, ending with the United States. He was a young man of cultivation and genius; kept a journal in Greek, to conceal its secrets from his comrades before the mast; acquired English from the li-

brary of the man-of-war *Ohio*; had a good knowledge of our literature; spoke French and German well; was a clever draughtsman and musician, and a witty, brilliant talker. But he was only Peter the Dane, except indeed when called "Dutch Pete" by that class of Americans who think every body is Dutch (or German) who says "*ja*." We sympathized on the subject of music and poetry. Indeed, it was my whistling *Casta Diva* while rocking the cradle that brought us acquainted. He used to recite poems from the Danish of Oehenschlager, which I would render into English verse. We went through *Hakon Jarl* in that way—the recitation at night, by our camp-fire, the pines sighing overhead, the river roaring below: a truly appropriate scene for a Norse epic. The ink to write out my translation I made from the juice of ripe elderberries. One night Peter and I went to Big Bar, and crossed the river by crawling over the branched top of an Indian fish-dam, on our hands and knees, to hear a violin that somebody owned in that wild place. The night was so pitchy dark that we could not see the white foam on the rapids around us; and we did not know what a fool-hardy feat we had done till next day.

George was a simple-minded, ignorant Englishman, credulous and kind-hearted, who had made a voyage or two, when he heard of the gold discovery, worked his passage to San Francisco, and had drifted up to the Trinity, in eager quest of a fortune for his old parents and his sweetheart in England. He was a good worker, and a good listener. It was curious that two such men should come together; more curious that they should have for a partner Missouri—familiarily called "Misery"—a lank, sallow man, with long, straight, yellow hair, tobacco-oozing mouth, broad Western speech, a habit of exaggeration that was always astonishing, and a cold selfishness that

he took no pains to conceal. My partner, Brandy, had been a dentist in New York, was still ready to pull or fill a tooth, and enjoyed as much as others the tones of his rich, baritone voice in laugh or song.

These comprised the company that used to meet about a common fire at night, smoke their pipes together, talk of home and its friends, exchange experiences, tell stories, sing songs, and crack jokes at one another's expense. Peter used to tell of his adventures at sea; often with so much humor that we laughed until our sides ached. "Misery" related his adventures with "bars" and "Injins," and told us how he "made things bile" when he mined at Hangtown, where the gold poured down his "Tom" in "a yaller stream." Brandy used to sing "The Old Folks at Home," until the tears came into all eyes but Missouri's, though even he grew quiet under its influence. From how many thousand mining-camps, in the early years—before daily mails, telegraphs, and Pacific Railroad—went up that song of the heart, with its tender, refining, and saving influence! Well might old Fletcher say, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws."

Sometimes we got into controversies—not on politics, for we never saw newspapers nor heard politicians; nor on religion, for we did not know certainly what day was Sunday, nor care for creeds, so long as men were honest and kind. But literary memories, and subjects connected with our daily life, would provoke talk enough. One night, I wondered if there might not be diamonds in the gold deposits of California—why not along Trinity River? I had found some very small rubies.

"Oh," said Peter, "they are likely enough to be found, if we would only look for them. I have fancied them rolling off the hopper of our machine

many a time. They have been found in the mines of the Ural, and I was even told of small ones being found in the southern dry-diggings of California. You know something about precious stones, Brandy: what do you think?"

Brandy rejoined: "It is true the diamond is found in gold formations, associated with clay or drift, as in Brazil, Georgia, and North Carolina. The most famous district is Golconda, Hindostan. In the rough, the stone looks like a quartz pebble, or one of the bits of rounded glass found on sea-beaches near cities. Unless a person was familiar with its appearance in this state, he would surely throw it away as worthless. If it was fractured and of good size, it might attract attention by its lustre, and be saved by one ignorant of its real nature as a pretty stone."

George listened to this speech with unusual interest. Missouri declared his intention to look out for ground pebbles "mighty sharp" after this.

Brandy added that diamonds were sometimes found in connection with oxide of iron, and might have a metallic look on their rough surface; and at this George gave him a quick, keen glance.

"Well, it would pay better to find a big diamond than a gold-mine," said Peter. "Napoleon had a single diamond in the hilt of his sword of state that was worth \$1,000,000. It weighed 410 carats. The Braganza diamond weighs 1,680 grains, and is valued at \$28,000,000."

Here "Misery" gave a long whistle, followed by a yelping laugh, and the characteristic exclamation, "That takes my pile."

"How big are diamonds found?" asked George, after the laughter excited by the Missourian's racy expression of incredulity had subsided.

"O, half the size of an egg; as big as a walnut, sometimes," said Brandy, rather wildly.



"As big as a piece of chalk," added "Misery," with a leer that let out the tobacco-juice.

Peter remembered that Empress Catharine, of Russia, bought of a Greek merchant a diamond as large as a pigeon's-egg, which had formed the eye of an idol in India. A French soldier stole it from the pagoda, and sold it for a trifle. ("What a dumb fool!" interposed Missouri.) The Greek got \$450,000 for it, an annuity of \$20,000, and a title of nobility.

George's eyes dilated. I had never seen him taking so much interest in any conversation.

"Ah! if we could only find the other eye," I suggested, "we might all quit this slavish work."

"That reminds me," struck in Peter, "that it is the custom in Brazil to liberate a Negro who finds a diamond of over 17½ carats. The search there is followed by some thousands of slaves, digging like us. Since we must dig anyhow, why not keep a keen eye on the hopper?"

"Wall, Brandy, kin yer tell us how the diamond comes?" asked Missouri.

"I guess they grow," replied Brandy, with a merry laugh, and a wink at me.

"Perhaps there is more in that than you think," said Peter. "The diamond is proved to have minute cavities; and as it was formed from a solution, it must have been once in a soft state. It may enlarge when left in its original place—eh? The darkies believe that diamonds grow; and perhaps this notion originated from their being found sometimes in clusters, like crystals of quartz. The natives of Golconda had the same notion formerly. They felt for the diamond with their naked feet, in a black clay, as we hunted for clams at low tide in Happy Valley, boys."

All laughed at this conceit. My partner thought Peter was joking altogether.

The latter said gravely he could quote good authority:

"I remember, when I was on board the *Ohio*, reading the travels of Sir John Mandeville. He relates that in Ethiopia the diamonds were as large as beans or hazel-nuts, square, and pointed on all sides without artificial working, growing together, male and female, nourished by the dew of heaven, and bringing forth children that multiply and grow all the year. He testifies that he knew from experiment that if a man kept a small one and wet it with May-dew often, it would grow annually, and wax great."

Here there was another laugh, in which Peter joined. George alone looked serious, and inquired if diamonds might not be even bigger than any that had been mentioned. Brandy thought they might be; he knew nothing to prevent it. A diamond was of no more account in Nature's operations than any other stone.

George then related, with nervous haste—his native dialect coming out strong as he spoke—that when he was mining alone on the river, before he went down to San Francisco for supplies, he found a curious-looking stone in the hopper of his cradle. As he was rubbing down some lumps of clay with one hand, while he poured on water from a dipper with the other, this stone became very clear, and seemed to have a glazed, metallic coating, except on the side where it had been broken. He picked it out and threw it on the dry sand behind him, intending to take it to his tent, "jest for fun, loike." A few minutes later, as he sat rocking again, his eye fell on the stone where it lay, dry, fractured side up, "flashin' in the sun jest loike a dimon', but colored loike a rainbow." He thought it a pretty thing to keep, saved it, and when he went to the Bay took it along with him, and left it in the locker of his sea-chest, at a miner's boarding-house on Pacific Wharf. "An' noo I wonder," he con-

cluded, almost breathlessly, "if it were na a dimon' truly."

Missouri—who was in the habit of gibling George, as one ignorant man will often gibe another more simple than himself—did not laugh at him, nor utter any contemptuous comment. He sat eying him in attentive silence, with the look that I fancied he may have worn when he "turned up the belly of an Injin on the creek," as he had boasted one day he did. He had lived in Oregon years before, and "thought no more of shootin' one o' them red devils than a rattlesnake."

Peter asked how big the stone was, and George replied that it was as big as his fist. Brandy suggested it was a fine quartz crystal. If it were a diamond, it would be worth more than any body could afford to pay; and George might have to remain poor, after all, for want of a purchaser.

Peter gravely observed, there was no reason why a larger diamond than any yet known might not be found on Trinity River. As they had not found much gold, there was more room for precious stones, and a big one could be divided and sold easily enough.

George said that it was very bright. He had often seen it shining in his tent at night; and when he put it in the till of his chest, it shone there in the dark. He declared he meant to show it to a jeweler, when he went down again. It might be worth "somethink," if it were no diamond.

Missouri still listened in silence; and no more was said on the subject by any one. Brandy stirred up the embers of the fire, we lit our pipes again, smoked a short time, sang "The Old Folks at Home," and, separating for the night, went each one to his blankets and to sleep, while the wind roared through the pines like a beating surf, and the rapids rumbled and thundered through the rocky *cañon* of the river.

The next day Missouri said he was going up the river, to a new trading station he had learned was recently started there, to get some tobacco and powder. As he might stay overnight he would take his blankets, and his rifle, of course, for that he always carried on his shortest excursions. He insisted on a division of the amalgam, as he always did when going to the store, because he was an inveterate gambler at poker, and every store had then its gambling table. His partners had long since learned that it was useless to remonstrate with him; so they weighed him his dust, gave him two or three commissions, and off he went, whistling "The Arkansas Traveler."

We never saw him again. Days passed without tidings of him. We thought he must either have fallen a victim to a grizzly, or to one of his old enemies, the Indians. One of us went up to the new store at last, and learned that he had not stopped there, except for a drink of whisky, but had pushed across the mountains toward Weaverville, on the road to Shasta. His abrupt departure excited a little speculation, and was then passed over by all except George, who referred to it at intervals, and became unaccountably moody and discontented. One night, he said he had made up his mind to go to San Francisco: he was sure there must be letters from England. Peter tried to dissuade him from leaving, and told him he could send for letters by express from Weaverville, at a cost of a few dollars. No; he would go. Those Express fellows never got any thing. Besides, he was "tired of these dig-gins." He sold his share in the quick-silver machine, took his gold and blankets, and started off, after a hearty hand-shaking from each of the three men he left. We all liked the simple-hearted fellow, and were sorry to see him go; but as we had determined to prospect the streams toward the Oregon line, which had not then been proved to con-

tain gold, we would not pull up and go with him. He promised to send us word if he found good mines after his visit to the Bay, and told us where he would stop while there—at a house on Pacific Wharf, much frequented by sailors and miners, where he had left his chest. Peter laughingly told him to be sure and get a good price for his diamond; but he did not laugh in reply. Uttering only some kindly words, he wrung our hands again, and we soon saw him disappear in the woods, up the hill.

Later in the summer we prospected several of the northern streams, finding gold everywhere. But the Indians were threatening; there were no trading-posts; there was not time to get supplies of our own from Sacramento before winter would set in; and at last we all concluded to return to the lower part of the State. I went as far as San Francisco; and the next day after my arrival, visited the place on Pacific Wharf, described by George, to inquire after him. It was a thin shell of a house, erected at one side of the wharf on the hulk of a bark, that, after years of brave service on the ocean, had been sunk and abandoned at last in the dock mud. Only a year old, this house yet had the appearance of age, so weather-stained and toppling was it. Its lower story was divided into a rude bar-room, eating-hall, and kitchen. Its upper floor was covered with what the sailors call "standee berths," provided only with a straw mattress, pillow, and pair of heavy, dirty blankets. Under many of these berths sea-chests had been left on storage by their owners, mostly sailors, who had deserted their ships to run off to the mines. The landlord himself was an "old salt"—an Englishman. I asked him if he knew George, and could tell me what had become of him.

"Be you a friend of the lad?" he inquired.

I assured him that I was—that we had worked by one another on Trinity

River, and he had promised to write me.

"Well, it's a queer story," said the landlord—a short, thick-built man, with ruddy face, who spoke his mother tongue with many elisions. "Ye see George come rushin' in one night from the steamer *McKim*—she as runs 'tween here an' Sacramento. He was down from the mines, he said, an' 'ad come to see ole friends and take away his traps. I told him he would find all there in the chest—ye can see it under the bar 'ere yet, sir—all that his friend hadn't taken away. 'Taken away—friend—what friend?' said George. 'Why, your friend from Trinity River,' sez I; 'the feller with the long, tow hair and fever an' ager face, and terbacker-juice runnin' out of his mouth.' 'Has—he—been—here?' sez George, slow like. 'Yes, he's been here,' sez I, 'and tell I you sent him for some little things in the chest. There it is, sez I; and after he had treated like a gentleman, he pulled it out, took some-think from the till, put it in his shirt-pocket, and went off.' Before I could tell him more, sir, the lad—George, sir—made for the chest, opened it quick, rummaged all through it, more'n once, an' then stood up all white an' glarin'. 'D—— him,' sez he—I never heard the lad swear before—'d—— him, he has stolen my diamond!' I thought he must be crazy, sir, with that mountain fever, belike, that the miners get in the dig-gins. 'Why, George, lad,' sez I, 'you're jokin' me. How should a poor sailor-boy 'ave a real diamond—leastwise, a honest boy like you?' But George he only lowered at me, an' rushed for the door. He was off into the darkness an' fog before I could stop him, an' though I looked an' called after the lad, I couldn't find him. Next mornin', when I opened the bar, early, I seen a crowd standin' beyond there, sir, nigh the end o' the wharf. A man comin' from it told me a drowned body was



fished up there. Mistrustin' suthin', sir, I went to spy the body. It was the puir lad's! I felt guilty like, an' awfu'. I took charge of the body, sir, an' give 'un a good funeral at Yerba Buena. Next mornin' the *Alta* said as how a young man from the mines 'ad fallen through a man-trap in the wharf, an' give his name as they had it from I. But, sir, whether that be so, or he jumped off mad into the water, seekin' death willfully, I dun no; but I have my thoughts. I wrote

to his old mother in England, all about his end; but it was a sad job, sir."

The good fellow's voice grew husky as he spoke. I could not speak myself for a few minutes—poor George's fate seemed so sad. Who could have believed that a pure delusion would lead one ignorant man to a mean crime, profitless as he found it, and another to frenzy and death! Who would have suspected such a tragic sequel to our careless chat on the Trinity!

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### FLUCTUATIONS IN DEFENSIVE WARFARE.

**L**ITTLE dreamed the knights clad in armor-of-proof, seated on their barbed steeds and followed by their sturdy men-at-arms, that a friar, silently experimenting in his laboratory, would compel them to lay aside buckler and visor, and take their stand on the field of battle in the ordinary garb of mankind, depending for success alone upon discipline, organization, and the skill with which they were led. The gospel of Roger Bacon, slowly evolving his combination of charcoal, saltpetre, and sulphur, was, that this fighting hand-to-hand—this charging with lance in rest—this confused clang of swords and battle-axes—this tedious and troublesome method of slaughter—shall come to an end forthwith. Men, for the future, shall go forth to battle armed with the thunders of Jove; shall deploy in line; shall rarely come into personal collision; shall confront a storm of death, and in that dread hour shall have nothing to sustain them but their own stout hearts. We have no doubt that in those distant, dim times, when the full effect of the discovery of gunpowder began to dawn upon the world, the Peace Societies of those days hailed the new invention as something that would be certain to bring war to a

close, and inaugurate the millennium at last. How could mere mortal men ever be induced to march forth and face certain death at the mouth of the arquebuse? No steel, however highly tempered; no coat-of-mail, however cunningly wrought, could save them now. The leaden missile will go crashing through a defensive armor weightier than stoutest warrior can wear.

So it must have been clear to generations of philanthropists, contemplating the phenomenon of the great explosive agent, that fighting was at length becoming so serious a matter that it would have to be abandoned. No glory in it any more for the bravest leader; for even the most heroic spirit may meet his fate at the hands of the meanest churl, forced to the front against his will. Not more mistaken were they, than we moderns when first called upon to decipher the meaning, eighteen years ago, of the first iron plates applied to the sides of ships. Rather an ingenious contrivance, thought some, but no great results can possibly flow from it, in consequence of the difficulty of adjusting them when knocked out of position, or of replacing them when completely shattered. A pusillanimous attempt, thought others, to evade

the consequences of glorious war. Is there not an implied obligation, on the part of those who fight by sea, to oppose something to the enemy which can be penetrated with projectiles of reasonable force?

But just at the moment when opinions were most divided, a strange and thrilling pageant of war was enacted, in the sight of all men, at Hampton Roads. An indescribable monster steams out from the Rebel bank of the James River. Its sides are of iron; it is thatched with rails; its general appearance is that of a prison-hulk, cut loose from its moorings. It steers straight for the noble frigates and three-deckers lying at anchor in the roads. The startled men-of-war pour upon it broadside after broadside, but the balls glance harmlessly from the nondescript. No impression at all can be made upon it, nor can the most terrific discharge force it to change its course. On it comes, with the remorselessness of Fate. Broadships are now returned by the *Merrimac*, and these broadships tell upon the wooden bulwarks against which they are directed. The *Congress*, a noble three-decker, is entirely disabled in half an hour. She is sinking fast, but with her colors still proudly flying at her mast-head. Nothing now, to all appearances, can save the finest ships of the American Navy from speedy destruction. Washington itself is at the mercy of the Rebels, and much else of the last importance is trembling in the balance. But, most miraculously, a new monster has suddenly appeared upon the scene. It presents the appearance of nothing so much as a floating cheese-box. It has neither bulwarks nor broadsides. A single turret rises up amidships, armed with a single gun of great power. Ericsson's *Monitor* makes for the Rebel nondescript. Her shots tell against it. Its armor is pierced, and it has to retire to a place of security to refit. The *Mon-*

*itor* was not in the least injured in the conflict.

Here, then, was a most curious and pregnant fact for mankind to ponder over. It was demonstrated, in a practical manner, that ships could be built which would withstand the discharges of any ordnance then in use. If a finality has now been reached, war at sea has been reduced to the condition of the mail-clad knights of the Middle Ages. The one can not injure the other, except by main force. This cut, aimed at the head, glances from the burnished helmet; this thrust is diverted by the closely wrought coat-of-mail. No chance at all to wound him, except by a well-directed lunge at the joints of his armor; or perchance by an overwhelming two-handed blow, which shall cleave asunder both his iron shell and him. And so it was thought to be with iron ships. Surely naval warfare must come to an end, if ships can be built so strongly that no cannon can make an impression upon them. For a time, indeed, the opinion appeared to be general, that if something could not be done in the way of rams, war afloat, except for the purposes of defense, would be rendered impossible. Men-of-war, instead of delivering broadsides, would have to manœuvre to drive "bow on;" and the one that should secure that advantage would be certain of achieving the victory. And now commenced one of the most extraordinary contests between the powers of offense and defense which the world has ever witnessed.

Upon the sides of this huge, black mass hundreds of artisans have been hammering and riveting for over a year. The iron plates, of which it is constructed, have been hoisted to their places like blocks of granite. The din has at length been brought to an end, and the *Warrior* slips along the ways to the element for which she has been designed, with sides of iron six and a half

inches thick. Surely the science of defense has, at length, triumphed over all difficulties. No cannon that was ever manufactured can make any impression upon this floating fortress. Nations have nothing to do now but to encase themselves in six and a half inches of iron, to secure perpetual peace—at least, on the sea. There are some doubts and head-shakings about the sea-going qualities of the *Warrior*. Not by any means in the similitude of that “thing of life,” which has been for so long “walking the waters” in a perfectly serene manner, is that unwieldy iron hulk. It does not require nautical experience to form some idea as to how she would behave in a heavy gale. Could such a huge mass ever be constructed with such nicety—with such a perfect equalization of weight—as to obey with fidelity every turn of a wheel moved by a single human arm? A short voyage in the Bay of Biscay was all that was necessary to establish the fact that this floating battery was not very well adapted for voyaging. Its powers of defense, however, could not be underrated. For harbor or coast defense, no ship had ever been set afloat equal to the *Warrior*. And the English people at length thought that, by the new contrivance, they had been more than compensated for the destruction of those wooden fleets which have played such an important part in the history of the world.

The main business of the British people, for ages, has been to sell their wares to all nations, with a margin of liberal profit. As a consequence, they had no interest in warlike inventions, except in so far as they could be made to insure their safety. There has been no desire, for a long time, among these commercial Islanders, to send armies to the Continent to fight about questions in which they have but a very dim interest; nor yet to contribute money, or hire others to fight about the Pragmatic Sanction,

the Spanish Succession, or other matters of no real concern to them. The *Warrior*, therefore, with its iron sides six and a half inches thick, was hailed as a guarantee that the profitable business of “buying in the cheapest market, and selling in the dearest,” could be continued indefinitely.

About this time, also, a glimmering idea began to prevail, that iron plates were destined to have a wider application than the sides of ships. What if we should make *Warriors* out of all our forts and outworks also; tack on iron plates to them, too; present iron, and nothing but iron, six and a half inches thick, to the assailant, whether he moves by sea or land? We believe that the Peace Societies everywhere began to exhibit, simultaneously, more than ordinary activity and animation. A golden age of peace and industry was evidently now attainable through portals of iron. Nothing was now needed, by any nation anxious for peace, but to rivet itself up with iron six and a half inches thick. Balls rattling upon this armor would be as harmless as hail-stones upon a pane of glass. Let the evilly disposed and ambitious howl and rage. Civilization is as unassailable as is the turtle from without. What would happen, to it if thrown upon its back, with its armor under it instead of in front of it, was a part of the problem which had not come up for consideration.

But while these pleasing anticipations were occupying the time of the philanthropic, experiments of another character were being conducted at other places. This old 68-pounder is not the ultimate development of cannon. The conditions of the explosion are iron and gunpowder. If we strengthen the one, may we not increase the other? Soon we begin to throw, with great precision and effect, by following out this principle, shot of 100 pounds, 250 pounds, and 500 pounds. It is also discovered that if we give a



rotary motion to the missile by rifling the cannon, a greater range than ever can be attained. Gilmore, in the swamps off Charleston, is experimenting in one direction. He is flinging hollow shells now with ease six miles. The shells from his "swamp angels" are dropping and exploding on the water front of the beleaguered Rebel city. What is the practical value of iron-plated forts now? Shells can be hurled over them at an immense distance. Who will waste powder, then, in hammering away at their impregnable faces? The property which it will answer our purpose to destroy lies inside, as also do the people whom we propose to subjugate. Rather bad this for the golden age of peace and industry, attainable through iron portals.

Nor is this all. An experimental cannonade has been going on at Shoeburyness for a long time past. We are smashing many things to pieces, heretofore regarded as impenetrable. Two inches, three inches, and four inches and a half of iron plate have been forced to give way before the projectiles which we are hurling. If we go on increasing in power at this rate, it is hard to tell what can offer an effective resistance. The American monitors are already brought under subjection. Power enough here to batter their turrets in with ease. There now goes an iron section of the *Warrior* itself, crushed like an egg-shell.

The world, anxiously looking on for the purpose of ascertaining what was hourly being done toward the perfection of the art of slaughter, found at this time that it would be necessary for it to take an entirely new departure. The idea that the science of defense had been so far advanced that there was but little chance for the aggressor, which only a short time ago appeared to have been firmly and thoroughly established, has to be abandoned with what speed is possible. The converse proposition appears

to be true now. Nothing of a formal and rigid character can be constructed, either on land or sea, which can withstand the projectiles which it is possible now to discharge. One nation at least—England—under the influence of this idea, stopped all work upon her fortifications. A useless waste of money to erect fortresses, and salients, and curtains. A half-hour's assault by modern artillery is all that would be necessary to bring down the strongest work about the ears of its defenders. Nothing at all can now be done to resist the invader but breastworks of sand or earth; and these can be thrown up at the shortest warning. And so the contest raged, with varying success, until the following results, stated in general terms, have been reached: ships are being constructed, which carry an iron armor  $12\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick; cannons have been cast, which throw solid shot 1,000 pounds in weight, and a general range of six miles for hollow shells has been attained. It is not safe to conclude, by any means, either, that the end has been reached. The powers of offense and defense on land appear to be of indefinite expansion. On the sea, however, the powers of defense are at least limited. There is a weight of iron in armor beyond which it will not be prudent to go. There is a point at which the ship will become unmanageable—will be useless, either for offense or defense—and will founder miserably.

In the condition in which things now stand, the future of naval warfare is not very clear. No grand battle between armored ships on the high seas, of any value in determining the many questions involved, has yet been fought. We understand very well that when a hole was made in the side of the old-fashioned, wooden man-of-war by the enemy, there were always planks at hand, and an experienced carpenter to repair the damage. But what is to be done with this

armored vessel, when its sides are crushed or broken in during a naval engagement? There can be no appliance on board by which the damage done can even be temporarily repaired. There can be no furnace, at which the dislocated armor can be straightened out or a new plate prepared. Even if there were, so much time would be occupied in the operation that it would be useless to undertake it. There is nothing, apparently, for the damaged armored ship but to draw out of the battle, and make for home and a navy-yard with all speed. One well-directed shot smashing a single plate, and starting rivets and bolts everywhere in its vicinity, would be sufficient to reduce her to the necessity of retiring or hoisting the white flag.

On the whole, therefore, after all this hammering, we would seem to have returned to the point from which we started. Of the great value of heavily armored ships for the defense of harbors and coasts, there can be no question. The iron-clad, for repelling attack in its own port, is the most formidable engine that has yet been invented. There, it can be managed with ease. And if injury should be inflicted, the navy-yard and machine-shop are not far off. An iron-clad away from its base is at a great disadvantage, compared to the iron-clad defending its own position. It has, for one thing, no place to which, in the event of being disabled, it can retire. The operations of the French fleet during the late war show how weak, for purposes of offense, the best-equipped iron ships are. Though the Prussian coast was comparatively defenseless, not even a serious attempt was made upon it. The putting out of the lights, and the removal of the buoys, were considered to be enough to defeat whatever purposes it had in view. No chance at all for the most powerful armored ships lying off and on a bold coast, able alone to find out their position by the lead and line. If

the menaced shore would only be chivalrous enough to keep its lights burning, and leave its buoys in their places, there might be a chance to do something, if it were only at "long tow," but not much more than that; for there is no method of getting over the torpedo defense. Hanging suspended in lines at the mouth of every harbor, the whole series can be exploded by means of electricity the moment the attacking ship approaches. Destruction, terrible and sudden, from the abyss, overwhelms the invader. In this furious boiling of the waters beneath, the iron keel is wrenched, and plates and bolts are started. In the artificial *maelstrom*, the most powerful of iron ships may be swallowed up.

It would therefore seem, no matter what may be the shape that naval warfare may ultimately take, that the powers of naval defense have been greatly augmented. It is not easy to see how this condition can be disturbed by any inventions that may yet be made. It is fortunate, perhaps, for the cause of civil liberty, that such is the fact. The invulnerability of coast lines is more intimately connected with free government than might, at the first blush, be conceded. The English-speaking peoples of the world make more progress than any other nations in civil liberty. It can not be held that their advancement in this particular is attributable to any special adaptation or national trait, especially when the fact is taken into consideration that the sources from which they have sprung have, in the matter of government, remained stationary. We shall have to look, therefore, to the circumstances by which they are surrounded for the cause of the progress they have made, and not to themselves. The three great English-speaking communities are Great Britain, the United States, and Australia. The peculiarity of the parent country, is, that being composed of a group of islands, it is clearly separated

from all other nations. The same is measurably true of the United States, and absolutely true of Australia; for while we have Canada on one side of us and Mexico on the other, we dominate the continent so completely as to be practically without any neighbors at all. Civil liberty is a plant of such delicate growth, that it will wither and die if there are camps anywhere in its vicinity. Who believes, for a moment, that a republic could be long maintained in the United States, if our neighbor was the strong military monarchy of Prussia? On one side of this imaginary line every male is a soldier, and this mass moves by the will of one man; while on the other, every citizen does pretty much as he pleases. That is to say, one nation is always prepared, armed from head to foot, and aggressive, because it is fully aware that it is prepared; while the other—that is to say, the republic—is thinking of almost every thing in the world but war. It is true that military science might be made as rigid and unbending in the republic as in the adjoining military monarchy; but that would be only paving the way to assimilation. If the United States had Prussia for a neighbor, it would either have to become Prussianized in self-defense, or be trampled under foot. Hence, we say that civil liberty owes its growth among English-speaking peoples mainly to the fact that they have been isolated from the rest of the world by a treacherous element, which the ingenuity of man has not yet been able to render perfectly safe and reliable. It would be an evil day to mankind when the seas should be bridged over. Then there would come tramping in upon us those grim battalions, before which no extemporized armies can for a moment stand. England first, and America afterward, would have to give up the grand experiment as to the ability of man to govern himself, in which they are now engaged. There

would be then for us a rigid military service, which claims a portion of the time of the citizen, from youth to old age. There would be constant drillings and maneuverings. Gradually the idea would become general, that war is the main business of mankind, and that industry is only of value, in that it furnishes the means for the prosecution of human slaughter. Let us be thankful, then, that at least upon one line of warlike invention, results have been reached which are not calculated to militate against human freedom. The iron walls of England are much more staunch and reliable than the wooden walls of the olden time. Invasion by sea seems to be growing more and more difficult, if not impossible, with ordinary preparation.

The increase in the range of projectiles, brought about by the adoption of iron armor for ships, has, in like manner, not been without its effect on land. It would seem that the powers of defense have been more thoroughly improved there than on the sea. The Franco-German war, on the face of it, would seem to exhibit an advantage for the assailant. The invader was victorious in nearly all his battles. Striking first, he always won the day. Every place to which he laid siege was compelled to surrender. Nor Metz, nor Paris, could withstand him. It is not proposed, in this article, to touch upon any portion of this large subject other than that which relates to the defense of strong places. The great fact which we have to consider in this connection, is, of course, the increased range of projectiles. The recognized method of reducing a place, under the old system, was, to commence a parallel, which is nothing more than a trench, sufficiently deep to cover a man standing up just within range of the guns of the fortress to be taken. To escape the effect of its fire, this work is generally commenced at



night. The first parallel having been constructed, a zigzag passage is dug out of it, in the direction of the fortress. A certain point having been reached, the second parallel is opened. From that again a zigzag advance is made until the place for the third parallel is gained. The third parallel is always close up to the work to be breached. Here, then, commences that underground contest, which probably constitutes the most dreadful and awe-inspiring aspect of war: namely, burrowing down in the earth, for the purpose of circumventing each other, if possible, with the certainty that the side which shall make the most accurate calculation as to the exact position of its antagonists will be able to blow up them and their works. But with the increase in the range and power of projectiles, it is not possible that a trench could now be opened nearer to the work to be reduced than two thousand yards. That would leave an amount of ground to be gotten over, by parallels and zigzag advances, that, even taking into account the enormous strength of modern armies, would be sufficient to render a siege a work of years. The distance, under the old conditions of war, was generally only two or three hundred yards.

In the Franco-German war, Strasbourg is the only important fortress to which siege was laid according to the old style. There we find parallels, zigzags, mining, and the final breach. But Strasbourg was fortified entirely upon the old plan. It had no outlying and detached forts—nothing but an *enceinte*, with its salients, curtains, glacis, and ditches, *à la Vauban*. Further, and more important still, it was not supplied with artillery of the latest pattern. So we have here a regular old-fashioned leaguer, with all its incidents, ending when the breach was finally made. But at Metz and Paris we have a totally different state of facts to consider. No attempt even was made by the Prussians

to proceed against these places according to the old methods. They would have had to open their parallels at such an immense distance that they would not have advanced half-way up to the present date, though using every possible diligence, and meeting with no serious or disheartening reverses. There were, also, the detached forts, to still further complicate the "situation." Against them the trenches would first have to be opened, at an enormous distance; and after them, against the *enceinte* itself. More digging, evidently, would have been required here than any army has ever attempted. If there is to be no change in the style of operations, the siege-tools of an army will hereafter form the largest and bulkiest material necessary for the operations of an invading host.

In the case, therefore, of the two cities under consideration, the Germans contented themselves with merely establishing a strong military cordon, relying upon famine alone to do their work. They had an ally on the inside of the beleaguered cities, who was bound to give them the victory without much serious effort. Hunger and the Fatherland formed a junction, and the chief cities of France had to succumb. It should be stated, however, that the Germans did succeed in raining down shells over a large and important section of Paris. This was owing to the fact, that on a certain portion of the periphery of defense the forts were constructed so near the *enceinte* that a range was gained, by which the city was reached. At the time these forts were built, no idea was entertained of the extraordinary increase in the range and power of projectiles that was so soon to be achieved. Indeed, it is not apparent how a city defended by detached forts, at a sufficient distance to prevent bombardment, well supplied with provisions, and completely garrisoned, can be reduced, in the new conditions

under which war is now carried on. Every detached fort can be made to represent a defensive power of fifty thousand men. Between these forts, the garrison is drawn up and intrenched. How a passage could be forced, under the murderous cross-fire of the forts and the direct discharges of the intrenched garrison, is not comprehensible, except in the case of panic, acknowledged inferiority, or downright and abject cowardice. Nor is it easy to see how these conditions can be changed by any inventions that may hereafter be made. If the range of projectiles should still be extended, there is nothing to be done but to push out still further the detached forts and lines of intrenchment. This enlargement of the circle of defense would not, in any manner, lessen the powers of resistance, for by a judicious system of internal railroads—a circular road, as well as roads radiating from the centre—concentration at any given point, upon the shortest possible notice, could be effected to any desired extent, and with mathematical precision and certainty.

All these changes have been brought about by the man, who, with scientific inspiration, first conceived the idea of doing something toward reducing to an equality, in the powers of resistance, the wooden sides of the Allied fleet and the stone bastions of Odessa. Hammering away there upon the side of that man-of-war—drilling holes and adjusting plates—he is initiating a struggle between the powers of offense and defense which will produce a revolution in warfare. He is to us a dim and purely supposititious figure. The world has not yet discovered his name. The late Emperor of the French claimed some respect at the hands of mankind, from the fact that he was the first individual in authority to appreciate the value of the suggestion.

There is no question, however, but that Ericsson was the first to launch an iron man-of-war. The *Monitor* of Hampton

Roads was the first ship of modern navies. Looking back at what has since been achieved in the building of iron men-of-war, it must be admitted that the turret-ship embraces more elements of power and efficiency than any other class since launched. The strength of the turret can be increased almost indefinitely, while the hull is so constructed as to present no surface to the enemy. There was a claimant for the honor of the discovery of the turret-ship in the person of the late Captain Cowper Coles, of the British Navy. For a long time he had filled the world with dismal wailings about the priority of his discovery; and more recently, in regard to the restrictions placed upon him by the English Admiralty. He complained that he was hampered in the full development of his creative genius; stopped here by an unimaginative Board of Naval Construction; restrained there by some other branch of authority, so that it was impossible for him to carry out his own ideas. But the fierce Atlantic waves have long since closed over him and his wailings. In an evil hour for himself, he was allowed to have his own way. The *Captain* was the result of his labors, and the ship went down in a gale of wind, carrying with her into the abyss nearly all on board, including loud-complaining Captain Cowper Coles.

Prussia has given the world the ramrod, flying-artillery, and the needle-gun—all inventions intended to increase the efficiency of gunpowder in the destruction of human beings. The introduction, however, of iron-plating for ships may be regarded as a reaction against it. If it has brought out, in bolder relief, the immense powers of that explosive agent, it has demonstrated that defense is progressing rapidly, with every chance in favor of its carrying off the palm. It is clearly evident that the greater the range, the less destructive must war become. More men fell in battle, relative-

ly, from the old smooth-bore musket, with a range of a few hundred yards, than from the Minié rifle and the needle-gun. And it is only by this path that the bloody struggles which are so repugnant to Christianity, and which Civilization deprecates so much, can be rendered unfrequent. In the present condition of things it is not seen how war can be terminated except by war. The Uni-

versal Peace Society, to make any impression on the world, would have to take to the Prussian system of organization, and to Krupp guns, with alacrity and determination. Science alone can accomplish what is desired in this respect. It can so increase the powers of defense, that there will be no chance for the aggressor except by stratagem or surprise.

### ALMA NATURA.

Come from the vale of grief,  
O, Pilgrim, I implore thee. Let me tell  
How I have sought and found my full relief;  
For Nature loves us well.

Look at thine own disgrace,  
O, foolish Pilgrim, fainting in thy soul;  
Let but the sweet air breathe upon thy face,  
And it shall make thee whole.

Bare thy close-shodden feet;  
Put off thy raiment; naked, free, and glad,  
Walk with the shining angels Light and Heat,  
For thou art fitly clad.

Bathe in the running tide;  
O, seek it with a lover's heart; for lo!  
Thou shalt arise from out it purified,  
And whiter than the snow.

Pause in the orchard-path;  
Pluck from the boughs the fruit's untainted flesh;  
Eat freely, for a copious store it hath:  
Then live and love afresh.

Seek thou the ocean's flood,  
And, as the sun glows on the crystal brink,  
Seize thou the golden chalice of his blood,  
And thirsting, deeply drink.

Through Nature art thou blessed:  
She clothes thee and she feeds thee, and she gives  
Drink to the lips that thirst, and perfect rest  
To every one that lives!



## FRANZ AND VICTORINE.

## AN EPISODE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

“**L**UDWIG! what in the world is the matter with you? What makes you so silent and gloomy?”

Ludwig Bausch was a German student, about nineteen years old, a native of Baden. Square-built, with heavy mustache, he was good-looking. Several scars in his handsome face showed that, with all his *bonhomie*, he was of the “fighting” sort. I made his acquaintance in the college-room, and, though by several years his junior, my “Germanizing” disposition predisposed him in my favor; and he introduced me to his uncle, a grim Commander of the Cuirassiers. With him he dwelt in modest apartments; and it was while smoking his long pipe before the glimmering fire, that I thus unceremoniously addressed him. His gloomy mood had long puzzled me; and that evening curiosity got the better of discretion, and I tried by my abrupt question to solve the riddle.

He knocked out his pipe, looked with a sad smile at me, and said, after a long while:

“Leno, thou art *ein guter Bursche*. I have confidence in thee; I shall tell thee. Thou knowest, I am from Baden, that land of paradise, which borders on the Rhine—the *freie deutsche Rhein*—and looks with astonishment at the neighboring Elsass, whose inhabitants speak German, are German by descent, and yet seem to flush with French excitement. My parents live at Lichtenau. A year ago I went to Bonn, to study the science of mining, which with us, thou knowest, is a peculiar branch. Though very young, I had formed a strong at-

tachment to Fräulein Von Alden. Of noble birth, she could not help loving me [and Ludwig smiled while saying this]. Bertha had given me her faith before I left, and our letters were many. But a friend of mine—too zealous, perhaps, in my behalf—wrote to me about a French Captain of Dragoons, who, on a fortnight’s furlough, visited my family, and seemed deeply interested in Bertha. I became restless, and as soon as the University vacation began, I was on my way home. I found Bertha as cheerful and devoted as ever; but on the second day after my arrival, Captain Saverne was announced. He was a very handsome man, speaking French and German with equal purity, and joining to our German freedom of manners that French urbanity and politeness, which I do not exactly possess, my dear Leno.”

He smiled, and I could not help doing the same; for Ludwig was not over-polite, and his manner was somewhat abrupt, and what the French call *brusque*.

“Well,” continued Ludwig, after a pause, “Bertha seemed very delighted to see him, talked French and German, and altogether I was cast in the shade that evening. There was a superiority in Saverne, which I felt, but could not explain; and, Leno, I *hated* him.

“I passed a miserable night. Early in the morning I was up, and strolled out of town, to divert my mind. Whom should I meet but Captain Saverne, on his way to Colmar, where he was garrisoned!

“‘Eh, *bonjour!*’ he said; ‘we hope to see you soon again.’

“‘*Der Teufel hohle dich!*’ I cried, in a rage.

“‘What do you say, my good sir?’ asked Saverne.

“I repeated my words. He paled, and asked what it meant.

“‘Just what it says,’ I answered.

“‘Young gentleman,’ said he, ‘if you were not so very young, I should like another explanation.’

“My blood was fully up. I threw my glove in his face, and said, ‘Take that, French puppy!’

“Saverne stood a moment, silent. Then he said, deliberately, ‘At ten o’clock, at the Lindenbusch, with pistols.’

“‘I shall be there!’ cried I, with rage.

“And I was there. Our seconds measured the space. Ten yards. The command was given. The pistols flashed. Saverne fell. He was shot through the breast; to all appearance, dying.”

Ludwig paused. The remembrance of the murderous scene affected him. After awhile he continued:

“I had murdered a man. I had to flee the law. I came to Leyden. The face of the dying man, who never injured me, whom I had grossly injured, was always before me. Letter upon letter came from Bertha, full of love and anguish at the dreadful suspense in which she was held. For Saverne seems to linger. The wound to all appearance is mortal. Through skillful management he *may* recover, yet there is but very little hope.

“Dost thou now understand my sadness?” asked Ludwig, extending his strong and sinewy arm to me.

I was very young then, and a duel for love’s sake seemed the right thing to me. Yet, this one had such an abrupt appearance, that my friend Ludwig appeared little less than a regular homicide, not to say a murderer.

A month passed, and I respected my friend’s gloomy sadness. I pitied him. I knew that, if Saverne died, as seemed more than probable, he would be an ex-

ile from his country forever. So I never mentioned the sad affair, never asked after tidings. But one afternoon, at college, he was bright and cheerful. He answered the old Professor’s questions with alacrity. His movements, generally slow, were quick and lively. The hour passed, we left for his room, and on the road he took my arm, pressed it, and said, in a voice which I seem yet to hear, “Thank God, he is safe; he is pronounced safe.” That evening we had a glass of punch, and drank the health of “Captain Saverne” and “Bertha.”

Ludwig did not stay long after that in Leyden. He left for Germany. I heard of his subsequent marriage with Fräulein Bertha; and then, like many others, Ludwig was forgotten in the turmoil of busy life.

After a lapse of twenty years, I traveled through Germany. I took my way from Frankfort through Baden; and hearing the name of Lichtenau, I remembered Ludwig, Ludwig Bausch, the trusty German student, the wild, but good-natured duelist.

I went to Lichtenau, and inquired. Yes! old *Ammann* Bausch was dead, but his son Ludwig, Inspector of the Mines in the *Rhein Kreis*, lived near Carlsruhe. As I traveled *en touriste*, I went there, and found my old fellow-student Ludwig developed into a good-sized *Hausvater*, as abrupt and blunt as ever, but happy and cheerful. His Bertha received me kindly, and introduced to me her two children: Franz, a handsome boy of eight, with some of the father’s pugnacious features, blended with Bertha’s luminous blue eyes; and Victorine, a sweet and pensive-looking girl of four. The child looked at me with such thoughtful eye, that I, a bachelor of over thirty, could not help noticing her; and taking her up, I put her on my knees, and in my native tongue I said, with true bachelor’s child’s love, “*Chère petite!*”

The child's eyes brightened, as children's eyes alone can brighten. Putting up her little arms, she said, "*Papa! tu es papa?*"

I was somewhat amazed to hear myself thus "fathered" by the little one, and as Bertha smilingly approached, and, tenderly taking the child from my hands, said, in a soothing way, "*Non, petite, papa bien loin!*" I was, and might have looked, very puzzled.

"No wonder," said Bertha, laughing, "that you are rather astonished to hear one of our children talk French, and asking after her father. I'll tell you. A few years after Ludwig and I were married, when Franz began to be quite a boy, we heard of the death of Colonel Saverne's wife, then garrisoned in Strassburg. Ludwig had always been on very intimate terms with Saverne, and, I verily believe, would have given his life for him, whose life he once, in youthful anger and jealousy, endangered. He immediately went to Strassburg, and returned with Saverne and his poor, dear, little Victorine, just four years old. A month the bereaved father stayed with us, then returned to his post, but, at our urgent request, left us Victorine. She would be as our own child; we would take care of her, and, from time to time, he would come and see her. This was six months ago. The child we consider as our own, and Franz loves her as a little sister. But the little one has not forgotten her mother's tongue, nor her father's image. Your French has recalled it to her, though you don't look like him [she added, smiling wickedly]. Now you know all about Victorine, our darling little girl."

And then she began to hug and pat the little thing, till she was actually asleep in her kind foster-mother's arms.

I stayed a couple of days with Ludwig, then went on my way; and Ludwig and Bertha, and Victorine and Franz, became things of the past, while I was

roving to America, and at last struggling in far-off California.

There I became an "old man." Age is too often apt to count "back" more than "forward." Age sometimes becomes "sentimental." Age recalls the happy, hearty days of youth with something like "regret." Age makes very few friends, but turns with singular tenacity to the friends of youth. And so I began to write letter upon letter to my old "Continental" friends. Many were "gone;" many answered my "exile's" greeting from the far Pacific. Among them was Ludwig, the pugnacious student of Bonn, the ponderous *Hausvater* near Carlsruhe. His letter was written a few days after the outbreak of the Franco-German War. I'll translate it for my readers, though I can not render its thorough German spirit:

"CARLSRUHE, Aug. 10, 1870—Leno, thou art *ein guter Bursche*. I have not forgotten thee. Don't complain. Thou art happy, being so far away. Thy sons need not go to the slaughter-house. . . . Ah! Leno, dost thou remember Franz, that bright boy? I never had another. He is now a man of sterling worth. He took my place as Inspector. . . . And thou rememberest Victorine, the little one of Saverne? She is now our only comfort. For *he* is gone. Gone to the war. Ah! Leno, thou art a happy man in thy far-off California! Only think: Victorine, the daughter of Saverne, now General Saverne, was betrothed to my Franz. Their marriage was to take place toward Christmas. And then comes the thunder of war. 'Fatherland above all' is the cry all over the country. Franz went; and being of a dashing, somewhat reckless temper, he asked to enter the Uhlans, where he was appointed an officer, as his anterior services gave him a right to be. . . ."

I don't give the whole of the letter, detailing the sorrow and anguish of Victorine, whose father commanded a



division of the French army. But I assure you, if the letter gave me pleasure in one sense, it caused me no little anxiety for my old friend Ludwig, and the manly Franz and sweet Victorine, as I remembered them.

I immediately wrote an answer to my old friend, but before it could reach him, I received another letter, of which I translate the following:

"CARLSRUHE, Aug. 24, 1870—I hope thou hast received my letter of the 10th. I know thy old heart and thy German sympathy, and . . . well, to be short, I *like* to write to thee. The day before yesterday we received, at last, tidings from Franz. And what tidings! Truly, the ways of Providence are strange! As Franz' letter is lengthy, I will give thee what thou callest, I believe, a *résumé*, as much as possible in his own words.

"When Franz arrived at his Division of the Baden Corps, he was sent to Kehl, to keep a watch on the French garrison of Strassburg. The battles of Bitche and Sarreguemines had been fought, and our young men were anxious to do something else than watching. Said Franz, one morning, to three of his fellow-officers, 'Suppose we make a dash over the river, scour the country around Strassburg, and get some information?' The plan was enthusiastically received, orders asked from the commanding officer, and off went the four young fellows, who crossed the Rhine in a boat, swimming their horses, mounted them, and began their scouring expedition.

"On they went, through by-ways and side-roads, astonishing the peasantry, frightening many, and getting much of the information they wanted. Night came, and they concluded to stay over, to ask or take hospitality in the first farm-house they met with, and return in the early morning. They got reasonable quarters, but the farmer, an obstinate Elsass peasant, talking bad German and

worse French, played them a trick; at least, so Franz believes. They were just at breakfast, at early morning dawn, when one of them, at watch as was their custom, ran in, and cried, 'Frenchmen in view!'—in the meantime jumping his horse, and galloping off. Franz and his two companions were just in the saddle, when a French squadron of Hussars rode up; their commander cried out, '*Rendez vous!*' Uhlán fashion, they were not ashamed to flee when before superior numbers, and off they dashed, when a discharge of carbines killed one of them, and wounded the horse of Franz, who fell, and was soon made a prisoner.

"The commander, who wore a General's uniform, looked sternly at Franz, when he stood before him. 'Thy name?' 'Franz Bausch,' said he, smiling, notwithstanding his anger at being captured; for he had recognized Saverne.

"The General at once came up to him, embraced him, almost hugged him, to the astonishment of his Hussars.

"'And how is Victorine?' he asked, when he got over his first emotion.

"Franz told him all. 'Ah! that war!' exclaimed Saverne. '*Voyons*, Franz,' he continued, after a moment's thought, 'I don't want to keep thee a prisoner. Only give me thy *parole d'honneur* that thou wilt no more fight against us. Now come, *mon garçon*, give me thy hand, and go and tell Victorine her poor father is well.'

"'I *can not*, General,' said Franz; 'and I am sure you would not do it in my case.'

"'True enough,' said Saverne, pressing him to his heart; 'so remain my prisoner until thou becomest my . . .'

"He turned suddenly, ordered a horse for Franz, and the squadron rode away. The General's encampment was not far off. Though in command of the rear-guard of the retreating French army, and actually in retreat, the summons of

the Elsass peasant had been too much for him. With native impetuosity he had wanted to punish that 'impudent' bravado of a few Uhlan officers; but as soon as he returned, the camp was broken up, the retreat was ordered, so much the more as several scouts had reported the near approach of the German vanguard. That day they marched some twenty-five miles, until the already exhausted troops gave up, and, scarcely building camp-fires, lay down to rest.

"The Baden soldiers, fresh from home, and with no disaster to brood over, marched on, camped not many miles from the French, and early at day-break came upon them in full force.

"Drums and bugles sounded in the French camp. It was too late. For once the brave General was outwitted. With raging fury he struck around him, surrounded by a host of Baden soldiers, who, seeing he was a General, were sparing with their bullets, but threatening with the bayonet.

"Surrender!' they cried. But he spurred his charger, trying to break through, and crying, '*A bas, canaille!*' he cut and struck, until one of the Baden men lifted his gun, and took deliberate aim.

"The bullet whistled, and struck him in the right breast, near the shoulder. His sword fell, and Franz, rushing up to him, came just in time to receive him in his arms. '*Mein vater, mein vater!*' cried he. The brave Germans stood in amazement. An Uhlan officer claiming the French General as his father! Franz, with their help, carried him to the tent, and in no long time the veteran warrior was, half conscious, on a stretcher, while the German doctor bandaged him, and gave directions for his safe transportation.

"A few words from Franz had put Doctor Brunn on the right track. He talked awhile with the German General; and Saverne was carried to an ambu-

lance, with express orders that Franz should attend him until he reached Carlsruhe.

"So they are on their way, my *Bursche*; we expect them in a few days. Franz writes that the wound is dangerous—but come on! a wound in the shoulder, or near it, can not be so bad. You have seen my *narben* in that neighborhood"—he meant some of the nineteen scars, which I once counted on him, of wounds received in duels—"we will see Saverne all right, and Franz, too."

This letter left me in anxious expectation. Day after day I perused the papers, and devoured the accounts of French disasters and German victories. Day after day I looked out for tidings from my old friend, until at last the foreign post-stamp sent a thrill through my heart, and I read as follows:

"CARLSRUHE, 24th Sept., 1870—*Hurrah für Deutschland!* my old friend; but, while I write, I am sadder than ever. Thou art good and kind to take such interest in us, and the least I can do is to tell thee all. Where shall I begin? Yes, I remember; I wrote thee we expected Saverne, badly wounded, attended by Franz, a rescued prisoner of war, and for the time on furlough.

"It was the 1st of September when in the evening the ambulance stopped before our door, and we all rushed out.

"There he lay, my brave Saverne, tired and weary by the long journey. He could not stir his right hand, but with his left he pressed me as of old, while Victorine lay sobbing on his face, kissing him and hugging him, till the assistant-surgeon interfered. He was carried into our '*gast zimmer*.' Thou knowest it, Leno; hast slept in it. It looks out on our garden.

"That night Franz remained with him. In the morning, early, Victorine and myself asked admission. O, Leno, how altered he looked! '*Pauvre France!*' he

said, sadly, '*pauvre France!* I have done my duty! *Pauvre France!*' The surgeon came in. Weeping Victorine was removed, and O, Leno! when I saw the bandage taken off, and the scar of the bullet-wound which I inflicted, many years ago, how I trembled all over! Thou knowest me. I am rather rough; but that scar pained me more than the wound, which looked bad enough. I think I had tears in my eyes. 'Not for me, but for France!' he said, softly. '*Pauvre France!*'

"The wound was dressed; but there was strong inflammation, and the surgeon looked grave. When he left, I asked him. 'Mortification coming, I fear,' said he; 'amputation would not help.'

"Three days passed in anxious expectation. Saverne spoke seldom. When Franz and Victorine stood near his bedside, he used to stretch out his left hand and grasp theirs, without saying a word. His weather-beaten, careworn features made a sad contrast with the blooming, healthy appearance of the *kinder*, for he always called them '*Mes enfants*.' When he saw tears in their eyes, he would say, 'Not for me, but for poor France! *Pauvre France!*'

"That same night the news came of Sedan. The surrender of Napoleon with a powerful army came like a flash of lightning upon us; and though we tried to keep all war news from our poor invalid, somehow or other he *knew* it. The effect was terrible. He sat up on his couch. His eyes beamed; with his left arm he beat his breast. 'All is lost,' he cried; 'all, and honor too! O France! France!' Then he sank back on his pillow, exhausted and faint.

"We stood around his couch. Victorine, holding his now powerless hand, knelt beside him; Franz stood behind, while Bertha prepared a soothing drink, and I exchanged a few words with the surgeon. 'Mortification has set in since

yesterday,' he whispered; 'there is no chance.'

" '*Verloren*' ('lost'), he repeated, in a sharper whisper, thinking the French General did not understand German.

" '*Yes! perdu! perdu!*' said Saverne, in a hoarse voice, trying to rise; 'all lost, honor and all!'

"Bertha came just in time with her soothing beverage. He took it, with a thankful smile, lay back, breathed hard, and soon seemed to slumber.

"Softer and softer became the breathing. Now and then a smile passed over his stern, expressive face. At last, we heard no breathing at all. We became alarmed, looked at the surgeon, who came and felt his pulse. 'Near, but not yet,' he said, stepping back.

"We stood in suspense. We began to whisper our fears, when Saverne's eyes opened softly, and looking steadfastly at Franz and Victorine, he said, '*Mes enfants*, kneel down.'

"Both obeyed. Saverne opened his broad right hand, looking at Franz, who put his own right in Saverne's. Then the General looked at Victorine, who could not refrain from sobbing.

" 'Thy hand, *mon enfant*,' said he.

"Victorine placed hers with that of Franz. For a few moments the General closed his eyes. The stillness of death reigned in that room. We heard nothing but the slow breathing of the invalid. After a few minutes, Saverne said, slowly, but distinctly:

" 'O saving God, have mercy! . . . Have mercy upon poor France; have mercy upon victorious Germany! . . . Bless these children. . . Unite them in Thy love. . . Let their union be a good augury. . . . *Pauvre France! pauvre France!* . . . '

"He spoke no more. He continued breathing slower and slower, always holding the hands of the betrothed, until at last a short and sharper sigh was the last, and his spirit had fled.



"O, how we stood mourning around that bed of death! Victorine adored her father, whom she seldom saw, but devotedly loved; Franz always was deeply attached to him; and I, Leno—I, who once sought his life—had ever since felt for him the warmest friendship.

"However, I shall not weary thee with the detail of the watching, the funeral, and the final departure of Franz, whose furlough had ended, and who yesterday left for the army before Paris. Our hearts are sore, my *Bursche*, very sore. If God only spares Franz, and allows him to comfort poor, dear Victorine."

October, November, December passed, and though I frequently wrote to my friend Bausch, I never received an answer. The war continued, and from Franz' reckless disposition I began to fear the worst, when toward the end of January I received the following:

"CARLSRUHE, 27th Dec., 1870—*Lieber Freund!* At last, at last! Thou hast waited long, and thy letters deserved better; but in our anxiety we forgot all and every thing, except Franz, of whom we heard but very seldom. All sorts of tidings. Sometimes he was killed, sometimes a prisoner, sometimes missing. Until at last, having written to General Von Rohn, on whom I have some claim, I received positive intelli-

gence. And what happy news! Franz had by his daring, dashing courage gained the confidence of his superiors, and been promoted to the rank of Colonel of the regular Dragoons. But in a sortie from Paris he had received a wound, not dangerous, but disabling him for some time. He was on his way home, having a furlough until better. 'Let him return as soon as possible,' added the General; 'we want such men as your Franz.'

"Well, my dear friend, on the 20th of this month, he arrived, sound and healthy in body and spirits, though wearing his left arm in a sling. How glad were we, how glad was Victorine!

"I must be short, for I have to prepare for Franz' departure, who leaves for the army in two days. On Christmas-day the two were united. It was a solemn, affecting ceremony. A German soldier united to the daughter of a French General! Our good old Pastor gave a touching discourse, drawing tears from all those present, and they were many—Germans, and not a few French prisoners on parole. O, Leno! may the two nations cease from bloody strife, and once more join hands in neighborly affection."

That is the last I heard from Ludwig. May his fervent wish be answered, and Franz return in safety to his beloved Victorine!

## NORTHERN WHALING.

IN a previous number of this magazine, we confined our remarks to the different whales of commerce, and the modes of capturing them on the coast of California. The chief supply, however, of oil—the production of these immense marine animals—now comes from the North Pacific, the Okhotsk Sea, and the Arctic Ocean. The two species of cetaceans pursued by the

whalers in those frigid waters are the Right Whale (*Balæna Cullamach*) and the Bowhead, or Great Polar Whale (*Balæna Mysticetus*).

At the present time, but few right whales are taken. Their chief haunts, in former years, were on the north-west coast of North America, in the southern part of Behring's Sea, on the coast of Kamschatka, in the Japan Sea, about

the Kurile Islands, and in the south part of the Okhotsk Sea. The northern right whale is a distinct species from that of the Southern Ocean, being much larger; moreover, it may be regarded as the largest of all the true *balanas*. Their average length may be set down at sixty feet, the two sexes varying but little in size. The average yield of oil may be reckoned at 130 barrels; the yield of bone, 1,800 pounds; the average thickness of blubber—which is quite white—ten inches.

The right whales are found singly or in pairs; at times, scattered about as far as the eye can reach from the mast-head. At the last of the season they are sometimes seen in large numbers, crowded together. These herds are called “gams,” and are regarded by experienced whalers as an indication that “the whales will soon leave the ground.” The general habit of the animal is to spout seven to nine times at a “rising”—that is, when on the top of the water—then, turning flukes (elevating them six or eight feet out of the water), it goes down, and remains twelve to fifteen minutes. It is remarked, however, since they have been so generally pursued by whalers, that their action in this respect has somewhat changed. When galled\* by the close approach of a boat, they have a trick of hollowing the back, which renders the fatty covering and flesh so extremely flexible that it prevents the harpoon from penetrating. Many whales have been “missed” with the harpoon, by darting at this portion of the body. Having been chased every successive season for years, these animals have become very wild, and difficult to get near, especially in calm weather. The manner of propelling the boat at such times is by paddling, and when there is a breeze, by sailing, if practicable; using the oars only when it is not possible to use sails or paddles.

\* A whaler's phrase for frightened.

Among right whalers, there is a difference of opinion about “going on to a whale,”\* whether it is best to get out of or into its wake, to avoid “gallying” it; and as regards safety, some prefer to have a good breeze, then, setting all practicable sail, run over the animal to leeward, at the same time that the harpoon is thrown. The whale, after being struck, often runs to windward, thrashing its flukes in every direction, and after going some distance frequently stops, or “brings to”—“sweeping,” as it is said, from “eye to eye”—and at the same time making a terrific noise through its spout-holes, called bellowing. This sound is compared to that of a mammoth bull, and adds much to the excitement in its chase and capture. Others will not stop until they are hamstrung, as it were, by “spading.” The “spading” process is performed by hauling the boat near enough to cut the cords that connect the body and flukes, either on top or underneath, as the attitude of the fish may be: a large vein runs along the under-side of the “small”† terminating at the junction of the caudal fin, which, if cut, will give the animal its death-wound. The instrument used for cutting is called a boat-spade—which may be compared to a very wide, thin chisel, with a handle six or eight feet long. Sometimes the cords are so effectually severed that the flukes become entirely useless; and still the animal slackens its speed hardly perceptibly, showing evidently that its pectorals are its principal propellers. Another mode of retarding its progress is by throwing a number of harpoons, detached from the line, into its small—a kind of torture that would impel the bleeding victim, if it could speak, to entreat the tormentors to put an end to its misery. But when once “brought to,” it will remain nearly

\* “Going on to a whale” means getting near enough to dart the harpoon.

† The small is that part of the body adjoining the flukes, or caudal fin.

stationary for a few minutes, or roll from side to side, giving the officer of the boat, if he works quickly, a good opportunity to shoot a bomb-lance, or use the hand-lance with good effect, which soon dispatches it. But sometimes one of these huge animals, in spite of bomb-guns, harpoons, and all the whaling craft combined, will, after being "fastened to," make the best of its way to windward with the boat, taking it so far from the ship as to oblige the men to cut the line and give up the chase. Of late, "Greener's Gun" has been used to some extent in its capture. But before harpoon or bomb-guns came into general use, the right whalemens of the north made such havoc among these marine animals—which were regarded as the most gigantic and vicious of their kind—as to have nearly annihilated them, or driven them to some unknown feeding-grounds.

The bowhead, or polar whale, may be regarded, at the present time, as the largest and most valuable animal sought after by the hardy and venturesome whaler. Its geographical distribution, east and west, extends from Nova Zembla to the coast of eastern Siberia. It is rarely seen farther south in Behring's Sea than the fifty-fifth parallel; and in the Okhotsk, its southern range is about the latitude of fifty-four degrees. The northern limit of the bowhead remains undefined.

In tracing its history, it is necessary to revert to the Dutch and Russian fishery, about Spitzbergen, in 1608; and as years passed on, it was pursued westward, on the Atlantic side, to the icy barriers in Davis Strait, and the adjacent waters uniting with the Frozen Ocean.

Right whales were pursued for several years on the North-west Coast, on the coast of Kamschatka, about the Kurile Islands, and in the Japan Sea, before bowheads were known to exist in that part of the Arctic Ocean adjoining Behring's Strait, or in the Okhotsk Sea. In the year 1848, Captain Roys, in the

American bark *Superior*, was the first whaling-master to work his vessel through Behring's Strait into the Arctic. He there found whales innumerable, some of which yielded two hundred barrels of oil.

The habits of the bowhead are much like those of the humpback, being irregular in its movements, in its respirations, and in the periods of time either above or below the surface of the water. When going gently along, or lying quietly, it shows two portions of the body—the spout-holes, and a part of the back—on account of the high, conical shape of the former, and the swell of the latter, which is about midway between the spout-holes and the flukes.

The bowheads of the Arctic may be classed as follows: 1st. The largest whales, of a brown color, with an average yield of oil of two hundred barrels. 2d. The smaller, color black, with a yield of oil of one hundred barrels. 3d. The smallest, color black, with a yield of oil of seventy-five barrels. The last-named class are generally found among the broken ice at the first of the season; and they have been known to break through ice three or four inches in thickness, that had formed over previously open water between the floes. They do this by coming up under and striking it with the arched portion of their heads; hence they have been sometimes called "ice-breakers." In point of color, all are found with more or less white on the under-side, as well as about the throat and fins. The average length of the animals is from forty to sixty-five feet. One whale, measuring forty-seven feet, yielded 150 barrels of oil—the average thickness of the blubber being twelve or thirteen inches—and its enormous head yielded 2,500 pounds of bone, the longest of which measured eleven feet, with a breadth of thirteen inches where it was imbedded in the gum of the jaw. The tongue—which, in this species of cet-



cean, is nearly one mass of fat—produced over fifteen barrels of oil. The Arctic whales are quite free from parasitic crustaceans, as well as barnacles, their exterior presenting a smooth, glassy surface.

Whalers bound to the Arctic are generally at the “edge of the ice,” which is met with near latitude sixty degrees north, about the 1st of May. They then work their way northward as fast as the ice will permit, keeping as near the shore as practicable in order to be on the best “whale-ground,” and also to avoid the ice. Many whales were formerly taken off Karaginski Island, latitude fifty-nine degrees north, on the coast of Kamschatka. Behring’s Strait is sufficiently clear of ice from the 1st to the 20th of July for ships to navigate with comparative safety. A large fleet collect, and grope their way through ice and fog into “the Arctic”—as it is termed—and frequently reach the high latitude of seventy-two degrees north. Occasionally an open season occurs, when they hazard their ships around Point Barrow. Captain Roys entered the ocean the middle of July, and left the 28th of August; but at the present time ships remain till October and November, encountering the terrific gales, as well as the huge masses of ice; that, surging, drift about “the barrier,” at this late and rigorous season, which may be regarded as the beginning of the Arctic winter.

The principal herding-places of the bowheads, in the Okhotsk, are at the extremities of this great sheet of water, the most northern being the “North-east Gulf” (Gulf of Ghijghi), and the most southern, Tchantar Bay. The whales do not make their appearance in North-east Gulf so soon as in the bay. Whalers endeavor, as soon as possible, to get to the head of Tchantar Bay, where they are sure to find the objects of pursuit in the immediate water be-

tween the ice and the shore, long before the main body of the congealed mass is broken up, and before the ships can get between the ice and the shore, even at high tide; the boats being sent forward weeks in advance of the ships. Soon after the ship’s arrival, the whales avoid their pursuers by going under the main body of ice, situated in the middle of the bay, finding breathing-holes among the conglomerate floe. The boats cruise about the edge of this barrier, watching for them to emerge from their cover, which occasionally they do, and are given chase to instantly. Frequently, in sailing along this field of ice, the sound of whales blowing is heard distinctly, when no water is visible at the point from whence the sound comes.

The first of the season, before the ice breaks up and disappears, when there are “no whales about,” the question is frequently asked, “Where are the whales?” and as often answered, “They are in the ice.” “When do you think they will come out?” “When the ice leaves.” It has been established beyond question that this species pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or, rather, if we may be allowed the expression, from the Atlantic Arctic to the Pacific Arctic, by the north; and, too, it is equally certain that numerous air-holes always exist in the ice that covers the Arctic waters, even in the coldest latitudes. These fissures are caused by the rise and fall of the tides; and storms, acting upon the water hundreds of miles distant, have their influence in rending asunder the icy fetters of those frozen seas. It seems not improbable that the bowheads, or polar whales, have a feeding and breeding-ground in an open Polar Sea. And as they have never been seen during the winter months in any other quarter of the globe except as before mentioned, it would appear that they must either remain among the rough water and broken ice at the south-

ern edge of the winter barrier, or migrate to some remote sea unknown to men. Hence, may not the clear water that Kane saw after passing the coldest latitudes, as he pressed northward, be the winter-home of vast numbers of these gigantic animals?

The preceding remarks have been confined chiefly to the bowheads of the Arctic, in the vicinity of Behring's Strait, north and south; but the Okhotsk Sea at one time equaled, if not surpassed, the Arctic as a productive whaling-ground. We can not state with certainty in what year they were first taken in the Okhotsk; but it was not earlier than 1847, nor later than 1849. They were found to be easy of capture, and yielded a large amount of oil and bone. On making further explorations, the whales appeared in great numbers, and, from the peculiar shape of the head—the spout-holes terminating in a sort of cone—they were at that time called “steeple-tops.” But few years elapsed before a large fleet were pursuing the animals throughout the whole extent of this vast inland water.

Tchantar Bay, and Taousk and Penjinsk Gulfs, soon became noted whaling-grounds, as well as several other points about the coasts. The whales of this sea, as far as known, are of the same species as those of the Arctic, although in the bays is found, in addition, a very small whale, called the poggy, which yields but little oil (twenty to twenty-five barrels). Many whalers are of the opinion that these are of a different species. There is little doubt, however, of their being young whales of the same species.

In the Arctic, and about Behring's Sea, the whaling is done from the ships, as it is termed; that is, the vessels cruise, the lookout being kept aloft as usual, and when whales are seen the boats are lowered, and the pursuit is carried on without sight of the ships, unless obscured by

fog or the darkness of night. In the Okhotsk, much of the whaling is about the bays, particularly Tchantar Bay and contiguous waters. The nature of the enterprise is such, in these localities, that the *modus operandi* is quite different.

Vessels bound to Tchantar Bay endeavor to approach the land off Aian, if the ice will permit, which is generally sufficiently broken and scattered by the 20th of June; then, working along between the ice and the Siberian coast to the southward as far as practicable with the ships, they dispatch boats to follow along the shore, and if possible to reach the head of Tchantar Bay, where whales, in former years, were expected to be found in large numbers. These boat-expeditions are attended with excessive labor, and much exposure, as well as risk to the crews. Frequent instances have been known of boats leaving the ships off Aian, then threading their way along the coast, between the masses of ice, or between the ice and shore, as the ebb or flood-tides would permit, till they reached the head of Tchantar Bay—a distance of 240 miles. As soon as arrived there, finding whales plentiful, the whalers immediately commence work; and by the time the ships arrive, whales enough to yield a thousand barrels of oil have been sometimes taken. The elapsed time, from leaving the ship till again joining the vessel in the bay, varies from one to four weeks. All this time the boat's-crews live in or about their boats, being afloat when making the passage or when engaged in whaling; and when driven to the shore by the ice or by stormy weather, or resorting thither to cook their food or sleep, the boats are hauled up and turned partially over for shelter, and tents are pitched with the sails. Fallen trees or drift-wood furnish abundance of fuel, and by a rousing fire all sleep soundly when opportunity offers; but if whales are in abundance, the less sleep for the whalers, in those high latitudes,

where daylight lasts nearly the twenty-four hours of each day, during summer.

When the ships arrive on the ground, and find the whales to be plentiful, all surplus provisions and outfits are quickly landed, and the chase begins. Frequent spouts in the air tell that the animals are all around. One of the number breaks the smooth surface of the water, between the land and ice, and is at once pursued; but before the boat can reach within darting or shooting distance, perhaps the animal goes down. Then comes an impatient waiting for it to rise again. As the bowhead is irregular in its course, when next seen it may be in another direction. Quickly the boat is headed for it, and before approaching near enough, the whale goes down again. In this way the chase is frequently prolonged, sometimes abandoned, and other whales pursued. Or, it may be, when nearly within reach, the animal glides under a floe of ice, and evades his pursuers; or, if harpooned, it may run for the floe, and before being killed, reaches it, and escapes with harpoons, lines, etc. If the pursuit proves successful, the captured whale is towed to the beach at high-tide; a scarf is cut along the body; a tackle is made fast on shore, and hooked to the blubber; then, as the tide falls, the animal is literally skinned of its oily hide, the carcass rolling down the bank as the process of flensing goes on. The bone is extracted from the mouth as the body rolls over, thus presenting the best opportunity. As soon as the fat is taken off it is rafted,\* and lies in the water till taken on board ship. The water being very cold, the blubber remains in its natural state for a long time, retaining the oil with but a small loss.

While the whaling is going on in this wise, the Captain, with the ship-keepers, improves every opportunity to work the ship to the whale. If there is an opening seen between the ice and shore, the

ship is at once worked through, either by towing, kedging, or sailing; and if meeting an adverse tide or wind, the vessel is anchored with a very light anchor, so that if beset by ice unexpectedly in the night, or during the dense fogs that prevail, the vessel will drift with the floe, thereby avoiding the danger of being cut through. Heavy fogs prevail until the ice disappears; and the circumscribed clear water being crowded with ships and boats, much care and maneuvering are exercised to prevent accident. These fogs frequently are so dense that no object can be seen for much more than a ship's-length; consequently at such times cruising and whaling in the bays are full of excitement and anxiety. A ship may be lying quietly at anchor one moment, and the next be surrounded by a field of ice; or the splashing of water under the bow of a passing vessel tells of her close proximity. Then come the blowing of horns, the ringing of bells, the firing of guns, or pounding on empty casks, to indicate the vessel's position, in order to avoid collision.

Neither fog nor drifting ice, however, prevents the whalers from vigorously prosecuting their work. In thick weather, when the spout of the whales, or the animal itself, can not be seen, its hollow-sounding respiration can be heard a long distance. In such instances, the boats approach as near as can be judged to the spot from whence the sound comes; and if the animal is found and captured, it is at the risk of the boats coming in contact with passing ships, ice, or what not. The whalers do not know, with any degree of certainty, what part of the bay they may be in; their first and main object being to capture the whale, at all hazards. This being done, it is taken in tow by the boats, or is anchored. If taken in tow, and the men do not find their own ship, but meet with another, the custom is to go on board, to eat, or sleep, if necessary; and when recruited,

\*Tied together with ropes in a sort of raft.



or the fog lifts so that they can find their own vessel, they are supplied with provisions, if needed, till they can reach her. If anchored, one boat always remains with the whale, while the others go in search of the ship. As soon as found, the Master, learning of the capture, makes every effort to work his vessel to the dead animal; or if that can not be done, every favorable tide is improved to tow the whale to the ship, where it is "cut in and tried out" in the usual manner.

As the season advances the ice disappears, leaving more room for cruising with the vessels, when the fleet becomes more scattered, and the feature of the whaling changes. The boats are kept more with the vessels, lookouts being stationed at the mast-heads, and the whaling is principally "done from the ship," as it is called. Sometimes two boats are sent from a vessel to look for whales in an adjoining bay. Meanwhile, the nights have become longer. Then comes the night-whaling. The phosphorescent light caused by the whale's movements in the water shows quite distinctly his whereabouts; and the bowhead, as compared with other kinds, being shy and timid, and easy of capture, night-whaling has been pursued successfully. But though comparatively easy of capture, it must not be inferred that the pursuit of the bowhead is not often tedious or unsuccessful, nor the attack made without risk of life and limb, as in other kinds of whaling.

After the ice leaves the bays, until the fall winds begin, much calm weather is experienced; and, although there are frequently seen large numbers of whales spouting among the numerous boats scattered over the water, not a single animal could be approached near enough to dart at it with the hand-harpoon, or to present a fair chance to shoot a bomb-lance into it, notwithstanding the boats were rigged with extra large sails in

order to take advantage of the light airs that may prevail in midsummer. The use of oars or paddles would be quite sure to frighten the animals, and when there is not sufficient wind to sail on to them, there is but little or no chance of getting fast. After the irons are firmly planted in the animal, or, as whalers say, after the whale has been fastened to, good and solid, the creature may go down to the bottom, and there roll till either the irons are torn from its body or the line is wound about it, and the valuable prize may be lost.

The breeding-places of the bowheads seem to be a matter of conjecture among the most observing and experienced whaling masters. The only place known has already been mentioned, in the vicinity of Tchantar Bay; and a difference of opinion exists as to whether the poggies, before mentioned, are calves, or whether they are not a "scrag" species that have a corresponding relation to the full-grown bowheads that the scrag right whale has to the larger grades of that species. Admitting, however, that they are the young ones, their numbers are comparatively few to the numerous progeny that is supposed to be brought forth by the cows during each season. Another singular fact is, that no bowhead of the Okhotsk Sea has ever been seen passing in or out the passage of the Kurile Islands, or from the Okhotsk to Behring's Sea, or Arctic whales passing to the Okhotsk. According to statements of the most experienced whaling Captains, a bowhead with a calf never has been seen by any whalers in the Arctic, or in Behring's Strait; and where this species of cetacean resort to bring forth their young, or where the young remain till grown to a considerable degree of maturity, is not definitely known. The general opinion, however, is, that an open Polar Sea must exist, or some other open water, not known to whalers, which serves as a breeding-place.

## SOLID DAYS IN TEXAS.

DOCTOR SANGRADO held that all human diseases should be cured by letting blood. Let a man travel six weeks in western Texas; and if he is not cured by its brambly phlebotomy of whatever ailment he has, it will be because there is no blood left in him. Of the thirteen kinds of bushes which I counted—to say nothing of the sixty-odd varieties of cactus—there is only one important exception which does not seem to have been created solely to make people healthy; and that one exception, the *cheriandia*, reeks with the combined potency of garlic and asafetida. But these thorns hatchel the air of western Texas wonderfully clean and blue.

All kinds of cacti sting the legs that are not defended by stout sherryvallies, and, like bees, forget to pull out their stingers. The *mesquite* rakes one vigorously; the red or the black *chaparro* keenly pricks him. The *gatuná* holds him fast, and looks at him; the wax-berry rips long scratches in his ankles. If he would pluck a few bright tart-berries, red with the blood of Venus, as Bion says, from the cranberry-bush, the needles on its leaves punish him severely. The *junco* has absolutely no foliage, except immense, horrid, green thorns; but in July each of these savage spines becomes a raceme of little, pale, milky flowers, like an old-time spindle full of flossy yarn. Even the India-rubber bush punctures him.

On the Apache Mountains one finds that most singular shrub, the *tasajo*. At a distance, a clump of it looks like a number of green Apache spears planted in the ground, twelve or fifteen feet high; approach, and you find what seem to be

some slender wax-candles, spirally wrapped with narrow strips of bark, whereon are set little clumps of mouse-ear leaves and—thorns. Even when one sits down in the shade of the *palma*—the only shade there is—its savage bayonets stab him in the neck. There is the century-plant, with its enormous clubs of leaves, rigged with hooks. Then there is the bear-grass, shooting up its splendid scope fifteen feet, with a millet-like head, large as one's arm, and six feet long. Its sweet, white bulb, though growing wholly on top of the ground, is incased in an immense clump of long, thin leaves, bristling out every way, and edged with cat-claws. But Bruin rips it open, and makes thereon his dinner of *kool-slaa*, without vinegar or pepper—whence the name.

"Thorns, also, and thistles shall it bring forth to thee." Western Texas has certainly reaped the curse above all other regions of the earth.

The sutler shoes which were to be had along the route were of the most approved description of shoddy cowskin; and alas for us when the forts were far apart! I have seen many a poor fellow stumping along, with his big toes looking disconsolately out of the ends of his shoes, to see how much farther it was to California. And to think of being bare-foot! There was a poor, Black wench, doing service for the aristocratic family of our train, clinging to them in all their misfortunes more faithfully than Gumbo to the Esmonds, who, when we set out in all the bravery of our snow-white wagons and shining vessels of tin, was mounted. But the Apaches soon prigged all the supernumerary animals, and the girl was unhorsed. The family had

an ambulance and two wagons, yet they compelled her to walk most of the time; and in addition to that, when the little ones took a fancy to walk, and then grew weary, they would scream and beat her with their tiny fists, until they were taken up and lugged on her back. I wished, in my secret heart, that the Apaches would steal the mules out of that ambulance. And they did, too, one night, and the superfine ladies were compelled to ride in the wagon. It was a just punishment for their abuse of the Negro girl.

We passed a number of wretched *adobe* stations, or stone huts, where Negro troops were posted; and it was highly amusing to witness the worship and the *devoirs* paid by these dusky warriors to our Black Belle. The poor, forlorn thing, looking so utterly woe-begone, bareheaded, barefooted, and with the one solitary garment she had worn unchanged for three months, would straightway be surrounded by thirty or forty stalwart fellows, who had nothing in the world to do but polish their shoes and prink themselves up in the Government blue and brass. But, ludicrous as the contrast was, they gallantly refrained from making any comparisons. Then there would ensue conversations, questions, grins, and, gradually, surreptitious kisses, and chuckings under the chin. You should see a fine Black fellow, with oily, glistening face, suddenly, and without any conceivable cause-motive there-to—unless it were the sight of a “cullud gal” after so many months of lonely soldiering—jump straight up into the air, shoot out his hand, and catch his comrade in the ribs, whereupon they would both jump up together. I venture to assert that no other person so humble ever made such a triumphal progress as Black Belle through the line of those frontier posts.

We entered the Apache Mountains between two low, long spurs, inclosing a narrow valley, which is very rich, as

shown by the rank and tawny grass; but, in July, it is utterly parched up and withered. One finds no trees in these mountains until he climbs up many miles; and all the lower ridges are savagely bald, and bleak, and hot, looking like rusty iron, but sometimes shading into a rich, soft colcothar-brown. The limestone strata which we had traversed for four hundred miles, from the Trinity River, here dip under this mighty chain of reddish granite and iron; but re-appear, feebly and in spots, fifty miles beyond, on the other slope.

How the sun beats, and shivers, and shakes down into this breathless valley! Before the July rainy season fully sets in, there sometimes comes a rattling squall, slinging the hard, big rain-drops in gusty rushes. Then the little Olympia comes brawling down out of the mountains; but a single fierce, summer day drinks it up, to the very last pond. The thin rind of black muck cracks and peels up on the stones, and the frogs become the victims of misplaced confidence. The stones grow hot under them; they hop disconsolately about, squat awhile on one, then lift a little, to let matters cool, then jump away in great disgust.

At Barilla Wells we came in sight of Wash-bowl Hill, which, afar off, “stands up and takes the morning.” In the centre of a brood of mighty hills, which lean away from it in every direction, as if this one had surged up in the midst and shouldered them aside, three thousand feet in the air looms the washstand, half a mile square, perpendicular in the upper three or four hundred feet, and looking as if faced with iron pilasters. Capping it is the inverted wash-bowl—an exact representation. One of our teamsters scaled the dreadful, sun-scorched cliffs, and brought down shards of apparently pure magnetic iron, which would clang like steel. In one of those awful iron *cañons* he heard a noise like a sweet,



cool trickle of waters, and his thirsty soul was glad; but, after an incredible peril of clambering to descend to the supposed spring, he found it was only the melodious gurgle of the wind—that wonderful air of western Texas!—around the sharp-cut edges of the heated iron. It was like the music of an *Æolian* lyre.

Next we entered the famous *Olympia Cañon*, which is said to have had the honor of figuring on the canvas of a New Orleans theatre. It lacks the imposing sublimity, the amazing perspective, of Yosemite, but it is infinitely richer and softer in color. It is an amphitheatre of an oblong shape, about three miles long, and half a mile wide at the widest. It is a valley, paved with gold, and wall-ed with iron. The sides of the valley slope up, wavy and marred by nothing, to the foot of the perpendicular palisades, covered all over with ripened grass, which the sun and the dewless summer days have gilded with flickering gold, of which Titian never caught the spell, nor Aubusson the hue. Again, these slopes are touched with a watery gray, like that of the finest poplins, which a sudden flaw of wind ripples with a shiver of silver. Far up to the home of the “century-living crow,” where he caws among the shrubby cedars, tower the iron-like palisades; but their summits, shaken and battered by the shocks of time, have cast down mighty boulders, which lie now half-way down the slope, soft and rich in their umber-brown, in a field of gold. Yosemite has nothing like it—nothing but the cold and pitiless gray of the granite, and the cold and pitiless green of the pines.

We wound up, mile upon mile, through this gorge, until it became like the Giant's Causeway; the immense basaltic-form walls being so close together as barely to leave room for the road and creek. At last we mounted entirely above these palisades, and emerged amid a great flock of low, round knolls, car-

peted with the greenest grass. Twisted among them are threads of cotton-woods and dwarf walnuts, and those little spring-fed valleys, loved of the antelope and the mountain sheep. Here in the morning, like Apollo bathing in Castalian dews, we swept our hands through the grass, and scooped up the pearly arrears of many a drougthy week. At night we seemed to sleep right beneath the stars, snug in the crib of a deep, little Swiss valley, and gathered the green knolls around us for pleasant curtains by our beds. When the moon came over us, it seemed to hang right above our curtain-posts, bright as the face of laughing Erycina; and all night long the shining tears of St. Lawrence slipped from the heavens above us, and fell upon the knolls. It seemed so strange to find such scenery within a half-day's travel from the hideous plains.

We sent on a messenger a few miles to Fort Davis, and he returned with disheartening intelligence. More than a hundred miles yet to the Rio Grande, and no water but in holes where one might dip a calabash! And if two oxen should drink in one before us, the bung of our expectancy was out. *Quid faciendum?* The awful lesson of the Pecos warned us not to attempt another forced march without water. Should the cattle be pushed through in a number of small herds, in hope of finding waifs of ponds enough? Ah! but the Apaches! They eat meat also. They will mass in some lonely defile, and pluck the cattle from the hands of each weak guard, as they pass. There was no way for it but to wait at the summit lake until the summer rains began, which were expected about the middle of July.

Two weeks, then, wherein to do nothing! At first, we tried to beguile the time by jerking beef. Every body sat under his awning, and picked ribs, and sliced gobbets of steaks—not across the grain, as Cambacérès enjoined, but

lengthwise—and laid the strips in salt an hour. Then every body stretched a rope from his wagon-wheel to every body else's wagon-wheel, and we hung the slit meat thereon to dry. Our camp looked like a New England kitchen, festooned with dried pumpkin.

Others of us went out into the mountains, geologizing:

"Hammering and clinking, chattering stony names  
Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff,  
Amygdaloid and trachyte."

There was, first, the little, conceited Doctor, a young man, but with a face prematurely weazen from dissipation, knowing more—and knowing more of it wrong—than any other man I ever saw. Then there was the sunny-tempered, golden-haired Tom, a consumptive, poor boy!—seeking yet a little lease of life in this "diviner air;" as egregious a Rebel as ever rode after Wheeler in his marauding raids, and withal as light-hearted, as merry, and as noble a soul as ever inhabited the flesh. Poor Tom! He was so wasted by the fell destroyer that he was scarcely more than a pair of great, blue, laughing eyes on top of a couple of legs; yet he was the very soul of the camp, always full of fun and jollity, "quips and cranks," making us laugh in the most blue and dismal weather, when we were nearly ready to spit bullets at each other, and so sour about it that we only laughed out of one corner of our mouths. Ah! Tom, you Rebel, if anywhere in this wide world, or in Texas, you still live and joke and laugh, I shake your spiritual hand across this table; but if, alas! you sleep somewhere beneath the sod, I will say, dear Tom, that no truer, manlier, and more joyous spirit ever fought in that sad, sad war, in either army.

"O, looking from some heavenly hill,  
Or from the shade of saintly palms,  
Or silver reach of river calms,  
Do thy large eyes behold me still?"

Lastly, there was our burly, red-jowled Ranger, Dave, so wonderfully keen in

spying tracks and smokes, so infallible in his hunt after that vagabond yoke of oxen which nobody else could ever find, so invaluable to the train in every respect, and—knowing that fact so well! These, and yours truly, were the party of geologists.

In regard to the geology of the Apache Mountains, I beg to be excused. The extent of the information which I can impart concerning it, is, that the formations are igneous, or, in the words of honest Dave, "It looks like all these mountains had been afire sometime, and then, all on a sudden, been squinched." We found curious pieces of white flint, quartz, and feldspar, part of which had been melted by intense heat, while the other part retained a perfect crystalline structure. What seemed singular, was, that in such small pieces the distinction should be so plain and so distinctly marked between the two structures. Then there were some bits of obsidian, "California diamonds," etc. Dave found a piece of agate-colored silicate on a high promontory, where a party from Fort Davis had been junketing, and had thrown away their oyster-cans; and he insisted that it was a petrified oyster. It was, indeed, a most perfect copy of that bivalve; but it seems incredible that petrification could take place above-ground, even in this wonderfully antiseptic atmosphere of western Texas.

The evidences of volcanic action in the vicinity of Fort Davis are tremendous. In many places the granite seems to have been lifted up, and cast down, and churned together until it was ground into atoms, which were glued together into vast boulders, which a second time are rotting. Point of Rocks is simply the gray, granite forehead of a *sierra*, two hundred feet high, which, without a seam or a wrinkle, broadly bares itself to the sunset. Other hills seem also to have been formerly of one stone; but in some old telluric day, when all these

mountains were sick, they were rifted and rocked, split into square boulders, which still lie in their places, like blocks built into a pyramid. Others thundered "with hideous ruin and combustion" down through the scraggy bushes, and lie now in the edge of the valley, higher than the live-oaks. Their sharp edges have been rounded by the winds, which have filed them, shrieking, now these thousand centuries.

On the summit of one of the *sierras* there was a wedge of gray, bird's-eye granite, forty feet high, standing on its point. Dave clapped his Herculean shoulder against it, and thought to throw it over. Fool!—to attempt what the tempests of the æons have tried in vain.

Under the shadow of this mighty rock, we sat and nibbled a bit of luncheon. Hard by was one of those squat mountain cedars, dead, and looking so strangely white and ghostly; and on its twigs we impaled scraps of dried beef, to let the sun start the tallow a little. We had no luxurious array of China-ware, for ever since the time of the unfortunate Alnaschar, these have been liable to break; but we had a couple of tin-cups, and one plate with the A, B, C thereon. This was suitable to the quality of our lunch, which consisted of—of—well, a yard or so of jerked beef, and some cool spring-water. The approved Texan mode of eating this dried beef is as follows: You insert the end firmly between the teeth, as John Phoenix would say, apply the knife close to the lips, and then cut and pull. If the other end flies across, and is likely to strike your neighbor's face, he must dodge. I see not how else the matter is to be arranged. And what a nice flavor there is in this bubbling water, drank right out of the clean, cool goblets of the rock. It is positively sweet; it is better than champagne. There is no headache in this wine, no heartache in its lees. The concentrated essence of sunshine is in it,

cooled; the wide, wild air of Texas is its inspiration. To drink on one's hands and knees is better even than Trinculo's bottle of bark. You need pump no carbon into this wine of the rock.

How sweet to hear once more, after traveling four hundred miles without the music of bird or beast, the merry cheep and twitter of the swallow. Wherever there is a convenient chink or cranny in this great rock above our heads, there they have smeared and plastered their houses—better masons than any builder of Mexican "dobies."

From the shadow of this great rock, while Dave is packing the cups, let us take a squint—a bird's-eye view—of the valley below. It is as if a strip, twenty miles long and five wide, had been cut from the prairie, and let right down, a thousand feet deep, across the backbone of the Apache Mountains. It is one of that series of remarkable cuts, which make the probable route of the Texas Pacific Railroad unequaled on the continent for ease. Rimmed with racked and battered crags, the most ragged of gray and brown granite, with haggled mountain cedars stuck in the rifts, it terminates at either end in a clump of pretty knolls, above described. The western part of this valley is parched, and frouzy with heather, but the eastern end is of a tender green with grass, speckled with our pied myriads—myriads still, despite the awful disaster on the Pecos, where twelve hundred head left their bones on its dismal shores—and in the midst a lake, like a patch of silver. All the rims of this lakelet, for a mile back, are honey-combed, with ten thousand prairie-dogs. The white dots of tents hard by are our encampment. The herdsmen gallop to and fro, or their horses break into a prairie-dog hole, and the riders go over their heads. Right across the valley from us, the bright white or red buildings of Fort Davis cuddle in a cove, at the foot of a majestic cliff.



"Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,  
The city sparkles like a grain of salt."

In front of the fort are the prairie, the lakelet, the chattering dogs, the many-colored cattle; behind it, the mighty wall, seeming about to crush it; above it, a grove of noble cotton-woods, some of which swing their giant branches full against the cliff. Beautiful, and thrice beautiful, because so unexpected in these haggard and sullen wilds of Texas.

We go down from our geologizing, and pass the borders of the lake. Here are our swallows at work, gathering mortar. How they cheep and giggle, and flutter a hundred-and-one times over the place before they ever get to business. Then they settle down so daintily, with their wings held straight up, and fluttering all the while, so that their little silken toes scarcely touch; or else take a dab at a dive, without soiling themselves in the least. There is one little dandy of a fellow who does nothing to the purpose. He flaps all about, and cackles, and twiddles his tail, and dandles himself up and down, hanging his legs away down, as if he were going to alight, and then doesn't do it. Whenever he sees any industrious one about to pick a bit of mortar, he jumps on his back, and scares him away; and then they both laugh with all their might. At last he lights down, and pinches a speck of mortar into his bill, then stands and looks all around him. He doesn't mean business at all, but only mischief. Presently he sees one stuck fast in the mire, and he must needs giggle about it; and pop! goes the mud out of his mouth.

But at last the rainy season was fully set in, and again the train was rolling. We soon passed out of this summit valley; then down among the huge and grassy knolls, among which there was curiously dropped down, now and then, a sort of mound of reddish limestone—down into the valley of the Agua del Muerto.

The series of valleys which lead down from the summit to the Rio Grande are singularly notched into each other, at various angles, but always without any elevated pass. Each, as you descend, is more sterile than the last, until there is nothing but the most hopeless desert of gravel and *chaparral*. But the first—the great valley of the Agua del Muerto—though it brings no blade of grass in the most part, would be as rich as Egypt, if it only had rain. On the vast dust-flats grow the most beautiful cactus-bushes, sweltering in the fierce heat, their large orange or pale, apple-red blossoms loading the air with a sickish sweetness. The cantaleup grows wild, but inexpressibly bitter and tough.

We were pushing hard for the Rio Grande, because the ponds that we looked for were few and scanty indeed. All night long the laboring wheels ground and grided in the gravel.

One morning, early, after traveling all through the night in a mean drizzle, we beheld a natural pageant, which I expect never to see equaled. We emerged from a low gorge just as the sun was rising behind us, and found ourselves entering upon a desert some thirty miles wide, bounded by a dwarfish ridge of hills. All at once, though all the sky except a little corner in the gorge was unusually leaden, there stood on those hills a rainbow, than which not that whereon the bewildered eyes of that lonely family on Ararat first gazed could have been more resplendent. The whole space within it was brilliant with orange light, which, being reflected on the *sierra* below, gilded all the rocks, not in the stale, common sense, but like shining gold, as every one has seen on the rims of clouds. The sun, shining through the merest cranny of the gorge, illuminated precisely so much of the hills as was included within the rainbow, while all the earth and heavens besides, already murky and grizzly in the shadows, assumed, by con-

trast with this brightness, that weird and awful half-darkness which scares us when the sun is eclipsed. Even the secondary bow displayed all the seven colors, and more brilliantly than I ever saw them in common atmospheres.

So great, so glorious, so beautiful was this apparition in the heavens, that even the dullest soul was silent in rapt admiration. I stood and gazed upon it,

until there came over my eyes such a dear delight and intoxication of color, that the tears came into them, and trembled, and dropped. Only a few moments, all too brief—a pendulum-beat of eternity—it stood before us, like a beatific vision seen by Dante; then the sun buried itself in a thick cloud, and all was gone, and dull Time beat on again.

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### A WAIF OF THE POGONIP.

IT was a terrible night in the early winter of 1868-9, when the mad rush to the newly found mines at White Pine was at its height. The Pogonip, laden with death and suffering, swept before the fierce northern blast, dragged like a great white shroud over Treasure Hill. Trees, houses, rocks, even men and animals moving along the mountain-side—every object exposed to the tempest—were covered deep with the white garment of hoar-frost. Men enveloped to the eyes in woolen wrappings, piled fold on fold, until the form and outlines of humanity were lost, jostled and collided with each other in the frozen cloud as they ran, stumbling wildly, through the crooked, ungraded streets, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their benumbed feet, uttering never a word, like the voiceless ghosts of the damned, who heeded not the voice of the Prophet of God, wandering in speechless despair, on the shores of the Sea of the Dead.

The frail tenements of cloth and rough boards, which lined on either side the straggling street, each contained a saloon, a "club-room," and lodgings, in which the motley crowds drawn from every rough locality in the four quarters of the globe were, respectively, poisoned, robbed, and stowed away in narrow bunks, to sleep as best they might amid

all the din and confusion, in an atmosphere as hot as red-hot stoves, smoking lamps, and scores of lungs pumping out vaporized alcohol incessantly, could make it, and thick with the fumes of bad tobacco, and blue with curses and obscenity. Men, with lumps of pure chloride of silver in their hands, lied and swapped, or bought and sold mines or claims—the locations of which were even then in doubt, and the very names of which are to-day forgotten—at prices almost fabulous, and straightway scattered the money right and left, among bar-tenders, faro-dealers, and the brazen-faced women who swarmed in every place. The clinking of glasses, the strains of discordant music, the laugh of the harlot and the dupe, the ringing of coin, and the duller clicking of the ivory chips, were heard incessantly. That little world by itself, far up on the lone mountain-peak among the clouds, was the scene and centre of an excitement, such as the world below—happily for it that it is so—seldom sees, and never fully feels. The Frost-king was master of the ghostly world without, while Vice and Death held high carnival within.

Accompanied by a friend, with whom we had in other years wandered on desert sands, and crept stealthily by night through the land of the accursed Apache, we had climbed the mountain-peak,

breasting step by step the driving storm that savage night. Just as we were passing one of the largest of the establishments before described, there was a sharp report of a pistol—another and another—crack, crack, crack!—and a humming as of a bee in his flight, as a stray bullet, going wide of the intended mark, wandered away into the misty night; then the shouts of an excited crowd, the crash of glass, and a headlong rush pell-mell into the street and up and down it. It was all over in a moment. "What the —— was it all about?" cried one. "Something about a woman, I think!" said another. "No; it was two gamblers at poker, and one caught the other raising a hand on him," said another. We were swept along on the crest of the outermost wave of the crowd; and as soon as it ebbed and left us alone on our feet, we hurried on to our lonely cabin on the hill-side. Such things were a matter of too common occurrence, in those times, to warrant our wasting time in their investigation.

When we reached our cabin and sat down by the roaring fire, Cale remarked: "Somebody in that stampede lost something, and I picked it up. It is a *porte-monnaie*, or something of that sort, I think." He drew it from his overcoat-pocket, and held it up to the light. It was only an old-fashioned, square daguerreotype-case; its once bright-colored leathern covering worn with long handling, possibly also from the frequent touch of feverish lips, and the corrosion of scalding tears. He opened it, saw at a glance that the picture was gone, only the glass and the soiled gilt border remaining within it; then tossed it contemptuously from him into the box of letters, claim notices, old bills, etc., such as may always be found in a mining-camp cabin, and the matter was for the moment forgotten.

That was two years ago. Two years to a mining-camp, is half a century to

any other locality. The mad excitement is over. The city in the clouds is half deserted now; and the actors in the rude orgies of that wild night are scattered far and wide over the whole world. Some are seeking treasure still in the red mountains of Arizona; some in New Mexico, Chihuahua, or Sonora; some delve for diamonds amid the sands of southern Africa; some turn the soil of Australia and New Zealand in search of gold; some sought the "bubble reputation" on the bloody fields of Europe, and found death instead; others sleep the last, dreamless sleep in the lonely graves out on the desolate hill-side, among the snow-drifts and in the shadow of the frozen cloud.

Sitting, to-night, alone here in my quiet room in the City by the Golden Gate, I listlessly pull over the contents of the old mining-camp box; and coming upon the worn daguerreotype-case, open it carelessly. Under the glass beneath, where the picture once was, I see a slip of folded paper, once tinted and delicate in its texture. Taking it out and opening it, I find written upon it, in a beautifully neat and regular hand—the hand of a lady, refined, tasteful, and educated, unmistakably—these lines, which tell all that you and I will ever know of the story of a wasted life—of a lost soul, whose wail of hopeless agony went up to Heaven unheard of men, amid the storm of human passion and the elemental tempest, on that wild night in the Pogonip:

Comes there from old blessed memory,  
Gleaming from the shadowy Past,  
One sweet face, as fresh and life-like  
As on the day I saw it last.

Years have had their birth and burial—  
Long, long years, a weary score—  
But Time's treacherous shadow passeth  
O'er that sweet face nevermore.

O, this gasping heart home-sickness!  
That comes choking up the breath—  
Sick for home! O God! where is it?  
Answer where, O friendly Death!

Haunting face, thou'lt been a beacon,  
Through this warring world of strife;  
Shining upward, beckoning onward,  
Smoothing down this restless life.



## GRIZZLY PAPERS.

## NO. V.

I FANCY the praises of a life in the country have been sounded rather more loudly, and with a more evenly sustained power of execution, than the facts warrant. To thoroughly enjoy a country life one must be something of a savage, with a savage's simple wants, and something of a god, with a god's means of satisfying such as he has. But we can none of us be savage in taste, and godlike in resource, at one and the same time: there are sure to creep in certain refined longings which it is beyond our power to gratify; and as, in the country, one must necessarily pass a merely subjective existence, he is certain to brood upon his privations until he hatches out a callow discontent, which will in time grow into a stalking hypochondria. It is, of course, very delightful to be alone with Nature; but it is, at best, but a selfish pleasure to sit upon a rock and smash the pinching ants, clammy worms, and stinging bugs which come to dispute your empire. And they will come: if they be not indigenous, you will have brought them from the city, labeled, "Assorted remorses." For my part, I confess that I can not honestly enjoy rural meditation, on account of these infesting annoyances, which begin to leave me the moment I snuff city air. It is natural to conclude that it is the same with every one; and the remedy is obvious. "God made the country, and man made the town." One likes to live in a house he has builded himself.

My friend Stylus, who lived in the little village of Goscip-on-the-Slye, wrote a remarkable article for the *Hyperborcan*

*Monthly*, entitled "The Confessions of a Matricide." By some mischance, a copy of that publication got abroad in the village, with my friend's name appended to the article. A round score of old ladies with marriageable daughters cut him directly, and the young women passed him by with averted heads. He became an object of pretty general suspicion, and the police force said he considered it *his* duty to watch him. The editor of the local newspaper generously tendered him the use of his columns for a "card to the public;" but, with equal magnanimity, my friend declined to involve the publisher in the ruin that had overtaken himself. However, the editor did publish, upon his own responsibility, a paragraph, speaking of the article as probably nothing more than the morbid fancy of a diseased imagination. To the unspeakable credit of humanity be it stated, that poor Stylus' friends did not all desert him: many came nobly forward, and assured him that the unfortunate article, though there might be an honest difference as to its propriety, had not in the least affected *their* regard for him. *They* understood these things: *they* knew that a sorrowing heart seeking public sympathy might feel compelled to hide its honest grief under an inky cloak of remorse—to conceal a simple bereavement with a mask of guilt, etc. For a time, the poor wretch bore up bravely under all this, and counterfeited a levity and indifference he was very far from feeling. Then he became cynical, and vented his savage humor upon all with whom he came in contact. He even went so far

as to assail the good citizens with a stinging lampoon, which his stanch ally, the editor, published with a mighty blowing of ram's-horns, after first carefully extracting the sting. But it all ended as I had foreseen and provided for: Stylus borrowed money of me and left the place, deeply indebted to his landlady for numerous acts of kindness.

I SUPPOSE every literary man has had experiences similar in kind to that related above. One can not, if he would, pick and choose his friends and acquaintances as a mustering-officer selects his recruits, rejecting all below a fixed intellectual standard. If he have any largeness of heart he will take in, here and there, some good, tall fellow or some comely maid, who has sense enough to like him, but not sufficient intelligence to comprehend a line of his work, and who, in the attempt so to do, is pretty certain to make a mess of it, and perchance incur a shock as who should lay his clumsy hand upon a gymnotus. This needs give him no great concern so long as these well-meaning persons suffer and make no sign; but when their frozen disapproval melts into remonstrance, one feels as I suppose a cat feels when its fur is gently stroked from the tail neckward.

THE worst infliction, however, is that administered by the ultra-acute friend, who comprehends not wisely, but too well—who discovers in a man's literary work a reflex of his social life. This it was that stung my poor friend out of the village hive. You write a moving tale or a touching poem: for example, a plaint of betrayed lover to cruel mistress. Straightway there shall arise numbers of tender-hearted friends, who are at kindly pains to let you know, as delicately as possible, that they sympathize in your grief, and condemn the heartless jade who caused it. This is peculiarly soothing: it is like the appli-

cation of leeches to your temples, to reduce the fever of a distant invalid. For all this we are indebted to those shameless quill-waggers, who actually do write feelingly from their own experience: a custom which can never be sufficiently execrated.

THE distinction between a work of Art and a work of Nature is a merely superficial one, maintained for convenience. It is not a distinction of origin, but of method. The water cuts a canal, and you call it Nature; you build a bridge across it, and call that Art. It is Nature in both cases: in the one, acting through the agency of human hands; in the other, through agencies of a different kind. Is coral a work of Art or a work of Nature? Here is a law: The attrition of moving bodies widens the channels in which they move. Now mark this action of the law: those streets in cities in which there is a jam of vehicles grow wide for their accommodation. What kind of phenomenon is that? Again: Vegetation springs most rankly near abundant water. So does architecture. Flowers turn toward the sun. So do houses. Heat creates a tempest at sea. It sets, also, a lady's fan in motion. Light falling upon chemically prepared plates paints a picture. This requires the intervention of a camera. By the intervention of a man of the proper organization, it will paint a picture upon canvas. We may flatter ourselves that we create, but we do not: we simply transmit. Whence come the forces transmitted we can not hope to know; we can only understand that they are none of ours. We are merely the "middle-men" between producer and consumer, and are not even permitted to levy toll upon what passes through our hands.

LET us understand what we mean by a natural law. Hold up a stone and let

it go, and it will travel as near to the centre of the earth as it can get. This is not a law; it is a phenomenon. Let go a second stone, and it will do the same. This is another phenomenon; but the two are something more than phenomena. A third stone, and a succeeding myriad, will act precisely as did the first and second. Any other dense matter will do it, because all is dense matter that does it. Here we have a law—the law of gravitation; but to say these bodies acted in obedience to it is nonsense. A natural law is not mandatory: it can be neither obeyed nor disobeyed. We will say that the law of gravitation is this: All bodies tend to approach one another. That is not saying that they must, but that they do. A natural law is but a statement—a record of observed facts.

I HAVE a vague suspicion that I have gathered all the foregoing profound wisdom from the works of acuter thinkers than I am. A friend, who has read every thing that is now in print, is confident that I did not; but as he has never had access to the great library at Alexandria, which was destroyed some centuries ago, the foundation of his opinion lacks the advantage of completeness.

MR. BARING-GOULD has proven that nearly all the legends which we believe in youth, admire in manhood, and love all our lives through, have not only no foundation, so far as our knowledge can go, but have been common property among nearly all the Aryan races for centuries. It is probably impossible to construct a tale possessing any kind of moral significance, of which all the essentials are not as old as the trees. Human invention seems to have long ago exhausted itself in the matter of the marvellous, and to be enjoying a season of rest. Furthermore, it is doubtful if any entirely new tale (supposing it possible

to invent one) would leave its impress upon the popular mind for a period of two generations. It would appear that to obtain recognition, a legend must have a pedigree: it must stir some hereditary memory of the old days among the Himalayas, when the race was younger than it is, and there were new things under a new sun.

THE reasoning by which it is made to appear that the keeping one's teeth constantly on edge, and one's general system in a condition of unfailing pain, are prime essentials to perfect health, is somewhat defective; and I think the true foundation of this cheerful doctrine must be sought in faith. Concerning faith there is no reasoning, further than what is necessary to determine if it be of any value. For faith is a physician, to whose treatment, having once called him in, you must submit with unquestioning docility; but he may not be summoned, except upon the recommendation of Dr. Reason. The latter is accustomed to call him, either when a case baffles his own skill, or makes too heavy a draft upon his industry. Now, a question that can not be answered by reason alone may nevertheless be a very simple question; but I think that upon the whole, we should have fewer *non sequiturs* to clear away, if all such problems were left unsolved. I speak not particularly—nor even mainly—of theological problems (in which I am but indifferently versed), but of social, moral, ethical, political, and even scientific problems, in the solution of which faith is quite as actively employed. I confess that I do not understand the one-half that is written about faith. This is probably because I have it not. An eyeless fish from the Mammoth Cave can not be expected to know much about optical science, but at least he may boast himself free from optical illusions.



IF a man have a broad foot, a stanch leg, a strong spine, and a talent for equilibrium, there is no good reason why he should not stand alone. If it be desired to stand a lot of sugar-loaves upon their smaller ends, they must be so set up as to touch one another, and the outside ones must be supported. Plant them squarely upon their bases, and each loaf shall stand as rigidly as if it grew there. A mind that is right side up does not need to lean upon others: it is sufficient unto itself. The curse of our civilization is that the "association" is become the unit, and the individual is merged in the mass. When a man associates himself with others, for the accomplishing of whatever object, he surrenders a portion of his individuality, and by so much he becomes the less a man. It may be that the object is one of sufficient importance to justify the sacrifice—though this is seldom the case—but the sacrifice is certainly made. The tendency is to make men goody-goody, and all alike. It will not do to urge that because this tendency to band together for all kinds of purposes is the product of a high civilization, it is necessarily a promoter of what produces it; any more than it will do to affirm that because only enlightened nations are vexed with corns upon the feet, corns upon the feet are essential to enlightenment. The retention of his liberty of action is no more essential to the individual than to the community of which he forms a part; for it is thus that men grow great, and make their country great. But in signing a "constitution and by-laws," one signs away a portion of his liberty. It may be a portion that he does not wish to use, but liberty is like land: one likes to have a good deal more than he cares to cultivate.

How very seldom we meet a man or a woman with a face. There is great plenty—a superfluity—of people with

features—with eyes to see the outside of a millstone; noses to languish upon a flower like a sick butterfly, or turn up at a beggar; mouths to chew, and lie, and assent with; cheeks to cover teeth, and foreheads along which to train the supple curl—but not a face: no, not the faintest suggestion of one. These eyes are but windows in a vacant hall, unfurnished with even so much as a rug; these noses have no more significance than a hillock on a prairie; these mouths are merely the burrows of "Welsh rabbits;" these cheeks, a blank expanse of canvas, waiting to be painted upon by an artist who has gone off to Rome; these foreheads are parchment, upon which nothing is written. Such things are but the front sides of heads: they are no faces. They are the visible portions of God's image carved in bread-and-butter. It is accounted marvelous that Nature has made no two faces alike. There is no marvel here: men who have material for faces shape their own, each after the fashion of his mind; and as for mere countenances, Nature can not exactly reproduce her own accidents, and duplicate her blunders. You may send one arrow after another and lodge them in the same target, but you can not make two empty soap-bubbles drift away in the same line, nor one puff of tobacco-smoke curl and twist like another.

THE circumstances of my meeting with the learned Magister Senex were somewhat singular, and have, I believe, never been related. I was one day wandering over the public Park, out beyond Lone Mountain, and had sat down upon the tuft of grass which is so conspicuous an object as seen from San Francisco, to free my boots of the public sand that had got in over the tops. While I was so doing, a gouty toad dragged himself alongside of me, and sat there silently enjoying the companionship of the first living thing he had seen during his long

and painful illness. Suddenly a skinny hand was laid upon my shoulder, and, turning about, I found myself face to face with the queerest being I had ever encountered. It was apparently some centuries old, and had very nearly solved the economical problem of how to make both ends meet. Its apparel consisted of a rather antique frock overcoat, caught together at the waist with a bit of wire; a pair of pantaloons, which seemed to have been constructed from the bark of a mummy; a boot in process of dissolution, and a shoe to match. It wore neither hat nor hair, and as the sun fell upon the drawn skin of its head, that organ set up a very creditable rivalry. As to face, there was none to speak of. Into a sunken crevice below what had been a nose and was a beak, had wandered, through a stunted growth of bristles, a thousand tributary wrinkles, which converged upon this depression as the rivers run into the sea, and yet the sea is not full. Beneath the plowed and gouged forehead, two scarcely distinguishable slits acted, or rather were acted upon, as eyes. This interesting spectacle carried under its arm a thick, black book, about a cloth-yard in length and half as wide. As I nodded, the apparition calmly seated itself beside me by merely tilting backward, leaving the relative position of all its parts unchanged. Its knees were now on a level with its head; and it took advantage of the situation by propping the opened volume against them, and began to turn over the leaves. I noted that the title-page, when it was found, read as follows: "*Magister Senex; Op. MDCIV: Carmina Improbata.*" The Magister soon found what he was looking for; and in a singularly dry and even tone he began to read, without a word of preface:

"If I were an ocean I'd roll and roll,  
I'd swallow a body and spew a soul."

I pulled on one boot, and the toad began to blink uneasily.

"The dying should stifle in me their moans,  
My chemical teeth should chop their bones."

The toad began to shift about as if in great bodily distress, and I looked at my watch.

"The sons of men are at war with the sea,  
The daughters of men are at war with me;  
The waves are salt with the widows' tears,  
My heart is heavy with bedded spears."

My patience began to settle away like a defective foundation, and the reptile reddened in every wart, and swelled visibly.

"Spirit of Ocean, Spirit of Age—  
Victor and victim—roll, and rage!"

I drew on the other boot, and stood up. My dropsical fellow-sufferer sweated great beads of blood, and labored in the sides like a lizard. The reader had ceased, and was calmly turning over leaf after leaf—all blank. At the last page he stopped, and read:

"Man and his woman are militant still,  
Fighting their fates with a wonderful will;  
He assails Nature with courage sublime,  
She is red-handed with ichor of Time;  
Man by the forces of earth overcome—  
Woman triumphant! *Tacitus sum.*"

The old gentleman tilted himself forward and was upon his feet, toddling stiffly away over the hills. The toad had burst, and fallen into a peaceful slumber.

THE following laconics were invented by Mister Ignotus, and I am in no way responsible for either sentiment or diction:

When a favorite dog has an incurable pain, you "put him out of his misery" with a bullet or an axe. A favorite child similarly afflicted is preserved as long as possible, in torment. I do not say that this is not right; I claim only that it is not consistent. There are two sorts of kindness: one for dogs, and another for children. A very dear friend, wallowing about in the red mud of a battle-field, once asked me for some of the dog sort; and I suspect, if no one had been looking, he would have got it. But one does

not care to make a conspicuous display of benevolence in the eyes of a whole army.

It is to be feared that to most men the sky is but a concave mirror, showing nothing behind, and in looking into which they see only their own distorted images, like the reflection of a face in a spoon. Hence it needs not surprise that they are not very devout worshipers; it is great wonder that they do not openly scoff.

The influence of climate upon civilization has been more exhaustively treated than studied. Otherwise, we should know how it is that some countries that have so much climate have no civilization.

Whoso shall insist upon holding your attention while he expounds to you things that you have always thriven without knowing, resembles one who should go about with a hammer, cracking nuts upon other people's heads and eating the kernels himself.

There are but two kinds of temporary insanity, and each has but a single symptom. The one was discovered by a coroner, the other by a lawyer. The one induces you to kill yourself when you are unwell of life; the other persuades you to kill somebody else when you are fatigued of seeing him about.

If it were as easy to invent a credible falsehood as it is to believe one, we should have little else in print. The mechanical construction of a falsehood is a matter of the gravest import: a lie which in sober narrative is universally scouted, may be "done up like new" in a pungent epigram, and will be as universally credited.

There is more false morality in proverbs and aphorisms than there is poison in painted candy.

A bad marriage is like an electric machine: it makes you dance, but you can't let go.

A strong mind is more easily impressed than a weak one: you shall not as readily convince a fool that you are a philosopher, as a philosopher that you are a fool.

Most people have no more definite idea of liberty than that it consists in being compelled by law to do as they like.

It is nearly always untrue to say of a man that he wishes to leave a great property behind him when he dies. Usually he would like to take it along.

Those who are horrified at Mr. Darwin's theory may comfort themselves with the assurance that, if we are descended from the ape, we have not descended so far as to preclude all hope of return.

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#### AT SUNRISE.

O, virgin Palm! upon thy rocky throne  
 Transfigured in the sun's serene baptism,  
 Thy pillar a pure flame, and every leaf a prism  
 Fretting the shadow of thy emerald zone:  
 In thy deep joy, thus heavenly arrayed,  
 Wrapped in celestial silence, undismayed,  
 Sole in the fair oasis, all thine own—  
 An angel waiting in a desert lone!



## COARSE GOLD.

AS in the silence of the night, the ear catches the least sound; so, in the solitude of reflection, the mind detects soft and delicate strains of thought, unheard in the bustle of the crowd.

The doors of fictitious pleasure are often closed and barred against us, that we may be forced to seek the approaches to real and substantial happiness.

While laboring for some great reward, we learn that we receive an infinite number of lesser ones; the lesser gems clustering about the dazzling brilliant.

God gives to man: man's greatest happiness must consist in doing and giving to others.

This growth of earth-experience seems like that of the oak rooted in the rock: hard and blind work is it forcing the way into the ledge crevices; yet that root must first so descend ere the trunk can in the sunlight rear itself—ere it can rejoice in leaf, bud, blossom, and fruit.

The cynic, while despising his fellows, forgets that without them to hear and appreciate his sarcasm, he would become, through isolation, the most miserable of mortals.

Wit, humor, and *badinage* need to be kept under careful control. We endure and expect the playful scratch from our cat's paw, but not her savage bite.

To brood over ills which may happen in the future, is to make of imagination an ever-present reality.

What we think we need is riches: our real desire is for place, esteem, regard,

appreciation, love, in the heart of humanity.

To husband strength, mental and physical—to husband and govern power, passion, every impulse and every attribute of our nature, so that there may ever be with us the reserve-strength for use and enjoyment—is one of the chief secrets of happiness. Excess in pleasure or employment is the bane of life. To stop a little short of the point of repletion is the golden secret.

Humanity, each individual shut up within himself—shut up in reticence, secrecy, and selfishness—becomes as barren of true life and emotion as the dry sands of the sea-shore. Humanity, honestly revealed one to another as to inmost thoughts, emotions, and aspirations, becomes the closer knit together from its very separateness.

In striving for the attainment of any object, the heart must be in the work for such attainment, and not set on the object.

In the bitter contest with self, the best man may at times fall. The true hero will then set to work, and for himself build another pedestal, broader, stronger, and higher than the last.

The intellect that bases all aspiration and effort on the hope of winning some one exclusive love, leaves the shrine of Infinite Nature, and bows to that of the inferior and finite.

In the hearts of others a manly self-reliance lays corner-stones of regard, esteem, remembrance, love.

## A DAY ON THE LOS GATOS.

THE brightest stream which bubbles out of the mountains in the Coast Range, and loses itself on the plains of Santa Clara, ought to have had a more poetical name. Its feline etymology is probably owing to the fact, that as many wild cats rendezvous about its head-waters as are congregated within the same limits in any place on these mountain-slopes. This superabundance of savage life, which so incontinently runs to white teeth and claws, is an indication that there is much game in this region. Pussy likes a good bill of fare, and makes it up of hares, cotton-tail rabbits, ground-squirrels, quails, doves, and a great number of singing-birds, not omitting an occasional rattlesnake, which is killed so deftly that there is no chance for a venomous bite. If the unlovely creatures had been more industrious in this line, the thrushes would have had a better chance, and that dry, reedy sound in the brush—the one drawback to the pleasure of crawling on all-fours through the *chaparral*—would not have started a cold chill along the spine quite so often.

That little square-looking dog, loaned by a settler at the foot of the mountain, with his ears split in a dozen places in his encounters with these animals, goes along for the fun and excitement of another clinch with his old enemy. The warfare is, after all, conducted on scientific principles. The wild cat is as strong as a young tiger, and you see by the depth of the shoulders and the size of the head, that he will fight terribly. He does not run well, and can not catch a hare in any other way than by stealth. The dog runs him to a tree; the cat ascends to the highest strong limb, goes

out on that, and gets an adjustment by which the smallest possible mark will be presented for a rifle or pistol-shot. If you want to do the handsome thing, let the head alone; for that is well defended by the limb on which it is resting. The wind blowing strong at an oblique angle to your line, will make a difference of at least an inch in sending that light ball 180 feet; it will also drop from a right ascending line nearly two inches. Remember, a shrewd woodsman never forgets these things. Getting your margin adjusted, plant the ball into the shoulder, just under the spine. He will drop from the tree with only one fore-leg in fighting condition. The dog is on his back in a second, and there will be the liveliest rough-and-tumble fight you have seen in many a day. Never mind the wild screams that echo from the *cañon*. That fellow's time has come. He will not steal your best game-chicken out of the top of the tree again.

The dog has won the battle; but he has got some ugly scars along his sides and flank. Observe that over-heated as he is, he does not rush into that clear stream. He takes his bath in that shallow spring with a soft mud bottom. Note how he plasters himself, laying the wounded side underneath, and then, sitting down on his haunches, buries all the wounded parts in the ooze. That mud has medicinal properties. The dog knows it. No physician could make so good a poultice for the wounds of a cat's claws as this dog has made for himself. Pray, if you had been clawed in that way by either feline or feminine, would you have found any thing at the bottom of your book philosophy so remedial as this dog has found?

Now that this striped rascal has had his light put out, it is hard to justify the act, after all. He was a thief, stealthy, cowardly, blood-loving, and cruel. But then his education had been neglected. And while his moral sentiments had been lapsing for generations, note what a gain there has been in his animal development; for he is next of kin to the common house-cat. You can not upset this theory by pointing to his abbreviated tail. How long do you suppose it is since every one of your hair-splitting casuists had a tail more than twice as long as this fellow, whose descendants, in two generations more, may have none at all? Taking him up by his enormous jowls, rounding off a head suggesting diabolical acquisitiveness—it is only necessary to carry a Darwinian rush-light in the other hand to go straight to the right man and say: Here is a link in your chain of development, only three removes from the point you have reached. What a pity that this diminution of tail and claws does not signify a corresponding decrease of cruel and stealthy circumvention! You wag your tail approvingly to this proposition, Samson. But this business of exterminating pests had better cease. Because, if carried out honestly, it would be inconvenient to some thousands of men and women who are just now cumbering the world to no purpose. It goes against the grain mightily to admit that a wild cat might ever become an angel; but if there is any obscure law tending to such a result, it is better to interfere with it as little as possible. If both moral and physical perfectibility are only a question of time, the fellow who sells his fiery potations close by that sweet mountain-spring, and is never conscious of its perpetual rebuke, ought to have a margin, at least, of five million years.

There is a cleft in the mountain, about ten miles to the south-west of Santa Clara. That engineering was done by

the Los Gatos. Entering this defile, the stage-road winds along the mountain-side for six or seven miles, and then turns to the right and goes down the mountain-slope to Santa Cruz. But as long as there are any stage-roads in sight, or signs of abrading wheels, you will find no trout. Turning to the left and following the ridge, at a height of about two thousand feet, a walk of three or four miles brings one to a point where civilization runs out with the disappearance of the last trail. That mountain, lifting its dark crest so kingly into the clouds, is Loma Prieta, the highest crest of the Coast Range. On the north side of that intervening slope, and nearly a thousand feet higher, you will find the source of the Los Gatos. It is six miles away. There a great fountain bubbles out of the mountain-side, and the stream, clear and strong, and singing for very joy, goes bounding on to the gorges below. The upper stream has never been defiled by sawdust; and no lout in shining boots ever went up to its head. It is best to go into camp here, and take a fresh start the next morning. In the early dawn—before the sun glares on the land and sea—town and hamlet, valley and mountain, have an early morning glory, which it were better not to miss. Looking oceanward, the fir and the redwood send up their spires of eternal green from all the valleys. At midnight, the full moon was flooding all the mountain-top with light, and was apparently shining upon the still ocean, which had come quite to the base of the mountain. The fog had come in during the night, but hugged the earth so closely that every hillock appeared like an island resting on the calm, white sea. All night long, the moon shone on this upper stratum, revealing with wonderful distinctness the tops of the tallest redwoods, while the trunks appeared to be submerged. It was not easy to dispel the illusion that one with a skiff might have paddled from



one wooded islet to another, threading a thousand intricate channels, drifting past the homes of strange peoples whose lives were symbolized by this serene and silent sea. But the illusion would not hold water, when, at early dawn, a clumsy two-horse wagon went lumbering down the mountain and disappeared under this white stratum. When the sun came up, all the ragged and fleecy edges rolled in upon the centre, and there was a silent seaward march, until at midday the fog banked up with perpendicular walls, about a dozen miles from the land. A little farther down the valley, the trees were dripping with the moisture of this migratory ocean. But not a drop was collected on the glistening leaves of the *madroño* which gave us friendly shelter that night. It was a good place enough to sleep; but if one is to take an observation every half-hour during the night, he will have no difficulty in getting up at the call of the birds.

The first sound heard in the morning was the yelp of a miserable *coyote*. The intrusive rascal had pitched his key in advance of thrush, or lark, or robin. It was easy enough to silence him with a shot-gun; but as the birds also would have been frightened into silence, this ill-favored vagabond was moderated by pitching two stones at him, with no other result than securing a lame shoulder for a week. The thing was entirely overdone; and if the fellow had any perception of the ridiculous, he went into his hole and laughed for the space of half an hour.

The altitude was too great for the home of robin and linnet. But the woodpeckers went screaming by, and the shy yellow hammers flitted noiselessly from tree to tree; while, in the thicket, the cock quails were calling out the coveys for an early breakfast. Two deer had come down the mountain-slope, and finally halted at half-rifle shot, looking stupidly at the camp-fire. If

they understood the statute made in their behalf, they were perfectly safe. But Samson, who had stood for three minutes with one fore-leg raised in an intensely dramatic way, made a spring at last, and, without warrant of law, ran them down the *cañon*; and ten minutes later they were seen going up the opposite slope, but with many redundant antics, indicating contempt for the cur which had sought to worry them. Later in the day, three or four more were seen, and one half-grown fawn was following the roe, the latter finally taking the wind and bounding off handsomely, while the fawn, less keen of scent, turned about and looked inquiringly, without any clear perception of danger. It is evident that so long as the fawn depends upon the mother for protection, it has not a very keen scent nor a quick apprehension of approaching danger. These are only perfected later, when the fawn is left to care for itself. The cub is very foolish; the young fox has no more of cunning than a common puppy; and a young ground-squirrel, in time of danger, rashly bobs his head out of the hole long before his venerable parents venture to take an observation. We might have had a smoking haunch of venison that morning, but it would have lacked that fine moral quality which the game-law withheld. If you want to know the terrible power of temptation, breakfast on bacon when two deer are within rifle-shot.

It took not less than three hours to work through the interminable thickets, and to climb over the rocks, and gain a place for the first cast of a line. These mountain trout strike quick or not at all. There is a delicious, tingling sensation when the fellows jump from the eddies and swirls more than a foot out of water. You need not spit on your bait for luck, when the fish are breaking water for the hook, and the dark pools are alive with them: not very large, but with keen

mountain appetites, having the brightest colors, hard of flesh, and gamy. Well—yes, here is where the fun comes in, after crawling for more than two miles through the brush, and over jagged rocks. Not the least of it is to observe that H—— has gone daft from over-excitement, and is throwing his fish into the tree-tops. What with the moon shining on his face last night, the deer coming down to tantalize him, and these mountain trout jumping wild for the hook, there is just as much lunacy as it is safe to encounter at this altitude.

The stream holds out well, and has not perceptibly diminished in a linear ascent of the mountain-side of nearly three miles. A never-failing reservoir, at an altitude perhaps of twenty-three hundred feet, creates the main branch; while lower down there is a constant augmentation from runnels, up some of which the trout find their way. It is best not to slight these little branches; for occasionally the water sinks, running underground for awhile, and then re-appearing, so that a succession of pools is formed, which arrest the fish; and, having nothing to eat, they prey upon each other, until rarely more than two or three remain, and sometimes a solitary fish is left, he having ate up all his poor relations, and thus supplied their wants and his own. There is nothing very strange in this piscatory economy, after all. That bald-headed man, who lost his gravity, and slid down a shelving rock nearly twenty feet into the pool, and went out on the other side, with a solitary fish dangling at his hook, and a most unearthly yell, is playing the same game in a business pool. There are more in it than can possibly succeed. One by one he will eat up the others, and become a millionaire. If a bigger fish in the pool eats him, it is only a slight variation of chances, which the commercial ethics of the times will just as heartily approve. You have made

that pool desolate; but it is not necessary to yell so as to disturb the universe over a half-pound trout. If ever, O friend, you should have the luck to be drawn out of a pool thus, will there be no yelling in the subterranean caverns?

There is no heroism in jerking every fish out of this stream, just because they have keen mountain appetites. Moreover, as the rays of the sun become vertical, light is thrown into the pools and eddies, and the bites are languid and less frequent. An hour before sunset they will be as brisk as ever. But a hundred trout are enough for one morning; and too many, since no one is willing to carry them down the mountain. A year ago, an enthusiastic friend found the head-waters of the Butano, just over the ridge, toward the coast. Having cut his way out of the San Lorenzo Valley, making his own trail for seven miles or more, he cast in his hook where, he stoutly affirmed, no fisherman had ever preceded him. The falls in several places have formed deep basins in the soft, white sandstone. There this enthusiastic fisherman found his heaven for two hours, until night began to close in upon him. Did he go into a tree-top for the night, and pull his two hundred trout up after him? No. But he left them in a heap, and crept down the mountain at dusk, his pace quickened a little by the sight of a fresh bear-track. I do not think an honest bear, made fully acquainted with such sacrilegious conduct, would eat a man, or so much as smell of him. Three capacious diaphragms were a comfortable guaranty that there would be no repetition of this act on the head-waters of the Los Gatos.

All day long the perspective has been growing broader and richer, until these diminutive little fish, destined to be swallowed with a single snap of the jaws—even as they sought to snap the wriggling worm—have become a minor incident in the crowding events of the

day. For an hour after dawn the only outlook was into the Santa Clara Valley. But the morning was cold; the thin, gray smoke went up silently into the heavens from here and there a farmhouse; across the valley a low column of mist clung to the foot-hills and rolled sullenly away. The rank vegetation of early spring, broken occasionally by the plowed fields, had all the abruptness of contrast seen in the patch-work of a bed-quilt; and, in the chill of the dawn, was not a whit more pleasing to the eyes. But an hour later, the sunlight filled all the valley; the harsher tints of the morning were melted into the more subdued glory of the spring; and one could fancy that the scent of almond blossoms came up the mountain, mingled with the grosser incense of the mold and tilth of many fields. Even the solitary, stunted pine far up the mountain was dropping down its leafy *spicula*, like javelins cast aslant, and the last year's cones fell with a rattle, like hand-grenades cast from some overhanging battlement. Life was crowding death even here, and the pine was freshening its foliage, as certain of spring-time as the alder just shaking out its tassels by the river-bank. Away to the south-west the Bay of Monterey, with its breadth of twenty miles, was reduced to a little patch of blue water; and wide off there was a faint trail of smoke along the horizon: the sign that a steamer was going down the coast for puncheons of wine and fleeces of wool.

The glass reveals the dome of a church at Santa Cruz, looking a little larger than a bird-cage set down by the ocean. The famous picture on the ceiling of the old *adobe* church disappeared when the storms melted down the mud walls. If the perspective was faulty, the picture had a lively moral for bad Indians. But something better was found not many

years ago—so the village tradition runs—in one of the lofts over an old store-room near by. The *Padre* going up there with the village sign-painter, to hunt for some half-forgotten thing, drew out of the lumber a roll of blurred and musty canvas, giving it to his friend. The latter hastened home, and unrolling his canvas, saw that upon one side there had once been a picture. But the pigment was now only powdered atoms, which a feather would sweep away. Oil-ing a new canvas, he laid it upon the back of the picture, and the oil striking through, the first process of restoration was safely accomplished. Then the surface of the picture was carefully cleaned. The sign-painter quietly hung up his picture, satisfied that there was an infinite distance between it and a common daub. The *Padre* wanted the picture back after this sudden revelation of its wonderful beauty. But it never was transferred again to the old lumber-room.

"What became of the *Padre*?"

"I think he went to heaven, where he found better pictures than were ever fished out of that old lumber-room."

"And the sign-painter?"

"Did you ever know a man who had a Murillo, or even thought he had one, who was in a hurry to leave this world?"

It was not safe to prolong that story; for the man who went through the pool with such a yell over his half-pound trophy, suddenly stopped grinding his jaws, still holding the backbone of the twentieth broiled trout just in front of his white teeth—the perfect head in the thumb and forefinger of one hand, and the tail in the other, while the bare and serrated vertebræ which he had just stripped, imparted an alarming ferocity to his countenance.

Will he eat us before morning? Since there is no one to give bonds in his behalf, let us hasten down the mountain.



## ETC.

THE following "Rale Rode" epic is transmitted to us from Oregon. It is too good to be lost; and an abbreviation would have spoiled its continuity. The taking off of this representative man is very pathetic. It is hard to suppress the hope that the hounds still live, and that their teeth are still in good order:

## THE FATE OF MISSISSIP'.

Here's the cabin in the hollow,  
Where this neck of woods comes down;  
And the fir-trees nod and whisper  
As they beckon us, and frown.  
Ah! the throat of stick and mortar  
Breathes no more the curling smoke,  
And that raven, over yonder,  
Has a plaintive, funeral croak!

There's the door, on broken hinges,  
Leaning like a weary thing;  
And the pathway, dim with grasses,  
Winding downward to the spring;  
While this pyramid of autlers—  
Spoils of many a ringing chase—  
Tells you of a hunter's labor  
In this lonely, lonely place.

No, not *in* there!—this is better,  
Where the golden sunbeams sleep;  
There are stains upon those puncheons  
That would make your muscles creep.  
Sit upon this log beside me,  
And I'll tell you how it came—  
Match about you?—that the cabin  
Has a wild and fearful fame.

He was big and hairy-throated,  
And his name was "Mississip'";  
Rather curious mortal, was he,  
And he didn't care a flip  
For the frills of polished cities,  
Or the sciences and arts;  
And he fled, like one tormented,  
From the highways and the marts.

Well, in trailing down the border,  
Here he pitched his tent, at last,  
And the dogs—they sought him somehow—  
Gathered round him thick and fast:  
Hound and cur, full twenty of them,  
Leaped about his open door;

And the cabin was their kennel,  
And their couch—its rugged floor.

Up and down the wooded gorges,  
Ere the morning sun grew warm,  
You could hear their angry chorus,  
Sweeping like a wingéd storm—  
Till the quick snarl of his rifle,  
Downward by the river shore,  
Hushed the rolling wave of clamor,  
And the gallant chase was o'er.

But the vanguard of Improvement,  
With the compass and the chain,  
Bivouacked along the valley,  
From the mountain to the main;  
And the iron arm of Progress  
O'er the virgin wild was thrown,  
And the steam-fiend shrieked and bellowed  
Where the solitude was known;  
And the *canons* throbbed and thundered  
With the tread of mailed steeds,  
And the breath of glowing nostrils  
Rolled like war-clouds o'er the meads.

Vainly, when the shadows lifted,  
And the dew was on the bush,  
Mississip' would wind his cow's-horn  
In the morning's fragrant hush;  
"Turk" would lead the tawny hunters  
To the hill-side, as of old,  
But would never pitch the music—  
For the tracks were dim and cold.  
And full often, too, mistaking  
For the horn the engine-pipes,  
They would wander on wild chases—  
Like the foolish after snipes!

Twice and thrice it was repeated,  
When his gun went o'er a bank,  
And the hunter went to swearing  
As his heart within him sank:  
"This has come of that there railroad,  
And I knew, when they begun,  
That 'twould skeer the deer to thunder,  
An' the hounds they wouldn't run!"

Then he sat within his cabin,  
In a wreathing cloud of smoke,  
While from hound and cur, beside him  
Oft the whine of hunger broke;  
But he sat and smoked serenely,  
With the famine in his eye,

Till you guessed his awful purpose,  
 And were sure he meant to die.  
 And the eyeballs, hot and glaring,  
 Caverned flanks, and dripping jaws,  
 Spoke the anguish of his hunters  
 From the emptiness that gnaws :  
 Nearer, nearer now they circled,  
 And the click of gleaming fangs  
 Was the wild beast rising in them  
 From the hell of hunger's pangs.

Was't the cry of dog or devil ?  
 Mercy ! what a sight was there —  
 Ah, the odor of that orgy  
 Even now must taint the air !  
 Eat him ? Well, should rather say so —  
 Mississip' was soon released,  
 And their mouths were wet and crimson  
 With the rich, unholy feast.

Simmons, up from Sleepy Hollow,  
 Happened by the place, one day,  
 And he halted, just to ask him  
 If his steers had been that way ;  
 But he only reached the threshold,  
 When he started, all aghast,  
 As a something, swift and noiseless,  
 Like a shadow, flitted past :  
 Dog, perhaps, but then no matter !  
 When he woke from terror's thrall,  
 He was startled by a sentence  
 On a board, against the wall —  
 Mississip', no doubt, had done it —  
 'Twas a rude and homely scrawl,  
 Written with a piece of charcoal,  
 "Dern the Rale Rode !" — That is all.

S. L. S.

THE artists' reception, in this city, was one of the notable events of May. So many lovers of art and literature were never seen here before in one collection of people. The social features added much to the interest of the reception. President Wandesforde read a brief and sensible introductory address. There were readings, vocal and instrumental music, and a collation in a side-room. The pictures were not well hung, and probably no one expected as much on the first evening. If, at future receptions, the pictures are left over for a day or two, more justice will be done to the many meritorious artists, as well as to the public. A picture-gallery has now become a real necessity. The artists have the promise of generous support from their friends. The five or six hundred present at the first reception indorsed this promise. If it were at all desirable, double this number could be drawn together at the next reception. There was little opportunity for careful criticism, which ought hereafter to be invited, for the sake of the exhibitors, at least. There were some good pictures, and some indifferent ones. It was as well, perhaps, that the novelty of the first reception, and the necessary arrangement of pictures along the base of the walls, precluded any nice discrimination on the part of art-critics. But hereafter, this should be one of the salient features of these exhibitions.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE SILENT PARTNER. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Of writing novels with a Purpóse (spelled with a large P), we have, at last, a considerable beginning. Since Dickens has taught the magic of his pen to turn a glare of light upon the Poor Debtor's Prison, the intricacies of the Chancery Courts, and other peculiar British institutions of law and learning, we have had a host of smaller fictions which are woven no longer to please merely, but to "show up" something which the world otherwise forgets, in its selfish hurry and indifference. Miss Phelps is one of those who believe that we must swallow an obvious lesson with our literary recreations. We are not to be allowed to read for the poor sake of amusement; no more purely artistic creations which shall be their own beautiful excuse for being. Henceforth, all the syrups and sauces shall have a wholesome medication therein. We swallow the confection, and can not thereafter rid ourselves of the lesson which is embedded in it, if we would.

Nor would we, in sooth, weakly flee from the moral lesson, if we could. Miss Phelps is an earnest, honest reformer, thinking well of her sex, and thinking better of her race. She has already, in *Gates Ajar*, done much to soothe the nameless terrors of those who have gazed upon the blank walls of the Life Beyond as though they closed upon a dreamless sleep—or worse. She has nobly endeavored, in *Hedged In*, to correct an ancient and well-rooted prejudice against a certain class of repentant and honestly reformed sinners. And now, inspired by an equally lofty purpose, she has written a novel to show the world the injustice of excluding women from active ordinary business, and also some of the evil features of factory life, and, if possible, to incite some candid and just minds to the amelioration of the evils which she depicts so forcibly.

Briefly, then, "Perley Kelso," the Silent Partner, is a lovely girl, born to great wealth, but quite deprived of any strenuously impelling incentives or motives to higher purposes than those which engage all the attention of an aristocratic young person, who has had a box at the opera ever since she "came out," will have as long as she lives, and whose world is not much larger than the drawing-rooms of Boston. Betrothed to her father's partner, her future is assured; surrounded with books, pictures, music, and all the artistic accessories which enhance her great natural beauty, she is placidly content. The sudden death of her father disturbs her placidity; she conceives it necessary for her to look into "the business"—a vague term which she now finds to be the ownership and management of several great cotton-mills. Gradually she learns something of the griefs, trials, and wrongs of the operatives. Her better nature is roused to action, and the languid beauty of yesterday is transformed into the loftily beautiful woman, fired with a noble passion to ameliorate the woes of the poor, and regulate, if possible, the dissonant chords which bind Capital and Labor together.

This is the argument of the book. How she slowly drifts away from her betrothed, or, rather, outgrows him; how she raises up such of the dispirited and discouraged factory people as are to her accessible; how she inspired a great love in the heart of another partner, who has "risen from the ranks;" how she has no time to marry any man, and how fare her new acquaintances among "the other kind of folks"—all these are pertinent, but not essential to the main purpose of the book.

The story is well told; it is picturesque in the highest degree. Possibly a shade less of color would improve its tone; but the pictures are all vivid, and some of them are almost sensuous in their warmth and brilliancy of tone. There is an abundant scorch of



maple-leaves, under-tints of malachite, and gold and umber in the water, and silver lances in the air; but all of this is a mere characteristic of style. It is not vicious, and it pleases a sense not over-refined by æsthetic culture. And the style overlays the *motif*—for plot there is none—as the sugary wrap might enfold the healing drug which shall minister to society diseased.

We do not believe that Miss Phelps has put the worst possible construction upon the difficult social problem here treated, before she has attempted to offer her partial solution. But we are persuaded that much of the evil of which she complains (by implication) is a characteristic of every system of labor beneath the sun; and that, this being admitted, the beautiful philanthropy of *The Silent Partner*, in "Hayle" and "Kelso," is quite inadequate to the occasion. "Miss Perley Kelso's" management is very charming. It will be a good thing if it shall provoke inquiry, and inspire real and practical effort for redress of wrong; but it does seem altogether superficial, for all that.

Something must be allowed to the exigencies of a novelist who writes with a Purpose (with the large P, always); but, in reviewing all of Miss Phelps' books, one is conscious of a great straining of the main purpose. Contemplation of the central idea may have made the author transiently morbid; or the subject, naturally treated, was too thin for the use to which it was put. So *The Silent Partner*, agreeable and artistically finished though it be, leaves the mind of the reader with a vague impression that there is an underlying stratum of exaggeration somewhere.

FRENCH LOVE-SONGS, AND OTHER POEMS.  
By Harry Curwen. New York: Carleton.

The translator of these songs says, in his preface, that he believes "to a multitude of English readers the poems of Alfred de Musset, André Chénier, V. Hugo, Nadaud, Parny, and, above all, of Charles Baudelaire, will have, at least, the charm of novelty."

Had *Laus Veneris* not preceded this volume, we believe *novelty* would be considered too mild a term to apply to such charms as these.

But Swinburne, who is very French when he ceases for a moment to be Greek, has so deadened our mental palate, that even this highly seasoned dish can not once startle us. Yet we do acknowledge that there is much that is novel in a poem such as this, by Baudelaire himself:

"There is music's sweetest rhyme  
In your swaying roll,  
Like a serpent keeping time  
On a balanced pole.

When your head bows 'neath the burden  
Of its sweet idlesse,  
Every motion seems a guerdon  
Of a soft caress.

And your body sways and falls,  
As a vessel might,  
When its full-blown, creaking sails  
Touch the breakers white.

Till your lips are moist and quivering  
With their pass'rate bliss,  
And your very soul seems shivering  
In a liquid kiss.

Like some rare Bohemian wine—  
Conquering wine and tart,  
Loving, sky-like, drink divine,  
Stars within my heart!"

It is a Frenchman to his mistress, and the air is dark with similes.

Another poet babbles to his beloved in this strain:

"Your eyes are sister rivers,  
Where heaven is mirrored bright."

If this is poetical license, good Lamartine, why not prolong your geographical metaphor? Do you not see in that nose a striking resemblance to a promontory; and the ear, is it not like an extinct crater? Let us be consistent, though we are the first poet of France.

Théophile Gautier offers this novelty in his "Serenade":

"Take out your flowers, let down your hair,  
Hang over me, dear, your long, black tresses—  
A torrent of jet, whose soft waves dare  
To clasp your feet in their wild caresses.  
O, ladder sublime! divinely quaint!  
'Tis but a touch, and I'll lightly fly,  
'Mid scented odor, and perfume faint,  
And, tho' not an angel, reach the sky!"

A climax alike painful to the mistress, and risky to the poet.

The French lover who turns his love into rhyme does it poorly, or his translator is accountable for such extravagances as this:

"In the garland of young girls,  
Which glows in fragrance to the sun,  
I worship and I see but one:  
My pearl of flowers — my flower of pearls."

There are "kisses long as death," and "pearly bites," without number; though what the latter may be, we know not, unless they be a mild species of hydrophobia peculiar to French women of light character.

The bacchanalian lyrics are scarcely less striking, being novelties in their way. Baudelaire sings in his "Murderer's Draught:"

"I will sleep as a dog might sleep  
In the slimy filth and the mud,  
Till the great wagon-wheels plunge deep  
With a lazy jolt, and a thud  
Will batter my head like a clod,  
And crush in my body. — Ah, well!  
I can laugh at it just as God  
Can laugh at the devils in hell!"

And again, in "The Solitary Flagon:"

"You bring to the poet — heart-sick, down-trod —  
Gushings of hopeful youth, and pride — ay, pride.  
A treasure to those who have nought beside  
To make us heroes! — liken us to God!"

A compound of gory exclamation-points, abstinence, and blasphemy.

To the anxious inquirer, we would add that there is too much color and coarseness in some of the poems, and that the "Elegies" of Parny are unclean; that many of the poems are excessively prosy, and few above the ordinary verses that flood the weekly press.

It is a pity that we must take such delicacies as sonnets and madrigals at second-hand. They spoil in the fingering like tropical fruits, and are never so good as in their own climate. The best translation is like a honey-comb, with the honey drained out of it; and it is no consolation to think how the translator's lips are still moist and sweet, while he offers us the dry comb to feast on. Perhaps these were better in their own natural state, though the admirable versions of De Musset's "Venice" and Béranger's "Gray-haired Dame" are worth keeping. As for a French love-song, it is about as broad as it is long!

LITERATURE AND LIFE. By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

We have long recognized the author of this volume as one of the most instructive

lecturers and essayists of the times. Whenever he appears before the public, he is sure to add something to the monument which for years he has been slowly building for himself. He has withal laid his foundations so hard that his fame will increase long after he has ceased from his work. If he is less a philosopher than Emerson, he lacks nothing of the former's breadth of understanding or large culture. His appeal is always to thoughtful and critical minds; and thus, while his audiences are limited, they will always be increasing in numbers. There is a fine cynicism running through the following statement about authors, in the first essay:

"Still, it must be said, that not only with regard to poets, but authors generally, a great many have been unhappily married; and a great many more, perhaps you would say, unhappily unmarried. The best treatise on divorce was written by the laureate of Eve and the creator of the lady in Cornus. The biography of scholars and philosophers sometimes hints at voices neither soft nor low piercing the ears of men meditating on Greek roots, or framing theories of the moral sentiments. You all know the awful sympathy that Socrates received from Xantippe, in his great task of confuting the lying ingenuities of the Greek sophists, and bringing down philosophy from heaven to earth. The face of one of England's earliest and best linguists is reported to have often exhibited crimson marks, traced by no loving fingers; and Greek, Hebrew, Latin, and English must often have met and run together in his brain, as it reeled beneath the confusing ring of a fair hand knocking at his ears. The helpmates of Whitelocke and Bishop Cooper were tempestuous viragos, endowed with a genius for scolding, who burnt their husbands' manuscripts, and broke in upon their studies and meditations with reproaches and threats. Hooker, the saint and sage of English divinity, was married to an acute vixen, with a temper compounded of vinegar and saltpetre, and a tongue as explosive as gun-cotton. Addison espoused a Countess, and spent the rest of his life in taverns, clubs, and repentance. . . . A young painter of great promise once told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he had taken a wife. 'Married!' ejaculated the horrified Sir Joshua; 'then you are ruined as an artist.' Michael Angelo, when asked why he never married, replied, 'I have espoused my art, and that occasions me sufficient domestic cares; for my works shall be my children.' The wives of Dante, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Steele, shed no glory on the sex, and brought no peace to their firesides."

The fate of musicians has not been more fortunate. Where one of them is well mated, ten are mismated, or have broken away from marriage bonds. Is it because these men, having espoused letters and art, lose something of the capacity to insure domestic felicity?

ity? Or are these ill-assorted wives sent as a daily irritant to drive authors and artists into just that seclusion and mental introspection which insure, in many instances, the greatest possible success?

FAIRY TALES AND SKETCHES. By Hans Christian Andersen. London: Bell & Daldy.

How much does a man's own life color his works? Goldsmith—"poor Goldy"—made the world laugh, though his sunny humor illuminated his page while he was harassed with debt, tormented by duns, and was a homeless wanderer. But Goldsmith, and others like him, may not have been so unhappy in his poverty as most people would think he ought to have been. So long as pecuniary troubles do not bring wretchedness, and lack of cash does not necessarily imply woe, the impecunious author may still, like Goldsmith, be as happy in his page as Hans Christian Andersen, who says of himself, "Mine has been a lovely life, full of happiness and incident." We can not be displeased with the good man's gentle egotism; his lovely life has bloomed out in the loveliest stories ever written for the delight of little folks and children of larger growth. No such beautiful fairy tales and sketches as these brightened the childhood of the mature men and women of this English-speaking generation. It was not until 1836 that any of Andersen's novels were translated into English, and the first of his wonderful stories for children, so far as we know of them, did not appear until long afterward.

These fairy tales are characterized by delicacy of imagination, ingenuity, and an artful artlessness which are most charming. Yet, under all the playful improbability of the fairy tale is a vein of gentle satire which commends the tale to wiser heads than those of the children. The author does not bore the little folks with the hidden moral of "The Ugly Duckling," nor with the mild sarcasm which is embedded in the story of the Princess, whose claim to royal birth was established by her having slept uncomfortably with the pea concealed under her pile of swan's-down mattresses. And one may search all through Andersen's stories for one which has no purpose. This volume is a real

treasure, and the artistic illustrations which are scattered through its pages deliciously illuminate the work of the master.

CROWN JEWELS; OR THE DREAM OF AN EMPIRE. An Historical Romance. By Emma L. Moffett. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

The story of the Archduke Maximilian, of Austria, will afford ample material for many a mournful tragedy in prose or verse. The sunny hopes of the royal adventurers; their transition from the polished Courts of Europe to the semi-barbaric capital of Mexico; the growth of the Empire in the New World; the wasting away of its unnatural life; the desperate pilgrimage of the Archduchess Carlotta to the French Emperor and the Pope; the fall of the Empire, and the unlooked-for catastrophe of his execution—these all furnish forth an abundant theme for a strange, eventful historical drama. In our own time, no such momentous march of events has been crowded into a single page of history.

The author of *Crown Jewels* has an ambition which deserves better than her ability to cope with her theme. There is a certain noble tragedy in the mere recital of the story of the career of the Archduke and his consort in Mexico; but Miss Moffett has loaded down the simple grandeur of the theme with Emperors, Presidents, high and mighty Potentates, rebel American Generals, and other notables, by no means necessary to the plot or interest of the tale, until one's imagination fairly staggers beneath the load of *dramatis personæ* which cumbers the stage. And these distinguished personages are excessively unreal; they move awkwardly, spout in stilted English and imperfect French or Spanish, and have generally the air of inartistic puppets. Think, for example, of a party of Austrian princes, princesses, and nobles discoursing the night long in good-natured disputes about the comparative merits of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, with occasional songs from sundry English operas! To be sure, the writer can quote these, and not Schiller or Goethe; but is not this cheap display of sentiment a glimpse of high-life from below-stairs?

The author has just missed making a great success, and has taken the single step which takes one from the sublime to the ridiculous.



We can bear with the feverish love-scenes and the impertinent lugging in of Sterling Price and his chivalrous ex-Confederates as baffled heroes of a noble Lost Cause, but the pathos with which the Archduke and his fortunes are treated is not to be endured. A woman who is an ardent, though unthinking, champion of the late Mexican Empire and the late Southern Confederacy, has a right to have her opinions treated with pitying respect; but one can have little patience with an author who is weak enough to caricature a noble theme.

OVER THE OCEAN; or Sights and Scenes in Foreign Lands. By Curtis Guild. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Books of travel have so multiplied of late that we confess to no little misgiving when our eye rests on the ominous announcement of another addition to the already overgrown family. Every man who can write at all, and who has mustered pluck enough to cut loose from his immediate associations to visit other lands and peoples; every one who climbs an Alp, crosses a glacier, or kills a tiger, feels called upon to enlighten the stay-at-home world with a sketch of his observations, experiences, and marvelous performances. The more recent works of this kind are almost so many *fac-similes* of their predecessors, presenting neither novelty, literary merit, nor attractive features. One turns from them with something of the same feeling that an epicure, after a delicious and abundant repast, would turn from an invitation to dine on pork and beans. We remember, with fond regret, the pleasure with which we devoured the appetizing fictions of *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Peter Wilkins and the Flying Islanders*, *The Tales of Baron Munchausen*, and others of similar sort, and sadly compare them with the vapid, spiritless narratives of the large army of modern travelers.

It was with something akin to such prejudice that we set out to accompany Mr. Guild *Over the Ocean*, and with him enjoy the "Sights and Scenes in Foreign Lands." Knowing that the author was a veteran journalist, and had acquired habits of keen, shrewd observation—one who evinces pungency, nice discrimination, and felicitous ap-

plication—we took up his work with no little curiosity to know how he would acquit himself in the more pretentious field of book literature, and with a desire to discover what he could tell us that was new about countries that hundreds of others had attempted to describe with minuteness. Mr. Guild is not only a sight-seer, but one who *chaperons* his reader into the very *arcana* of the countries and peoples he visits. Many things that other writers would deem of little or no importance, are by him invested with surpassing interest, and told with a charming *naïveté*, enriched with caustic, but polished satire, that insensibly draws the reader into a close personal intimacy with the author, and makes them mutually pleased.

His descriptions are so fresh and vigorous, so minute and clearly presented, that one feels as if he were introduced into entirely new countries, and upon scenes never before delineated, although one may have traveled all over them. A thousand things that have either escaped the attention of other tourists, or been considered of minor importance, are photographed by him with charming skill and placed prominently before the reader, who is constrained to admire them from the author's point of observation. A mass of information, really valuable to tourists, lends weight and solidity to the work, which is entitled to be ranked as one of the very best of its kind. The interest is maintained throughout.

WHAT I KNOW OF FARMING. By Horace Greeley. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

Mr. Greeley dedicates his book to the man who shall make the first steam-plow with a capacity to plow ten acres a day, to the depth of two feet, at a cost not exceeding \$2 an acre. We do not know from what quarter of the world this wonderful man will come. But a solid premium of \$50,000 would secure a very large number of competitors.

The author modestly confesses that he has not undertaken to write about things of which he knows nothing. He does not claim that he has furnished an exhaustive treatise on farming. But dealing in elementary principles, he appeals to the average common sense of

that class who are in constant need of some one to go down to them and address them on the level of their comprehension. The wonder is that Mr. Greeley ever found time to gather this information. While we discover nothing new in the volume, it contains a mass of pertinent facts, set forth with the precision of a veteran journalist. One has only to mingle extensively with the farmers of this country to find how little is known of intelligent husbandry. Lands are exhausted by excessive cropping without rotation; and a vocation which ought to be one of the most attractive in the world, is made repugnant to a majority of the young men of the country. Here and there a farmer brings as much educated skill to his work as is employed in the learned professions. If he provokes the ridicule of his more ignorant neighbors, he succeeds where they fail or do no more than eke out a prosy subsistence. Mr. Greeley's treatise is well adapted to this large class, who would neither read nor comprehend any thing more profound or scientific. Many of the hints and suggestions which seem now so trite to the educated agriculturist, would have been considered as novelties fifty years ago. And the fact that many of these elementary statements are in advance of the intelligence of thousands, is a satisfactory reason for giving this treatise to the public.

ESSAYS OF AN OPTIMIST. By John William Kaye, F. R. S. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co.

The name of the writer who has contributed these essays is sufficient guaranty for the profound and vigorous thought pervading them. Mr. Kaye is really what he asserts: an optimist of the most pronounced type; one who is determined to see things from their most eligible point of observation. Nothing is permitted to discourage or depress the manhood that is in him. He clearly believes with Pope, that whatever is, is right. He is of the same buoyant school of faith with the pious Dutchman, who, when he was sorely afflicted with the gravel, thanked God that he did not have the stone, and when troubled with the stone, thanked God he did not have both together. The essays are wonderfully encouraging to persons liable to be attacked by the "blues," and will prove

of no little efficacy to thinking persons of all classes; but their teachings will be, to fools, like pearls cast before swine. Mr. Kaye is, at times, disposed to be rather caustic while presenting his views of life. We quote the following passage in illustration:

"It is to be observed that as we grow old we arrive at a just conception of the great truth that the pains and pleasures of life are pretty evenly distributed over the world. We come to learn that if in some one respect Providence has been more chary of her favors to us than to our friends, in others we have had our full share, or more than our full share—good measure, perhaps, pressed down and running over. If money has been scanty, we have enjoyed a large measure of health. If we have been disappointed in our pursuit of fame, we have been compensated by a rich portion of love. We are sure to find our compensation somewhere. And looking at the lives of our neighbors, shall we not perceive that, if they have escaped some peculiar sufferings which we have been compelled to bear, they have some sorrows of their own from which we ourselves are exempt? We all suffer—high and low, man and brute. I take up, as I write, a little red book about *Garibaldi at Caprera*—not in any hope of finding a thought or an illustration to aid me, but in the indulgence of a desultory habit of which I have spoken above—and I come upon a passage about the great liberator and his cows. The 'cows,' we are told by Colonel Vecchi, were sick, nigh unto death, from eating a poisonous herb called the *firola*, and Garibaldi administered to them lumps of sugar and sage precepts at the same time. 'Poor things!' he said, 'you also have your sufferings: dreadful bodily pains instead of heartaches! Have not I also my *firola*, in the bad treatment of my comrades in arms, and in the sufferings of the people in Rome and Venetia?' No doubt. We all have our own particular *firola*. We all have some subtle poison or other working into our blood. But I am not sure that, if I had been Garibaldi's Boswell, I should have told this story. Real wisdom consists not in seeking occasions to convince ourselves, or to convince others, that we have suffered like our neighbors of the human or of the brute family, but in consoling ourselves with the reflection that we have enjoyments like unto theirs. If Garibaldi had one day seen his cows ruminating in the sun, and had apostrophized them, saying, 'Happy creatures! you have your delights! And have not I too basked in the sun? Has it not been mine to chew the cud of sweet fancies? Have I not ruminated—humbly, but thankfully—over the applause of a free people, the love of noble natures, the liberty God has suffered me, weak instrument as I am, to achieve for a great and a grateful nation?' Would it not be pleasanter, I say, to look at this side of the stuff, than at the frayed ends suggesting that poisonous *firola*? Let us all think of the beatitudes that are continually hovering above us."

It is a work of the brain and the heart, acting in conjunction with wonderful clear-

ness and breadth of scope; addressing itself directly to the actualities of every-day life, and teaching sound wisdom in a pleasing and attractive manner, conceived with catholic philanthropy.

THE MUTINEERS OF THE BOUNTY, AND THEIR DESCENDANTS IN PITCAIRN AND NORFOLK ISLANDS: with Map and Illustrations. By Lady Belcher. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Thirty-nine years ago a little work was published, entitled *Mutineers of the Bounty*, which created a great sensation. The narrative was composed from the fullest materials at hand, and so far as it went was entirely truthful.

Since then information from various sources has been accumulating; private documents have been brought to light, and communication with their descendants has been more frequent. Lady Belcher, a step-daughter of Captain Peter Heywood (who was a midshipman on board the *Bounty*), has re-written the original account, and from the mass of evidence at hand supplied the missing links.

The narrative is one of great interest, and not least among its charms is that of its undoubted veracity. Its tedious diaries and voluminous correspondence are certainly prolix—in a work of fiction, would be inexcusable—but from it all, we finally learn the truth concerning the most remarkable mutiny in maritime history, and which, until now, has never been fully revealed.

The writer has indulged very sparingly in embellishment; but the history of these violent men, only one of whom died a natural death, requires no extraneous trappings to awaken interest. In plain, unvarnished tale, we are told how the mutiny was provoked; how it succeeded; how the mutineers sought to hide from justice in the midst of the Southern Ocean, on the rocky Isle of Pitcairn—an island whose certain existence was unknown; how they were accompanied by Tahitian men and women; how they murdered the former, and married the latter; how, when only three Whites remained, two

of these murdered the third; how they increased upon the island until it was too small for their number; by what means they became the most moral community upon the face of the whole earth; how they were finally cared for by England, for which country they possessed an ardent attachment; and their condition—morally, socially, and politically—at this time.

When compared with the story of *Robinson Crusoe*—of which it constantly reminds the reader—it is infinitely below it in artistic merit, while at the same time one is forced to admit that there are truths stranger than fiction.

OUR GIRLS. By Dio Lewis. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

We could wish that this book were much better or much worse. There are some truths crudely set forth, many half-truths, and no lack of exaggerated statement. The more important facts have been stated by much better writers than Dr. Lewis. The volume is by no means a dull one. The leaven of empiricism and quackery redeems it from that charge. But the pretentious wisdom piques us, and the lack of all grace of expression frequently offends. There is a blunt, smart way of stating the commonest propositions, which a writer of thorough culture would never adopt. And yet, this method of statement will attract attention; it is, in some sense, a bid for readers.

Nor do we think the writer has solved any of the more important questions which the book suggests. Many of the propositions about physical education are well enough. But neither the Doctor's gymnasium nor his multifarious books solve—or even grasp—the radical defects of female education. Most of those institutions styled “Female Seminaries” do little more than furnish a perpetual burlesque of thorough culture. Not a few of them are in the hands of incompetent educators, who perpetuate the radical vices of a false system of instruction, for such profit as accrues from it. Dr. Lewis is not the worst of this class of empirics, and we doubt if he should rank among the best.



## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco :

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By Hans Christian Andersen. New York : Hurd & Houghton.  
THE WONDERS OF ENGRAVING. By Georges Duplessis. New York : Charles Scribner & Co.

SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGION. Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston. By John Bascom, Professor in Williams College. New York : G. P. Putnam & Sons.

HEAVENWARD LED ; or The Two Requests. By Jane R. Sommers. Philadelphia : Porter & Coates.

GHARDAIA ; or Ninety Days among the B'ni Mozab. By G. Naphegyi, M.D., A.M. New York : G. P. Putnam & Sons.

SUCCESS AND ITS CONDITIONS. By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co.

THREE PROVERB STORIES. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston : Loring.

THE SISTERS OF ORLEANS. A Tale of Race and Social Conflict. New York : G. P. Putnam & Sons.

BEAUTY IS POWER. New York : G. W. Carleton & Co.

SIGHTS AFOOT. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

HARRY LORREQUER. By Charles Lever. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

WAR POWERS UNDER THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By William Whiting. Boston : Lee & Shepard.

THE GAS-CONSUMER'S GUIDE. Boston : Alexander Moore.

GUILT AND INNOCENCE. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Boston : Lee & Shepard.

THE DUEL BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY. A Lecture by Charles Sumner. Boston : Lee & Shepard.

IRENE, a Tale of Southern Life ; and HATHAWAY STRANGE. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE THREE GUARDSMEN. By Alexandre Dumas. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

THREE SUCCESSFUL GIRLS. By Julia Crouch. New York : Hurd & Houghton.

THE TRADE CIRCULAR ANNUAL FOR 1871. New York : Office of The Trade Circular and Literary Bulletin.

THE DAUGHTER OF AN EGYPTIAN KING. Translated from the German of George Ebers. By Henry Reed. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co.

HOW HE DID IT. By Eliza A. Dupuy. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A LOST LIFE. By Emily H. Moore. New York : G. W. Carleton & Co.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER. By Alexandre Dumas. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Bros.

CULTURE AND RELIGION IN SOME OF THEIR RELATIONS. By J. C. Shairp. New York : Hurd & Houghton.

THE MARQUIS DE VILLEMER. By George Sand. Translated from the French by Ralph Keeler. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco :

GUILT AND INNOCENCE. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Boston : Lee & Shepard.

DRESS AND CARE OF THE FEET. New York : Samuel R. Wells.

ONE YEAR ; or a Story of Three Homes. By Frances Mary Peard. Boston : Henry H. & T. W. Carter.

MOTHERLESS ; or A Parisian Family. From the French of Madame Guizot DeWitt. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York : Harper & Brothers.

THE MONARCH OF MINCING LANE. A Novel. By William Black. New York : Harper & Brothers.















